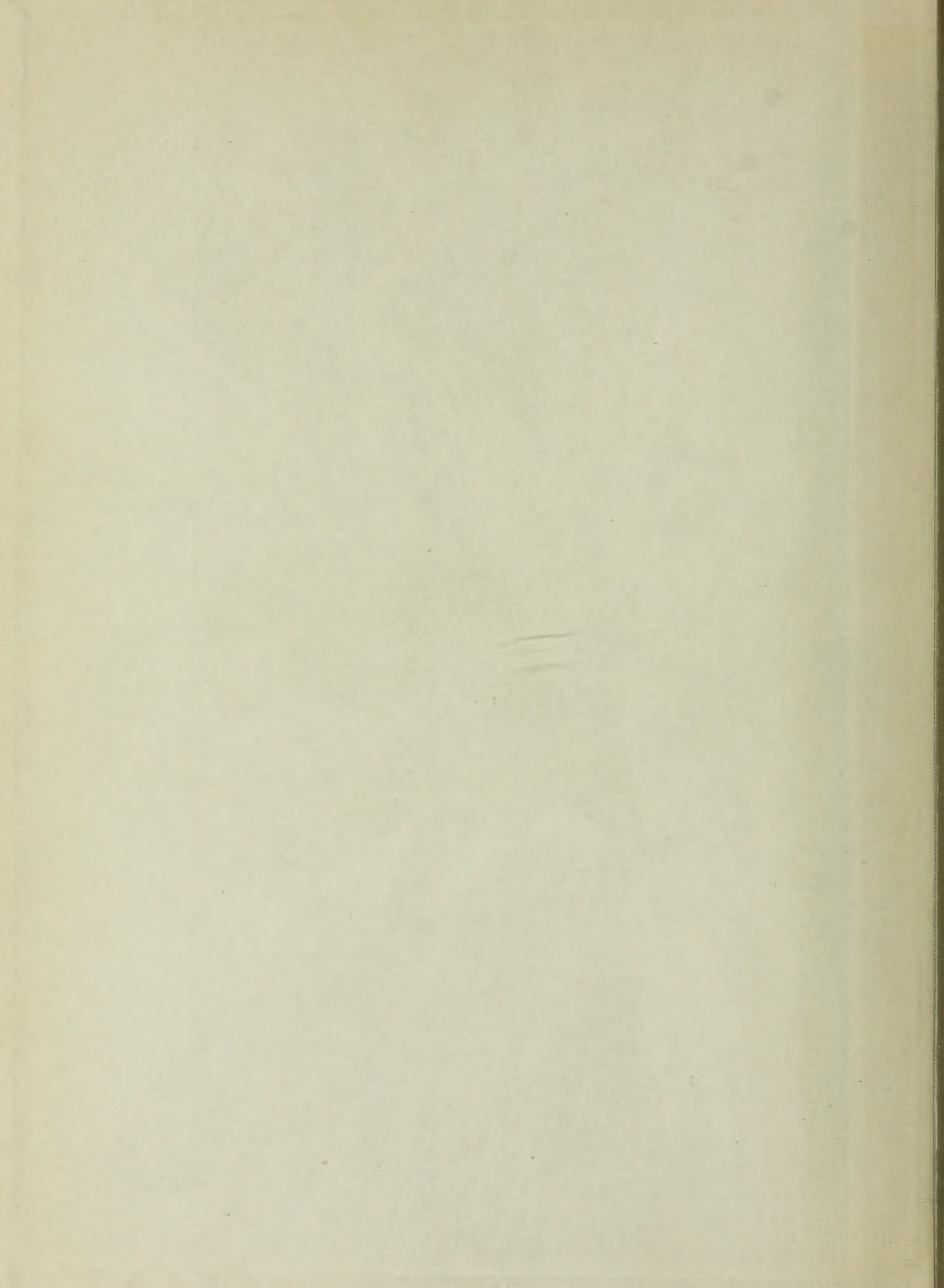




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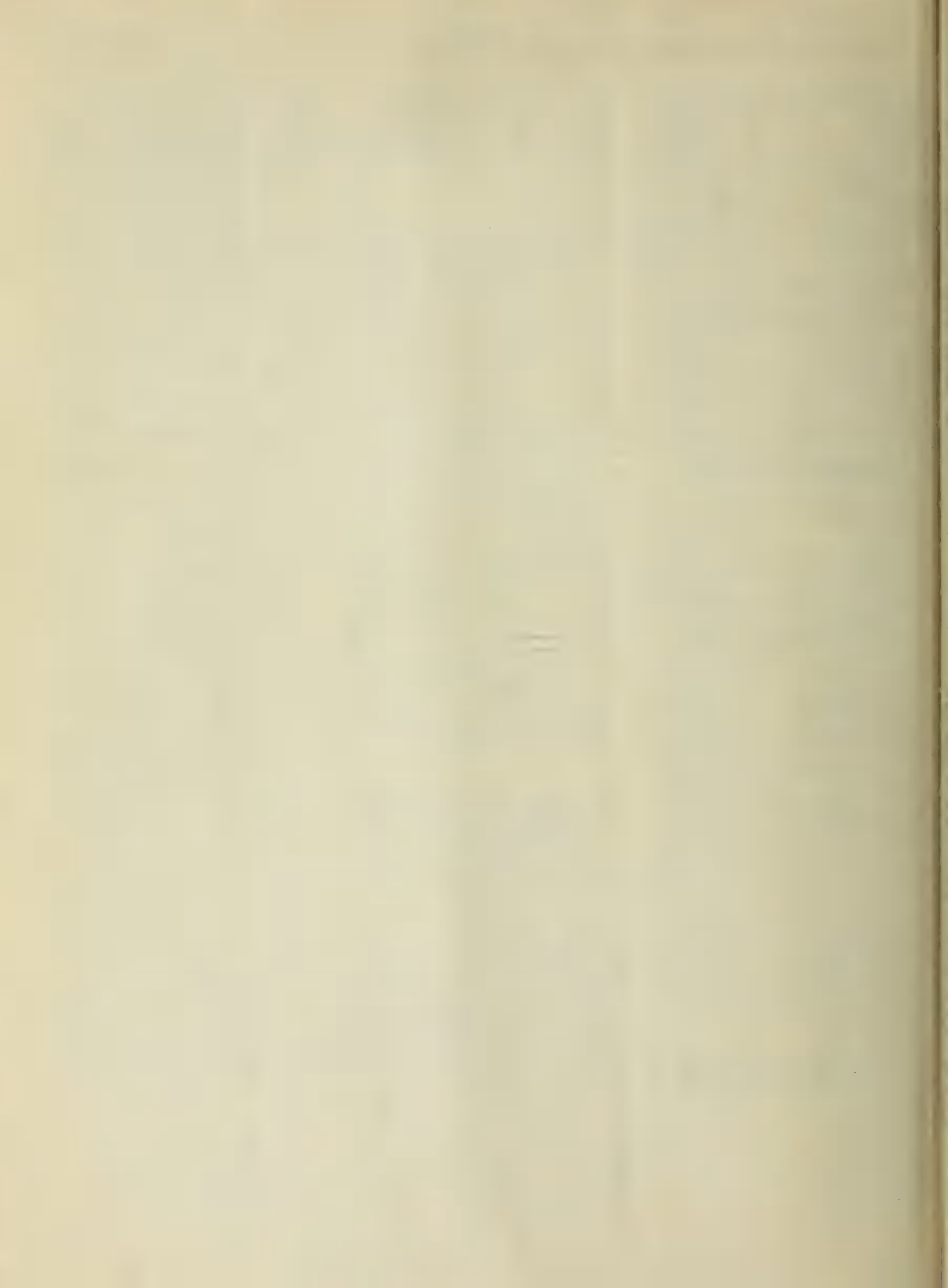
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NOT ALL THE BRISK TALK about team work and cooperation is going to obscure for long the fundamental conflict inherent in the administration of the Industrial Recovery Act. That conflict is none other than our old friend the class struggle. Sharper and clearer the issue is being drawn. On one side is labor, glimpsing an opportunity to reestablish the power of the unions, to bargain collectively, to salt away gains in wages and hours—labor, not revolutionary but very desperate, hungry after lean years during which unemployment has drained its membership and its treasuries. On the other side are the employers, lean and hungry too, in many cases; eager for rescue from failure or dwindling reserves but unwilling to share even the hope of profits with their old enemy, organized labor. This description, we know, draws the line too sharply. Many employers are prepared to recognize the union and pay a living wage if they can also be offered the chance of profits. But the division is there, and we predict that it will grow wider as the public hearings on the various industrial codes begin to bring out into the open the elements of conflict. Hugh S. Johnson, in his effective radio talk explaining the methods and purposes of the recovery act, insisted upon the necessity of a minimum wage and reduced hours. In answer to the imaginary question: "What should be the shorter week and what should be the minimum wage?" he advocated, "under present condi-

tions and ■ far as the lowest-priced class of workers are concerned, an average of about thirty-two hours ■ week at not less than forty-five cents an hour." It is noteworthy that the newspapers which reported his speech printed in another column the text of the code drafted for the retail drygoods stores of the country proposing a minimum wage ranging from \$10 to \$12 for women workers and from \$12 to \$18 for men. The women, presumably the "lowest-priced class of workers," would thus receive from \$2.40 to \$4.40 a week less than the least suggested by the federal administrator.

BUT WAGES AND HOURS are secondary sources of conflict. The primary difficulty will certainly arise over the question of forcing employers to recognize and deal with independent unions. So far Mr. Johnson has dodged this issue; he has merely repeated the provision of the law that industrial codes must "contain a covenant to recognize collective bargaining and not to require men to join a company union as a condition of employment." This would seem to outlaw those company unions now being hastily and coercively set up, according to reports, in the coal fields and steel mills. But it does not reveal the administration's attitude toward company unions already established. Labor leaders have vociferously announced that they will fight to prevent such organizations from representing labor in any field, and the Labor Advisory Board headed by Frances Perkins is obviously working in the closest collaboration with organized labor. The employers, on the other hand, especially those in the great unorganized industries, will never willingly permit free union activities in their domain, much less engage in collective bargaining with "outside" unions. We look for ■ battle over this issue, and the outcome will do more to clarify the real aims and attitude of the powers that control the administration of the new industrial-control law than could any number of official pronouncements.

MOST AMERICANS, including many in the South, will rejoice in the action of Judge Horton of Alabama in setting aside the verdict of guilty found against Heywood Patterson in his second trial. Patterson, it will be recalled, is one of the nine Negro boys arrested in Scottsboro more than two years ago, charged with rape upon two white girls in a freight car. After seven of the boys had been sentenced to death, the United States Supreme Court ordered a new trial on the ground that they had not had proper representation by counsel. Patterson alone was then retried, and again convicted. In overthrowing this conviction and ordering a new trial, Judge Horton pointed out that the verdict rested solely on an improbable story by one of the alleged victims, flatly contradicted by the other. He also noted that the prosecution refused to call as a witness a white hobo on the train, when he refused to support the State's case. Judge Horton's action does not in itself free any of the boys, but we may hope for their release shortly, as the State's case appears to be completely destroyed by the decision and further trials would be obvious persecution. The praise bestowed upon Judge Horton is tempered in some quarters by the as-

sertion that his action was taken in order to prevent the United States Supreme Court from passing upon the legitimacy of excluding Negroes from Southern juries. This point was one of three raised in the appeal to the federal bench, but only the question of inadequate counsel was passed on. It was the intention of the defense, though, to concentrate on the race issue if a second appeal should become necessary. Undoubtedly sentiment in the South was for preventing this, and Judge Horton, in his recent decision, may have been as much of a politician as a jurist. This, however, is a criticism which may be made of our wisest and most upright judges. It is scarcely more than saying that Judge Horton is human. *The Nation* gives him all credit for extricating his State from an ugly position. By unyielding stubbornness in similar circumstances the late Judge Thayer brought upon Massachusetts the shame and tragedy of the Sacco-Vanzetti execution.

THOUGH HE ESCAPED JAIL when tried on a charge of evading his income tax, Charles E. Mitchell is still the man who during his fifteen years as head of the National City Company foisted on the public billions of dollars' worth of dubious securities and loaned himself and his fellow-officers of the National City Bank \$2,400,000 of the stockholders' money without security or interest, while compelling the clerks to continue payments on National City stock crowded upon them at inflated values. Mr. Mitchell is likewise still the man who unloaded \$31,000,000 of worthless Cuban sugar paper on the National City's stockholders. A super-salesman, a go-getter, the beau ideal of the late new era! "Why single out Mitchell?" Mr. Steuer asked repeatedly. Why, indeed? Given his vindication at the hands of the jury, the line between the Mitchells and the rest of the muscle-men of the Street becomes shadowy, almost vanishes. But the Morgans were smarter. Good public-relations counsel has kept them smiling, serene, and sparkling before the public gaze. With similar professional assistance Mr. Mitchell could shortly be reestablished before the world as the patriot, philanthropist, builder, and loving husband whom Mr. Steuer successfully presented to the jury.

THE HORRORS of the overcrowded German prison camps are being intensified as the boundaries of Nazi proscription widen. Social Democrats are being arrested by the hundreds following the dissolution of their political party. In smaller numbers, Catholics also, including priests, are being interned. Stahlhelm leaders are hourly expecting the same fate. Most despicable of all, the wives and children of victims whom the Nazis have been unable to capture are being seized as hostages and subjected to unspeakable cruelties. It is the deliberate purpose to compel the escaped refugees to return from the countries to which they have fled and submit to whatever outrages the Hitlerites hold in store. Meanwhile, every act of the National Socialists belies the alleged pacific intent of Hitler's recently declared foreign policy. The deliberate attempt to seize Austria by bombing and violence has been checkmated, temporarily at least, by the stern measures of Chancellor Dollfuss. A mythical air raid of anti-German propaganda airplanes dropping "disparaging" leaflets has been widely publicized by the servile press to bolster up German demands for an air fleet. The Prussian Ministry of Justice has decreed that judges are henceforth

to engage in service in military camps to train them in martial pursuits. Abstract justice is abolished; Nazi patriotism and Nazi philosophy will determine judicial decisions. Within the Reich the Protestant church has fallen before the Hitler policy of leveling, and the newly inducted choice of the clergy, Bishop von Bodelschwing, has been forced to doff his miter. The new Nazi doctrine with respect to women demands that they retire from all forms of professional or commercial activity to the traditional sphere of "church, children, and kitchen," and devote themselves exclusively to child-bearing. The future of the Teuton-Aryan race, it is announced, calls for a family of five children as a normal unit. Meanwhile the propaganda for increased armament proceeds unabated. The old cry, "He who is not for us is against us," has become the watchword to destroy the livelihoods of all those who are not militant Nazis. "A ruthless and brutal cleaning up in shops and offices" is called for by Dr. Robert Ley, leader of the German labor front. All the standards that civilization had painstakingly erected are being uprooted. As Hamilton Fish Armstrong points out in a comprehensive summary in the current *Foreign Affairs*, the young Nazis today make a virtue of being ignorant and of despising the skill and attainments which generations of German culture slowly achieved.

THE OUTCRY of German officials over anti-German propaganda has its amusing corollary in the pro-Nazi agitation in this and other countries. Thus Bernard Ridder, one of the owners of the New York *Staats-Zeitung*, the *Journal of Commerce*, and other newspapers in this country, returned from Germany recently with the astounding news that Hitler, "when coming into power, found 62 per cent of all governmental offices filled with Jews." At the time of the 1930 census Germany had a Jewish population of 560,000, not quite 1 per cent of the total population of the country. According to the "Statistische Jahrbuch," the German Reich, including state and municipal governments, employs 970,000 salaried officials. This would mean, if what Mr. Ridder says is true, that 601,400 Jews, or more than 40,000 more than there were Jewish men, women, and children in the Reich in 1930, were in public positions when Hitler came to power. As to Mr. Ridder's assurance that the persecution of the Jew in the Fatherland is subsiding, we call attention to a circular letter sent out by the government to all postmasters demanding reports on the life history of every postal employee, with special attention to racial origin to the third degree. The implication is plain, especially when we recall that five Jews in high positions in the German postal system recently have received their discharge.

THE ASTOUNDING DECISION of the Swiss government to expel the international secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is a challenge to the peace movement that cannot be ignored. Madame Brevet must leave the country before July 14, the government has declared, because she is a "revolutionary propagandist" and an anti-militarist! Her revolutionary propaganda seems to have consisted mostly in getting before the world the horrible facts of the killing of thirteen workers and the wounding of sixty others by Swiss troops who shot into an unarmed crowd of demonstrators in Geneva on November 9 of last year. But she is also being expelled as

an anti-militarist. This can only be because of her connection with the Women's International League. It is obvious that if Madame Brevet can be deported for anti-militarism, no one can safely work for peace in Geneva. (A Swiss citizen would face jail instead of deportation under the same circumstances.) And if the world peace movement is not to be permitted to center its activities in Geneva, the seat of the League of Nations and the disarmament conference, its effectiveness will be immeasurably impaired. The upsurge of Swiss nationalism and militarism, of which the November 9 massacre was only a single manifestation, appears to be bent on destroying not only Switzerland's ancient tradition of freedom but the world peace movement as well. The news from Germany, though hardly surprising, is no less ominous. Emma Machenauer, head of the Munich section of the Women's International League, was arrested by Nazi auxiliary police a few days ago and since then has disappeared. Efforts to find her have failed. Another officer of the Munich section, Princess Juliana zu Stolberg, was also arrested and is now under guard in a hospital to which she was taken from a sickbed at home. The residences of both Fräulein Machenauer and Princess Juliana are now being used as living quarters by the Nazis. Anti-militarists in this country must awaken to the significance of these developments before the black reaction against the peace movement sweeps over the entire world.

THE RADICAL CAUSE has lost two women leaders in the death almost at the same time of Clara Zetkin and Rose Pastor Stokes. A life of victorious achievement ending in heart-rending defeat—that is the tragedy of Clara Zetkin. For fifty years she stood in the forefront of the German Socialist movement and saw it grow from small beginnings into the largest and most influential labor movement of the world. Shoulder to shoulder with Karl Kautsky, August Bebel, and Rosa Luxemburg, she fought against Edward Bernstein's revisionism for a revolutionary Marxian conception, only to see the trade-union and political movements of German labor succumb to opportunistic reform. In 1914 she opposed Socialist support of imperialist war and, with Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, was among the first to be imprisoned. Parting with Karl Kautsky, who had been her idol and political mentor for more than a generation, she joined the Communist Party and remained from that time on one of the outstanding figures in the Third International. The last years of her life, years of physical suffering and invalidism, were spent in Moscow, where she was worshiped by the masses as the one monument that remained of the glorious past of the international labor movement. She was one of the most impressive speakers and clearest writers that the German revolutionary movement produced, one who did the work of the movement and left it to others to write its songs. Rose Pastor, once a cigarette-factory worker, came into the limelight through her marriage to the wealthy J. G. Phelps Stokes and their work together for the American Socialist Party. When America entered the World War Mr. Stokes quit the party and supported the government policy. His wife stuck by her principles, denounced the war, was convicted under the espionage act, and sentenced to ten years in prison. The verdict was set aside on appeal and the case was dropped. The later years of Mrs. Stokes's life were identified with the American Communist Party.

MRS. O. C. A. COMPTON, one of whose sons is a college president and another the famous physicist, has recently received an honorary degree "in motherhood." The incident suggests fascinating possibilities, among which would seem to be the logical necessity of giving a similar degree to the grandmother of the Compton boys—since the mother of a distinguished mother would seem to have the same claim as the mother of a distinguished son. Even this prospect, however, is not so exhilarating as that opened up by a headline in the New York *Herald Tribune* which states (quite accurately): "Degree Given to Farley for Political Honesty." In sober fact, Sewanee University has made our Postmaster General a Doctor of Civil Law "for conspicuous service to his country as a statesman and for his honesty in the administration of political affairs." We pass over the obvious fact that the authorities at Sewanee do not assume that "conspicuous service to his country as a statesman" necessarily implies "honesty in the administration of political affairs." But has virtue become so rare that persons are henceforth to be given marks of distinction for not being crooks? Must we erect a statue to the grocer who does not put sand in his sugar and give little Johnny a double star on his report card for not murdering his grandmother?

CAREFUL READING of the long dispatch displayed in two-column type under a six-column head on the front page of the Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram*, "copyright in all countries" by the United Press, leaves us with the firm conviction that Mr. Roy Howard was received by Hirohito, Emperor of Japan, and that it was an important day in the life of His Imperial Majesty.

To Save the Conference

IF, as now seems extremely probable, the World Economic Conference should end in almost complete failure, the United States will enjoy the dubious distinction of having done more to bring about its collapse than any other nation.

Three major objectives were possible for such a conference: the adjustment of war debts, the return of stabilized currencies, and the downward revision of tariff and other trade barriers. The first we specifically excluded from discussion even before the conference opened. The second we refused to discuss as "untimely" as soon as the conference got under way. The third Secretary Hull has proposed in general terms; but our delegates have been given no real authority to agree to a reduction of American tariffs even if they wanted to, and the whole attitude of the Moley wing of the Administration makes it improbable that they will even recommend such a course in concrete terms. Small wonder that the French press asks why we wanted to participate in the first place.

The Administration's belief that it would be untimely to agree to any stabilization of the dollar now is due mainly to a lack of monetary understanding. It wishes, naturally and justifiably, to establish and maintain a higher American wholesale price level than that now prevailing. But it seems to be under two or three false impressions. One is that "stabilization" means either agreement to return to the former

gold parity or, at best, adherence to the present discount from gold parity of less than 20 per cent. Stabilization need mean neither of these things. In so far as it is possible to control the price level from the side of money rather than that of goods, the promptest, surest, safest way is through a return to free gold convertibility at a reduction in the gold content of the dollar. It is just possible for us to decide now what price level we want as it will ever be. If we want a price level, say, about 10 to 15 per cent below that prevailing in 1926, then the most probable way of reaching it would be by the reduction of the former gold content of the dollar by 25 to 30 per cent. The Administration seems to be going ahead on the strange supposition that monetary uncertainty is more likely to bring a vigorous advance of prices and a confident resumption of business activity than monetary certainty is. The truth, it need hardly be said, is precisely the opposite.

As long as no agreement on currency stabilization exists, it does not seem probable that any tariff agreement can be obtained. The gold-standard countries will quite naturally refuse to agree to reduce or even not to raise their tariff walls as long as they fear that these tariff walls may be scaled by further currency depreciation. Even apart from this particular obstacle, however, the prospects for real tariff reduction are almost negligible. In their intellectual panic, the statesmen of the world have returned to all the foreign-trade fallacies and policies of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, and so far as they are concerned, five generations of economists might just as well never have written. They see clearly enough that the tariffs erected by other nations help to produce a depression in their own country, but hardly any of them recognize that the tariffs they themselves erect injure their own people quite as much as they injure the rest of the world. Because it seems so impossible to rid them of these fallacies in the immediate future, *The Nation* ventures to propose a plan which might save the conference by offering some measure of temporary relief to a throttled international trade, while it would also provide the world with a desperately needed education in the inevitable two-sidedness of that trade.

The plan, briefly, calls for the establishment of an International Barter Corporation. It presupposes, as part of a general agreement, reasonably stabilized currencies and a continuation of the existing tariff truce. A branch of the corporation would be established in every country that became a member. It would admit goods into that country free of duty provided that the exporting country took an equivalent amount of goods from the importing country. Let us assume, for example, that the two countries are the United States and France, and let us say that France has shoes to sell to the United States. We may take shoes as the example because this is one of the products with which, it is alleged, we would be "flooded" if we reduced our tariff wall. (The fact is, however, that in spite of our higher wage levels we somehow managed to export about \$1,500,000 worth of shoes last year against about \$2,000,000 worth of shoe imports.)

If a French manufacturer had \$100,000 worth of shoes to sell to the United States, these shoes would be admitted through the Barter Corporation provided a French importer at the same time were taking \$100,000 worth of, say, American wheat. If American shoe manufacturers com-

plained about the import of French shoes, the complaint, instead of being forwarded to Congress, would be forwarded to the wheat exporter. If he preferred to hurt his own business rather than the shoe manufacturer's, he could forgo his sale of wheat. The corporation, in short, would dramatize the fact that whenever imports are prohibited by artificial barriers, some American exporter's ox is gored. In each case, with the barter plan established, some specific American exporter would be able to see just what the American tariff wall had been doing to him. Every time we forbid imports from foreign countries we forbid an equal amount of American exports to foreign countries; for now that we have stopped loans, new exports can be paid for only out of the credits built up by new imports. To strike at our export trade, as our high tariff does, would be tolerable only if we had not through generations built up an economy in which many of our industries are expanded to take care of an export market: we normally sell abroad, for example, 55 per cent of our cotton, 18 per cent of our wheat, 36 per cent of our copper, 40 per cent of our typewriters, 30 per cent of our printing machinery, 14 per cent of our automobiles, and so on. When we kill our export trade, we throw out of employment the workers previously engaged in it. The people who remark that our export trade is "only 10 per cent" of our total trade, and therefore not important, or who separate "domestic recovery" from international co-operation, miss the whole significance of the problem which is involved.

A barter corporation such as that proposed would afford only a mild relief. Once it was established, it might begin to allow for triangular barter, instead of direct barter between two countries, and it could permit the building up of short-term credits and debits. The only solution ultimately possible, of course, would be the much simpler one of a reduction of tariff barriers. But meanwhile the corporation would be performing daily and dramatically that educational work without which tariff reduction seems impossible.

President Roosevelt's Appointments

THE success of President Roosevelt's far-reaching program depends on the way it is carried out. Legislation, it is almost axiomatic to assert, can be no better than those intrusted with its administration. The character of Mr. Roosevelt's appointments is therefore of the utmost importance in the execution of his policies and for the attainment of the hoped-for reconstruction. What is their character? Many have been excellent, and it is regrettable that the high standards set in them have not been more widely applied. As it is, a greater disparity exists in the quality of the Roosevelt appointees than in those of any other recent Administration.

The Nation found occasion to praise Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet highly. We deemed particularly good the choice of Thomas J. Walsh, Harold L. Ickes, Henry A. Wallace, and Frances Perkins. The appointment of Mr. Woodin as Secretary of the Treasury we declared most unfortunate, a view which the lapse of time has not altered. Mr. Walsh's death

was an irreparable loss to the Department of Justice. Homer S. Cummings, appointed in his place, with no similar record of stern rectitude, has nevertheless had the opportunity to prove his worth.

We hoped he aspired to fill Mr. Walsh's shoes and were inclined to give him the benefit of every doubt, but up to now his record has been most disappointing. The next most important appointment in the Department of Justice, that of Solicitor General, went to James Crawford Biggs. In fairness to President Roosevelt it should be stated that this post had previously been offered to two supremely qualified men, both of whom found themselves unable to accept it. But why not continue to nominate such men? Plenty of other good timber was available. Mr. Biggs, a political appointee, worked closely with J. Mitchell Palmer in the days of the infamous red raids. A stenographic transcript of the testimony taken in the Teapot Dome investigation showed that he was inclined to favor the Southern Pacific Railway and other corporate interests ■ against the public welfare. He was one of the supporters of Judge John J. Parker, whom President Hoover sought unsuccessfully to elevate to the Supreme Court.

At the request of the patronage boss of the Administration, Postmaster General Farley, Mr. Cummings accepted as Assistant Attorney General ■ second-rate lawyer from Oklahoma, Patrick Malloy, whom Secretary Ickes had rejected as Assistant Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Farley sought to place Mr. Malloy somewhere, and finally got him into the Department of Justice. The failure to name first-rate assistants, the acceptance of men who are either political appointees or suspect on account of their past sympathy for vested interests, have characterized Mr. Cummings's four months' tenure as Attorney General. The "malefactors of great wealth" may breathe easy. There is no new deal here.

Nor do the appointments in the fiscal departments of the government, from Secretary Woodin down, inspire much confidence. Mr. Woodin's connections with the house of Morgan have already been amply aired. With respect to Dean Acheson, Under Secretary of the Treasury, it should be pointed out that the principal partner of his law firm appeared as personal attorney for Charles E. Mitchell before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, and that his firm handled ■ great deal of the Morgan business in Washington.

The Commissionership of Internal Revenue, in view of the flagrant tax evasions of recent years, is an extremely important post. Guy T. Helvering's appointment to it is thoroughly bad. After his record had been aired in the Senate, such conscientious Senators as Borah, Couzens, Cutting, La Follette, Norris, and Walsh were among those to vote against confirmation. But the party steam roller triumphed. The appointment, like that of M. S. Szymczak of Chicago to the Federal Reserve Board, is purely political. Lewis Douglas, Director of the Budget, is an efficient young man, highly conscious of his merits, whose economic philosophy closely resembles that of Ogden Mills. If either he or the benevolent Barney Baruch succeeds Mr. Woodin, Wall Street will continue to deem the Administration "sound."

As one inspects the new administrative personnel, the uniformly bad appointments in the Department of Justice, the none-too-good appointments in the Department of the

Treasury, the varyingly good and bad appointments elsewhere, one contrasts them with the superb determination of Secretary Ickes to make the Department of the Interior excellent from top to bottom. There will be no collusion, no alienation of the public domain, no pillage in that department, in which for so long betrayal of the public interest in behalf of powerful private interests has been the rule. Theodore A. Walters, First Assistant Secretary; Oscar L. Chapman, Second Assistant Secretary; Harry Slattery, personal assistant to Mr. Ickes; Nathan R. Margold, Solicitor; John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; Louis R. Glavis, head of the department's Division of Investigations—these are public servants in the best sense of the word, vigilant, devoted, able, enlightened.

Servants of the same high type are to be found elsewhere. Secretary Wallace's department ranks high with Rexford G. Tugwell ■ Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. Jerome Frank, counsel for the administration of the agricultural-relief bill, has called first-rate younger lawyers to collaborate with him, ■ have also Mr. Margold in the Interior and Charles Wyzanski in the Labor Department—such aids are important in the erection of ■ sound administrative structure. It is heartening to find men of such high caliber as Arthur E. Morgan, president of Antioch College, and David E. Lilienthal as directors of the Tennessee Valley Authority. The latter's service on the Wisconsin Railroad Commission has established him ■ one of the outstanding public-utility authorities in the country. The appointment of Joseph B. Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission as Federal Rail Coordinator cannot be praised too highly. Among those called in to collaborate in the Industrial Recovery Act, the Home Loan Board, and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, such men as Leo Wolman, John H. Fahey, Sidney Hillman, Louis E. Kirstein, and John J. Blaine inspire confidence.

In the Department of State we may count, despite their limited experience in foreign affairs, on the high purpose and integrity of Secretary Cordell Hull and Assistant Secretary Moley. The diplomatic appointments show the usual variation between good and bad, with mediocrities preponderating. Professor Dodd's appointment to Germany, Sumner Welles's to Cuba, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen's to Denmark may be praised. Less can be said for the rest. The appointment of Robert H. Gore, Florida newspaper-chain publisher, as governor of Puerto Rico is deplorable. He "wanted something else"—as ■ reward for early Roosevelt support—but "was given Puerto Rico." It is time to stop making that unhappy province, whose high hopes of progress and plenty under the Stars and Stripes have been betrayed, a football of political spoilsmanship. An excellent candidate, ■ native of Puerto Rico educated in the United States, was available in Martin Travieso. At least, someone conversant with Hispanic culture should have been appointed. Latin American affairs, incidentally, need to be placed in competent and sympathetic hands. At present no Assistant Secretary fills this bill.

It is too early to give a final judgment on the Department of Commerce. John Dickinson, Assistant Secretary, has much to recommend him, but it remains to be seen whether he will merely be an echo of his chief, Mr. Roper, and complacent to the demands of big business. Mr. Roper seems to be afflicted with the idea that his old associates and

friends would make ideal administrators of the supremely important Industrial Recovery Act. The evidence mounts that this part of the reconstruction program, as well as the emergency building program, is to be the happy hunting ground for political spoilsmen. Contracts are being sought and placed through local Democratic leaders back home. Reconstruction Finance Corporation loans are dependent on the O. K. of the local Democratic boss.

The Roosevelt appointments reveal the conflicting interests that coalesced under his banner. There are the high-minded, devoted public servants—starting with the “brain trust.” There are the representatives of vested interests, the practical men who know exactly what their bosses want and how to get it. And there are the political hangers-on, the lame ducks, the hordes of “deserving Democrats,” the nuts and bolts with which Jim Farley is ruthlessly building up a great political machine, with no regard for the public welfare. Mr. Roosevelt, now more than ever, must be vigilant lest his good nature, like Mr. Harding’s, be betrayed by his friends.

Boneheaded Economy

HAVE Americans lost their sense of balance, or are they blinded by the Roosevelt glamor, in that they are able to watch with apparent unconcern the discharge by the federal government of thousands of its faithful regular employees in useful, organized services in order—in order, if you please, to have money with which to hire other unemployed on unorganized projects of frankly “made work” or of problematical usefulness? This creation of one army of unemployed in order to put to work another seems so fantastic outside “Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland” that one could hardly believe it to be true were it not for daily dispatches in the newspapers reciting details of the absurd and cruel program.

In the last few days, for instance, drastic cuts have been made in the work and personnel of the Department of Agriculture, reducing its expenses 37 per cent below those of 1932, as ordered by the little czar of federal economy, Director of the Budget Douglas. Many employees have been sent out to join the ranks of the unemployed, while important scientific and technical work has been dropped, such as the agricultural market news service, regarded as of great value to the farmers for whom the Roosevelt Administration pretends to be so solicitous. While the navy is to be increased by thirty-two new warships at a cost of \$238,000,000, in order allegedly to create work for the unemployed, the War Department is discharging 10 per cent of its civilian personnel, numbering nearly 50,000 persons, most of whom are engaged on river and harbor work of presumptive utility. The Bureau of Internal Revenue has discharged 5 per cent of its force, while, among other efforts to economize, the Department of Commerce lately ordered 106 of its European attachés—men with homes on lease and children in school—to sail for America on a week’s notice and join the bread line.

This fantastic exhibition of robbing Peter to pay Paul is a result of the boneheaded policy of economy of the federal government in the face of an unparalleled emergency which called not for a balanced budget but for a large bond issue

as during the World War. Instead of cutting expenditures, the full appropriations of 1929 should have been maintained for labor, at least, and if anything increased. The going services of the federal government are predominatingly of recognized usefulness and carried on honestly and economically.

The picture of the government employee as an overpaid drone is a comic-supplement caricature which was never true, less than ever during a generation of rising prices in which increases in federal pay have generally been several jumps behind advances in the cost of living. *The Nation* advocates a liberal policy of public works but in addition to, not in place of, the regular services of the federal government. Such services provide useful work for both sexes, all ages, and for nearly every kind of ability. New public works, if and when they materialize, will cater to a narrower range of workers, while the projects themselves, although they may prove useful, cannot in most cases qualify as necessities.

It is not too late to rectify, at least in part, the folly of turning regular employees of the federal government out into the streets without jobs in order to have money to relieve the unemployed. The cuts in department appropriations cannot well be restored before another session of Congress, but Mr. Roosevelt can direct that government employees discharged from the regular services because of lack of funds shall have first call on the jobs created by our new machinery for relieving unemployment. It is announced, for instance, that the administration of the Industrial Recovery Act will require some 35,000 persons whose appointment will be in the hands of the party patronage dispenser, Postmaster General Farley. This would mean, in normal course, that the jobs would go to organization Democrats most of whom would not be picked from the unemployed but would be men using their party affiliations to pass from lower- to higher-paid employment. Mr. Roosevelt should see that the victims of his own mistaken policy are cared for ahead of “deserving Democrats.”

We are aware that the industrial depression has cut down work in several government services and left them, until recently, overmanned. But reorganization and redistribution of work could be effected without cutting down the total number of employees. We think, indeed, that the federal departmental organization could be used to give socially useful employment to an increased number of persons. The pay of government employees, it will be recalled, was lately reduced by 15 per cent. It is not unfair that such workers should bear their share of current losses, especially since it was shown at the time the cut was made that living costs had declined 22 per cent since 1928. We should have preferred to see all government salaries cut to a maximum of \$10,000 a year, with the 15 per cent reduction applying only to persons actually earning \$2,500 or more. As it is, the cut applies even to substitute post-office clerks, who are estimated to be averaging less than \$10 a week. We think, too, that the reduction in pay should have been accompanied by a corresponding lessening of hours. This would not only have relieved overmanning in so far as it existed but would have opened places for new workers. It would have been wiser to use the money saved in salary reduction to hire such workers in regularly organized useful service than to spend an equivalent amount on new unemployment-relief schemes of unproved value to the country.

Walter Lippmann

I. "The Great Elucidator"

By AMOS PINCHOT

[Since the creation of an informed public opinion is indispensable to the functioning of democratic government, the factors which tend to mold that opinion require vigilant scrutiny. Walter Lippmann's column in the *Herald Tribune* is now syndicated to 126 American dailies, including newspapers in Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippines, with a total circulation of 8,000,000, and is further reprinted abroad. Mr. Lippmann is probably the most influential journalist of our time. Mr. Pinchot's analysis of Mr. Lippmann as publicist and interpreter of events is, therefore, in this period of great social change, pertinent and useful.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

IN discussing Walter Lippmann I confess that I approach my subject with a feeling of awe. Success in any case is impressive; eminency is still more so. And yet, when there pass before my mind's eye those hordes of good people who read Mr. Lippmann in 126 daily newspapers and agree with him almost as regularly as the sun rises, I find myself not quite sure that in the "Man with the Flashlight Mind, the Great Elucidator," as the *Herald Tribune* calls him in its promotion pamphlet, America has at last produced a great publicist.

But whether great or not, Mr. Lippmann is certainly a distinguished writer. The best style, said Matthew Arnold, is one that gives the impression of speech at considered leisure. I think Mr. Lippmann has such a style. It is simple; yet it is assured. It carries conviction by its temperance and quiet authority. Moreover, Mr. Lippman is an earnest writer, whose gaze never roves for an instant from the moral values.

Nevertheless, as I reread "Drift and Mastery" (1914) and "A Preface to Morals" (1929), which are perhaps his two most important books, and as I read the expression of his philosophy in his "Today and Tomorrow" in the *Herald Tribune*, with attention to substance rather than to form, and separating as far as I can the thought from the grace of the words that contain it, I find myself disappointed. I find myself questioning the quality of his thinking. I inquire whether his popularity is not, after all, a much a commentary on his devoted followers as on himself. I ask whether, despite the excellence of his language, he is not telling his flock substantially what it wants to hear—in fact, what it has already heard on the piazza of the country club. And I speculate whether, with all his talents, Walter Lippmann has not sacrificed a rather fine future for a successful present.

It takes a long while to establish the rank of a writer. This is especially true if the writer happens to be a publicist. For, in addition to writing well, he must inform himself well. He must make shrewd deductions which only time can test. Does time seem to prove Mr. Lippmann's deductions, or, on the contrary, does it disprove them? Is he an informed person, or is his unusual erudition literary rather than factual, and therefore of comparatively little help in his role of

publicist? As a writer on politics and economics does he go to the sources of things? Does he know his facts, or does he form his ideas, not from facts, but from other people's opinions about them? And above all, has he the liberal and democratic point of view? Or, despite what amounts almost to a genius for never quite saying the thing, is he the prophet, the avant-coureur, of big-business fascism?

Mr. Lippmann would no doubt be shocked at the thought that he is a salesman of plutocracy. Doubtless he could point to innumerable passages in his writings that refute any such contention. Not the least of the benefits of reading Mr. Lippmann is that he can be quoted on either side of almost any question. Like the Bible in this respect, one can turn to his new testament and prove that God is love, or to his old testament and show that He is hate and vengeance. Or one can discover by later authoritative gospel that, equally removed from love and hate, God is disinterestedness. As a commentator on politics and economics—who writes, as the *Herald Tribune* pamphlet tells us, in a sound-proof penthouse studio where "autographed portraits" of Thomas Cochran of J. P. Morgan and Company and the British Ambassador look down from the wall—just who are Mr. Lippmann's gods?

In "Drift and Mastery," which deals mainly with politics and economics in the era immediately preceding the World War, Mr. Lippmann makes his answers to such questions. He points out, first, that the cloven hoof of big business is, after all, something of an illusion, and that in the leaders of the great trusts and banking houses our country has a group of administrators fitted by ideology and training for the highest responsibilities; and, second, that there exists in the higher regions of big business a regenerative, self-rectifying principle that combats greed and makes for the subordination of sordid to enlightened aims.

In order that this regenerative principle shall function freely in the public interest, Mr. Lippmann holds that we should protect big business on the one hand from overzealous muckraking and on the other from unwise government interference. It is true, he concedes, that the muckrakers have in the past been useful in awakening the country to real evils in the economic system. But they have gone too far. "Big Business and its ruthless tentacles," he writes, "have become the material for the feverish fantasy of illiterate thousands thrown out of kilter by the rack and strain of modern life." Mischievous nonsense is being spread in regard to the power of "men like Morgan and Rockefeller," which "ten minutes of cold sanity would reduce to a barbarous myth." The very magnitude of the problems involved in the administration of great corporations has disquieted those who do not realize that their "administration is becoming an applied science." Even so able a thinker as Louis Brandeis, he complains, has "turned against the modern trust," has

"turned decentralizer." And as for Woodrow Wilson—"He becomes quite reckless in his denunciation of the New Devil—Monopoly."

In "Drift and Mastery" Mr. Lippmann does not write with the pontifical authority he attains fifteen years later in "A Preface to Morals." But he argues with his usual clarity that large mergers like the Steel Corporation, which, in his writings, invariably wears the halo of the good trust, are now being conducted as public rather than private institutions. He chides his erstwhile friends, to whom he refers with scant patience as "amateur Socialists," for continuing to urge nationalization of our big industries. For, says he, they are already nationalized in effect, though still nominally private property. So that now (1914) "there is no very essential difference between holding the securities of the steel trust and those of the United States government."

Mr. Lippmann finds "a widespread rebellion against the profit motive." And this rebellion, extending to big business, is creating new incentives and a new point of view. "No doubt," he admits, "there are trusts badly administered. No doubt there are inflated monopolies created for purely financial reasons." But the men at the head of big business are "revolutionizing the discipline, the incentives, and the vision of the business world." And "the real news about business, it seems to me, is that it is being administered by men who are not profiteers. The managers are on salary, divorced from ownership and from bargaining. They represent the revolution in business incentives at its very heart. For they conduct gigantic enterprises and they stand outside the higgling of the market, outside the shrewdness and strategy of competition. The motive of profit is not their personal motive. That is an astounding change."

Harking back to Mr. Morgan's Steel Corporation, Mr. Lippmann finds it notable not merely for its public spirit, but also for its efficiency. Indeed, it is so efficient that its autocratic methods of administration might well be adopted by the government. "If the steel trust is efficient," he writes, "it is not due to the existence of its 200,000 stockholders. It is due to the fact that the management is autocratic, that administrators are highly paid and given power adequate to their responsibility. When governments are willing to pursue that course, they can be just as efficient as private management." And again: "It is obvious," he says, "that the trusts have created a demand for a new type of business man—for a man whose motives resemble those of the applied scientist and whose responsibility is that of a public servant."

And having invested the industrial corporations with an odor of sanctity, he then turns to the bankers and sprays them with the same precious incense, designating them as "investment experts." "In the great industries," he writes, "it is important to notice that with the diminishing importance of ownership the control has passed for the time being into the hands of investment experts, the banking interests."

For these conclusions, and more like them, Mr. Lippmann offers no premises. They are, of course, egregious nonsense, flatly contradicted by the facts, but nonsense so persuasively stated as to sound convincing even while it outrages one's intelligence. But what is most astounding about his thesis of the regeneration of big business is that, at the moment when he wrote "Drift and Mastery," as luck would have it, there had just been completed a series of investigations which, had he taken the trouble to follow them, would have

shown him not merely that no regeneration existed, but that big business, drunk with stock-jobbing and monopoly profits, was entering upon the wild debauch of profiteering that reached its climax in 1929.

In the winter of 1911 and 1912 a committee of the House of Representatives, headed by Augustus O. Stanley, later United States Senator from Kentucky, and assisted by Louis D. Brandeis, spread on a record of 5,594 pages the story of the formation, policies, and administration of the particular trust that, first in "Drift and Mastery" and later in "A Preface to Morals," Mr. Lippmann held aloft as a shining example of what a corporation ought to be. The evidence, which was based on the trust's own records, and on the testimony of its officers, directors, accountants, and engineers, was condensed and printed in a clear, readable report of two hundred pages. From the so-called Stanley report, which he could have had at the cost of a letter to his Congressman, Mr. Lippmann might have learned that for their services in organizing the United States Steel Corporation and floating its billion-dollar issue of common stock (which had no actual value, since the bond issue and the preferred stock more than equaled its assets) the underwriters and promoters, headed by Morgan, received stock of the par value of \$130,000,000, which they proceeded to sell to a confiding public at a cash profit, above all expenses, of \$62,500,000. In the nine years covered by the Stanley inquiry the trust netted an annual profit of 40 per cent on the cost of production on every pound of metal it sold. In 1914, when "Drift and Mastery" appeared, its earnings applicable to dividends on the common stock were \$23,496,768. By 1917 its net earnings rose to just under half a billion, largely as the result of cold-blooded extortion in the sale of war supplies to the French and English governments, for which J. P. Morgan and Company was fiscal agent.

Meantime, as the enlightened administrators held up the price of steel with one hand, they held down labor charges with the other, underpaying their men, crushing their every attempt to organize and better the almost subhuman conditions under which they lived; working 50,000 employees twelve hours a day and from seventy-two to eighty-four hours a week—the average working week for similar labor in the English steel industry being fifty-four hours. Incidentally, by 1919, as admitted by Gary on the stand, the number of twelve-hour men had increased to 69,000.

On January 30, 1912, Mr. Brandeis testified before the Stanley committee as follows:

I say these are conditions which have driven out American labor; and the most important thing I want to impress upon you in regard to that is not merely the long hours or the low wages, but it is that it has been and is attended with conditions of repression the like of which you cannot find, I believe, this side of Russia.

As shedding light on Mr. Lippmann's statement that the trusts were being "administered by men who are not profiteers," in 1902 the Steel Corporation organized the Union Supply Company, a chain store dealing almost wholly with its own employees. With a capitalization of \$500,000, it declared dividends as follows:

1903.....	\$250,000	1907.....	\$500,000
1904.....	250,000	1908.....	320,000
1905.....	405,000	1909.....	440,000
1906.....	805,000	1910.....	520,000

In order to protect from political attacks the railroad and raw-material differentials with which Morgan and Gary destroyed competition and raised prices, the Morgan interests went heavily into politics. In 1914 I had occasion to visit nine steel towns in the heart of the Morgan empire in Pennsylvania. I shall never forget the poverty and squalor in that God-forsaken region—the huge, sprawling plants, the unbelievably forlorn habitations. Boise Penrose was running for reelection. On the Thursday before election day I saw 5,000 men discharged from one plant, with the admonition, given them by the foreman at the gate, that unless Senator Penrose were returned, the plant would stay closed indefinitely.

Control of the executive branch of the government was, however, the main objective of the Morgan strategy, which at this time was directed to shielding the steel monopoly from federal interference. Consequently, the Cabinet and various key offices were duly packed, and the White House was surrounded, with friends and attorneys of Morgan and Company. In the Roosevelt and Taft regimes, when the big money was in steel—just as it was in oil in Harding's time and in utilities in Hoover's—Elihu Root, former attorney of the Carnegie Company, a subsidiary of the Steel Corporation, was Secretary of State. George W. Wickersham, formerly attorney of the Steel Corporation was Attorney-General. Truman Newberry, president of a subsidiary of the Steel Corporation, was Secretary of the Navy, an important post in steel politics. Herbert Satterlee, son-in-law of Mr. Morgan, was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Robert Bacon, Mr. Morgan's partner and director of the Steel Corporation, was Secretary of State. Philander Knox, attorney of the Steel Corporation, was Attorney-General and later Secretary of State. Judge Gary, chairman of the executive committee of the Steel Corporation and Mr. Morgan's factotum, as the Tarbell biography discloses, was confidential adviser to the White House on economic matters.

In the interim—as Mr. Lippmann in his capacity of publicist should certainly have known—substantially what Brandeis and Stanley found in the Morgan territory of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Minnesota, and Alabama, Edward P. Costigan, then a Denver lawyer, now United States Senator, was discovering as counsel in the Congressional inquiry into the Rockefeller hegemony in Colorado. Robert F. Wagner, then State Senator at Albany, now United States Senator, was meanwhile delving into the medieval labor conditions in the harvester trust, the preliminary report of his commission having been published in 1912.

The facts developed by these inquiries and a dozen similar ones—including the investigation into the Morgan-Guggenheim attempt to gain, by fraudulent entries, a monopoly of the high-grade coal deposits of Alaska, which was blocked by Gifford Pinchot, Brandeis, and Glavis—pitilessly contradicted Mr. Lippmann's thesis of a regenerate big business. They showed that, instead of upward, the trend was strongly downward; that with a few honorable exceptions the administrators were comporting themselves with the avidity of pigs in clover. Is it conceivable that our Elucidator wrote, first, "Drift and Mastery" and then "A Preface to Morals" in ignorance of this mass of available evidence? Or, on the contrary, was he writing with full knowledge, and in a conscious effort to offset its effect?

Turning for a moment to "A Preface to Morals," we find in the eleventh and twelfth chapters, respectively en-

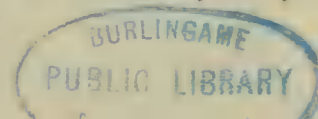
titled *The Cure of Souls* and *The Business of the Great Society*, the passages which carry forward Mr. Lippmann's 1914 brief for big business perhaps as well as anything he has written. It can be shown, the thread of his argument runs, that the qualities which civilized men agree to call virtues "have disinterestedness as their inner principle." Men have virtue in so far as they hold themselves to an ideal of conduct, however "inconvenient, unprofitable, or dangerous it may be to do so." Escape from the perplexities of modern life lies, therefore, along the path of disinterestedness.

The cardinal virtues, however, and especially this greatest virtue, disinterestedness, do not thrive "unless events conspire" to drive us toward them. But luckily the progress of science, and especially the discipline involved in the scientific method used by great corporations, is forcing big business to the disinterested point of view, weaning it from its past acquisitiveness to a social state of mind. "Great corporations," he points out, "have established laboratories of their own, not merely for the perfecting of their own processes, but for the promotion of pure research." The scientific method "provides a body in which the spirit of disinterestedness can live." The universities have done the same. The insight of a high religion, "which moves mankind more profoundly than anything else in human affairs," is made available by the coming of the scientific method. "Therefore, what was once a personal attitude on the part of a few who were somewhat withdrawn and disregarded has become the central principle in the careers of innumerable, immensely influential, men."

With an array of citations from foreign commentators—Graham Wallas, Buffon, Adam Smith, Ruskin, Morris, Maynard Keynes—but with never a word from anyone with a notion of what is going on in America, Mr. Lippmann then works his way to his grand denouement, which he reaches in a glow of fervor in the last section of the twelfth chapter, entitled *Ideals*. But, gentle reader, do not let your hopes of the denouement rise too high. For it proves a rather tame rehash of his 1914 glorification of Wall Street, with the difference that, to his honor roll of the regenerate, he now adds the banks, the insurance companies, and the General Electric Company.

When the machine technology is really advanced, that is to say, when it has drawn great masses of men within the orbit of its influence, when a corporation has become really great, the old distinction between public and private interest becomes very dim. I think it is destined largely to disappear. It is difficult even today to say whether the great railways, the General Electric Company, the United States Steel Corporation, the bigger insurance companies and banks are public or private institutions.

The fact that Mr. Lippmann should choose, as an example of a disinterested corporation, the General Electric Company, which by 1929 had become the heart and soul of the Morgan utility power, is, let us hope, but additional evidence of his talent for preserving his theories from the contamination of facts; since, for scientific extortion, for remarkably successful assaults on the integrity of government, as well as on education and the press, for reckless financing and huge profits for the insiders, raked in to the accompaniment of peculiarly disgusting and untruthful "service talk," the story of the utilities presided over in part by the high command of General Electric rather more than equals anything in business annals. Even the halcyon days when Fiske,



Gould, and Huntington built their fortunes on the wreck of the railroads could boast nothing quite so raw. For the industrial buccaneers of the nineteenth century at least had the grace to refrain from sanctimony.

And yet Mr. Lippmann writes his high romance of industrialism with such gentle zeal, and in such sound yet melodious prose, that to the uninformed reader even the General Electric becomes proof that with Morgan in the heavens all's well with the world.

Why Mr. Lippmann wrote as he did, in the face of all that was known and knowable about a subject with which he dealt extensively in two books separated by a fifteen-year interval, is a mystery which would perhaps have remained unsolved had he not solved it himself in the opening pages of "Drift and Mastery," in what I believe is one of the strangest passages ever penned by a man whose business is admittedly to advise the public on matters economic and political. Turning to pages 6 and 7, we find that, though aware of the existence of the investigations, he considers the task of "trying to classify" them, as a preparation to writing his book, to be an impossible and useless one. "A mere list of investigations would fill this book, and I abandoned the attempt with the mental reservation that if anyone really desired that kind of proof, a few German scholars, young and in perfect health, should be imported to furnish it." In other words, the facts being antipathetic to his thesis, he waves them aside with a gesture of contempt. Thus, by his own account, at the very outset of his inquiry, he rejects his authentic sources of information, and abandons the scientific method which he hails throughout his books as the unique regenerative agent of the modern world.

However, that Mr. Lippmann spurns the scientific spirit, and with it the services of the healthy German boys, is of no great importance. Nor does it matter that, once a votary in the house of Marx, our Elucidator now worships in the house of Morgan. Nor is it strange that, being a rather suggestible person and having no compass of his own, Mr. Lippmann should have been steered into port by the captains of big business. "Big business has always respected Mr. Lippmann's utterances," said Mr. Thomas Lamont, in proposing a resolution expressing gratitude for Mr. Lippmann's public services at the dinner of the Academy of Political Science on March 25, 1931. "They have always been constructive. He has those rare qualities of investigation and judgment."

But what matters, I think, is that, inconsequential as his writings appear to people who understand the political and economic structure, the illusion of intellectuality which they produce, largely by references to irrelevant authorities but partly by a good journalistic technique, causes him to be regarded by unthinking people as a seer whose lips are wet with water from the well of truth. Again—and this is perhaps the chief objection to be urged against Mr. Lippmann as a publicist—though he maintains a certain footing as a liberal by being on the popular side of such adjudicated issues as collective bargaining, the Ku Klux Klan, the bonus, and economy in government, the general message of his writings is neither liberal nor democratic. Their effect is to counteract the efforts of the men and women of good-will who, under heavy enough difficulties it must be admitted, are trying to check plutocracy's advance and bring into American life a saner division of power and a more decent distribution of wealth and opportunity.

In effect, Mr. Lippmann warns his readers not to listen to such people. He warns them that their criticisms and exposures of big business are exaggerated and on the whole unwarranted. How, indeed, could they be otherwise if, as Mr. Lippmann tells us, big business is in the hands of disinterested men inspired by the religion of science? He tells us, in effect, that there is no cause for anxiety, no need for worry, for effort, for struggle. Big business is taking care of things for all of us. Let us suspend judgment. Let us wait; let us learn. Let us remain calmly above the battle.

Mr. Lippmann thinks as if we had an eternity of time. He writes as though there were no hungry people in the world. He writes as though the privileged class in this country were ready to take its responsibilities seriously, and seriously become the friends and shepherds of the people; and as if this were a desirable consummation. And consistently he denies what is axiomatic, and I fear long will be so, that is, that the only way to advance toward what he calls the Great Society lies in recognizing the problem that confronts us in plutocracy; in seeing big business for what it is, namely, a cynical money-making machine; in destroying the privileges that sustain its power, and in forcing it to behave by the strength of law and the scourge of public opinion.

Sometimes I reread Ignatius Donnelly's fascinating book about the lost continent of Atlantis. According to Donnelly's theory, for which, it must be confessed, he adduces considerable proof, the gods of ancient mythology were once men and women. They were the captains of finance and industry, the aristocracy and outstanding citizens of the kingdom of Atlantis. And when that unfortunate land sank into the sea leaving only the tips of its mountains, the Azores, to mark its place, the personalities and achievements of these eminent citizens, plus the magic action of time, raised them to divinity, for the worship of credulous peoples to come. Jupiter was perhaps a distinguished figure in politics; Vulcan, a noted ironmaster; Neptune, the leading spirit in the merchant marine; Mercury, head of the intercommunication and utility trust; Venus, the hostess of a smart speakeasy; Orpheus, possibly an inspired pastor who, like Dr. Guthrie of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, inaugurated an aesthetic ritual of dance and song.

Even until today, though Atlantis is gone, the Atlantean impulse persists, according to Donnelly, in certain animals of the lesser order, especially the leamings. These trusting rodents still swim out from the mainland, and searching for the lost continent and its dead divinities, drown in their fruitless quest.

And so, out of his heroes of Wall Street—an Atlantis which, if sinkable, is at least not quite sunk—Mr. Lippmann creates his own theogony, with Mr. Lamont and Mr. Morgan sitting on the peak of Olympus, and his lesser gods taking their proper and respective places on the Olympian slope.

That the panic and the great deflation have likewise deflated Mr. Lippmann's theogony, restoring its members to human shape almost before divinity had set in, is not Mr. Lippmann's fault. It is but another proof of his shockingly bad luck. Here he has his batch of hero-gods, all baked and ready for the market, and along comes the depression—and alas, at what price can he peddle them now?

[The second article in the series on Mr. Lippmann, entitled "The New Tammany," will appear in the next issue.]

Government Without Congress

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, June 24

TO a judicious observer it would seem that the Administration is deliberately maneuvering toward a point where it will dust off its hands and say to the nations of the earth: "Now you can *all* go to hell!" Recent events in Washington and London are hardly open to any other interpretation. All the tangible evidence not only says that we are steering toward a policy of economic nationalism, coupled with naval and military preparedness, but says that Roosevelt has believed from the start that such a policy was inevitable. Our crisp refusal to stabilize the dollar lest it impede the rise of domestic prices, our curt retort to the debt defaulters, and the announcement of an impressive naval building program are sufficient proof that Roosevelt has staked his faith on the domestic-recovery program rather than on the London and Geneva conferences. This might have been obvious to a discerning eye some time ago. The provisions in the national-recovery bill authorizing the President to declare embargoes and fix quotas on imports do not argue that he expected the London conference to arrive at satisfactory trade agreements or tariff reductions; the provisions in the public-works section enabling him to expand naval and military expenditures suggest that he was none too hopeful over the outcome at Geneva. Indeed, the whole measure clearly reveals that Administration policies have consistently been formulated on the assumption that both conferences would flop. These observations are not made in a spirit of either praise or blame. Being by nature a man of peace, I regard all wars, whether military, naval, or economic, as the pastimes of romantic barbarians. On the other hand, diagnosing the military hydrophobia which afflicts Japan, and noting how the nations of Europe ganged up on Uncle Sam in London, I am forcibly reminded that the good Lord continues to help them that help themselves. With the exception of Russia we are the only great nation to display an ounce of international altruism. Well, what has it got us? It has got us the same old run-around. If we are driven to a policy of economic self-sufficiency and military preparedness, what then? The next logical step would be an understanding with that other international "villain," Soviet Russia. In time of trouble it would be quite a comfort to know that the finest army in the world was at Japan's back door, and industrial recovery would hardly be retarded by having the largest foreign market thrown open to American goods. And if that, my masters, be chauvinism, or Ku Kluxism, or Hearstism, or bolshevism, make the most of it.

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THE inauguration of the industrial-recovery program has precipitated a spectacle of chaos without a parallel, even in war time. This is especially true of the industrial-control administration, headed by General Hugh S. Johnson. We see the dynamic General, with few competent assistants and no money, struggling to perfect his organization, discover his powers, determine his policies, and define his objectives—all in the space of a week. In short, we see him

trying to complete in a few days a job that would normally require several months. Hamstrung by the jealous bureaucrats of the Commerce Department, he threatens to pack up and move his entire organization to another building—a threat which he may execute before these lines are printed. The Bureau of the Budget moves him to profane eloquence by vetoing his salary schedule of \$25 a day for certain men who have been accustomed, even in these depressed years, to salaries of \$40,000 a year and upward. It is like a madhouse. But for the aid and comfort of a few such men as Donald Richberg, Dr. Leo Wolman, and Sidney Hillman, and the sympathetic cooperation of Secretary Perkins, the doughty General, with all his energy and fire, would simply be swamped. But if industrial-control headquarters present a scene of chaos, let us consider the spectacle presented by industry itself. We perceive not less than 2,000 trade-association lawyers whipping up their respective clients to rush in with codes governing trade practices, wages, and working hours—all of them impelled solely by a desire to escape the operation of the federal anti-trust laws. We perceive that about 30 per cent of the captains of industry continue to hold back—although they send delegations to Washington to find out whether there is any danger that they may be left out in the cold. Strangest of all, we discover the Steel Corporation in a frantic rush to organize its employees, even to the extent of notifying them formally of their right to select their own representatives and to bargain collectively. Meanwhile the bituminous coal operators goggle incredulously at the opportunity to organize themselves, while striving to retain the gory privilege of cutting each others' throats, and the throats of their employees.

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HARDLY have the operators begun to quarrel among themselves, before President Lewis of the United Mine Workers launches a campaign to unionize the entire industry. This is followed promptly by reports of mines being closed and families evicted from company shacks. The mad dogs of American industry are fighting back. It is a profound relief to find a large number of industries actually trying to comply with the letter and the spirit of the law. Foremost among them are the manufacturers of electrical appliances, obviously influenced by the intelligent counsel of Gerard Swope. General Johnson believes that the example set by these employers will be followed almost unanimously. The General, however, is a born optimist. If previous form means anything, he is slated for plenty of trouble with the reactionary element led by Jim Emery and President Lund of the National Manufacturers Association. Those gentlemen continue to issue intensely patriotic statements, but it will be interesting to see how they perform. The fact is that American industrialists are in a state of unprecedented uncertainty. Their lawyers tell them one thing, their consciences tell them another, and always they are haunted by fear of the Roosevelt Big Stick. Not over-equipped with brains in the first place, their immediate predicament is truly

pathetic, and it would be easy to sympathize with them if all one's sympathies were not already exhausted over the poor devils who do their work and buy their goods.

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AS forecast in this place two weeks ago (if you don't mind a good old journalistic bromide), the attempt of the railroads to superimpose a wage cut of 12½ per cent on the 10 per cent deduction now prevailing met with a crushing rebuff at the hands of the Administration. Seeking a reduction in the basic rate of pay of their employees (the 10 per cent is a *deduction*, not a *reduction*), the rail owners were routed at every point. The best they could get was an extension of the 10 per cent deduction for another eight months.

At the end of that period, the basic rate automatically will be in effect. Official statements on the outcome were carefully composed to save the operators' feelings, but the fact is they were badly licked. It was a fool enterprise from the beginning, and confronted with the judicious and impassive authority of Coordinator Joseph Eastman, backed to the limit by President Roosevelt, they wound up ignominiously by signing an agreement drafted by Richberg, representing the rail workers. To a man from Mars it probably would seem that the rail barons had learned their lesson, but I am of the earth, earthy, and extremely skeptical about their ability to learn anything. Long after we have government ownership they will be mumbling into their beards, and wondering how it all happened.

The World Conference at Work

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

London, June 17

"THAT conference opened at the beginning of this week in an atmosphere of gloom and almost of despair"—these are the words of General Smuts in an address made at Oxford last night. They are no exaggeration. I have attended a number of such international gatherings, but not even the totally abortive one at Genoa in 1922 opened in so listless and hopeless a spirit as this one. The inaugural speeches of the King and of Ramsay MacDonald were excellent and were well received. But from that moment the conference was blanketed by the debt-payment issue and the question of the stabilization of the pound sterling and the dollar. A high and impeccable authority assures me that the World Economic Conference was deliberately called together on June 12, three days before the half-yearly debt payments to the United States were due, in the belief that this was a smart trick. Apparently the idea was that the conference itself would throw the debt payments into the background and that because of the existence of the conference, which was to solve every problem and straighten out the whole world, the American government and public opinion would look leniently upon a default by England and renewed defaults by others.

This may have been sound strategy; I doubt it. It not only relegated the conference to second place in the news, but increased the feeling that the important decisions, if any, will not be reached in the conference itself but in the several chancelleries or the board room of the Bank of England. And no sooner was the British offer of seven millions accepted and out of the way than the question of the stabilization of the dollar and pound became the all-important issue. The juxtaposition of the conference and the debt payment did, however, have one good result—it improved the spirit of the conference and increased such faint cordiality as existed between the English and American delegations. Had the President not accepted the British offer, and in such graceful and happy terms as he did, General Smuts would not have been able to add to the words at the head of this article his opinion that there was a "perceptible" change for the better in the spirit of the conference by the end of the first week. None the less, if General Smuts were to be

cross-examined as to the grounds for his optimism, I am sure that he would have to fall back upon the belief that when the choice is clearly between sinking and swimming, men usually manage to swim. A slight reed to lean upon! The General was indubitably right when in his opening address he pointed out that this conference, and the highly alarming state of the world, were the direct result of the madness of Versailles. No one else could have said this so well because it was Jan Smuts himself who had the supreme courage to protest against the treaty in that last direful session in Paris.

Today the most that close observers expect of the conference is action to prevent further tariff strife and to achieve the cessation of currency warfare, together with an agreement for an eventual return to the gold standard at some far-off period. One of the greatest English experts, whose Cassandra-like prophecies have too often come true, has just said to me: "I do not expect much of this conference. It is the next one that will really act." "The next," I said, appalled, "when will that meet?" "A year hence—in Washington, I hope. The reason for it? Well, this one aims to stop further national bankruptcies and will achieve something along that line. The next will have to deal with the question of grave national revolutions." At least he was more cheerful than one of our foremost American experts. To my reminder that this was the eleventh hour for the nations, he replied cynically: "I am not sure that it is not the thirteenth."

To the bad start of the conference our own American delegation contributed not a little. Despite the presence on it of Secretary Hull and Senator Couzens, it is not one to be proud of. Nor has its conduct been distinguished by tact and the best of manners. Why did President Roosevelt have to send over a group of men utterly inexperienced in European affairs and especially in gatherings of this kind? That is like sending men into battle with shotguns to oppose others with machine-guns. Our delegation could see nothing wrong in its leading members absenting themselves the first session of the first working day. Mr. Hull himself apparently did not realize that his failure to speak at the opening on Tuesday cast away an extraordinary opportunity for the United States to dominate the whole proceedings—and threw those

proceedings into such disarray that Ramsay MacDonald had to adjourn the conference early for lack of prepared speeches to take the place of Mr. Hull's announced address.

The excuse was that the Secretary's speech had to be cabled to the President at the last moment for his approval. The White House suggested a few changes and it took nearly twenty-four hours to make these in London, although the speech could have been written three months ago and could have remained unaltered thereafter. Indeed, as one of the foreign delegates put it to me: "It was a perfectly sound utterance which would have been an excellent progressive speech when William J. Bryan was running for your Presidency." The French press was not so polite. It spoke of the speech as one of "appalling inanity." The truth is that Mr. Hull was in a deep hole because, incredible as it seems, the commission was sent over here apparently without any definite program, and because its members are not with Mr. Hull in his admirable tariff views; I doubt if the President is. Most statesmen would have refused to assume the headship of the delegation under these conditions, but Mr. Hull is a good soldier and obeyed his President's orders to lead his divided delegation.

That does not mitigate the fact that so far our delegates have contributed nothing whatever to the proceedings, that some of them appear almost as if dazed, and that they are here purely on an opportunist basis—that is, to feel their way and jump in where they can. Mr. Hull is interested only in tariff reduction; he and his associates cannot even talk on debts or on the stabilization of the dollar and pound, which is in the hands of others—they have nothing whatever to do with it. They were delighted with their success in getting Jim Cox into the chairmanship of the monetary committee when they might better have wept. For what on earth does that ex-Governor of Ohio know about the question? It would have been far wiser if the able Dutchman suggested for the place had received it. More than that, the conference knows perfectly that if Mr. Hull could obtain the world-wide 10 per cent lateral tariff cut which he wishes, there is no prospect that Congress would agree to it. So, as the situation stands today and unless there is a great change, the prospects are that our delegates will not pull their weight in the conference boat, much less steer it. The American press correspondents here do not conceal their mortification; one told me that after crossing the ocean with the delegates he seriously considered cabling that he wished another assignment. You may hear of serious dissension in the delegation before this article arrives.

On the other hand, it can be said of the delegates that they are kindly, well-meaning, and personally harmonious. They do not agree with Mr. Hull, but they realize that this simple and modest Secretary of State has no desire to steal the spotlight, or play the dominating role of Woodrow Wilson at Paris. Of course, far abler and more experienced men than these would find their situation almost impossible. They are supposed to be in London to clear the channels of international trade and to restore normality of life everywhere, and they cannot vote to reduce the tariff obstacles, first, because they do not wish to, and second, because they have no authority to do so. They may help the conference to an agreement on cheap money, enlarged credits, wholesale public works, an international reduction of hours of labor, and so forth, even to world-wide currency stabilization—at

least by tentative agreement. But as long as there is no radical grappling with the tariff, and the war-debt question is not settled, trade will not be freed of its worst restrictions.

Professor Raymond Moley is on his way over to buck up the American delegation and help it to a great success. But this is the same Raymond Moley who on May 20 made a radio speech saying that there was not much to be hoped from the World Conference and that it would not make much difference to the United States anyway, since it must "build the basis of its prosperity at home." That speech alone might well have kept Professor Moley away. It, too, made a bad impression here. I confess to complete surprise that Franklin Roosevelt, who has himself been abroad so much, does not realize the weakness of such an emissary. One thing is sure: the Europeans cannot understand procedure of this kind.

To return to the conference, there have been so far only three notable speeches—those of General Smuts, Neville Chamberlain, and Maxim Litvinov. Indeed, I should be justified in saying that the Litvinov speech was the only really valuable one. Smuts made some excellent suggestions about getting the conference down to work. Chamberlain stated the English case, clearly, concretely, and ably—a refreshing change from the platitudes of almost everybody else, and in the best House of Commons manner. But Litvinov, unhampered by capitalist tradition, spoke with freedom and frankness and offered the golden bait of a billion dollars' worth of immediate additional business if only the other nations would extend credits, remove embargoes, enter into diplomatic relations with Russia, and generally "play the game." Like the Russian disarmament offers at Geneva, Mr. Litvinov's proposals were ignored. As if with deliberate discourtesy, Mr. Hull got up in the middle of Litvinov's speech and walked out—sublimely unconscious, of course, that any significance might attach to his doing so—just as he is probably entirely unaware that he made a speech on his arrival at Queenstown that was as tactless as it was offensive to the British. To add to his offending, Litvinov offered a resolution of general purport to suspend all embargoes and reprisals of one country against another during the conference, which would undo the latest English boycott of Russia. His proposals are, of course, too sensible for adoption.

As for Neville Chamberlain's speech, it had the additional merit of showing England's hand. Unfortunately that means that he asked *messieurs les autres* to do away with their quotas and embargoes and tariffs, while making it quite clear that the quotas imposed by England and her dominions were, bless your soul, on a wholly different footing from the arbitrary quotas of other people. He, too, sought to define "reasonable tariffs"—which, it appears, are our old friends the tariffs to equalize costs of production—without in the least understanding the impossibility of doing this in the face of ever-shifting labor and currency and trade conditions, or paying any attention to what such tariffs mean to the home consumer. If it left the conference somewhat clearer as to the task ahead of it, the Chancellor's speech also revealed exactly the stubborn national obstinacies upon which it is most likely to be wrecked. As the *Spectator* well puts it, if the conference does its job, "that involves the resolute destruction of the barriers each nation has built up around its frontiers. It means exposing protected industries to external competition." Who will begin? Not the United

States or England! Hence the bewilderment as to how anything much more worth while can come out of this conference than out of the various disarmament conferences. Perhaps my friend is right: perhaps we must go nearer to destruction than we are before the nations of the earth will really apply themselves to putting to work the 30,000,000 unemployed and the 60,000,000 additional human beings who, as Litvinov phrased it, "are eking out a semi-starved existence in countries embraced by the crisis."

If this conference is largely composed of men who will not see, it is at least a great advance over the fatal one at Versailles, only three members of which have seats in this assembly. Thank heaven, there is not a single professional soldier present, and none of the bloodstained premiers of 1919. There are even a few women in evidence. But the question to be answered is simply whether these successors to the counselors of Versailles have sufficient wisdom, courage, and *freedom of action* to save that wreck which is the world.

"Austria Is Not Germany"

By O. W. HOLDEN

Vienna, June 2

I WASTED a good deal of valuable energy in passionate outbursts of indignation against Austrian friends who refused to be aroused even in private conversation to any more violent protest against Hitlerism than a shrug of the shoulders, before it began to dawn on me what an effective front a whole nation of shoulder-shruggers can put up.

"But this is just the attitude on the part of intelligent people," I used to insist, "that makes situations like the persecution of the Jews in Germany possible. How can you feel so calm about such stupid injustice?"

"There is stupidity and injustice everywhere in the world and all the time," they answered. "If one doesn't accept it philosophically one must be every moment *aufgeregt*. In America, for instance—"

"Yes," I would interrupt hastily (Scottsboro only too well in mind), "but people of my own kind at home don't take such things so quietly. As individuals they feel a certain responsibility to take some definite stand."

Again that shrug—"But what's the use? What can they accomplish?"

"Not much—not enough," I would have to answer, "but every person has a small circle of influence—a few people who can't think for themselves may be swayed by your opinion, and this thing is threatening at your very door. Austria has a bigger percentage of Jews than Germany, and the Nazi movement has been almost exclusively nourished on anti-Semitism. If it sweeps over Austria finally, how can you and people like you feel entirely guiltless?"

And then I got my first positive reaction. "Austria is not Germany," they answered with frigid finality.

And now I am beginning to get the point. At first, as German Nazis cavorted with noisy expectancy along Austrian borders and Nazi ministers smiled confidently toward Austria in "unauthorized" speeches about a "united Germania," I waited impatiently for an unequivocal government stand. It seemed to me that the poor Social Democrats were the only ones whose spirits were to be broken by the *Regierung's* blanket measures against organized opposition. Up to May 1 Austrian Nazis might have been supposed to be almost nonexistent as a national group, for all the direct official notice taken of them. Nazis themselves, officially unrebuked, chose clamorously to interpret each new prohibitive ordinance as a missile aimed exclusively at the Social Democrats.

German Nazis received their first intimation that a

united Austria might not be waiting for them with open arms when some of the resort towns decided it might be more peaceful for visitors taking the cure if other visitors in the uniforms of the several political armies were not squabbling over politics. After thinking it over the mayors of these towns came to the conclusion that of course no "good Germans" would vacation where obviously they were not wanted—and an official boycott was on.

Austrian Nazis immediately launched a campaign of patriotic fervor in defense of the tourist trade, speaking sternly to the offending mayors for their shortsighted and unpatriotic behavior. These gentlemen responded with round-eyed surprise to such misreading of their motives; of course their German neighbors would be welcomed to Austria with the customary warmth of former years, and so forth, and so forth. Polite shoulders were all prepared to meet further angry denunciations I am sure, but meanwhile the cartoonists' festival was on. It became difficult for any Nazi who could read to ignore the fact that he was being pretty universally laughed at—as he saw himself pictured fending off with a mammoth paw from the mountain beer garden great hordes of English and Americans and Swiss, while Fritz and his family, including the natty uniformed son, lunched expansively among the empty tables.

And then came May Day, which the government made an occasion for an impressive demonstration of its military strength by a complete one-day barricade of the Inner Town. The Nazis, as they stalked back and forth in front of massed machine-guns, behaved much like schoolboys who manage to establish a sense of innocence in their own breasts by puffing out their chests and looking meaningfully at the other fellows when the schoolmaster begins to test his birch. The Social Democrats, after one bitter outburst of angry chagrin at being deprived of their traditional festivities for that day, have been unaccustomedly silent. It looks as if they wisely realize that they will be stronger eventually if they keep to the role of the problem child, temporarily willing in the interests of family solidarity to cease annoying its parents while they are dealing with the troublesome outsider.

And at last "Little Dollfuss" has begun to hand out that deal with the smoothness of a practiced magician. After May Day the next holiday on the calendar was May 14, the anniversary of the freeing of Austria from the Turks. Nazi ministers were planning to come from Berlin to help celebrate the historic occasion. Austrian Nazis so far forgot themselves as to depart from the suave and devious ways of tra-

ditional Austrian politics by headlining their papers with "In fourteen days we are coming!" Then the devious methods of government began to stir in response. First the ban on uniforms went out for all private guards except the Heimwehr. The Schutzbund of the Social Democrats having been dissolved before this, there was no major group left to be affected except the Nazis, and they could not fail to recognize the implication. Their public protest was a most delightful evidence that "Austria is not Germany," for one can hardly imagine German Nazis laying aside their sober brown uniforms for high silk hats and whatever other adjuncts to the attire of aristocratic elegance each individual could muster. Unfortunately, this has been the only government action which the Nazis had an excuse to construe ■ specially directed against themselves; otherwise we might have been treated to other heartening forms of devastating sarcasm on the part of the Austrian branch, which would have further distinguished them from the humorless parent stem.

Next came the announcement that an oath of allegiance to the *Regierung* was to be required of all active civil employees and pensioners, with the loss of jobs or pensions for those refusing—or failing to qualify. Among the latter would be included any persons wearing the insignia of a party considered anti-governmental by the administrators of the oath. The details of this have not been entirely worked out, but there are to be no high-handed methods—no throwing people out of jobs wholesale because of their opinions, indeed not. Everyone has a right to think as he pleases. But a lot of Nazis are having to weigh carefully at the moment the choice between active party affiliation and a pay check. And the Austrians are not a nation of impractical idealists. Also they are not conspicuously fitted by temperament for the long-continued strain of secret allegiance. What good is ■ political club if ■ man can't go publicly to his cafe and consort with his fellows?

Bludgeoning Nazi raids on Heimwehr and Social Democratic students in the university and technical schools have been increasing in violence and bloodiness this month; numbers of youngsters are laid up in hospitals with severe injuries. There seemed to be a disquieting lack of cooperation on the part of many government-paid professors in quelling these unfortunate disturbances. Since wholesale arrests of rioters did little good, the order has lately gone out that the next school which is the scene of ■ student battle will be closed for a period of time to be fixed by the government, all teachers to receive half-pay during this period. The outlook is bright for the peaceful progress of education.

But none of this was as interesting to me as the approaching visit from Germany. I was reserving May 13 in my mind as the deciding date after which I could conscientiously answer the inquiries of American friends as to whether in my opinion Austria would be a reasonably peaceful vacation ground. Official Austria's polite refusal to recognize the visit officially might mean something and it might not. There was also to be considered a pointed suggestion from high German quarters that such discourtesy might necessitate sending further ranks of German Nazis to Vienna to bolster up the honor of the Austrian division. More significant was the elevating of Fey, a notorious foe of the Nazis, from the simple rank of ■ Heimwehr captain to the lofty position of Minister of Public Safety. This took place a few days before the thirteenth.

All very hopeful, I thought, but—I was still from Missouri. Now I have been shown and it took just three days to show me. On Saturday, the thirteenth, the airplane from Berlin landed on schedule, and Herren Frank and Kerl and entourage were greeted with a handsome speech at the field by Vice-Police President Skubal, who regretted that as official guests they were unwelcome but tendered them as private citizens the most respectful greetings on the part of his government, which intended to express its good-will not only in words but by providing them with ■ police escort for the length of their stay. It was unfortunately necessary, however, to warn the honored guests to confine their public remarks to the subject of the historical occasion being celebrated. The rest of the day passed fairly smoothly, with 14,000 Nazis in prearranged assemblies receiving from their German comrades greetings which were only occasionally interrupted by mild suggestions from the police.

On Sunday the visitors went to Mödling near Vienna, where, in their professional capacity as German jurists, they were warmly but briefly addressed by the mayor. But on Sunday something more interesting was happening in Vienna. The delivery of the country from the Turks was being spectacularly celebrated by ■ monster parade of 40,000 Heimwehr members called in from every province of Austria.

On Monday the German party with its faithful escort proceeded by automobile to Graz. There Herr Frank lamentably forgot his private status and attempted an undeniably political speech. It was just too bad, but the commanding police officer must with profound apologies request Herr Frank and companions to enter their cars at once and take the direct route to the German border. There were answering suggestions that such brusque action would undoubtedly reap dire consequences, but again the shrugged shoulder indicated that orders were orders.

At St. Gilgen near Salzburg the Germans were hungry and wished to stop to eat. The chief of the Salzburg police obligingly put through ■ call to Vienna and received gracious permission for the departing guests to pause for *refreshment only*. But eating was a long and leisurely affair, and somehow the *Gasthaus* got very full of friends of Herr Frank during its process. It was only natural that he should wish to make a few comradely remarks of farewell to them as he rose to depart. But this time the kindly police hand fell on his shoulder with ■ propulsive firmness not to be disregarded, and before he realized it the honored guest had been escorted to the door, bundled solicitously with his companions into the waiting cars, and whisked straight over the border into Germany. On the same afternoon the Vienna papers, in their accounts of the Heimwehr parade, mentioned that so many of the trains carrying homeward-bound divisions had been stoned by Nazis that a government investigation would be necessary to determine if the attacks had been by an chance organized from a central source.

Since the government has decided to look this far over its shoulder, it will undoubtedly discover, perhaps by the time this is read, that those gangs of obstreperous youngsters, the Austrian divisions of the Hitler storm troops, are a shocking anomaly in a suave and civilized state, and must disband or go somewhere else to play.

"A bit late," the Social Democrats will remark balefully—but probably not without a small secret share in the generally mounting Austrian pride in smart Little Dollfus.

Not Staged for Tourists

By JOHN ROTHSCILD

IT is not the relics of the past which draw most of us abroad, but rather the wish to sample another way of living than our own. Every summer there are events in Europe which are not staged for tourists, which are little advertised or known, and which present in a few days, a day, or some hours a whole broad phase of culture. We have assembled here advance information regarding some of these incidents.

Music. Besides the great music festivals, to which added interest attaches this year because of the Wagner and Brahms memorials, lesser musical events offer delight to the music lover. One of the most interesting is the Haslemere Festival of Chamber Music, which will be held from July 17 to 29 in Surrey, England. This is conducted by the remarkable Dolmetsch family, makers of old instruments. The charm of the event flows from the intimate family circle of musician-craftsmen as well as from the lovely old chamber music which they revive on the original instruments. This year the Dolmetsches will present a Bach concerto for four harpsichords, many compositions for the clavichord, works of the English fantasy writers, and folk music from the Middle Ages to the sixteenth century. The medieval English harp with brass strings has been added to their ensemble.

Drama. A great peasant audience riding in carts or trudging the dusty roads assembles at Orange in the south of France the last three days in July for the series of Greek plays in the old Roman theater. The Opéra Comique of Paris performs them. The brightly costumed audience is as fascinating as the plays.

The Malvern Festival becomes more important as a center of English dramatic production with each summer's presentation. This year Sir Barry Jackson offers a historical cycle beginning with a fifteenth-century miracle play. For the modern play he has chosen "The Sleeping Clergyman," by James Bridie. This is a departure from the Festival tradition of presenting new Shaw plays as representative of modern English drama. The cycle includes "Gammer Gurton's Needle"; "The Fair Maid of the West," by Thomas Heywood; "All for Love," by Dryden; "The Love Chase," by Sheridan Knowles; and "The Dancing Girl," by Henry Arthur Jones. A series of morning lectures accompanies the Festival. Allardyce Nicoll, who recently was appointed to the post held by George Pierce Baker in the Yale School of the Drama, will be one of four eminent lecturers. A fee of ten dollars is charged for the lecture course. Tickets for the week's plays cost from eleven to fifteen dollars, but one may buy seats for single performances. The cycle is given three times, between July 24 and August 12. Arrangements may be made through the Drama League Travel Bureau, Barbizon Plaza Hotel, New York.

Festivals. Religious observances in Europe are inseparable from pageantry and folk festivals. Whether or not one is a believer, one must recognize a vital form of human expression in the Pardons of Brittany or the blessing of the fishermen's nets in some little seacoast town.

During July, August, and early September there are processions and harvest thanksgivings in every countryside.

They vary with the local harvest in size and splendor and are not announced far in advance; but one may often stumble upon them in the course of a Sunday drive along the Rhine, or in Austria, or in any of the Latin countries. Folk dancing and singing, pageants, the wearing of ancestral costumes are part of such festivals, as well as much drinking and merriment. There may even be a little fair or market, at which products of local handicrafts are for sale.

The Feast of the Redemption is celebrated in Venice on July 16 with solemn masses in the church and high carnival on the canals. This is one occasion when the visitor need not be a passive watcher, but may merge into the crowd of merrymakers. Your gondola will be caught up in one of the many processions, and young Venetians will perhaps leap in to visit you.

The Palio at Siena (Italy) is a colorful occasion. The peasants come into town with their sturdy hill ponies and lead them into the church to be blessed. The town dwellers hang out banners and rugs from every window and cornice. In the great Piazza del Campo a pageant of the ancient Sienese republic is performed with spirit. As the procession moves through the square, the standard bearers wave their flags, throw them into the air, and perform a thousand miracles of color. Finally, the blessed horses are ridden in an exciting bareback race around the square. For the rest of the day the festival is celebrated in the streets with dancing and singing. It takes place twice during the summer, on July 2 and August 16.

Art. There are fewer art exhibitions of consequence in Europe this year because of the World's Fair in Chicago, which has absorbed funds and exhibits. However, the Triennial Exhibition of Modern Art and Architecture in Milan, which opened in May and can be seen all summer, is excellent. It is held under the patronage of the Italian government in the new Palace of Arts. Every imaginable development of the decorative arts is represented. There are extensive exhibits of glass, ceramics, metals, sculpture, painting, furniture, textiles, and even an "international show of furniture for ships and trains." The architectural division contains real houses fully equipped.

For the "Dresden Jubilee Summer" (Germany) the city is showing the art treasures of King August the Strong, who ruled Saxony in the early eighteenth century and was a prodigious collector. The porcelains and jewels are especially fine. Many curious souvenirs of this fantastic ruler are on display, each neatly incased in its own legend—the horse-shoe he broke when he was forty-one years old, the hunting rifles which no other man could fire, the jeweled mementos he presented to a mistress whom he afterwards imprisoned for forty years.

Toruń (Poland) celebrates the 700th anniversary of its founding this summer with expositions of contemporary arts and handicrafts and a rare collection of old religious art.

Politics. The Institute of World Affairs at Mondsee (Austria) offers lectures on international questions by a distinguished faculty, including Roscoe Pound, dean of the Harvard Law School; Eduard Benes, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Czecho-Slovakia; Georges Oprescu, Rumanian member of the Secretariat of the League of Nations; André Siegfried; Paul Monroe, president of Robert College, Istanbul; and others. Lectures will be in English. The program lasts from July 1 to August 11, with a week's extension at

the Geneva Institute of International Relations. This includes lectures by members of the League Secretariat and other experts in international relations. It is possible to register for a shorter period. The rate for one week is forty dollars, which includes lodging and meals, lectures, and local sightseeing and outings. The fee for the Geneva Institute is ten dollars. Further information can be obtained from the Institute of International Education, 2 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

The Assembly of the League of Nations convenes on September 4. The Council meets about two days before the Assembly, concurrently with it, and continues for about a week after the Assembly adjourns. Other committees of the League meet during the summer months. Students of international affairs may obtain tickets for the meetings of the Council, the Assembly, and the various other League organizations from the American Committee of the League of Nations Association, 53 Quai Wilson, Geneva.

A World Congress of Youth against War and Fascism is to be held in Paris on August 5, 6, and 7. An American committee has been organized to make known the aims of the congress and to urge the young people of this country to support it. Inquiries may be addressed to Carl Geiser, secretary, at 104 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Sports. A sports competition that escapes the twin evils of professionalism and commercialism is the Turnfest at Stuttgart (Germany) the last four days in July. It is an international event held every year in some German city, and is joyously amateur in spirit. Individual feats are less highly regarded than group gymnastics, mass rhythmic, and general all-round athletic proficiency. Folk dancing and singing, choruses, processions, and bonfires, a performance of Schiller's "Robbers" in an open-air theater in the Bopser Forest are among the festive events.

[This is the last of a series of articles giving travel information of interest to Nation readers.]

In the Driftway

THE Drifter was set to speculating on the future of country newspapers when he read the other day of the death of William Benjamin Franklin Townsend, printer-editor of the Dahlonega (Georgia) *Nugget*. Dahlonega was once a gold-mining town—so the obituaries said, the Drifter had never known it—of enough importance to have a government mint, and for some forty years Townsend got out the *Nugget* once a week, single-handed. According to a technique once not uncommon but now probably almost extinct, Townsend composed the contents of the paper as he stood before his printer's case, setting the type by hand as he went along. It is said that he never read proof and never looked at his paper after it came off his old-fashioned hand press. If there were errors, he was happily oblivious until somebody else called them to his attention. Wise editor! For there will always be errors in a paper anyhow. The Drifter knows one nearer home than Dahlonega where people write in, telephone, and call belligerently to protest against errors even after the most scrupulous editing and proofreading. Townsend had three dictionaries but said he was too busy ever to consult them. Another good editorial

principle! Looking up words in a dictionary is a habit which grows on an editor, sapping his self-confidence. He never lives long enough to get all the plaguey words looked up.

* * * * *

"SOMETIMES in preparing an article for the *Nugget*," Townsend once wrote, "we do not take a single bite of grammar, but tell it plainly like we were talking to our darling baby." Although the editor of the *Nugget* had a family with which he was on good terms, he liked privacy and for many years had lived alone in a shack beside the other one in which he printed his paper. He slept from sundown to 2 a. m. with his feet hanging over the footboard of the bed, and once let his readers in for a glimpse of his sleeping habits by saying in the *Nugget*: "When retiring last night it was still warm enough for us to pull off our breeches, as is our custom on warm nights." The last thing Townsend did was to finish a column of local news with the sentence "The editor is sick." Then he sat down to rest for a moment—and never got up. He was seventy-eight years old.

* * * * *

THE printer-editor is a disappearing type, but the personal journalism which he exemplified and the country newspaper where he flourished are on the upgrade, the Drifter thinks. Anonymous and colorless journalism reached its zenith in this country at least a generation ago, since when there has not only been an injection of more personality through signed columns but a greater demand for individual writing in the unsigned material. The country weekly, too, seems destined for a renaissance. The reason for this, as the Drifter sees it, is the back-to-the-country movement from our cities, insuring better support for the small-community press, coupled with a tendency on the part of big-city papers to become more and more national in character and circulation. As yet America has no national dailies in the sense, say, that France has, where the leading Parisian dailies go all over the republic. The *Matin*, the *Journal*, the *Petit Parisien* are on sale even in remote hamlets, to a large extent on the day of publication. Nothing of this sort has been possible hitherto in America because of our great distances and difficulties of transportation, but the Drifter looks for the day when a few great metropolitan dailies, delivered by airplane and automobile, will cover the country with general news and comment. The weaker city papers will disappear.

* * * * *

AT the same time the field will be greatly extended for local papers giving the home news and gossip while ignoring national and international happenings. Many of our metropolitan newspapers already are so general as to leave a field in their own area for regional journalism. The outlying boroughs of New York, for instance, have their own dailies as well as weeklies. As metropolitan newspapers become fewer and more national in circulation, the small-town and country press will come back. All success to it!

THE DRIFTER

It Pays to Fight for Lower Rates, by O. S. Dean, the seventh in a series of articles on electric power and the consumer, will appear in next week's issue.

Correspondence

Trotsky and Sidney Hook

[Leon Trotsky has given *The Nation* permission to use his letter to Sidney Hook which follows. It contains comment on Professor Hook's article, *Marxism—Dogma or Method?* which appeared in our issue of March 15. Comment by Professor Hook on Trotsky's remarks is appended.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

DEAR PROFESSOR HOOK:

I read with interest your article in *The Nation* and it provoked in me some doubts.

1. The title of your article, *Marxism—Dogma or Method?* provokes a certain disquietude. The alternative does not cover the question. Marxism is not a dogma; but it is not *only* a method; it is also a doctrine. The materialist dialectic is a method. Marx, however, not only formulated this method, but applied it in two domains, by creating the theory of capitalist economy (science) and the theory of the historical processes (the "philosophy of history"—more exactly, a science).

2. The concluding phrase of your article declares that "it [Marxism] is neither dogma, myth, nor objective science, but a realistic method of class action." What means here the word "realistic"? Obviously it means based upon the true knowledge of the objective—in that case, social—processes; the knowledge of the objective is a science. The Marxian policy is realistic in so far as it is based upon Marxism as a science.

3. You say that the Marxian doctrine can no more be understood independent of its revolutionary aims than the prescriptions of a physician independent of the concern of health. Within certain limits it is possible to accept this comparison. But the only physician capable of giving useful prescriptions is one who bases his action upon anatomy, physiology, pathology, and a series of other positive sciences. How is it possible to detach the realistic practice from the scientific theory? In the final analysis all scientific knowledge—not only regarding medicine—grows from practical needs and serves these needs.

4. You write: "From the theoretical postulates of this science of Marxism, it followed that revolutionary opposition to the World War in 1914 was utopian, because the war and the war psychology inevitably flowed from the objective constellation of socio-economic forces of the time." This counterposing, it seems to me, is not understandable. The struggle against war would be "utopian" because the war flows inevitably from the objective circumstances. In the first place, the utopian ideas flow also from the objective circumstances. Secondly, the struggle against the "inevitable" events is not necessarily utopian, because the inevitable events are limited in time and space. Particularly, the war, being a historical "inevitability," proved "utopian" as a means of issuing out of the imperialist impasse.

5. You state: "Marx's gravest mistake was in not assigning greater values to the temporal coefficients of the process." This remark is just when applied to a great number of vulgar Marxists, especially of the epoch of the Second International, but it is absolutely false in relation to Marx himself.

When conditions permit I will return to this question in more comprehensive form; meanwhile, I remain, with comradesly greetings,

Buyukada, Turkey, April 11

L. TROTSKY

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Leon Trotsky's letter affords me a welcome opportunity to clarify some points in my article which, judging by several inquiries I have received, have perplexed many readers of *The*

Nation. First, I wish to indicate that Trotsky's final point (5) is based upon a linguistic misunderstanding of the sense in which I used the term "values." I use the term in its technical mathematical sense—as when we speak of the values of a function, variable, or argument. Trotsky takes the word in its ordinary connotation of "value" and consequently interprets me as saying that Marx's greatest error consisted in allowing capitalism too much time to run its course. My meaning is precisely the opposite. Marx expected the social revolution, at least in Western Europe, much sooner than it has come; the orthodox Marxists of the Second International, on the other hand, postponed the date to a future so indefinite that nothing they could do could have an appreciable effect upon it.

Points 1, 2, and 3 in Trotsky's letter are different facets of the same question, namely, whether Marxism is a science. I use the term "science" in its strict sense. Not everything which is called a science has a right to the name. It is well to remember that theology was once regarded as a science, and Hegel called his philosophy of absolute idealism *Wissenschaft*. By a science, as distinct from scientific method, I mean a body of knowledge consisting of sets of general propositions which systematize a mass of facts in such a way that by their means one group of facts may be inferred from another group of facts. All propositions of science are publicly verifiable and universal agreement about them is possible. Judgments of value or worth are consequently excluded. To be sure, human values or ideals may become the subject matter of scientific inquiry, but the scientific propositions which relate them with causal antecedents are not themselves normative.

From this point of view Marxism is more than an "objective science." It is a scientific method of achieving a class goal. It involves a series of normative judgments without which it becomes nothing but a set of "if—then" propositions, emasculated of class content and relevance, and devoid of revolutionary implications for action. Marxism asserts categorically that something *should* be done, and not merely neutral hypotheticals such as "if you want this, do that." All of Marx's objectively true descriptions of society are relevant to his revolutionary purposes, and it was Engels who defined communism as "the doctrine of the requisites for the emancipation of the proletariat." One who grants the truth of the "science" of Marxism and stops there is not yet a Marxist. If this is denied, Hilferding's contention that it is possible to be a Marxist and yet violently oppose socialism cannot be met.

It is a commonplace that the physician's regulative prescriptions are conditioned by his knowledge of chemistry, anatomy, physiology, and the like. But the science of chemistry as such is indifferent to any regulative ideal. The social uses to which a science is put, as well as its social effects, are not constitutive parts of its subject matter, for they are evaluated from irreconcilably different class viewpoints. I do not deny that objective scientific truths have been discovered in the course of the systematic attempt to gratify practical needs—even class needs. But the distinction between the general propositions whose validity is independent of class values, and the specific application of these propositions to a context in which evaluations are made from conflicting class axes, cannot be called into question without reading the class struggle back into nature or taking it out of social life. To be sure, there are no hard and fast distinctions. But that is no excuse for lumping everything together. Further, it is far from clear that *all* scientific knowledge grows out of practical needs. Such a statement is either a tautology or a patent error: a tautology if practical need is identified to mean any kind of human interest; an error if it is assumed that every human interest is practical. What practical need, to use some stock examples, was behind the invention of the theory of conic sections in the fourth century B. C. (used by Kepler 1,900 years later in discovering the laws of planetary motion),

of symbolic logic, the general theory of relativity—and, indeed, most of astronomy.

Point 4 in Trotsky's letter refers to the Social-Democratic conception of the science of Marxism. I claimed that its monistic, organic determinism was logically indistinguishable from fatalism, and that it made no adequate theoretical provision for the historical effects of *class-consciousness*, relative contingencies arising from qualities of leadership, favorable or unfavorable conjunctions of natural phenomena, and so on—not all of which were strictly deducible from socio-economic data alone. When the Second International spoke of the inevitability of socialism, it did not use quotation marks. That it fell into inconsistency by condemning acts of which it disapproved, when on its own dogma of inevitability such acts would have no consequence on the final outcome, is only additional evidence that any theory which overlooks the limited but important creative role of human knowledge and consciousness in history is useless.

In conclusion: Marxism is a scientific method of achieving a classless society. Its doctrines, in so far as they are verified by experience, are as objective as the propositions of any science. Here only insight is necessary. But as for its goal—the abolition of a class society—this expresses a philosophy, a morality, a creative commitment. It is not necessary—nor, on the theory of Marxism, is it possible—to convince the capitalist class of the superior ethical validity of a classless society. "Up to the present time," says Engels, "all ethical theory is in the last instance a testimony to the existence of certain economic conditions prevailing in any community at any particular time. We have not yet advanced beyond class morals. Real human morality, superior to class morality and its traditions, will not be possible until a stage in human history has been reached in which class antagonisms have not only been overcome but have been forgotten."

New York, May 10

SIDNEY HOOK

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Finance

Wall Street Faces the New Securities Act

WALL STREET is writhing in the shackles of the new Securities Act. Coming, ironically enough, in the midst of the greatest stock-market boom since the halcyon days of 1929, the new regulatory legislation has stayed the itching hand of Wall Street just as it was reaching out for the untold profits promised by the public's renewed appetite for stock gambling. The Securities Act was written primarily to protect purchasers of new issues. But the clause which for the time being at least is playing most havoc with Wall Street's traditional practices is contained in the second paragraph of section 12, which extends potential civil liability to the sellers of all securities, whether new or old, with the exception of government, State, municipal, and bank issues. Under these provisions anyone selling a security in interstate commerce by means of a prospectus or oral communication is civilly liable for recovery of the purchase price if his prospectus or oral communication "includes an untrue statement of a material fact or omits to state a material fact necessary in order to make the statements, in the light of the circumstances under which they were made, not misleading (the purchaser not knowing of such untruth or omission)," unless the seller shall "sustain the burden of proof that he did not know, and in the exercise of reasonable care could not have known, of such untruth or omission."

This paragraph not only strikes right at the heart of the routine Wall Street procedure of hustling customers into stocks on a customers' man's snap judgment, but also is embarrassing to the hoary Wall Street game of stock tipping, so convenient for successful pool operations. By affording buyers the chance of an effective come-back, the paragraph threatens to take much of the tang out of the familiar procedure whereby a brokerage house acquires a position in a stock through pool operations or otherwise, and then unloads its holdings on its customers at higher prices. One of the salient characteristics of a tip is its incompleteness; if a full exposition is required, the buying attraction of most tips quickly vanishes.

Finding, to its annoyance and fear, that much of the responsibility which it has always foisted on buyers has now been placed on its own unwilling shoulders, Wall Street has been displaying all the symptoms of an uneasy and panicky conscience. With some houses this has taken the form virtually of a blanket ban on giving any buying recommendations to customers. With practically all it has led to an entirely new hesitation in advising clients on how to clean up the market. In an amusing application of the new spirit of let the seller beware, some salesmen have been cautioned to restrict their recommendations to customers of known "ethical" character, ethical in this sense signifying those buyers who are not likely to turn on the sellers if their commitment proves sour!

In characteristic fashion many brokers moan that these provisions of the Securities Act will actually work a hardship on investors by depriving them of the expert advice of their brokers before purchasing securities. While, to be sure, the outside public notoriously lacks selective wisdom and the most elementary understanding of the actual values of the stocks it buys, the evidence of recent years indicates that customers are, broadly speaking, no better off when they follow the frequently uninformed, or if informed not disinterested, advice of the brokers. Indeed, the true source of this complaint is that a rigorous application of these provisions would require advice to be truly expert and disinterested. Wall Street has always

shrunk from assuming responsibility in its dealings with the public, although the "better" houses managed to surround themselves with a professional aura. When the brokers happen to have the right inside dope—which is seldom—they do not want to share it with the outsiders, at least not until they have cleaned up on their own account.

However, it is still too early for a final rejoicing that the Wall Street racket has been tamed. Once the initial hysteria has passed, it is inevitable that loopholes will be found in the application of the law. What Wall Street is clamoring for is official interpretation of the act and the issuance of regulations by the Federal Trade Commission defining the more general language of the bill and thus simplifying the search for the way out. Much hope is pinned on the looseness of the phraseology in the final version of the bill, which was formulated after Wall Street interests had made urgent—and successful—protests against the original wording of this clause.

Brokers have not been the only ones to feel the effects of the act. Some gentlemen of the Fourth Estate will be severely cramped in their efforts to build up an estate of their own. Henceforth it will be unlawful for the newspaper boys to indulge in the old lucrative game of writing favorable pieces on individual stocks in exchange for stock options, calls, extra pocket money, and other favors from market operators. Fiorello La Guardia exposed some of these practices during the Congressional stock-market investigation last year. The clause of the bill which dries up this source of easy money is contained in section 17, which makes it unlawful for any newspaper or financial service to circulate an article or notice which "though not purporting to offer a security for sale, describes such security for a consideration received or to be received, directly or indirectly from an issuer, underwriter, or dealer, without fully disclosing the receipt, whether past or prospective, of such consideration and the amount thereof." In view of these provisions even the sedate *Wall Street Journal* is requiring its reporters to sign affidavits that their articles are not paid for by interested outsiders. Still, "consideration" may prove an elastic word.

The effect of the main portions of the bill—those governing new securities—has been relatively small up to the present, since Wall Street has been predominately concerned with the wild rush of the public to gamble in already issued securities. But when and if new capital issues again become feasible, cries of anguish will resound from the Street. Already dire prophecies are uttered that the responsibility of directors established in the bill will cause a dearth of reputable advisers for business, and that the new liabilities of underwriters will prevent the raising of needed capital. But if the bill abolishes unneeded directors who seek only inside information, and keeps some of the phony security offerings of the past decade off the market, legitimate business can struggle along.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

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Books and Films

Mr. Keynes's Way Out

The Means to Prosperity. By John Maynard Keynes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. 30 cents.

THIS pamphlet has been selling on the newsstands now for several weeks, but the remarkable reputation enjoyed by its author, the great importance at the present moment of the questions it raises, and the possibility that either the plan it suggests or a very similar plan will be proposed to the World Economic Conference before that sad meeting adjourns, still make it worth examining at some length.

Mr. Keynes has just emerged in the pages of the latest *Yale Review* as a frank nationalist and isolationist, and his new nationalism is evident enough in the present pamphlet. The man who wrote in 1925, "I believe in free trade because, in the long run and in general, it is the only policy which is technically sound and intellectually tight," now writes:

Currency depreciation and tariffs were weapons which Great Britain had in hand until recently as a means of self-protection. A moment came when we were compelled to use them, and they have served us well.

And again:

For the conference to occupy itself with pious resolutions concerning the abatement of tariffs, quotas, and exchange restrictions will be a waste of time. In so far as these things are not the expression of deliberate national or imperial policies, they have been adopted reluctantly as a means of self-protection, and are symptoms, not causes, of the tension on the foreign exchanges.

The belief that tariffs are not causes of the tension on the foreign exchanges, but mere symptoms of it, is too astonishing for comment. It would be interesting to learn, moreover, what the evidence is for Mr. Keynes's belief that Great Britain's tariff has served that country well. There has been so far nothing to show but a steadily shrinking foreign trade on both sides of the balance.

Mr. Keynes believes that the only way out is through an extensive program of public works conducted within each country and financed by loans. It is highly desirable, he thinks, that this program should be undertaken simultaneously by the various nations. Partly to make such a simultaneous program possible, and apparently partly because he thinks the device will raise prices directly, he suggests the international issuance of what he calls gold notes, with a quota permitted to each country in proportion, say, to the gold held by that country at the end of 1928.

Now whatever may be said about the merits of a program of government expenditure (and a great deal may be said for it as a *supplementary* measure, to "start the ball rolling"), it can hardly be argued that it deals directly with the causes of the existing depression. The crisis has been attributed in recent years to more causes than it is possible to list, but so far I have not seen anyone contend that it was the result of a sudden shrinkage from previous governmental expenditures. One can argue, of course, that the crisis came because expenditure stopped *somewhere*, and that we need governmental expenditure as a substitute for this. But even in so far as this argument is valid, there are still two important questions to be asked about the proposed program: (1) What would be the probable net effect of a given volume of expenditure on employment, business activity, and general "purchasing power"; and (2) on what particular things should the government spend its money?

To both of these questions Mr. Keynes's answers are unsatisfactory. He begins with the usual contention that govern-

ment expenditure will give employment not only to the men directly engaged in the project on which the money is spent, but to those who work on the raw materials and on their transportation; and he goes on to argue that the increased income to the direct and indirect contractors, and the employment given to the direct and indirect workers, will lead to additional expenditures by these on still other goods, which will in turn provide employment and income leading to the purchase of still other goods, and so on, ad infinitum. If this argument were taken seriously and without qualification, it would mean that a fresh one million dollars, spent privately or publicly, would multiply itself indefinitely and, given time, restore the world. Mr. Keynes is too sophisticated to take the argument without qualification; but the qualifications he makes are the wrong ones. He invents various "leakages":

At each stage ■ certain proportion of the increased income is not passed on in increased employment. Some part will be saved by the recipient; some part raises prices and so diminishes consumption elsewhere, except in so far as producers spend their increased profits; some part will be spent on imports; some part is merely ■ substitution for expenditure previously made out of the dole or private charity or personal savings; and some part may reach the Exchequer without relieving the taxpayer to an equal extent.

And Mr. Keynes concludes that because of these "leakages" the amount of new purchasing power brought into being will be only twice the original amount of the new government expenditures.

But if we scrutinize these alleged leaks more closely, the existence of most of them becomes very doubtful. The part that is "saved" by the recipient is not lost to employment unless it is actually hoarded. If the recipient invests it in stocks or bonds, or places it in a savings bank which thereupon buys bonds with the proceeds, or banks it in a commercial bank which uses it for short-term loans or short-term government paper, he is presumably giving as much employment—though generally for the making of capital rather than of consumption goods—as if he had "spent" the money. Even if he buys old and not new bonds, he at least places purchasing power in the hands of the previous holder of the old bonds. Higher prices, again, of course mean higher profits, and there is no "leak" here either unless the producers actually hoard. As for the money that is spent on imports, it creates a credit which enables the selling countries to buy goods in return. Indeed, this is ultimately the only way in which those countries can make use of such ■ credit. It is true that the selling country might leave its credit as a loan or as the repayment of a debt previously owed; but this would be done only in so far as there was an *excess* of imports over exports.

The real reason why an increase of expenditure does not multiply itself indefinitely is of quite a different kind. We have to consider not merely the probable immediate effect of such expenditure upon incomes considered in monetary terms, but the actual degree of economic interdependence. In a society that was *completely* interdependent economically, any gain or loss of income at any one point would multiply itself indefinitely. Let us assume, for illustration, an economy made up of 100 completely interdependent industries, and let us say that for some reason the purchasing power of 25 per cent of these industries is destroyed. Immediately the remaining 75 industries, by losing one-fourth of their market, will have only three-fourths of their former purchasing power. But this means that any given industry will suffer not only the loss of one-fourth of its customers, but that its remaining customers will have only three-fourths of their previous purchasing power.

Therefore its sales will be reduced to 75 per cent of 75 per cent, or 56 per cent. But as this will happen to each of the 75 remaining industries, this means that the sales of each will be reduced to 56 per cent of 75 per cent, or to 42 per cent, of their previous volume. And this process would continue indefinitely, approaching zero as a limit. Suppose, however, on the other hand, that we assume an economy made up of thousands of self-contained farms. If one-fourth of them were to disappear, it would not affect the economic welfare of the others at all, except in so far as they chose to provide for the ruined farmers. It is because we live under an economy largely but not entirely interdependent, and not because of "leaks" in purchasing power, that economic disaster or good fortune in one quarter spreads its effects widely but not indefinitely.

Finally, we have to remember that governmental spending, even when the funds are raised through the sale of government bonds, means a *net* addition to purchasing power only to the extent that the funds raised were funds previously hoarded, or to the extent that purchasers of the bonds borrow against them and create bank credit against them. With so many uncertain factors, we cannot say how much additional purchasing power a given volume of government spending will actually create. There is certainly no real warrant for assuming, as Mr. Keynes does, that it will create twice as much purchasing power as the amount originally spent.

When it comes to the particular purposes for which the government should spend its money, Mr. Keynes's contribution is equally unsatisfactory. He indicates at one point that he would spend in Great Britain £100,000,000 for housing; and in so far as these funds were spent on low-cost housing and on slum clearance, they would be more than well spent, for they would be endowing the lowest-income groups. But he also indicates that he would spend, for example, £7,000,000 on the new Cunarder. For this I can see no justification whatever. It would simply add to the oversupply of passenger liners; it would tend to force ocean passenger rates lower; and to that extent the completion of the liner would mean, in effect, the use of public funds to subsidize the wealthy traveler. But proposals of this sort always emerge when the mere act of spending is regarded as more important than the object upon which funds are spent. If the advocates of government spending for its own sake were logical, they would deplore the efforts toward reduction of armament expenditures as a direct blow to revival. Mere consistency, however, is certainly not allowed to stand in the way of our own Administration's "recovery" program. We are capable of fervent pleas for the international reduction of the crushing economic burden of war expenditures at the same time that we begin to spend hundreds of millions of dollars on new battleships because this will "make employment."

In so far as Mr. Keynes's scheme differs from preceding proposals, its main feature is the international issue of \$5,000,000,000 in "gold notes." These notes would be obtainable by the participating countries against an equal face value of the gold bonds of their governments, up to a maximum quota for each country; and the quota would be fixed, say, in proportion to the gold held in reserve by each country at the end of 1928. Now it should be immediately obvious that each country already has the power to issue "gold notes" of this sort to any volume it wishes. All that Mr. Keynes's proposal would add would be the legal provision that in each participating country the gold notes of any other participating government "would be acceptable as the equivalent of gold, except that they should not enter into the active circulation but would be held only by treasuries, central banks, or in the reserves against domestic note issues."

What Mr. Keynes proposes, in brief, is that an enormous fiction be created, that we all conspire to believe that the gold supply of the world has been doubled; that an economic miracle

of transubstantiation be performed through the blessing of the World Economic Conference, so that pieces of paper be called and thought of as actual gold. Mr. Keynes might reply that this is already what we do in issuing ordinary national currencies, like Federal Reserve notes. But aside from the fact that such notes, ordinarily, are ultimately backed to more than their full value by goods in process, and that they are maintained on a parity with gold, not by any arbitrary fiction, but by free convertibility into gold, and that this parity disappears as soon as the free convertibility ceases, no one has yet suggested the issuance of Federal Reserve notes to act as a reserve against the issuance of other Federal Reserve notes!

A gold reserve against currency issues is either necessary or it is not. If it is necessary it has to be real. If it is not necessary there is no point in creating a fraudulent one. Mr. Keynes does not suggest that each of the participating nations be made jointly and severally responsible for the total issue of the gold notes; he indicates, rather, that each country will be responsible merely for its own allotment. But this means that there would be no real international issue at all, but merely a set of simultaneous national issues. All that would be necessary would be for solvent countries to accept the obligations of bankrupt countries at face value: for example, though Bolivian and Chilean bonds are selling at 12 cents on the dollar, we should agree to accept their so-called "gold notes" at 100 cents on the dollar.

The failure of such a scheme is inevitable; but fortunately the scheme is wholly unnecessary. All that Mr. Keynes hopes to achieve through it could be achieved through a simultaneous devaluation of all national currencies in terms of gold. Mr. Keynes remarks, indeed, that such a step would offer "some advantages," but believes that it "has the great defect that it would only strengthen the position of those countries which already hold large reserves of gold and are, therefore, relatively strong." But it is obvious that such a move would not necessarily improve the *relative* position of any country. The world's maldistribution of gold, in any case, is not to be cured directly, but indirectly. In being so concerned with this maldistribution, Mr. Keynes is guilty of the very vice he finds so "dear to the heart of conferences,"—the vice, in short, of "deploping symptoms, whilst leaving the disease untouched."

HENRY HAZLITT

Lone Poet of the Loire

André Spire and His Poetry. By Stanley Burnshaw. With a Preface by Alfred Kreymborg. Philadelphia: The Centaur Press. \$3.

ANDRE SPIRE is a lonely figure—a rare thing in France, where poets run in packs, and perhaps rarer in America, where all manner of men, like bacons and coffees, are dished up beneath the label of a standard brand. Mr. Burnshaw tries his best to meet the American taste for advertised products by comparing Spire, from mood to mood, with De Vigny, Whitman, Alfred Kreymborg, Harriet Monroe, Marianne Moore, T. S. Eliot, Elinor Wylie, MacKnight Black, E. E. Cummings, *et al.* The lone poet by the Loire is almost lost in the crowd. Luckily, Mr. Burnshaw knows the sham of labels, and knowing Spire as few men do, he gives behind the critic's conventional patter a shrewd and true portrait of a poet who will be remembered when the schools and their stencils have long gone to their textbook tombs.

Spire's first volume of poems, a slender one, did not appear until he was thirty-four. In this bit of chronology lies, perhaps, the essence of the man. He grew to be a poet in his maturity, and he remains, above all, a poet for mature minds.

Like Bach—another label!—he may be lyric and passionate at will, but always with the severe and ripe restraint of a master. For all his melody and his sensitivity to the slightest tremor of emotion and touch of the senses, he cannot surrender the prerogative of maturity, which is to think like an unafraid, grown-up man. His music, however spontaneous and personal, rises from serene philosophic springs, fed on the old traditions of French skepticism and humanism and blended with an older Hebraic stream once known as the waters of Siloah. Not, heaven forbid, that he is an “intellectual”—he is too human and, I should say, too honest to be a Paul Valéry. Rather he is a poet (and now you may know whether you wish to read him or not) who loves all good things—justice, freedom, the workers, clouds, and the beauty of science and women—but is fooled by none of them.

Mr. Burnshaw's translations are preceded by a lengthy biography which, in the person of Spire, tours the last thirty years of French literary and intellectual history; and they are followed by a valuable essay on the structure and mechanics of French verse as illustrated by the startling discoveries of the Abbé Rousselot and his school of phoneticians—a mine of information for English readers. The translations themselves, as sensitive as any faithful rendering can be, sample the vintages of many years; and it is characteristic that, a true Meistersinger, Spire in his sixties can still sing a *schönes Lied*. His vineyard, like so many others along the Loire, yields better for age.

Oh wind, you who have so often caressed my face,
What will you carry from me, this blue-gray evening?
And toward what other brow
My sorrows or my dreams?

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

Marxism in France

The Beginnings of Marxian Socialism in France. By Samuel Bernstein. New York: Elliot Publishing Company. \$2.

IT is a pompous university tradition, especially preposterous in the social sciences, that all doctors' dissertations are “original contributions” to human learning. That is, we are asked to believe that every February and June, or even oftener, a flock of creative savants are duly certified to enrich the world with their scholarship. Such affidavits are “granted” not merely in our half-dozen great universities but in about two score of glorified high schools. And there are probably more “doctors” produced in teachers' colleges, “graduate” schools of business and “social service,” departments of “sociology,” and other such pseudo-academic rackets than in the authentic social-science faculties of history, government, and economics.

The truth is, of course, that originality in scholarship is even rarer than in the arts. For in addition to an opposite endowment it requires a vast formal training. After all, doctoral dissertations, even when submitted to legitimate and competent faculties, are produced by comparatively immature men and women, mostly in their mid-twenties. Youth has many gifts but creative scholarship is not usually among them. To be sure, Paul Brissenden's “I. W. W.” and Abram L. Harris's “Black Worker,” both doctoral theses at Columbia, were studies of unusual breadth and penetration. But such rare exceptions only tend to stress the fact that in the appreciation of social phenomena mastery is not precocious. It is not the gathering of facts, or even their intelligent correlation, which matters. What matters is that glorified shrewdness, which is wisdom, in their evaluation which comes only from an intimate familiarity with the ways and tricks and class relations of social history. The average doctor's dissertation is but the final written test of an advanced student. As in other such examinations, say

5 per cent of such theses are good or better. Another 10 per cent are fair enough. And the rest are the sort of mental trash which explains why the rank and file of our Ph. Deocracy are such a sorry intellectual peasantry.

These considerations force themselves relevantly on the reviewer of Mr. Bernstein's thesis on “The Beginnings of Marxian Socialism in France.” The reviewer is invited, both by the history department of Columbia University and by the author, to treat this slight and dull performance as a significant contribution to social history and doctrine. It is nothing of the sort. It is neither original nor mature. The jacket and the author to the contrary, the field under research has been examined microscopically many times. The heavy apparatus of research brings forth comically a few trite and false conclusions. And the whole study is strained by an obligatory search for originality, which twists minor errors into crucial blunders.

Mr. Bernstein begins his study with the remark that “the story of the beginnings of modern socialism in France has been a neglected field. Nothing has been written in English on the subject, and in French it has been treated very briefly.” One wonders just where the author gets this notion, especially in view of the disproportionately stout bibliography he appends to his slender volume. To be sure, with the poor exception of Gide and Rist, there are no textbooks in the history of mainly French revolutionary theory. But there is an immense literature on French revolutionary political and social doctrine in the form of pamphlets, monographs, books, and especially in the vast journalistic output which characterizes all revolutionary controversy, which influenced profoundly Marx himself in his theory of revolutionary politics. The only way the author could delude himself that he was doing virgin research was by artificially delimiting “Marxism” to its most orthodox variety in the Kautskian sense, which in France played a rather minor role. It is this artificial limitation which, indeed, constitutes Mr. Bernstein's whole thesis. Yet modern socialism is a living doctrine, created by many factions and clarified by innumerable theoretical struggles. Like all great social movements, Marxism grew on its own inner oppositions, which gave it its propelling force. French syndicalism, which the author blandly neglects, is an excellent example of Marxism undergoing cultural changes under the stress of a national psychology, as was amply proved by Lewis Lorwin's treatise on the subject nineteen years ago.

To bolster up his theory that there could be no Marxian forces at work before the rise of orthodox Marxism, Mr. Bernstein has to believe that the Commune was not a proletarian rebellion at all because it was anterior to the influence of conscious orthodox Marxism in France. Into the making of the Commune, he rightly observes, went three streams of thought. They were eighteenth-century rationalism, the arrested Babouvist tendencies in the French Revolution, and the beginnings of modern socialism. Therefore, he argues, the Commune was not really a working-class uprising, and he rather dismisses Marx's justly famous pamphlet on “The Civil War in France,” in which Marx treats both the Commune and its suppression by the white terror of Thiers as an authentic class war. What else in the world was it?

All through the little book Mr. Bernstein maintains that what is not strictly orthodox Marxism, which like all orthodoxies is far too controversial for definition, is not socialism, and thus manages to confine the rise of Marxism in France to the earlier political activities of Guesde and his disciples. By such methods one can easily prove that the British Labor Party has no Socialist connotations because of its revolutionary failure. But if we mean by Marxism the growing consciousness of labor, no matter how confused or agonized, in terms of non-utopian socialism, then Marxism played an enormous role in the whole of social life in France. Even the treachery of its Socialist ministers is part of it.

In 1931 there appeared an exhaustive study on "The Labor Movement in Post-War France" by David J. Saposs. It is admittedly the standard work in any language on contemporary French socialism, syndicalism, communism, trade unionism, and the cooperative movement. Subtract the Marxian influence from it all and Mr. Saposs would have had nothing to write about. I know of no better answer to Mr. Bernstein's thesis.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Modern Music

Modern Composers. By Guido Pannain. Translated by Michael R. Bonavia. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.
Music of Our Day. Essentials and Prophecies. By Lazare Saminsky. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$3.

IT is difficult to see just who is likely to benefit from the publication of these two books. Those who know nothing of modern music will not find an intelligible initiation into it in either of them. And those to whom modern music is not unfamiliar will find hardly anything of importance to add to their knowledge or understanding.

The general discussion of the subject's background and artistic position with which Pannain begins each of his sketches of twelve composers—Stravinsky, Strauss, de Falla, Hindemith, Kodaly, Schönberg, Szymanowski, Ravel, Vaughan Williams, Busoni, Bloch, and Honegger—is often keen and suggestive, though rather too impressionistic to be very useful. But his critical remarks are seldom original or informing, even when they are intelligible. And the methods of discussion themselves are often useless. There is passing reference to numerous works in a way that contributes nothing at all to one's understanding of the composer. What does one learn about Szymanowski when one reads of his *Studies for Pianoforte* (Op. 33) that "the eighth is grave and pathetic. The ninth is like the leaping of elves; the tenth, a tremendous hurricane. The eleventh is similar to the eighth"? The occasional musical examples are often rather misleading than otherwise: "Romantic melody in Schönberg's hands becomes utterly false, as this example clearly shows." "This example," which follows, consists of nine measures of a single melodic line torn from its context and accompaniment. Clearly these nine measures can show nothing of the sort; I could take nine measures out of the Ninth Symphony or "Tristan and Isolde" that would be almost as meaningless. A chapter on American music, doubtless added for the translation, is negligible.

Saminsky's "Music of Our Day" is a greater hodge-podge of greater knowledge. If the subject matter were better organized, the erudition more purposefully and less ostentatiously displayed, the flashes of insight and critical brilliance followed up with more solid matter, its pretentious style would be less annoying. "History is bookkeeping of week days"—similar Cabellisms strut through the pages of a wandering, whimsical discussion.

Both books are incomplete and inaccurate. Pannain omits works as important as Hindemith's "Marienleben," Szymanowski's "Stabat Mater," Stravinsky's "Serenade" from his listings, and his biographical material leaves Bloch at the Cleveland Institute, from which he has been gone nearly ten years. The smaller inaccuracies of Saminsky are doubly irritating on account of his fancy style: on page 229 he refers to the "banal Oriental scale, Frigian with the augmented third"; on page 232 it is the "popular Oriental scale (Phrygian with the major third)." "Debyssian," "Lehryahre," "Fife Orchestra Pieces," "Heinrich Shütz"—sloppy editing of this sort would be less annoying in a less ornate text.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Arnold Bennett's Journal Ends

The Journal of Arnold Bennett, 1921-1928. The Viking Press. \$3. (Also available in one volume instead of three, of which this is the third, at \$5.)

ARNOLD BENNETT lived sixty-four years. He wrote dozens of novels and plays, literally thousands of articles for magazines and newspapers; his aim, in fact, which he faithfully achieved year after year, was to do a stint of 1,000 words a day. He dined out often and entertained many visitors in his own house; he went to plays, heard music, played the piano, danced a great deal in his last years, enjoyed the society of a number of women and a large number of men, most of them well-known literary men. In the course of thirty-odd years of furious activity, mainly literary and journalistic, he wrote two novels which can be placed with the small group of English novels of the first rank. If this seems like a great deal of writing for the production of two great novels only, let us not complain too bitterly. "Clayhanger" and "The Old Wives' Tale" remain. They were drawn from the inner hatreds that Arnold Bennett's childhood engendered: hatred of poverty, mainly, as exemplified in the life of the five pottery towns. All his life Arnold Bennett tried to escape from his childhood. He escaped by writing the five-towns novels; he escaped by knowing the best, that is, the richest or most illustrious, people, by making money, by owning a yacht, by living in luxurious hotels. Into his journal, the record of his daily life for thirty-two years, he poured all these attempts to escape. He showed himself as a complete man, with all the talents, vices, shortcomings, and spurts of generosity that he, Arnold Bennett, that unique human being, had. His journal is indispensable for anyone who aspires to write novels; it is indispensable for anyone who likes to see a character full-drawn, whether in truth or fiction. That he often showed himself trivial, boorish, grasping, makes the character study only the more interesting; for he showed himself also to have at least one large, persistent, unquenchable virtue, namely, devotion to his calling. And these volumes of his journal place him among the great diarists of any time.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Mr. Fry on French Art

Characteristics of French Art. By Roger Fry. Coward-McCann. \$3.75.

TO say something original about a subject on which countless volumes have been written is no easy task. And yet Roger Fry, with his characteristic talent for seeing below the surface of things, has succeeded in making a profound and, since he also has a flair for expressing himself vividly, a delightful book of his observations. His style is simple and terse—a refreshing holiday from the discursive jabber of the average art critic—and his thought is never garbled or obscure. At times, it is true, his critical vocabulary, by virtue of the service it performs, is technical; but only reasonably so. There is no cause for any reader with even a rudimentary knowledge of the material under discussion to find this a stumbling-block.

In general plan—but in no other way—this book closely resembles Clive Bell's recent book on the same subject. Roger Fry seeks to determine what are the qualities most characteristic of the French genius, to trace their origin, and to show the numerous contradictory forms they have assumed from the early thirteenth century until the death of Cézanne at the beginning of the present century. It is obviously impossible to treat seven centuries of French art exhaustively in a little under

45,000 words, and Mr. Fry does not attempt it. But all things considered, the gain in precision and brevity more than offsets whatever abbreviations or omissions were necessary.

In his opening chapter Mr. Fry defines, as we suggested, the dualistic nature of the French genius. He finds that "the French are on the one hand singularly aware of life, and on the other capable of a great detachment from it, an intense love of the free exercise of the mind." Nor is he foolhardy enough to make a law of a generalization. He is fully aware, for example, that while the painter Chardin gave plastic interpretations to the middle-class world in which he lived, Poussin, who was the "slave of rhetorical conventions," could only see the world through the veil of classical antiquity. He also takes cognizance of the fact that Géricault and Delacroix exemplify "neither the alert consciousness of actual life nor the passion for ordered construction." "If one had to choose one artist as the typical representative of the French genius, I for one should choose Degas."

He makes this statement with his eyes open to Degas's shortcomings. "He lacked," Roger Fry argues, "the special sensuality of the painter. He was not in love with the material quality of objects but only with an almost intellectual abstract of them." Unerringly Mr. Fry strikes at the core of whatever happens at the moment to be in the focus of his vision. I could cite many examples, but two will suffice: "Ingres's supreme gift is his astonishing feeling for contour"; his weakness, "his incapacity to apprehend more than a single volume at a time." Another instance of Mr. Fry's perspicacity is to be found in his analysis of Delacroix: "What is original with Delacroix is the idea of a knot of agitated forms surrounded by space." However, "he never seems to perform the miracle of the real colorist who creates a chord which means more than the sum of all its elements."

It would be indeed unfortunate if, for any reason, this book failed to receive the reception it deserves. Mr. Fry, as I have tried to indicate, has a comprehensive understanding of his subject and writes with a fine, analytical clarity. His text is generously illustrated.

E. M. BENSON

Shorter Notices

Julia Newberry's Diary. With an Introduction by Margaret Ayer Barnes and Janet Ayer Fairbank. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.50.

The journal of a young Chicago girl from her sixteenth to her eighteenth year, that is, from 1869 to 1871. Julia went to Europe, which she disliked, came back to Chicago, which she loved, met on her travels many interesting and famous persons, and in her diary was perfectly frank in her comments about their appearance and character. She reveals herself as a sort of Daisy Ashford grown up; a very astute Daisy Ashford, with an astonishingly adult taste in literature. A traveler in Europe, she was by no means unaware of the stirring events which in 1870 were rocking portions of that continent; the Chicago fire was to her a desperate personal loss instead of a moment in history. Her journal is a refreshing and amusing mixture, therefore, of the enthusiasms of sixteen with the experiences ordinarily more common to an older mind. Accepting it as it is offered, as the authentic diary of a sixteen-year-old girl written sixty years ago, one can only wish that Julia had lived to write more.

World Panorama: 1918-1933. By George Seldes. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

This work is certainly not history, though it is packed with history. Nor can it properly be called journalism, for it has

not the straightaway, well-balanced interpretative style of the good journalist. Perhaps it would be best to call it machine-gun journalism. It is made up mostly of news-flashes. Facts gleaned from the headlines are shot at the reader in breathless, relentless fashion. For example: "The year 1932 goes down in history as the worst since 1893, according to United States Census Bureau. The villages Monte San Giacomo and Sassano refuse to pay taxes; Mussolini sends fascist militia to collect. Stalin orders soldiers to force *kulaki* to pay grain tax. American customs suppress soviet posters addressed to Thomas Lamont by son Corliss Lamont, who went Communist." And so it blazes away, covering, as it seems, all the recorded facts of human activity from the end of the World War to the departure of the United States from the gold standard. Yet the work has about it a certain unity and purpose, though this unity and purpose do no more than sum up the political, economic, social, and spiritual confusion of the last fourteen years. Despite his rattling style Mr. Seldes rarely becomes boring; and despite his speed, for he is covering the whole world and must move rapidly, Mr. Seldes still has time to drop a cynical remark now and then which has the effect of clearing the atmosphere and revealing much of the sham of the age in which we are living.

Selected Poems of George Edward Woodberry. Houghton Mifflin and Company. \$2.50.

Selected Letters of George Edward Woodberry. Edited by Walter De La Mare. Houghton Mifflin and Company. \$3.50.

As a critic George Edward Woodberry, within the limits of his academicism, was intelligent and perspicacious, if not very original. As a poet he showed even greater academicism, and though at times—as in *The Sicilian*—he is salty and pointed, he wrote generally in the deep shadow of traditional and reflected emotions. It is the fate of many teachers to be greater in their personalities than in their talents and intellects, and no written achievement quite does credit to their influence. Woodberry was preeminent among such men. If his niche in American literature is narrow and if it is doubtful that his reprinted poems "will win favor with a new generation of readers," he occupied a broad place in the hearts of those who knew and were taught by him. Few teachers have had such continued, sincere, and gracious tokens of gratitude as the Woodberry Society and, during the war, the Woodberry Ambulance. His letters show him to have been a brave man and an almost saintly one. The new America frightened and bullied him, and very early the letters take on an elegiac strain. To meet the stress of a new world he had only the weapons of courtesy, courage, friendship, and the emotional attitudes of a past time. These could not save him from frustration of a kind but they invested his defeat with dignity.

The Gloomy Egoist: Moods and Themes of Melancholy from Gray to Keats. By Eleanor M. Sickels. Columbia University Press. \$4.75.

The themes of death, ruin, and mutability have always been prevalent in English literature; Anglo-Saxon is at its best when it uses them, and the poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is saturated with them. The chief purpose of Miss Sickels's thorough and scholarly book is to show the connection between this convention of melancholy "sensitivity" and the *Weltschmerz* of the romantic poets. From a purely literary point of view—by the adduction of influences and the comparison of literary "properties" such as graves, ruins, owls, and so forth—she establishes the connection admirably. But she does not attempt to answer the wider question of why the melancholy of the nineteenth century had relevance and reality enough to make great poetry, while its earlier counterpart was, with a few notable exceptions, productive only of dullness.

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Films

The Bogy of Hollywood

REPORTING on Edward G. Robinson's "Little Giant" a few weeks ago, this column pointed out, with mild alarm, that this most recent and probably last of the gangster films reflected a barbarism of moral and social values more complete than that of any other picture viewed this season. Particular references were made to a scene of brutal physical torture and to a use of underworld vocabulary so uninhibited that it was hard to believe the picture had been passed by any board of censors. In the meantime there has come from the presses a book about the Hollywood movie so devastating in its arrangement of facts and statistics, so challenging in its final conclusions, that very little more need be said on the subject for some time. "Our Movie-Made Children"* is actually a kind of popular summary by Henry James Forman of the results of the four-year survey carried out by the Motion Picture Research Council, working under the Payne fund, for the purpose of determining the effects of movie attendance on children and young people. The group of scientists, psychologists, sociologists, and educators specially selected for the task have recorded their findings in twelve separate reports, not all of which have yet appeared, and what Mr. Forman has done is to give us the substance of these reports in a more convenient and possibly more correlated form. His book is plainly intended for parents, teachers, and others interested in the young; its pages are too full of statistics to be found very entertaining by the casual reader; and to some readers its conclusions will seem so obvious as to be in little need of the elaborate support which is built up for them. The importance of the book, as a matter of fact, lies not so much in the novelty of its materials as in the thoroughly scientific manner in which they are arranged and presented. For the first time it establishes a groundwork of factual reference for the often uninformed diatribes of ministers, educators, and others who have railed against Hollywood standards since the beginning. It sets up a formidable picket fence of statistics which Hollywood must cut through if it is to hold its own with a large section of the movie-going public. According to *Variety*, which is itself a register of popular response, certain producers are already talking of organizing a staff of equally well-trained experts to refute some of the facts in the Payne investigation.

After offering the moderate estimate that there are 77,000,000 people in the United States who attend the movies at least once a week, and that of these at least 28,000,000 are under twenty-one years of age, Mr. Forman endeavors to sum up for us the different effects of this attendance as measured by the various Payne investigators. By means of the hypnograph, for example, one of the chief physical effects was determined, namely, an increased restlessness in sleep of about 26 per cent over normal for boys and of about 14 per cent for girls. Emotional effects were measured largely by means of the psycho-galvanometer, which showed that in the case of ordinary danger pictures the intensity of emotional reaction of adolescents is twice as great as that of adults, and that of younger children three times that of adults. Pulse and heart beat were found to increase at times to double the normal rate. For the most interesting portions of their research, those concerned with social and ethical effects, the investigators were of course lacking in such convenient instruments of measurement and were forced to rely on questionnaires, autobiographical accounts, and testimonials. Inmates of prisons, reform schools, and homes for delinquent girls were among those called upon to give evidence against the movies.

* The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

as a school for crime and delinquency. Several young criminals admitted to having learned their techniques from the screen; as many as thirty-one such techniques were listed by one of the members of the committee. Similarly, many of the girl inmates in institutions for sex delinquents attributed their downfall to the alluring version of luxury and vice presented on the screen. Perhaps the climax of Mr. Forman's analysis of the strong "imitative appeal" of the movies is reached when he cites the example of "Little Caesar," a picture whose influence is held responsible for no less than two murders involving young admirers of Edward G. Robinson's scowling little gang leader.

In general, the elements in that situation are set down in this book with considerable care, fairness, and restraint. Except in one or two instances there is no effort to substitute a priori conclusions for an adequate presentation of facts. The only striking instance of the sort is the treatment of the question whether the "moral endings" of certain crime pictures do not serve to cancel out some of their incidental effects and in some cases act as a deterrent to imitation. It does seem probable that for the average spectator over nine years old the horrible fates meted out to the chief characters in films like "Public Enemy" and "Little Caesar" should do much to reduce whatever attractiveness they may possess. In approaching this question, however, the Payne investigators chose to address themselves to the inmates of penal institutions, to a class which was already habituated to crime and so little likely to make a normal moral response. It should also be remarked that Mr. Forman attacks the movies for using themes and subjects which have been used by literature and drama from time immemorial. The disgusting "trinity of love, sex, and crime," to which Mr. Forman refers as if it were some invention by Cecil B. De Mille or Adolf Zukor, has actually provided the subject matter of serious drama from Aeschylus to Eugene O'Neill. In

his implied attitude toward these themes, as well as in his expressed taste in movie productions ("Ben Hur" and "The Covered Wagon" are among his chief favorites), Mr. Forman reveals the chief weakness not only of his own position but of the whole type of mentality that engages in such concentrated assaults on different forms of contemporary expression. It is the sort of weakness that comes out naively in Mr. Forman's remark, following a discussion of sixteen- and seventeen-year-old girl delinquents: "That they were possessed of a propensity to sexual experience is entirely likely." It is the sort of weakness that leads Mr. Forman to believe that the purpose of the films should be "to build up rather than break down the principles of conduct which have made the American nation." In other words, Mr. Forman is for preserving our innocence by an ostrich-like policy of burying our heads beneath the wreckage of the twentieth-century world.

The real answer to the problem so elaborately outlined in this work is that there can be no salvation for the movies or for the children who go to them until the civilization which produces both decides to do something about itself. Love, sex, and crime are treated as they are in the current Hollywood films because, whatever else we may think of them, those films reflect the main interests and tendencies of contemporary American life. And if they are treated so often with vulgarity, stupidity, and a complete absence of all traditional values, the fault is not so much with Hollywood as with the world which Hollywood mirrors on its silver screen. If that world is not a fit spectacle for a child to contemplate, it is no more fit for an adult, and nothing in it will be improved by pretending that it is otherwise. "Our Movie-Made Children" is chiefly interesting and valuable as another case-report, by a group of specialists, of a malady that is so profound and complex that no single remedy can be prescribed.

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internal price level, the leading currencies would incidentally, and permanently, be stabilized in terms of one another. The world's producers and merchants could then make plans with genuine confidence.

THE PRESIDENT desires to go beyond this and to fix a price level that shall be stable for at least a generation. This is an admirable aim, but any realistic mind must recognize that the difficulties in the way are enormous. The nearest to a serious proposal along this line has been "the compensated dollar" of Professor Irving Fisher or some modification of it. Most economists are agreed, however, that if such a plan were adopted by any country acting alone it would raise far more serious difficulties than it would solve. If it were adopted internationally it would have a much better chance; but its success would depend upon a spirit of continuous international cooperation that the world has not remotely approached. It must, therefore, remain for the present in the realm of academic discussion. The need of the moment is the return to a new fixed gold level for the dollar, not more than 25 or 30 per cent below the old gold parity, with corresponding devaluation in other currencies. If Mr. Roosevelt wishes to see whether some plan cannot be devised to keep the new price level fixed, let him appoint some monetary expert of the caliber of E. W. Kemmerer or O. M. W. Sprague to serve as the American representative on an international commission containing similar experts from other countries, and give this commission at least a year to bring in its findings. But by not the wildest stretch of the imagination can a workable plan of this radical nature be brought forth in the next few months from a conference in which the American representatives are men of the type of ex-Governor Cox and Senator Pittman, who know as little about currency as they do about the tensor calculus or the quantum theory.

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MR. ROOSEVELT'S pronouncement to the World Economic Conference was described in the first dispatches as a "bombshell," and it certainly bore a similarity to one in that his statement seemed to fly off in every direction and that it may be found actually to have blown up the conference. Wholly apart from its content, its summary and scolding tone was extremely unfortunate; such a tone can only provoke foreign resentment. In content the statement was muddled and confusing. Mr. Roosevelt is right in holding that a temporary stabilization of a paper dollar in terms of a paper pound or even of the franc is not an objective worth attaining. He is right again in not wishing to return to the old gold parity for the dollar. But he is dangerously wrong in clinging to a policy of drift and uncertainty, in leaving the dollar, in effect, to the mercies of foreign-exchange speculators, in failing to fix a definite percentage of devaluation, or to announce a definite date—even if it is a year or more from now—when gold convertibility at the new level will be resumed. The latter policy would not tie the dollar to any other currency, but to gold; yet if the British and other nations were encouraged to follow a similar policy, adopting whatever new gold value they deemed necessary for their own

THE MUDDLE-HEADEDNESS of official Washington's economy program, which we commented on in our last issue, becomes more evident as the government continues to cut off employees and send them forth to the bread lines in order that the various departments may be conducted on the reduced scale of expenditures decreed for the new fiscal year. This taking money out of one pocket to put in another—this discharge of old employees in organized, useful services in order to "relieve unemployment" by creating new work of uncertain worth—is at once one of the most ridiculous and shameful aspects of the Roosevelt program. Unlike commercial business, the federal government does not have to conduct its work on a profit-and-loss basis. It has ample power to raise money either by loans or by new taxation, and it should do both in order to maintain to the full all of its useful work. Relief of unemployment is more important than a balanced budget. Of course there are some services, like that devoted to prohibition enforcement, where changing conditions call for reduced personnel, but as we suggested last week, all workers thus eliminated should be transferred

to some of the new unemployment-relief organizations before Postmaster General Farley is allowed to pack them with party henchmen. In many ways the Washington unemployment program appears to be a large-scale attack upon the civil service in order to create an army of exempt jobs for Democratic heelers. The country ought to demand of Mr. Roosevelt that not a single federal employee be discharged for "economy."

IN ADDITION TO THE INDECENCY of turning existing government employees out into the street while setting up feed troughs for Pap Dispenser Farley's "deserving Democrats," the new situation is playing beautifully into the hands of the militarists. The War Department has been callous enough about discharging certain workers, but it is putting up a pathetic plea to the Public Works Administration to give it \$53,000,000 for the purchase of munitions in order that 5,000 technicians in various arsenals may not have to be dropped. We are all for retaining the technicians, but we can conceive of a number of contributions they might make to the welfare of this country which we should put ahead of fabricating new weapons of war. Meanwhile Secretary of the Navy Swanson, not satisfied with an allowance of \$238,000,000 for new war vessels, is out with a jingoistic statement calling for development all along the line. Wholly at variance with what the United States professes to be trying to accomplish in the way of peace and international accord at Geneva and London, Mr. Swanson calls for a navy "second to none," and—in spite of the enmity and commercial loss which such a policy has brought us in Latin America—repeats the old big-stick swagger about a fleet to "protect American lives and property." Mr. Swanson's program might be compatible with the ambitions of Hitlerism, but it has no place in the policy of any enlightened modern state.

THAT THE ADMINISTRATION, through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, is lending \$4,000,000 to Soviet Russia for the purchase of American cotton is doubly heartening news. For economically it points to the resumption of trade with Russia on a large scale, and politically it points to long-overdue recognition. Logically, of course, such recognition should have preceded the loan; for the United States government is now in the rather absurd position of lending money to a foreign government that it still refuses to recognize. This, perhaps, will make no great practical difference if the recognition is soon forthcoming. The new loan to Russia, however, does raise again certain primary questions about our foreign economic policy. At the World Economic Conference we have been talking nationalism and isolation, yet here we make a new bid for foreign trade. The nationalists, whose strong point is certainly not consistency, will doubtless argue that this is purely export trade and not import trade. But that raises the question of our whole tariff and loan policy. We are lending \$4,000,000 to Russia now to buy our cotton. How is Russia going to repay this \$4,000,000? There is only one way: through selling \$4,000,000 worth of goods. Are we, then, going to try to keep these goods out? Are we going to maintain prohibitive tariffs or embargoes on "convict goods" in the fear that the products of cheap Russian labor will throw American labor out of work? Are we, in short, going to refuse to accept payment of our loan in the only form in which it can be

paid, on the ground that such payment will ruin us? Or will we be at last prepared to recognize that all foreign trade must be two-sided?

IT IS NO LONGER NEWS that multi-millionaires like Otto H. Kahn paid no federal income taxes in 1930, 1931, and 1932—when they were proclaiming that "sharing doesn't hurt." More interesting were Mr. Kahn's testimony before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee that the investment banker has a professional relation to his client like that of a physician to his patient, and his view that "Dr. Kuhn, Loeb and Company is a pretty good doctor to go to." Readers of Max Lowenthal's recent volume, "The Investor Pays," which deals authoritatively with the wrecking of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad, may conclude that Kuhn, Loeb's services in that case more closely resembled those of the mortician. And with perhaps unintentional pertinence Mr. Pecora began the investigation with questions concerning the \$90,000,000 of Chilean bonds floated between 1925 and 1929 chiefly by that banking house and the Guaranty Company. The bonds are now in default and have shrunk about 90 per cent in value. Mr. Pecora produced a memorandum from Kuhn, Loeb's files showing that ten months before the first flotation in June, 1925, a coup d'état had overthrown the constitutional government of Chile and that a group of military and naval officers had seized control. This clique had in turn been ousted in January, 1925, and been replaced by another group of military. "Did you make any examination into the political situation there?" asked Mr. Pecora, indicating his belief that a country in revolution was scarcely a good risk. "How can anyone make a study of the political situation of another country?" was the reply of Benjamin J. Bittenwieser of Kuhn, Loeb and Company.

CHARGES of a most sensational nature have been placed before Judge Harry B. Keidan of Detroit, who is inquiring into the causes of the Detroit bank panic of last February. This panic and the Michigan bank holiday, it will be remembered, set off the financial panic that swept the country in the first week of March. Herbert R. Wilkin, vice-president of one of the closed banks, testified that the First National and Guardian National were forced to close, in his opinion, as the result of "a Wall Street plot to get Henry Ford." He also charged that checks totaling \$4,000,000 were cleared through these banks after the Governor had proclaimed a State-wide holiday. William F. Connolly, receiver for the Detroit Bankers Company, a holding concern, told Judge Keidan he believed the Detroit panic was precipitated by New York bankers in order to "narrow down and control in a few banks the bank credit of the whole nation." He said that the First National could reopen "tomorrow" and "pay its depositors 100 per cent." Another witness declared that the Guardian National could pay 83 per cent if it were to reopen immediately. To date the banks have paid out about 40 per cent. Several other charges of like nature have been put before Judge Keidan. The investigation has raised any number of questions. If the banks are really as liquid as Connolly and others have declared, why are they not reopened? And why is a State judge instead of the federal Department of Justice undertaking this inquiry? The principal banks involved are national associations; the re-

ceivers for these houses, who have refused to testify on the ground that Judge Keidan has no jurisdiction, are in effect federal officials. About three months ago a Department of Justice representative was assigned to investigate the Detroit situation. What has become of him? Has he ever filed a report? If so, what has been done with the report? Attorney General Cummings and the Treasury Department can answer these questions. They should do so frankly and at once. To remain silent in the face of these sensational disclosures is to undermine public confidence in the banks.

NO MORE PERTINENT challenge to the Roosevelt Administration has been made than that in the pithy retort of Nugent Dodds, Assistant Attorney General under Mr. Hoover, to the caustic question of Senator Neely, Democrat, on the opening day of the Harriman Bank hearing before the Senate Judiciary Committee. The Senator from West Virginia had asked why the previous Administration had covered up the defalcations and had stayed the prosecution of Joseph W. Harriman for nine months after false entries had been found on the bank's books. Mr. Dodds replied: "If you think that there is any virtue in either political party so far as national banks are concerned, you have a lot to learn."

ONE OF THE TRAGEDIES of an industrial disintegration such as that which the United States has been experiencing is that even if recovery comes, some of the losses will have to be carried on the national ledger for years to come. Curtailments in education, especially, will affect the long future more than the immediate present. So we urge our readers, when obliged to cut contributions to various causes, to keep up to the last their support of progressive labor education as the most important element of hope for the future, whether the country is destined to sink further into industrial coma or to evolve into "controlled capitalism." We wish success to the effort to raise a fund to save the People's House of New York City—the home of the Rand School and other Socialist activities—and we bespeak support for Brookwood Labor College at Katonah, New York, in its reorganization for continued usefulness. Tucker P. Smith, the new director, is not involved in any factional disputes within the ranks of labor, and is working on a plan to increase the extension activities of the school so as to "bring workers' education to those who cannot come to Brookwood." Nor would we neglect to say a word for Commonwealth College at Mena, Arkansas, which has just completed its tenth year as a work-study school where students get board and tuition for \$40 a quarter.

BY A MAJORITY VOTE the Board of Education of New York City has dismissed two teachers of excellent character and good teaching records, Isidore Begun and Mrs. Williana Burroughs. Both of these teachers were present at the open hearing of the Board of Education on May 24. They were charged with having taken part in the demonstration precipitated on that occasion by the board's refusal to grant an open hearing of the charges against Isidore Blumberg, dismissed probationary teacher, and by the presence of numerous policemen and plain-clothes men. It is difficult not to see this action of the board as one more step in its campaign to suppress free speech and intelligent civic spirit

among teachers. Mr. Begun has been an active member of the Teachers' Union, a moving spirit in the Unemployed Teachers' Association, and a courageous and outspoken critic of some of the board's policies. The brutal decision depriving him and Mrs. Burroughs—mother of a family of young children—of their livelihood was reached under a procedure in which the law committee of the offended board was plaintiff, jury, and judge. We hope that this decision will be appealed and that teachers' organizations will make united and effective protest against it. All teachers are menaced if any teacher can be ousted in this high-handed and ruthless fashion for exercising his rights as a citizen.

The Public's Uphill Fight

EVERY State has become a battle ground for lower gas and electric rates, with the long-suffering public engaged in an uphill fight against the utilities, which in addition to their vast financial resources are generally buttressed by the public authorities—executive, legislative, and judicial. The State public-utilities commission is, at the very best, a feeble neutral. More often it weights the scales in favor of the power companies. The skirmishing on the Sioux City sector, described elsewhere in this issue, is typical of the obstructions which the people have to overcome.

In New York State, hearings before the Public Service Commission during the past few weeks have brought out the time-worn story of excessive profits, padded rate bases, swollen salaries for executives, bookkeeping legerdemain. In the New York area the gas and electric monopoly during the depression year 1932 averaged a return of 8.3 per cent on "net worth." This is a venerable joker. "Net worth" was defined as "capital stock plus surplus." This percentage, *per se* excessive, becomes infinitely more so when one looks beneath the surface at the "write-ups," the modern equivalent of stock watering, and other forms of inflation upon which this percentage was calculated.

As for salaries in the Consolidated Gas-Edison group, we find F. W. Smith drawing three totaling \$75,000, as president of the New York Edison, president of the United Electric Light and Power, and chairman of the board of the New York and Queens Electric Light and Power Company. Ellis L. Phillips is likewise triple-plated against depression, with \$70,000 annually derived from the presidency of the Long Island Lighting Company and the chairmanships of the boards of the Queensboro Gas and Electric Company and the Kings County Lighting Company. And there is William A. Prendergast, formerly chairman of the New York Public Service Commission, like so many "sound" utility commissioners rewarded by promotion from his public job to three simultaneous executive vice-presidencies paying \$50,000 annually. We find E. H. Rosenquest receiving three presidential emoluments, from the Westchester Lighting Company, the Yonkers Electric Light and Power Company, and the Bronx Gas and Electric, totaling \$35,000. In addition to these high-salaried presidents there are various well-paid chairmen of boards—Floyd L. Carlisle, who gets \$25,000 from the New York Edison; F. A. Stratton, with \$30,000 from the Westchester Lighting Company—and numerous vice-presidents who likewise receive triple and double pay

ranging from \$25,000 to \$40,000 annually. On top of all this came the interesting revelation that H. Edmund Mac-hold, former Republican State chairman, under whose party whip the legislature has invariably sunk remedial utility legislation without trace, is on the pay roll of the New York Edison as "assistant to the chairman of the board" at \$15,000.

These utility heads' salaries were increased in 1932, when the cost of living was dropping rapidly, when wages everywhere were being ruthlessly slashed, and when the very companies paying them were reducing wages for the lesser fry. Brooklyn Edison executives' salaries rose from \$157,000 in 1931 to \$196,500 in 1932. New York Edison's principal officers' salaries soared from \$149,700 in 1931 to \$230,300 in 1932.

On June 15 Russell F. Van Doorn, vice-president of the Long Island Lighting Company, testified that the company had paid \$100,000 in premiums on the life-insurance policies of its president, E. L. Phillips, as well as fire-insurance premiums on the Phillips mansion at Plandome, Long Island, and taxes thereon of \$10,000 and \$11,800, respectively, in 1928 and 1929. The next day Mr. Phillips testified that this was an error—these items, he said, had not been charged to the company. The public should be interested in finding out which statement was correct, and why such flat contradictions appear in the testimony of these two high-priced executives of the same company, one of whom appears convicted at least of ignorance concerning the affairs of his company. It was likewise brought out that a portion of a dock which had disappeared was included in the valuation for fixing rates; that a brick yard which cost the company \$65,000 in 1924 had been valued at \$250,000. These are typical examples of utility legerdemain.

In New Jersey a protest movement against electric rates is gathering momentum. That it has the active support of the Downtown Merchants' Association of Newark, the New Jersey Hotel Men's Association, and similar business groups, is significant. The Newark *Star-Eagle*, which is conducting an able editorial campaign, has pointed out that the Public Service Gas and Electric Company's dividends on its common stock were 12.5 per cent in 1928, 14 per cent in 1929, 22.5 per cent in 1930, and 16 per cent in 1931. The common stock is owned by the Public Service Corporation, a holding company which controls the light and power supply in 221 municipalities. This corporation in 1929 had a 40 per cent ratio of net profits to gross sales. In 1932 this had risen to 43 per cent. These profits are in turn passed on to the United Corporation, the great Morgan utility superholding company.

New Jersey is handicapped by the usual type of public-utilities commission, which has remained supine in the face of these unconscionable profits, and now, confronted with an aroused public opinion, offers as the only solution a valuation investigation for which the public is expected to raise \$100,000. The public is always the victim of these Fabian tactics. The usual procedure in such cases is for the inquiry to drag out for years stubbornly contested at every point by the utilities and further obstructed by the courts, with the prospect that at the end of that period the companies will seek to maintain that the lapse of time since the survey was undertaken has so altered conditions that its findings are no longer valid.

Throughout the country, State public-utilities commis-

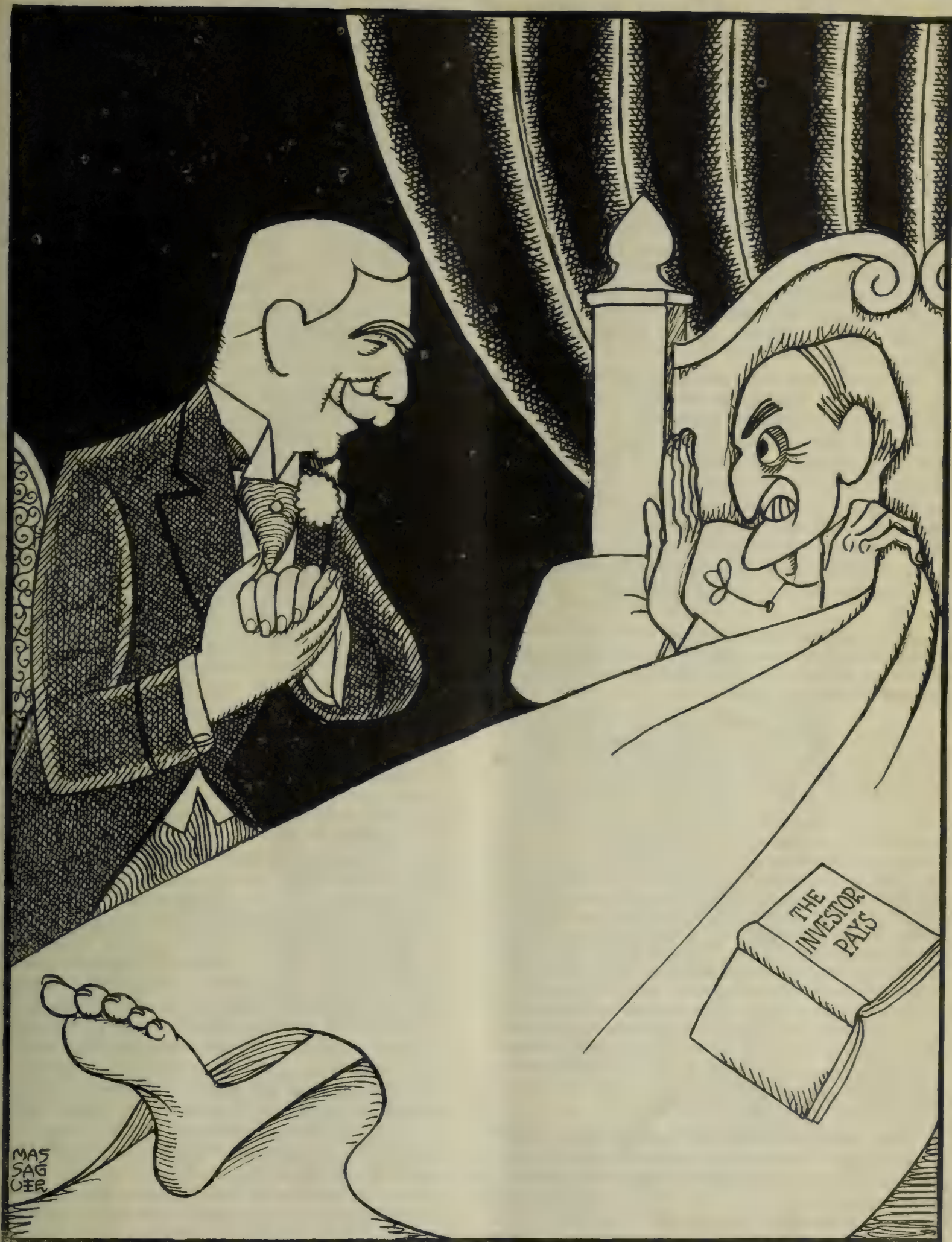
sions did not hesitate during the rising prices of the World War, arbitrarily and without investigation, to grant "emergency" rate increases on request of the companies. No valid excuse exists for not applying the same procedure now in behalf of the consumer. But at this point the courts may be expected to succor the utilities by declaring such procedure "confiscatory" and without "due process of law." Counsel for the power companies in New York are jubilant over the recent stay granted by the Court of Appeals at Albany against an order of the Public Service Commission directing the Rockland Power and Light Company to file a temporary schedule of reduced rates. Almost the best that the public can hope for out of the stacked deck with which it is compelled to play is a slight "voluntary" reduction by the companies which will not materially diminish the prevailing rate extortion. A 50 per cent diminution in domestic rates would approximate the "fair and equitable" return which the statutes provide.

It is becoming an old story. How old may be deduced from a passage in Brand Whitlock's "Forty Years of It," written twenty years ago—and as pertinent today as when written. Reviewing his public service, including his four terms as mayor of Toledo, Mr. Whitlock formulated "three generalizations." The first was that "whatever the mere form of local government, our cities were directly ruled by those small coteries we had come to call political machines; the second, that these machines ruled the cities for the benefit of public-utility corporations; and the third, that the legal power through which this was accomplished was derived from legislatures controlled by the same persons in the same interests." His conclusion is likewise valid—with the added validity of the cumulative experience of intervening years—public ownership.

Flight from the City

WORD comes from Detroit that Henry Ford, precursor in and initiator of several great trends of the century, is moving toward the decentralization of his industry. Like other manufacturers, he has found that in hard times it is cheaper to have many small plants some of which can be shut entirely than to operate a large factory on part time or with a skeleton force. But well before industrial depression laid its blight upon us, fear had been expressed in the realm of big business that centralization might have gone too far, or at least too fast.

The past three or four years have seen an interruption of the long-continuing movement from country to city and striking progress in the reverse direction. Farm population in the United States, which decreased from 31,614,000 in 1920 to 30,445,000 in 1930, is estimated to amount now to 32,000,000, the largest in our history. Most of those newly repatriated on the land are persons without employment, seeking relief from city expenses and perhaps a living from the soil. To some extent this is a tragedy, for, as Secretary Wallace says, many men without experience or money are trying to make a living where trained agriculturists with capital have failed. Though the movement from the city to the farm can hardly be permanent, there is an exodus of city workers to country districts for the purpose of carrying



The Bedside Manner

Otto H. Kahn testifying: "It has long been our policy . . . to establish a reputation which would make clients feel that if they have a problem of a financial nature Kuhn, Loeb and Company is a pretty good doctor to go to."

Walter Lippmann

II. "The New Tammany"

By AMOS PINCHOT

IN 1927, when Alfred E. Smith loomed as a candidate for the Democratic nomination, Walter Lippmann had charge of the editorial page of the *New York World*, the principal Democratic newspaper in the East. Three barriers, each seemingly more fatal to his chances than the other, stood between Mr. Smith and the Presidency—his Catholicism, his opposition to prohibition, and the fact that he had for many years been an integral part of the Tammany organization.

Now, since Mr. Smith and Tammany were as inseparable in the public mind as Siamese twins, it became evident that the only way to remove the Tammany curse from the Governor was to transform the Wigwam into something which, politically speaking, would pass for an asset instead of a liability. This thaumaturgical feat Mr. Lippmann undertook to perform in a series of editorials in which he traced Tammany's history from the days of its admittedly questionable past down to 1927, when, according to Mr. Lippmann, it underwent a miraculous change under the leadership of such men as John R. Voorhis, George W. Olvany, and James J. Walker.

After touching frankly on the era when Tammany "won and deserved a bad reputation," first with Tweed and then with Croker in the saddle, Mr. Lippmann writes in his editorial of December 11, 1927:

The Tammany Society, John R. Voorhis, Grand Sachem, and the Tammany Hall, George W. Olvany, leader, which have just parted with their common home on Fourteenth Street and are about to move uptown, belong to the third period of the organization. Following Croker, after a brief triumvirate, Charles F. Murphy was at first as hard-boiled a politician as Tammany leaders had been wont to be, but toward the end of his long rule he accepted and cooperated with the New Tammany which was growing up under such leaders as Governor Smith, Senator Wagner, Mayor Walker, and the present legislative leaders of the party. It is a Tammany suited to the more general spread of popular education, a thing unknown in 1789 and mainly confined to the rudiments of the three R's in 1871, when New York had no public high school. It is a Tammany beginning to be more highly regarded in the country at large. Its move uptown after sixty years in Fourteenth Street may be taken as appropriate to its altered viewpoint, as representing a great national party in our greatest city, and to the altered bearing of the country toward its own activities. Tammany moves not only uptown but up.

Thus, while our Merlin of Journalism beams from his magic casement in the Pulitzer Building, intoning editorial incantations, the *World* readers see the grisly tiger shed its stripes and become the faithful St. Bernard dog of the Sunday-school books—little keg and all. They watch the old Tammany become "the New Tammany." And even Charlie Murphy stands in awe, while, consonant with the spirit of education, the Tammany braves move their Wigwam three blocks uptown.

On what evidence Mr. Lippmann bases this transformation, I do not know. I should like very much to ask him. I should like to have him tell, even if in a general way, what facts he had in mind when he drew this comforting picture, at the very moment when, quite as plunderous as in the days of Tweed and Croker, Tammany was wrecking the city's finances in fresh bursts of graft and extravagance. Tammany has moved up, announces Mr. Lippmann. What does he mean by that? For the record shows that if Tammany moved at all, it was certainly not upward. With Olvany presiding at the Wigwam, with Curry's man Walker in the City Hall, with Smith quiescent and seemingly out of tune with the organization, and with Wagner, never a real part of it, away in Washington, Mr. Lippmann's enlightened Tammany was making what will long stand as a record for sheer administrative obscenity.

But what bliss, what resounding laughter in the Wigwam, which for all its uptown quarters still stank with its old downtown smell! The liberal editor of the *New York World* licking the tiger's sores and giving him a clean bill of health, while the braves applaud in the background!

By 1927 Mr. Lippmann should have been a competent newspaperman. He had worked with Steffens in his investigation of city corruption. He had been secretary to a radical mayor in Schenectady. He had been on the staff of *Everybody's Magazine* in the muckraking days. He had served on the *New York World* for six years, under a truly great editor, the late Frank Cobb, and had been in charge of the editorial page for four. It was strange that he should not know the truth about Tammany. For it was known to every seasoned newspaperman in town.

Nevertheless, whatever Tammany may or may not be, Mr. Lippmann's candidate for the Presidency is Mr. Smith. Consequently, Mr. Lippmann continues his lustful and purifying rites, to the end that the somewhat unsavory albatross that dangled from the Governor's neck might be changed by his enchantments into a living bird of paradise. So on goes "the New Tammany" saga, which reaches its height about a month before the Presidential election in 1928. On September 10 of that year Mr. Lippmann editorially brands as "demagogic, grossly unjust, and demonstrably untrue" a statement by the federal Assistant Attorney General that Tammany is "an organization that for underworld connections and political efficiency is matched no place else in America." He contends that Mayor Walker has an "indisputable right to resent" such a statement. He praises the city government as "in effect commission government." In the vein of a booster lauding his home town at a chamber-of-commerce luncheon, he insists that under Tammany "New York is a good city to visit and a good city to live in."

On September 24, 1928, he continues his celebration of the Wigwam's rebirth, and charges with hypocrisy all partisan persons who use the word Tammany as an epithet:

The epithet "Tammany" in this campaign is employed by two sorts of people. By those who do not know the facts of Governor Smith's career and by those who do know them.

Those who do not know the facts are also of two sorts. These are the persons who honestly believe that Tammany today is the Tammany of Tweed and Croker. They believe it lives chiefly by collecting graft from prostitution. They are exactly as well informed as the backwoods Republicans who still believe that the Democracy is the party of Jefferson Davis and that the Republicans are the party of General Sherman and the carpet-baggers. . . . Much more important are the deliberate falsifiers. We mean those New York Republicans who know the facts [about Tammany] and continue to misrepresent them.

Except in Mr. Lippmann's imagination, Tammany had not changed in the slightest degree; it never does change. In 1928 just as in Tweed's and Croker's times, Tammany operated, as it does now, on a simple principle, from which it never deviates by a hair's breadth. It performs services, at a price, for the needy rich—who require favors, privileges, and immunities which neither the law nor public decency allows and who therefore tolerate Tammany. And with a part, a very small part, of the proceeds of such transactions, and of the profits from its own peculiar grafts, it buys the political allegiance of the needy poor. In a sense, it functions as a business rather than a political institution, since its political activities are incidental to its larger purpose of raking in cash for itself and its friends. That is Tammany; that always will be Tammany, unless some profound upheaval tears it up by the roots, which are large graft and relatively small charity. And yet Mr. Lippmann, apparently with conviction, and certainly with a solemnity almost Johnsonian, informs his devoted readers that only the ignorant are unaware of its reformation.

At this point let me make it clear that I do not charge that in writing this drivel—for despite its air of authority and sweet reasonableness, it is nothing but drivel—Mr. Lippmann is trying to deceive his readers. That is not the point. The point is that when he writes he is not looking at the facts, but at what he believes to be the requirements of his thesis. And so it is that, when he deals with Tammany, or big business, or the banks, or the trusts, or the foreign-debt question, he is never an objective writer. He is, on the contrary, an exceedingly prejudiced writer, whose special pleading is hidden under an illusion of objectivity conveyed by a leisurely and persuasive manner. Without doubt he writes clearly, or at least gives the impression of clarity. But does he think clearly? When a writer dodges or incontinently flees from such facts as might wreck his theories, there is involved, I imagine, an intellectual disturbance that is far from conducive to clear thought.

For the political purposes of the Smith campaign Mr. Lippmann requires a regenerate Tammany. There being no such thing, he proceeds to create one out of the ribs of Murphy, Walker, and Olvany. This, fortunately, is no new task for Mr. Lippmann. For, as we have seen, he has already performed a similar one in "Drift and Mastery," and again in "A Preface to Morals," when, in order to prove his thesis of a regenerate big business, he peopled his Wall Street Eden with disinterested bankers and trust magnates who spurn the profit motive.

Whatever may have been the political influence of the

New Tammany editorials, they seem to have had no disillusioning effect on Mr. Lippmann's readers. To the congregation of aspiring philistines for whom Mr. Lippmann was fast becoming the Fortieth Article of the faith, thinking for one's self is, at best, a dubious pastime. So they swallowed the New Tammany with its repentant sinners just as they had swallowed the new Wall Street with its disinterested saints.

Let us turn the clock forward to October, 1931. A local campaign is progressing in New York City, and a national Presidential convention is nine months distant. Tammany's so often probed sores are being reopened by Mr. Seabury, and are showing precisely the same state of putrefaction which each previous inquiry has revealed. Mr. Lippmann, the New York *World* having become extinct, is now the columnist of the *Herald Tribune*, in which capacity he is virtuously denouncing Franklin D. Roosevelt, who has succeeded Mr. Smith both as Governor and as leading candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. But what is the reproach that Mr. Lippmann hurls against the Governor? Why, in Mr. Lippmann's eyes, is Franklin Roosevelt so tragically unfitted for the Presidency? Incredible as it may seem, it is that he is temporizing with Tammany, instead of defying and breaking with it. And now we find that Tammany is no longer the New Tammany which Mr. Lippmann constructed for the purpose of the Smith campaign. It is the old, sordid, wicked Tammany, with which honest men can have no truck at all. So that this sad lament is wrung from the breast of the columnist:

The political campaign now being conducted in New York is proceeding in an atmosphere of listless degradation. . . . Governor Roosevelt pursues his carefully calculated course of doing just precisely as much as he has to, and not one bit more than he has to, toward facilitating the exposure of corruption in New York. . . . In the last ten years there has been generally in the United States a remarkable indifference to the maintenance of public standards, a dying down of the old popular fervor in attacking corruption.

Mr. Lippmann's own popular fervor, however, rises nobly to the occasion. And he accuses the Governor of almost every political iniquity. He is "carrying water on both shoulders." He is placating warring elements in the Democratic Party by "two-faced platitudes" and "private assurances." He has "lost his moral freedom. He is so heavily mortgaged to Tammany that he must prove his independence of it. . . . The trouble with Franklin D. Roosevelt is that his mind is not very clear, his purposes are not simple, and his methods are not direct."

And as Roosevelt forges ahead in the race, his alleged connection with Tammany becomes more scandalous in the sight of Walter Lippmann, and the city government, "discredited from the top down," increasingly disreputable. What has become of the New Tammany, the "moved-up" Tammany of yesteryear? Alas, it is no more. And an "ignorant and predatory political machine" which is guilty of "a brazen exploitation of the gullibility of the people" has taken its place.

However, let us not judge Mr. Lippmann unkindly. Let us concede that these moral morsels come straight from the bottom of his heart, and that, ordinarily a mild man, he has turned Savonarola only in the high cause of stopping Roosevelt. But let us not concede too fast. For another

transformation is taking place. And on October 7 he announces with quiet dignity: "I shall vote cheerfully for Governor Roosevelt."

So whatever we may or may not have in Mr. Lippmann,

we must at least admit that he is one of the most entertaining men of his time.

[The third article in Mr. Pinchot's series on Walter Lippmann will appear in next week's issue.]

The Recovery Machine Starts

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, June 27

IT has now been almost a fortnight since the National Recovery Administration formally opened for business. This newest branch of the government, with General Hugh S. Johnson at its head, is to exercise in the name of the President the vast power over industry and labor conferred upon him in the National Industrial Recovery Act. Everything seems in readiness for the titanic task of putting business back on an even keel—to use a phrase much in vogue in the early days of the crisis. The recovery administration has taken over a section of the mammoth Department of Commerce building. A publicity division has been organized, one of the largest of its kind in the government service. General Johnson and his corps of personal assistants are at work. Experts of all sorts, college professors, business executives, labor economists, union officials, and others have been brought together to help in the task. Advisory boards representing—by Presidential decree—the workers, the consumers, and industry itself have been named and have taken their proper places in the organization. Yet the machine has been woefully slow in getting started.

When President Roosevelt signed the recovery bill on June 16, he said it was his hope "that the ten major industries which control the bulk of industrial employment can submit their simple basic codes at once and that the country can look forward to the month of July as the beginning of our great national movement back to work." Until now only one group, the cotton-textile industry, has submitted its code, or set of rules by which it hopes to govern itself and thus achieve stability, and ■■ was to have been expected, this first code was not in acceptable form. It is now being subjected to public hearings. Afterwards it will go to the experts and perhaps back to the cotton-textile industry itself for revision. And then it must go to the White House for the President's approval. A long and tedious process.

But if Mr. Roosevelt's hope that the larger industries would take speedy action has not been realized, the publicity given the recovery bill and the glowing statements attending its passage have had other and more positive results. An army of financiers, big-business executives, small manufacturers, retail merchants, lawyers, publicity agents, and others have descended upon Washington. Du Pont, American Telephone and Telegraph, the Union Pacific Railroad, the Endicott-Johnson Corporation, the Bankers Trust Company of New York, International Harvester, Lambert Pharmacal, Remington Rand, Missouri Pacific, General Motors, Kennecott Copper, General Electric, United States Steel, Standard Oil of New Jersey, California Fruit Growers, the First National Bank of Chicago, Goldman Sachs, the Weyerhäuser lumber interests, Reynolds Tobacco, and Sears, Roebuck, among many others, have sent their chairmen or presi-

dents to this city. Others have high-priced corporation lawyers representing them. Lesser interests have hired Washington attorneys to advise them how to proceed.

Any number of lawyers here are openly soliciting such business. At the same time several "information agencies" have been organized by persons anxious to profit financially from the confusion attending the preliminary administration of the recovery law. Most of these agencies are fly-by-night affairs that no one need take seriously. In quite another category is the National Industrial Advisory Corporation, formed by the notorious Sherman Corporation. It calls itself "a private corporation organized to assist in promoting the principles of the National Industrial Recovery Act." New trade associations hastily organized under such auspices will bear close watching, as at least a few of General Johnson's assistants realize. More important is the labor angle. The recovery law has as one of its avowed purposes the protection of the workers against the sharp practices of unscrupulous employers. It is worth recalling that the Sherman Corporation has in the past directed its energies primarily toward breaking up unions and hiring out strike-breakers and labor spies. It has specialized in setting up welfare associations, "employee-representation" plans, and other devices to prevent workers in many industries from establishing and maintaining their own organizations.

While many industries and trades have been discussing the code problem among themselves, they have had no clear-cut principles or policies by which they might guide themselves. Every "code of fair competition" must be approved by the President before it can be put into effect, but neither from the White House nor from the National Recovery Administration has come any statement exactly defining what will and what will not be acceptable. This was probably inevitable, for the Roosevelt experiment is being undertaken in an uncharted field; but it has nevertheless put ■ brake on the recovery machine's operations. The economists and other experts called in to help with the experiment have had to devote most of their time to receiving endless delegations of small manufacturers, retailers, and spokesmen for the "weaker" industries, and to answering thousands of queries from business men that come in by mail and telegraph. But the business men have not been interested so much in knowing what the law says as they have been in trying to determine what the President will consider a "fair code of competition." They have been invariably told, after being advised as to the limitations of the law, to submit their own ideas on this point and to leave it to the experts, the several advisory boards, and the President to say whether or not their suggested codes are acceptable.

There are other reasons why a strong and aggressive policy has not yet been adopted. For one thing, General

Johnson has been at pains to give no offense to business. He believes, he has said, that cooperation should be obtained without coercion and that the initiative should come from within industry itself. Industry, however, has been hesitant about taking the initiative; it has been reluctant to commit itself to a definite series of codes which will have the force of law once they are approved. It is not that industry as a whole is unfavorably disposed toward the recovery act, for of that there is no evidence; but the larger and stronger industries are proceeding cautiously lest they bind themselves to a greater extent than is absolutely necessary. Again, there has been in progress behind the scenes a terrific struggle for control of the recovery machinery. Secretary of Commerce Roper and one or two other members of the Cabinet Advisory Board have been maneuvering to place that body in a position where it might exercise final authority. In this contest big business has openly supported Roper. For the moment a truce of a dubious sort has been arranged, the Cabinet board having acknowledged Johnson's authority. But the real significance of the truce will not be known until one of the monopoly industries—steel or electrical equipment, for example—brings in its code. Then we shall witness a test of strength that will decide once and for all whether monopoly capitalism or the interest of the small manufacturer and shopkeeper is to dictate administration policies.

There is hardly any doubt that the little business men and the weaker trades and industries will be compelled to knuckle down. They have no great financial power, no banking support to compare with that which United States Steel or General Electric enjoy; and they are either not organized at all or very loosely organized. These smaller industries may, however, prove troublesome. The other day, for example, a delegation from one of them sought to convince recovery-administration officials that the wage system in their industry was so complicated that it was hopeless to attempt to fix a minimum wage. A few questions revealed that they were hoping to obtain government sanction for the pauper wages they were paying.

The tightly organized monopoly industries will present an entirely different problem. In aluminum, steel, electrical equipment, telephones, and several other industries competition is already strictly regulated by the one or two giant corporations at the top and by the Morgans, Mellons, and other powerful banking houses that control them. The few small independent companies remaining in these fields have long since learned to play the game. It is hardly likely that they will complain, though given a chance to do so at public hearings. Thus the many glaring abuses existing in these industries will probably not be brought out. To do that would require the recovery administration to take a positive and courageous attitude, but there is no indication that it means to do so. A few officials connected with the administration, particularly Secretaries Ickes and Perkins and some of the labor advisers, are looking forward eagerly to the battle with the monopoly industries, but even they are none too hopeful of the eventual outcome. If General Johnson continues to insist that industry be allowed as much leeway as practicable, it will simply mean that the monopoly industries, which are strongly organized, will continue to regulate themselves as they have done in the past, while the weaker industries must by virtue of their weakness submit to government regulation.

On the other hand, it appears that labor will be left alone to work out its own problems. The recovery act says that the workers "shall have the right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing, and shall be free from the interference, restraint, or coercion of employers of labor, or their agents, in the designation of such representatives or in self-organization or in other concerted activities for the purpose of collective bargaining or other mutual aid or protection." President Roosevelt has called this a "new charter of rights long sought and hitherto denied." Technically this description may be accurate, but in practice it may turn out quite otherwise. The law does not presume to tell an industry or corporation that it must deal with this or that particular union. Indeed, employers are not in any sense compelled to deal directly with the workers. The recovery act simply says that if no mutual agreement as to wages and hours can be reached in a given industry, the President may then "prescribe a limited code of fair competition fixing such maximum hours of labor, minimum rates of pay, and other conditions of employment . . . as he finds to be necessary."

Big business, at least at the moment, is not averse to letting the President or the recovery administration exercise this power. Except for a few marginal producers and sweat-shop operators, almost everyone seems to be agreed that purchasing power must be increased and that this can best be done by a more equitable division of the available jobs through the establishment of maximum working hours and minimum wage rates within individual industries. Some representatives of big business who are here now frankly admit that unless the total purchasing power of the nation is soon increased—they speak in terms of weeks rather than years or even months—the whole economic structure will be endangered. With them, therefore, the basic issue is not whether wages shall be stabilized and hours of labor curtailed, but whether this can be done without yielding any real power to the workers. In brief, what big business fears most is that the recovery machinery may be used to help build a strong and independent labor movement.

But on this point the monopolists and bankers need have no fear. The recovery administration does not intend to go into the business of organizing unions or of promoting unionization. Nor is it going out of its way to encourage collective bargaining, though a few of the labor advisers may do so upon their own responsibility. The American Federation of Labor has taken advantage of the law to drum up trade for itself. It is reported, for example, that the United Mine Workers of America, headed by John L. Lewis, who has so often in the past sold out to the coal operators, have added at least 100,000 new members in the last several weeks. The Detroit Federation of Labor, headed by Frank X. Martel, whose record is certainly no better than that of Lewis, is said to be active in organizing the automobile workers. In other directions as well the Federation of Labor has been extending itself. Yet it can hardly be held that a labor movement dominated by Matthew Woll, Mike Flynn, John Lewis, and their kind is ever likely to furnish effective protection for labor. Looking farther afield, we find a complete lack of aggressive, competent, and honest working-class leadership, and without such leadership the worker can scarcely hope to benefit by President Roosevelt's "new charter of rights." Instead we find leaders like Tom McMahon,

president of the United Textile Workers of America, an A. F. of L. union, who took part in the preparation of the cotton-textile code and offered no protest when the mill owners wrote a \$10-a-week minimum wage into that code.

Even the A. F. of L. is neither wanted nor trusted in some industries. Steel is an outstanding example. The moment the recovery act was signed, many steel companies hurriedly set up "joint committees" and other disguised forms of company unions. This they obviously did to head off A. F. of L. and other union organizers. The labor experts connected with the recovery administration are divided on the question of whether wage agreements with these unions can lawfully be recognized. One of the experts frankly declared that if the "joint committees" are approved by the workers, and there is no protest, and no charges of coercion are brought against the companies, "the administration will not be disposed to interfere."

Thus far, in any event, the recovery administration, as distinguished from the various advisory boards working with it, has allowed its judgment to be influenced by the point of view of the business community. There is evidence, indeed, that the reactionary labor crowd and a few industrialists and bankers have actually dominated the administration up to

now. The first public-relations counsel appointed by the administration was John J. Leary, Jr., former labor reporter for the New York *World*. Leary has in the past worked hand-in-glove with the Woll-Flynn faction, conspiring with them at A. F. of L. conventions to suppress liberal and more trustworthy labor factions. In connection with an article of his which appeared in a recent magazine, Leary proudly advertised himself as a protege of Gerard Swope, president of General Electric, one of the monopolistic giants of the country. Leary was finally removed after Laurence Todd, correspondent of the Federated Press, had revealed his record. Gerard Swope himself has been very much in evidence. During the public hearings on the cotton-textile code he had several confidential and intimate conversations with General Johnson. He has also been named permanent chairman of the executive committee of big business men appointed by Secretary Roper to aid him in his own recovery campaign. Finally, we do not yet know what will be the result of the struggle between big business and Roper on the one hand and the Ickes-Perkins-Richberg-Wolman faction on the other to gain control of the recovery machinery. A labor movement may develop in consequence of the recovery administration's activities, but it is certain that it will be safely capitalistic.

It Pays to Fight for Lower Rates

By O. S. DEAN

FOR a number of years no towns in the United States having a population of from 50,000 to 100,000, with the exception of three or four resort towns like Miami, Florida, and Little Rock, Arkansas, had higher electric rates than Sioux City, Iowa. Up to August, 1931, the rate per kilowatt hour for domestic use was 9 cents for the first 100 kilowatt hours. Under the Iowa law it is the duty of the City Council in each community to fix public-utility rates; the Sioux City Council had fixed 9 cents per kilowatt hour as a maximum, and the Sioux City Gas and Electric Company imposed that rate on domestic users, charging commercial users almost any rate less than that figure that the business would bear.

After a good deal of agitation for reduction in rates, the utility company, in July, 1931, announced with great display of virtue a reduction to 8½ cents for the first 12 kilowatt hours, with a \$1 minimum, 8 cents for the next 48 kilowatt hours, and 7 cents for the next 140. This was not at all satisfactory, and in 1932 several candidates ran for places on the City Council in the March biennial elections on platforms pledging themselves to support ordinances fixing lower gas and electric rates. During the campaign one of these candidates circulated a petition to the council asking that it reduce these rates "to a fair and reasonable basis, commensurate with the cost of production," and pledged himself to present this petition whether he was elected or not. Naturally, heavy utility support was thrown to the old city councilmen, all of whom were candidates for reelection. Extensive advertising was placed by the utility companies in the local papers. The old council was reelected.

The petition for lower rates, which had been signed by many hundreds of voters, was presented, as promised, to the

reelected council at its first meeting after reorganization in April, 1932. However, the letter transmitting the petition was not read, and the petition was simply "received and filed," that is, completely ignored. This action aroused public opinion, and shortly afterward a Citizens' Protective Committee was formed for the purpose of securing rate-reduction by concerted action.

At first the plan was to initiate a rate ordinance as provided for by Iowa law, but it soon became apparent that such a move would only invite prolonged litigation. It was seen that every step would be bitterly contested in the courts on one technicality or another, and that there would be no prospect of a final decision for years. After several weeks' study the committee decided that the only method by which it might achieve results within a reasonable time was to go to the public with a proposal for a municipal electric plant. It decided further that while gas rates were as excessive as electric rates, certain legal aspects of the situation made it unwise to tackle the gas question. It therefore confined its efforts to striving for an electric plant.

During the summer of 1932 a petition for a municipal plant was circulated through the city. Meanwhile, in an attempt to head off the movement, the utility company announced another reduction in electric rates: the domestic base rate of 12 kilowatt hours for \$1 was retained, but the second bracket was changed to 188 kilowatt hours at 7 cents. This rate went into effect in July, 1932.

On August 19, 1932, the Citizens' Protective Committee filed with the City Council a petition for a special election to vote on issuing bonds not to exceed \$2,500,000 to defray the cost of building a municipal electric light and power plant and distributing system for Sioux City. More

than 8,600 names were subscribed to this petition. Of these, 6,844—a number considerably larger than necessary—were announced by the city clerk to be the names of qualified electors, but before he had issued his certificate to that effect an injunction suit was brought against the City Council to prevent the calling of the election.

This suit was brought on August 26, 1932, in the name of one J. J. Piuser, who swore that he was a taxpayer, both real and personal; that there was a conspiracy in circulating the petition for the special election; that those circulating the petition had been paid five cents a name for obtaining signatures; that there were thousands of forgeries; and that the plaintiff would be irreparably damaged by the calling of this special election through the great increase in his taxes caused by the expense of conducting it. There being no other method of obtaining relief from this tremendous injustice, he prayed the court to grant an injunction. Without any other evidence or hearing and on this showing alone the judge granted a temporary injunction, and the question of making it permanent came up for hearing in the September term of the District Court. After the city clerk and members of the council had been put on the stand to testify concerning the presentation of the petition, the attorney for the plaintiff moved that the case be sent to a referee for determination of the facts in connection with the petition. This was vigorously objected to by attorneys for the Citizens' Protective Committee because it would cause unnecessary delay, but they were overruled by the court, and the court reporter was appointed referee to take evidence. The plaintiff, on being required to put up a bond for \$5,000 for costs, promptly complied, although not long before, in divorce proceedings brought by his wife, he had sworn that he had nothing with which to pay alimony.

Hearings before the referee were started within a short time. Instead of first putting his client on the stand to qualify as a taxpayer, the plaintiff's attorney put on a handwriting expert and kept him there for more than eight months, that is, until May, 1933. The actual hearings were held only at intervals since the referee was busy much of the time with his duties as court reporter. During these hearings, which consumed ten weeks of actual time, the referee, the plaintiff's attorney, his witness, one of the city attorneys, one or more representatives of the Citizens' Protective Committee, and, most of the time, an attorney representing the committee were in attendance. Of these, the referee, the witness, and the city attorney drew their regular fees and salary. It is assumed that the plaintiff's attorney was paid by the only party that could possibly benefit by the proceedings, the utility company, for, as stated above, the plaintiff had shown in court not long before that he had no means of paying alimony to his wife. The representatives of the Citizens' Protective Committee and the attorneys who appeared for them served without compensation during all those weeks. It is significant that at the time of the service of the notices of injunction on the city officials, the City Council would not authorize the city attorneys to defend the case until the Citizens' Protective Committee had appointed counsel to represent it and work with the three city attorneys. At the same time the council made it perfectly clear that the city would not pay anything for this service.

The eight months of hearings were consumed by the attorney for the plaintiff in every possible form of attack

on the signatures to the petition. Instead of the "thousands of forgeries" claimed when the suit was filed, the handwriting expert found between 300 and 400 names which he maintained were written by others than those who had signed the permanent registration cards filed in the city clerk's office, with which the names were compared to determine the signers' qualifications as electors. Every variation from the exact form in which the signatures appeared on the cards—for example, a change from initials to full first name or vice versa—was attacked, although the law does not require that any particular form of signature shall be used. Signers must be qualified electors and that is all. Nearly five thousand pages of testimony were taken during the eight months. In the intervals between sessions the handwriting expert was engaged in searching the records for more testimony, so that he was employed practically continuously. At the end of his period of service, the City Council discovered that another clerk for the Municipal Court was needed, a new office was created, and this witness, who had been on the stand for eight months in a suit against the city and against the people of Sioux City, was appointed to fill that office.

After the plaintiff's attorney had finished with this witness, he took the stand himself to establish his client's qualification as a taxpayer. For this purpose he presented a contract for a deed to a piece of property, but it was shown that no payments except the first had been made, and no taxes paid. As a matter of fact, it later developed that this contract had been canceled. The plaintiff had a tax receipt for personal taxes for 1929 and 1930—\$2 or \$3 each—and a *poll-tax* receipt for 1931—50 cents plus 3 cents interest and 3 cents penalty. He had no receipt for realty taxes and no personal tax receipt for 1931 or 1932. These items were paid in September, 1932, a month after the suit was filed. The attorney also presented an assessment roll dated January, 1933, showing personal property listed at \$60, on one-fourth of which, or \$15, taxes would be paid, but no real property.

In the original petition for injunction the plaintiff had claimed that the cost of holding the special election would be \$8,000. (The last school election actually cost very close to \$600.) It was his share of this \$8,000, levied on him in the form of taxes, that was to cause him such irreparable damage. The truth of the matter was that if this election should cost \$8,000, his share, under his 1933 assessment, would have been *less than one half of one cent*. This was the entire consideration and the only ground for the court's granting the injunction. The costs have already amounted to thousands of dollars, and the public will pay every cent in its gas and electric bills—charged to operating expense. This takes no account of the loss to the people of Sioux City through the delay in the construction of the plant.

The plaintiff's attorney rested his case on May 27, 1933. When the referee has finished writing up his notes, after returning from his summer vacation, it will be the turn of attorneys for the city and the committee to present their side of the case. Then the court will make its decision and later the case may be appealed to the Supreme Court.

In December, 1932, while these hearings were in progress, the City Council announced, apparently to curry favor with the public, that it would further reduce rates for electricity, and published a schedule similar to that used by the municipal plant at Lincoln, Nebraska, which was much

lower than the current Sioux City schedule. This was immediately met by a temporary injunction, issued by the Federal Court in January, 1933, based on the claim that the rate was confiscatory. However, before the date set for the hearing, the council and the utility company came to a "compromise agreement," and the council passed a new ordinance fixing rates considerably higher than the Lincoln rates—5.5 cents per kilowatt hour for the first 100 kilowatt hours for domestic users. This was a decided reduction from the rate of 9 cents per kilowatt hour in force up to eighteen months before, but it was only obtained by the persistent attacks of the committee which conducted the fight. There was also some cut in commercial rates, but it was not so great as the domestic rate reduction. There is, however, no

weakening in the spirit of the public opposition, and the fight will be continued until a municipal plant is obtained and Sioux City can enrol its name on the list of tax-free cities.

In the meantime, until the municipal plant is in operation, the thousands of dollars paid every day for electricity and gas in Sioux City will go to pay interest on \$9,531,300 of bonds and \$4,838,700 of 7 per cent preferred stock of the Sioux City Gas and Electric Company, besides \$2,900,000 of common stock, a great deal of which is admitted to be "water." Until the relief of municipal ownership is obtained, the public will continue to pay and pay and pay.

[This is the seventh of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer. The eighth will appear in an early issue.]

If the London Conference Fails

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

DEVELOPMENTS at the London Economic Conference have effectively dramatized the fundamental inconsistency between the program of international cooperation sponsored by Secretary Hull and the Administration's plan for domestic recovery. There can be no question that the American delegates are faced with an inescapable dilemma. On the one hand, the United States, as the chief creditor, has a greater stake in the conference's success than any other nation. As compared with Europe our losses from the depression have been relatively heavy. Our exports have declined by three-quarters, and our imports by more than 70 per cent. Even after making allowances for the slight business revival of recent weeks, the number of our unemployed exceeds the combined totals of the five largest European countries. The shrinkage in the market value of our foreign investments is estimated to be at least eight billion dollars. It seems indisputable to the internationalist, therefore, that the gains to this country to be obtained from the resumption of world trade would be sufficient to justify any immediate sacrifice of national policy.

Many of these same facts, on the other hand, may be taken as arguments for concentrating on a national recovery program. The widespread unemployment and distress in the United States made it seem imperative for the Administration to rush through emergency measures based on domestic inflation, without waiting to tackle the more complex problems involved in international action. The abandonment of the gold standard and the subsequent grant of inflationary powers to the President provided a needed stimulus to internal prices, but greatly intensified the chaos in the international sphere. Countries remaining on the gold standard insisted, with ample justification, that there must be at least some promise of currency stabilization before it would be possible to consider a reduction of tariffs and a removal of trade barriers. But a stabilized dollar was the last thing that Washington wanted at the moment. The sharp reaction on Wall Street to rumors that the dollar had been pegged was sufficient to convince the most obtuse that such an agreement could not be reconciled with a domestic price-raising program.

Nor can the American attitude on stabilization be

viewed as merely an unfortunate contradiction in a policy which is otherwise committed to a revival of the world's markets. An honest appraisal of the American policy at London forces one to admit that it has been dedicated from the beginning by nationalistic considerations. Before the conference opened, it was evident that President Roosevelt's inability to secure authority from Congress to adjust tariff rates or to negotiate a settlement of the war debts would make it difficult for the American delegates to discuss concrete measures of economic disarmament. Although the President's acceptance of "token" payments on the June 15 instalment of the war debts temporarily removed the tension which had arisen over the debt issue, the conference suffered a fresh setback when Senator Pittman repudiated the American experts' proposal for a 10 per cent reduction in world tariffs. On none of the three principal issues before the world—war debts, tariffs, monetary stability—has there been any adequate recognition in Washington of the concessions which this country, as a creditor, must make in order to lay a sound basis for the restoration of international economic activity.

That the United States is motivated by nationalist considerations is, of course, strongly denied in official circles. Assistant Secretary Moley has described the American policy as one of "economic intranationalism," a compromise between the internationalism of Secretary Hull and extreme economic nationalism. This distinction, however, is unconvincing. While there is no question that the Administration would cheerfully enter into any international accord which would not be inconsistent with its domestic program, the scope of such agreements is pitifully limited. Piecemeal measures will be of little avail as long as the basic weapons of economic nationalism are unaffected. Failure to reach effective agreements on such questions as monetary stability and trade barriers must inevitably lead to the division of the world into a number of more or less self-sufficient national or imperial units, each firmly ensconced behind impregnable tariff walls.

The very real possibility of such a development in the event the conference fails does not seriously disturb either our nationalists or our "intranationalists." It is claimed that

since the United States possesses within its own borders an ample supply, with a few exceptions, of all the principal raw materials, it would be in a particularly favored position to build up a national economy which would be free from foreign influences. As painted by some of its leading advocates, national self-government, or autarchy, can appear very alluring: as the nation would no longer be at the mercy of disturbances beyond its boundaries, it could guarantee high prices to its farmers, high wages to its workers, and a job to everyone. The specter of the competition of cheap "coolie" labor in foreign countries would be forever laid. Wars would be unlikely to develop, because, with the cessation of foreign investments and of the struggle for markets, the basic causes of international friction would have been removed. Moreover, the theoretical case for a self-sufficient national economy is stronger than is generally realized. There may be a certain amount of truth, for instance, in the contention that the task of organizing the world on a basis of constantly increasing interdependence is at present beyond human intelligence. Differences in the standards of living in various parts of the world are probably too great to permit the attainment of economic stability through dependence on the interplay of the world market. It logically would follow, therefore, that a balance of economic forces could only be achieved by insulating each country as far as possible from external influences and turning the nation's efforts primarily to the development of the home market.

The fallacies in the isolationist position lie in certain practical considerations which are largely glossed over by convinced nationalists. In the first place, the United States is by no means as well equipped with essential raw materials as it is frequently represented to be. All the rubber, silk, tea, coffee, and cocoa used in this country must be imported from abroad, together with approximately half the sugar, three-fourths of the fur and skins, and more than half of the newsprint. In addition, there are nearly a score of essential commodities—such as nickel, tin, iodine, radium, and manganese—which are either not produced here at all or are produced in quantities insufficient for domestic consumption. While many of these products might be replaced by substitutes, this process would never be fully satisfactory and in some cases it would be extremely costly.

Similarly, although less than 10 per cent of the total production of the United States is normally sold abroad, many important economic groups within the country are largely dependent upon foreign markets. This is particularly true of the farmers of the South and West. And although the proportion of manufactured goods sold overseas is somewhat less than that of agricultural products and raw materials, certain industries have grown up which are largely dependent upon foreign trade. The importance of these exports in terms of jobs may be seen from the fact that even in 1932, when American foreign trade had fallen to scarcely one-third of its normal value, there were still some 2,000,000 workers directly engaged in producing goods for overseas markets, while 1,250,000 additional persons were engaged in supplying the needs of those so employed. If foreign trade should be further curtailed, it might be possible in the course of time to effect an economic readjustment which would enable many of these workers to be assimilated into industries producing for the home market, but a heavy price would have to be paid during the transition period. It would mean, for

example, that many individuals, including those who had given the best portions of their lives to mastering a trade, would find it impossible to fit themselves for new tasks. No economic dislocation of such dimensions could take place without serious repercussions on the national economy, involving at least a temporary lowering of living standards.

The crucial issue, however, relates to the possibility of achieving greater economic stability within a self-contained state than in an international system. Here the isolationist is on weak ground. Most economists would assert that if we discard the self-regulating mechanism of the world market, it is highly questionable whether national stability could be attained. Even if foreign trade were reduced to a barter basis, it would be impossible to insulate the domestic market against variations in supply and demand in foreign countries, except through a rigid foreign-trade monopoly. It should be clearly recognized, moreover, that such a step, together with the rigid supervision over domestic economy which would be necessary to eliminate internal fluctuations, would entail a far more effective dictatorship even than the Italian.

These sacrifices might be justified, however, if, as the isolationists argue, economic nationalism would eliminate the major causes of international strife and thus make for peace. Unfortunately, the evidence points strongly in the opposite direction. The argument rests upon the assumption that all countries would cheerfully surrender all financial claims now outstanding against foreign countries. If the United States government and the individual Americans who are creditors of the outside world to the extent of nearly twenty-five billions of dollars would voluntarily renounce all of their claims, the cause of peace would indeed be measurably advanced. But in practice, paradoxical though it seems, dyed-in-the-wool isolationists are always among the principal opponents to cancelation of the war debts, and frequently are among the most outspoken in favor of maintaining a large army and navy for the purpose of protecting American property rights abroad. It is no accident that one of the largest items in the domestic recovery program is an appropriation of over \$200,000,000 for naval construction, or that the government has recently made large purchases of munitions and other war supplies. The fundamental spirit behind economic nationalism is a war psychosis, bent on the defense of what are deemed to be national interests.

No one could reasonably maintain, for instance, that during the last few years, when economic nationalism has had an almost unchallenged sway in every country, the threat of war has been substantially reduced. Instead of diminishing the points of friction, the development of a series of self-contained states would greatly intensify the competition for essential raw materials, as well as increase the struggle for the rapidly disappearing markets as an outlet for inevitable surpluses. Under such conditions, imperialism would be likely to assume its cruder form of open territorial acquisition, and the danger of conflict between imperial groups would be greatly magnified.

Meanwhile the basic issues before the London conference lie even deeper than the conflict between nationalism and internationalism. Control versus freedom is as significant an issue in the international sphere as in the realm of domestic legislation. Indecision and attempts to compromise between irreconcilable programs must inevitably lead to serious maladjustments if not to complete disaster.

Murder for the Job

By HILTON BUTLER

FRANK KINCAID, Negro fireman on the Mississippi division of the Illinois Central Railroad, climbed into the cab of "The Creole" as crews were being changed late one night in Canton, twenty-five miles north of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. Against the lighted window he made a perfect target for a gunman in the darkness outside. A shotgun belched a load of buckshot into the Negro's head and he fell back into the coal tender to die. A white man took his place, and "The Creole" pulled out for New Orleans.

To Mississippi newspapers and the correspondents of such outside journals as the *Memphis Commercial-Appeal* and the *Birmingham Age-Herald*, it was just another Negro murder, barely worth a paragraph. A week later, however, they had a strangely similar paragraph to print:

Ed Cole, a Negro fireman on the same division, stepped at night from his cab to throw a switch at Water Valley junction. From behind the curtains of an unlighted automobile that drew up beside the track a shotgun roared, and Ed fell over the switch to die. A white man took his place in the cab.

Mississippi, in its own primitive way, had begun to deal with the unemployment problem. Dust had been blown from the shotgun, the whip, and the noose, and Ku Klux practices were being resumed in the certainty that dead men not only tell no tales but create vacancies. And since it was necessary that the vacancies should go to white men, other events followed in rapid succession after the first two assassinations:

Gus Emera, Negro fireman at Durant, saw a closed car rush toward him as he stepped from an engine to a side-track. He jumped back in time to miss the second shotgun load, but the first was sufficient to send him to the railroad hospital with serious wounds.

Cleve Sims, Negro fireman also stationed at Durant, walked into the yards at night to go to work. From behind a water tank a shotgun blazed, and Cleve fell badly wounded.

Jack Taylor and Fred Harmon, Durant Negro firemen, fearful now of going to or from work alone, left the yards together at night. Shotguns were fired at them and both fell with dangerous wounds.

One hundred miles south of Durant is an overhead bridge. As an Illinois Central train passed under, a gunman stationed there poured a shotgun charge into Peter Lewis, Negro fireman. The aim was too hasty. Lewis recovered.

Flogging was used next. Ernest Boilan, Negro fireman of McComb, was taken at night into the woods of Pike County and whipped into unconsciousness. There were other floggings—but the Boilan story was the only one that reached the public. His neck had also felt the noose.

Sam Barnes and Turner Sims, Negro firemen of McComb, were leaving the yards together. Shotgun charges tore into their flesh, but with bad aim. Both recovered.

After that the users of shotguns took better aim. Aaron Williams of Vicksburg, oldest Negro fireman on the Mississippi division, was exercising his seniority rights to hold his job, despite the warnings which had reached him that to

do so meant death. As his freight locomotive halted in the Vicksburg yards, Williams made a perfect target in the cab window. The shotgun roared and Williams fell dead. A white man, of course, took his place.

A lighted flare lured Wilburn Anderson, Vicksburg Negro fireman, to his death. His engineer stopped the train in the southern yards of Vicksburg to investigate the warning signal. Wilburn climbed down, and as he did so the flare went out. A shotgun was fired at close range and the Negro dropped dead, his head blasted almost entirely from his body.

Inside the city limits of Vicksburg an Illinois Central locomotive proceeded slowly across a busy intersection. An automobile came close, and a shotgun belched a charge of buckshot into the Negro fireman, James Weddington. He fell back into the coal tender, but survived his wounds.

The gunmen awaited their next victim on the Mississippi-Louisiana line. Frank Johnson, fifty-five-year-old Negro fireman with long seniority rights, died from gunshot wounds.

Sunday morning at Natchez. Will Harvey, Negro fireman, left the yards to walk home. Three men stepped from a car with drawn curtains. When it sped away, Harvey was dead on the Natchez sidewalk, the charge of three shotgun shells in his body.

"All I know is that he was a man in a light overcoat. He had turned the collar up. I couldn't see his face." Thus testified the engineer of the locomotive from which Wilburn Anderson had climbed down in the Vicksburg yards to investigate the burning flare. And that was the only description of the murderer that the Warren County grand jury, in special session, obtained. It failed to aid the railroad and police detectives. Nor did it stop the killings.

"I pledge the whole power of State and county officers for the enforcement of the law and the protection of working Mississippians!" proclaimed Governor M. Sennet Conner. "We will aid!" said officers of the Mississippi-Tennessee Police Association, which happened to be in convention in Vicksburg at the time of the Anderson murder. "Come before the grand jury and tell what you know," pleaded Judge E. M. White of Warren County to Negro railroad workmen. None came.

The report of the grand jury was typical of each and every report which is brought in when a white man has murdered a Negro. It ran: "We, your grand jurors . . . have been wholly unable to find the murderer or murderers of ——. Having performed our duty, we now respectfully request to be discharged."

"This reign of terror will have no effect whatever on our policy of giving Negroes their employment rights," said G. E. Patterson, vice-president of the Illinois Central, but there were few Negro firemen left to employ, and even fewer willing to take the job over a white Mississippian. The ghost of the Ku Klux Klan had waved a bloody hand to Jim Crow on the railroad. The toll to date is: murdered—7; wounded—7; flogged—1.

In a Nazi Court of Justice

By R. S. WHEELER

Brunswick, Germany, June 13

THE first cases in the new special courts (*Sondergerichte*) which have been established to hasten the punishment of persons guilty of acts against the new regime were heard on April 8. In Brunswick the first culprit was the twenty-year-old laborer Gerhard Junke, who was accused of appearing on the street on March 19 wearing a pin which indicated that he belonged to a Young Communists' organization. The accused said that he did not know that the wearing of any button or pin indicating membership in a Communist organization was forbidden. His attorney claimed that since his client had worn the button on the 19th, and the law had gone into effect on the 31st, the boy should be freed or let off with a small fine. However, Junke was sentenced to six months in jail on the ground that the wearing of such pins was forbidden also by the emergency decree of February 28. The prosecutor, Oberstaatsanwalt Battmer, added that the court could soon make itself unnecessary by handing down such stiff sentences that everyone could see what the National Awakening really meant. Severe sentences were not meted out for pleasure, but in the belief that the harshest measures are, in the end, the most humane. The purpose of severe penalties was to prove to even the most reckless of those who object to the new regime that all opposition is futile, and that it is better to swim with the current than to try to battle against it. Let all persons be warned what to expect if they are foolish enough to continue the hopeless struggle against the Hitler Government.

The next prisoner was Hans Steffen, twenty-one years old, a laborer out of work, accused of wearing a swastika without being a party member. He claimed that he had found the button, and wore it because he thought he had a better chance of receiving alms if he indicated that he was a Nazi. His attorney asked that the accused be freed because the emblem in question was not a regular party-membership button but a simple swastika, and because he had worn it not for political reasons but because of his destitution. Nevertheless, Steffen received a six months' sentence, for otherwise, the court declared, "every Communist would be encouraged to wear a Nazi button."

A twenty-year-old locksmith, Hans Meyer, was accused of distributing Socialist leaflets in Greene on March 4, the day before election. Meyer claimed that he had received the leaflets from the *Volksfreund* on February 27, and had thrown them in the street to get rid of them. He was sentenced to six months in jail.

Fritz Drescher, a mechanic, twenty-nine years old, and Herrmann Koch, a laborer, thirty years old, next appeared, accused of distributing in Schlewec cards on which was printed, "Vote for Social Democrats, Ticket No. 2." Both admitted they had done this, but claimed they had no idea that it was forbidden. In fact, Koch had especially asked Drescher, who headed the Socialist local, if it was allowed, and Drescher had assured him that it was perfectly legal. Each of the accused received a sentence of two months, this

mildness being due to the fact that Social Democrats had not been forbidden to vote.

The last man to come before the court on this day was Karl Habermann, twenty-four years old. He was accused of wearing a Communist button in a restaurant on the evening of March 25. Habermann claimed that the emblem was under his lapel out of sight, and that he had forgotten that it was still attached to the coat. He alleged further that he had got into a conversation with a young man who claimed that six months previously he had been an officer in the German Communist Party, whereupon Habermann had felt the button and had showed it to the stranger, who thereupon produced the identification card of an assistant policeman and arrested him.

This Nazi, called as a witness, swore that the accused, during a talk on political topics, had claimed that he would always remain what he had been, and had showed his anti-fascist button. The witness had then considered it his duty to turn Habermann over to the regular police. The attorney for the defense requested that his client be let off with a fine, since it was not claimed that the button had been worn openly. The court sentenced the accused to nine months in jail, because he had openly acknowledged that he still belonged to an organization that was working for violent revolution.

At the fourth meeting of the court on May 20 the following cases were tried. The first was that of Otto Bothe, a twenty-nine-year-old laborer of Goslar, who was accused of wearing the emblem of the "Naturfreunde," an organization of friends of the great outdoor world, said to have Marxist affiliations. Bothe claimed he did not know that the wearing of the button had been forbidden. The prosecuting attorney recommended the comparatively mild sentence of one month, which was agreed to by the judge.

Paula Müller of Wolfenbüttel had committed a somewhat similar crime by wearing the emblem of the "Iron Front" (Socialist) on March 8. She received a sentence of equal length.

Wilhelm Marquardt, a laborer twenty-four years old, was accused of selling in Bad Harzburg on March 3 Socialist leaflets which contained severe attacks on the National Socialist Party. There being no evidence to confute the accused's claim that he did not know he was acting unlawfully, he was sentenced to only two months in jail, instead of the six months requested by the prosecutor.

The last case was that of Richard Evers, a teamster, his wife, and Else Koch, a farm worker. On April 18 Frau Evers had repeated to the Koch girl tales of the frightful deeds of the storm divisions; she had alleged that in Vienenburg several persons had faced a firing squad, and that in Brunswick a number of individuals had been treated most cruelly. Herr Evers had also spread these stories—"Ein Fall des übelsten Klatsches" (a case of the worst kind of gossip) the *Allgemeiner Anzeiger* headlined it. The court granted the request of the prosecutor and sentenced each of the three to eighteen months' imprisonment.

In the Driftway

IN the past Americans, generally, have been indifferent to titles in their occupations. It is an outgrowth, no doubt, of the early American dream of equality and a land in which "one man is as good as another." In our industry often a man simply is in charge of certain work, and the higher he gets the more frequently it may be that his job has no official title. Inside the plant he is known as "the boss," while outside he is possibly alluded to as "the works." Even in government service America has no titles to compare in pomp and imagery with those abroad—say, Chancellor of the Exchequer or First Lord of the Admiralty. But some of us are learning that there is something in titles—that they pay in prestige and thus eventually in terms of that more important consideration, money. There is no doubt, for instance, that the modern "publicity director" or "public-relations counsel," has a better standing and income than the old-time "press agent." And Americans abroad have often found their lack of titles a handicap. One resourceful man, finding himself generally snubbed in Europe, had some cards engraved describing himself as "John Smith, Elector of the Sovereign State of New Jersey." After that he received more attention.

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IN connection with the tendency to give more consideration to titles in America, the Drifter points to a recent arrival which he believes is not surpassed by even the most gorgeous appellations abroad. If the reader will consult the Manhattan Telephone Directory, he will find therein the following entry: "Emil Lederer, Sole Arbiter." What, the Drifter asks, could be grander or more awe-inspiring than that? What more inclusive and authoritative? What more final and convincing? The job of Sole Arbiter, as may be guessed, is a new one. The holder of it sits high up in the Maritime Building in downtown New York in the offices of the Transatlantic Passenger Steamship Conference. Fittingly, the offices overlook the unparalleled panorama of the world's most majestic harbor. The conference is an organization designed to arrange uniform rates and practices among transatlantic steamship lines, in other words, to eliminate the "advantages of free competition," still publicly extolled but no longer privately practiced (where it can be helped) in world industry. The conference found that it could make rules but that it needed somebody to enforce them. So a year ago it took Mr. Lederer away from the Hamburg-American Line and made him what some other industries have less happily called a "czar." That word meant something once, but in this day it is only a pitiful reminder of crumpled might. The steamship companies' Sole Arbiter, as may be imagined, is an unpretentious man who does not give interviews or talk about his work. He doesn't have to, for what he says goes. He has iron-gray hair and on his upper lip a closely cropped toothbrush. His eyes are his characteristic feature—black, a little hard, and a little tired except when he smiles through them. His manner is brusque, business-like, but not unfriendly. Whether he chose his title for himself or it was the thought of another, the Drifter does not know. The Drifter does know that it was a flash of genius.

SOLE ARBITER, the Drifter thinks, would be a matchless title either for this world or the next. The Drifter doesn't worry much about his own appellation in this world, but it has sometimes occurred to him that it will be no great asset when he reaches the Pearly Gates. He has a picture of a stern angel with a check-list in one hand and a sword in the other. He feels himself slumping and tongue-tied under the stern angel's gaze as the latter scans his check-list and says in a voice cold as from the tomb of the Pharaohs: "So you're the Drifter. There's no ticket for you in the box office. Drift along to the Other Place." On the other hand, how different it might be with a more impressive title. Imagine, for instance, striding up securely confident of one's standing, and without waiting for the stern angel to consult his records, pushing past with chin thrust out and a patronizing remark out of the corner of one's mouth: "I'm the Sole Arbiter. Stand aside, you, while I crash the gate."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Tax-free Cities, Another View

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The thesis so well set forth by Louis Bartlett in his article *Tax-free Cities* is unsound, it seems to me, and will hamper the future growth of municipal ownership. A municipal utility's first function is to supply satisfactory service to the public at the lowest possible cost. The citizens are consumers as well as owners. As owners they are entitled to a fair return on their investment. As consumers they are entitled to good service at low rates. The interest of an individual citizen as an owner and as a consumer are seldom the same.

In this connection it is noteworthy that the Public Service Commission of Wisconsin in very recent letters to municipal utilities has taken the stand that municipal utilities may transfer to the city general fund annually an amount not exceeding 6 per cent of the city's equity in the utility. If the utility is in good financial condition, an amount in excess of this 6 per cent may be transferred, but any additional payment must be considered as a return of principal originally advanced by the city, and will be applied to reduce the city's equity.

Permitting even municipal-owned utilities to make profits large enough to reduce or eliminate taxes is, as Mr. Bartlett admits, using the utility as a tax-collecting device. In other words, we have a high sales tax on electricity instead of on gasoline or bread. But a man's utility bill has no definite relationship to his ability to pay, to his material worth, to the benefits he may derive from government, or to his tax bill. Utility rate structures will need to be entirely remodeled if they are to serve the dual purpose of collecting for electricity and for general civic expenses.

To keep the records clear, I might add that I am an advocate of municipal ownership. In this small city of 4,200, the municipal utility has transferred \$106,000 to the city general fund in the last six years. This has been done with a domestic rate of 9 cents for the first 15 kilowatt hours, 6 cents for the next 15 kilowatt hours, and all over 30 kilowatt hours at 2 cents; the utility pays taxes and has an adequate depreciation reserve. And the joke of all this is that the municipal utility buys the power in bulk from an Insull transmission line. My annual tax and utility bills are about equal—but in fairness the utility bill should be lower and the tax bill higher.

Perhaps the worst feature of using utility profits to pay city expenses is that this keeps the rates of municipal utilities higher than they otherwise would be. It tends to close the spread between private and municipal utility rates. There is no good reason why customers of a private utility should pay Rotary dues for company officers; neither is there any good reason why customers of a municipal utility cooking with electricity should pay more, through their electric bills, for maintaining a fire department than their neighbors who use a dangerous, old gasoline range.

Waupun, Wis., June 20

GEORGE W. GREENE

To Save the Rand School

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Rand School of Social Science is in the midst of a campaign to raise \$17,000 in order to continue its work after twenty-seven years of existence. It would be a calamity if the Rand School were compelled to close its doors. It would be a calamity for the thousand and more students, men and women, old and young, who, laboring through the day, depend on the services of the school for enlightenment and refreshment. It would be a calamity to the civic life of the community, since the headquarters of the school also house a large number of offices of organized labor and other agencies whose activities reach out into the life of the city, and even, by means of correspondence courses and extension work and summer camps, into the life of State and nation.

It would be a calamity to intelligent, untrammelled thought and speech everywhere. The Rand School has been one of the foremost agencies in the country for the promotion of economic literacy and political understanding. The joy that reactionary forces would take in its closing is a measure of its usefulness and its standing. Its friends and the friends of enlightenment and sound adult education must see to it that its great work is not brought to a close for lack of funds.

The \$17,000 required to save the Rand School and the People's House, if raised, will save the Rand Bookstore, the Rand School Press, the Labor Research Department, the Debs Auditorium, the Workers' Theater, the Meyer London Memorial Library, the Rand School extension and correspondence courses, and the home of the Workmen's Circle Children's School, the *New Leader*, the New York Socialist Party, and a host of trade-union organizations.

Readers of *The Nation* are urged to send their contributions to Mrs. Bertha H. Mailly, Chairman, Special Committee, 7 East Fifteenth Street, New York City.

New York, June 21

JOHN DEWEY

Manhattan Moment

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

This report, lacking any social or economic significance, merely gives a glimpse of the East River shipping which interested the writer.

Seen from the twenty-first floor of an apartment tower near the river's Manhattan shore, a tug was puffing northward with a barge in tow loaded with huge sharp fragments of granite, probably blasted from the excavation for a skyscraper and now destined for Hart's Island up-river, where ground is being filled in for new buildings of the city's public institutions. Just as this slow-voyaging and clumsy craft passed the lookout window, an outboard speedboat came frolicking by it, down-river, with its zip-tilted form flinging up delicately arched little geysers of

spray from either flank, to flash in the sunlight. The contrast was impressive, as between a stolidly swimming thornback skate and a slender flying fish just cleaving the surface for an adventurous soar. Picturesque symbols of caution and audacity.

Roselle, N. Y., May 30

ELIOT WHITE

Medical Note

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Even the vulgarity of a pun can sometimes phrase pertinent criticism. One of my favorite *Nation* writers, Paul Y. Anderson, dissents from this, dissents from that, dissents from almost anything at all. Can it be a form of dysentery? That, one knows, weakens both body and spirit.

Saint Peter, Minn., June 15

LOUIS TOWLEY

Palestine's Isolated Prosperity

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The economic depression is not world wide. Palestine enjoys complete immunity from any form of the slump. The cause is not far to seek. Jews from all over the world, an appreciable percentage with capital, are flocking here for various reasons; some because of the local lucrative field for business ventures, others because of business stagnation elsewhere, political oppression, or Zionist propaganda. This immigration means a tremendous influx of capital to be invested. The working class comes chiefly from the Slav countries.

You have the cause, now for the effect. Instead of unemployment, there is a labor shortage. The country is devoted chiefly to citriculture, and therefore most of the labor is agricultural. I have seen the students of a local high school called upon to help with the spring planting. The budget, instead of showing the usual deficit, is balanced and has a surplus. There is a real-estate and building boom in progress which smacks of America in 1927 and 1928. Having arrived from the United States and Canada a few months ago, and visited several European countries en route, I am prepared to state that to my knowledge these conditions of economic welfare are unique.

The cost of living is exceedingly low. A luxurious suite can be had for a maximum of \$35 a month, providing you are quick. By this I mean that homes and apartments are rented before construction is completed. First-class food can be procured for fifty cents a day.

True, Palestine is insignificant even beside the minor nations, let alone the Powers, but to the Jews and Arabs it is of vital importance. The Jew looks upon it as a potential homeland and the Arabs regard it as one of their pieces of property.

Most of these facts were illuminating and revealing to me. I write this in the thought that I may have been as well informed on these subjects as the average American.

Kfar Saba, Palestine, May 29

SAMUEL ZUKERMAN

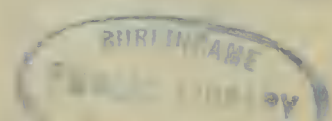
Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am engaged upon a biography of Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby (David Ross Locke, 1833-88). If any of your readers knew him or heard him on the platform, will they please communicate with me.

Webster Groves, Mo., June 14

CYRIL CLEMENS



The "Best People" and the "Mob"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Democracy, according to the president of Colgate University, "is based on mob psychology which is destructive, unmoral, and would drop thousands of years from civilization." It is not surprising to find an American college president lining up with the executives of big business against the ideal of democracy; college presidents themselves are the most autocratic and irresponsible functionaries we have ever had in the United States. Naturally they would like to have the state governed politically on the same fascist lines that they have followed so successfully in their own institutions. As one who for more than thirty years has been a university teacher I should like to point out that while the rule of these institutional autocrats has resulted in an enormous material aggrandizement of plant and endowment, it has notoriously failed to make of the American university a potent social influence. The mediocrity of our college faculties is too well known to require specification; instead of creating social leaders they have turned out, especially during the late jazz era, largely bond salesmen, publicity experts, and radio announcers. College faculties as a rule have less social initiative and liberalism than the student bodies whose sporadic efforts to think for themselves on social and political matters they try, indirectly, to squelch.

The reason that many of us prefer the risks of "mob psychology" and the political method of "counting noses"—as one bitter critic of democracy, who prided himself on being the first to apply the ingeniously vicious system of "voting trustees," once called it—is quite simple. Our so-called "best people," those whose social and educational advantages are superior to the herd, so often guess wrong on vital human questions, especially where their own interests are involved! Without tediously reciting the many instances of this truth in our own history from the Revolution to the Civil War, instances in which the verdict of time has proved the "mob" to have been right against the judgments of timid Tories and selfish industrialists and rugged individualists, it is sufficient to mention the great war and the fantastic peace. This most lamentable of all human mistakes was neither designed, initiated, nor engineered by the common people of any nation, although all known devices of manipulating "mob psychology" were used by the governing classes to flog their peoples into the slaughter. Here in America it was the house of Morgan, aided by our socially best people, which first ardently espoused the cause of the Allies and ultimately worked the country into the war—which many of them now ruefully regret. It was these influences, not the "mob," that committed the stupendous stupidities at Versailles. It was one of the partners of the great house of Morgan who had so little economic or financial foresight as to gloat (and admit it afterwards in his "What Really Happened in Paris"!) when Wilson impatiently decided to break the pledged word of the armistice agreement and admit pensions and reparation allowances as items of the enormous indemnity to be exacted from the foe—which has plagued the world ever since. Mr. Dulles has related how the three first demands made upon Germany by the victorious political and military leaders—coal, ships, and replacement of destroyed factories—were all repudiated within three short years by the Allies themselves. It was not the "mob" that made the Treaty of Versailles, the Dawes subterfuge, and the Young compromise, but the foremost statesmen and financiers of the world.

To come nearer home, it has not been "mob psychology" that has wrecked ten thousand of our banks in a few years but gross incompetency and dishonesty among our leading and most trusted citizens. It has not been the pressure of the "mob"

that has compelled the Congress to confess moral and intellectual impotency and hand over its powers to the Executive in the hope that somehow he may get us out of the mess. So today, as it has ever been in an obscure world, it is safer to trust the collective judgment and instinct of humanity than the wisdom of the few, however able and well equipped they may appear to be. The mass of mankind can be easily confused, as our sly masters of finance and big business know only too well, since they hire the experts to befog the issues. But when the choice involves the simple moralities of existence, as most political and social choices ultimately must, one can trust the reactions of common men rather than the prejudices of the privileged few.

Indeed, it is one of the darker mysteries of human existence that education and cultural advantages do not necessarily endow the individual with either character or wisdom. For the human animal rarely rises above class and cultural influences. I had rather take my chances with the psychology of the mob than with that of Messrs. Herbert Hoover, Lawrence Lowell, Winston Churchill, *et al!* Democracy will withstand all the nibblings of our cultured fascists because ultimate power lies with the masses and they know that they cannot trust either the good will or the good sense of their intellectual superiors. They have been too often betrayed.

Autocracy, feudalism, capitalism, each has crumbled in its day, not because as a social system it was inherently unworkable, but because its special beneficiaries lacked the intelligence and the character to make it workable.

York Village, Me., May 29

ROBERT HERRICK

Volunteer Research

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Some of your readers may be interested to learn that there is in New York City a group of graduate and undergraduate students at present engaged in sustained independent research on problems of economic reorganization and particularly in an investigation of the perishable food industries and the preparation of outlines of socialization for these industries. The group can use the volunteer assistance of men and women who are interested in and familiar with the technical and economic aspects of the dairy-products, fruit-and-vegetable, and meat-products industries.

Each individual develops a special phase of the industry in which he is interested. This development consists of outlining a brief history, completing a bibliography, and indicating the most important problems needing further research. Individuals with a moderate amount of time this summer to devote to such a project are invited to communicate with me at 412 Schermerhorn Annex, Columbia University.

New York, June 8

LUCY KRAMER, Secretary,
Industrial Research Group

Would Form Nation Club

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Readers of *The Nation* are all deeply interested in the subjects taken up in it and should band themselves together in each locality in some form of discussion club in order that they may intelligently digest what they read. I should be glad if Lincoln, Nebraska, readers would take such a step, and I wish I might hear from some of them at 2101 South Thirty-fifth Street.

Lincoln, Neb., June 6

WILBER E. SANFORD

Books and Films

Elegiac

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

"This delicate flesh, this flower without fruit—"
So shall the elegy begin, and so
Its music find you not irresolute,
Moving to measures postulant and slow.
O lyric wreath twined while the breast is warm
And the lids hardly shut upon the eyes!
Lean to those lips and, lest they speak, inform
Sorrow with texts none other shall revise.

Discharge to this anonymous dust your debt—
It will not answer or confound your word,
Happier in oblivion to forget
The resurrection which has been conferred;
Nor dim the light that aftertime may shed
More on the valiant living than the dead.

Prophets of Doom

THREE booklets have just been issued by a new publishing house calling itself Arrow Editions. One of them is a handsomely bound and handsomely printed pamphlet which begins as follows:

A specter is haunting Europe—the specter of communism. All the Powers of old Europe have entered into a holy alliance to exorcise this specter. . . . Where is the party in opposition that has not been decried as communistic by its opponents in power? Where the opposition that has not hurled back the branding reproach of communism against the more advanced opposition parties? . . . Communism is already acknowledged by all European Powers to be itself a power.

The format of the little volume suggests one of the more indecorous classics periodically republished "for book lovers." This opening paragraph suggests, on the other hand, the essay which one may find in any issue of any "left" magazine, or even, these days, of any "popular" magazine as well. Actually, however, it is neither, but rather, as the cultured will recognize from this beginning, a little work published in 1848 and called "The Communist Manifesto."

To one who, like myself, has never read this essay before, the most striking thing about it all is the complete familiarity of everything that is said. One has not only heard elsewhere advanced all the theories propounded, but one seems to have heard them in precisely the same words.

In these crises there breaks out an epidemic that, in earlier epochs, would have seemed an absurdity—the epidemic of overproduction. . . . And how does the bourgeoisie get over these crises? On the one hand, by the enforced destruction of a mass of productive forces; on the other, by the conquest of new markets, and by the more thorough exploitation of the old ones. That is to say, by paving the way for more and more destructive crises, and by diminishing the means whereby crises are prevented.

Surely these sentences, chosen at random from fifty equally striking ones, have been sold in very slightly modified form to a dozen current magazines during the last few years. So, of course, has the one about how modern industrial methods have produced internationalism, and the other even mustier one which points out how these same industrial methods have reduced the handicrafts man to the position of a mere cog in the machine. One begins to suspect that editors have been steadily paying good money for matter in the public domain, and to wonder if several might not have saved their publications from bankruptcy if they had been willing to compose their own rehashes of the "Communist Manifesto." I am told that Lenin made very important contributions to the technique of revolution. I suspect, on the other hand, that no one has added anything important to its theory since the "Manifesto" was published.

Now it is generally admitted that the events of the last few years have made certain the imminent doom of society. It is something of a shock to learn that the revolution was, for exactly the same reasons, equally inevitable eighty-five years ago. But the shock is succeeded by a thought mildly comforting to one who, doubtless for entirely unworthy motives, is not anxious to be present when the doom falls—namely, the thought that, if the revolution was inevitable eighty-five years ago, it may be just barely possible that it will still be only "inevitable" eighty-five years hence. Marx and Engels are so convincing that they undermine the conviction carried by their contemporary followers, who cannot demonstrate the fact that society must fall any more convincingly than Marx and Engels demonstrated that it could not possibly last until now. I shall not, in my ignorance, attempt to find the flaw in their argument, but it may be somehow connected with their insistence that the worker would inevitably get less and less as he produced more and more. Doubtless he did not, in the years that followed the enunciation of this "law," get his fair share; but he did, in absolute terms, get more, and it is just possible that he will be given still more tomorrow. If he is, then the just society will not arrive, but the bourgeoisie may, to the rage of the revolutionist, be clever enough to do again exactly what it did in the nineteenth century—yield just enough to keep this defective old society a going concern. The fact that men have always been inclined to do exactly that when faced with the "intolerable" abuses discovered from time to time in their economic and other institutions is one of the reasons why the world has remained what Schopenhauer called "at once the best and the worst of all possible worlds"—the best because no one knows how he can improve it, and the worst because if it were any less good than it is, it would not be allowed to exist at all.

In the introduction to another edition of the "Manifesto," published by the League of Industrial Democracy, Harold Laski confesses that Marx, the great apostle of united action, "had never learned the art of collegueship." "With Marx, to enter a movement was to dominate it. 'Hatred,' wrote Mazzini of him, 'outweighs love in his heart.'" "He was," adds Professor Laski, "often wrong, he was rarely generous, he was always bitter." He does not, however, add that this tendency of those who love humanity

so much to hate most of the individual specimens with which they come in contact is one of the reasons why certain skeptics distrust such idealists and prefer the famous remark of Dean Swift: "I hate humanity, but I love Tom, Dick, and Harry." In any event, however, there is one thing more to be said in favor of the "Manifesto." It is easy to read. If that were equally true of the *magnum opus* of the Master there would be no point in a fable which I shall now adapt to my purpose. It appears that Karl Marx was acting Vergil to Lenin's Dante on a tour through hell. They were followed at a short distance by a crowd neither very large nor very small. "What company is that?" asked Lenin. His guide seemed puzzled. "I cannot tell," he replied. "The company is too large to be composed of my readers, but it is too small to be that of my commentators."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Wanting Is—What?

Letters of Robert Browning. Collected by Thomas J. Wise. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Thurman L. Hood. Yale University Press. \$5.

IT is an obvious enough generalization that some collections of letters are intrinsically interesting—interesting at least almost wholly "for their own sake"—and others interesting only on some special grounds, biographical or the like. Of the two types these letters of Browning's belong, with extremely few exceptions, to the latter. No doubt to Browning devotees—who still exist—and in some sense to scholars, every scrap of the poet's correspondence has a certain importance; and to the generally literate person perhaps three or four dozen of these present letters will be of interest on the ground that Browning himself is something like a great poet. But that is as much as can be said. Browning was as far as Tennyson from being a "letter-writer," and the bulk of the letters in this book have singularly little value, even—one feels at first—on secondary and biographical grounds. There is a great deal here by way of family news, expressions of thanks for one kindness or another, plans for vacations, and similar commonplaces—commonplaces not unjustly represented by such sentences as these: "I sent a bill, for Pen, from the Paris frame-maker, and a letter for Fannie. I dined with the Schlesingers two days ago. . . . The Douglas Murrays were there—he desired me to tell you that the best of his pups is 'laid down' for you. . . . Our weather is fairly good—mild enough, and reasonably free from fog just now." The best typography in New Haven can hardly make literature out of this.

More of it than most readers of this review will believe is in a comparable vein. But of course the volume cannot be disposed of merely in these terms. Indeed, a second thought might well be that it was astute editing on Dean Hood's part to include everything, even the notes of acceptance and the postcardesque correspondence from summer resorts. Only thus, perhaps, can a full impression of the man Browning be successfully rendered. This, doubtless, is the reverse of the medal of which the obverse appears in the ardent letters of his early maturity to Elizabeth Barrett. For Browning was a complicated human being in whose breast dwelt at least two souls—the soul of a late romantic poet and the soul of a suburban bank clerk, the latter of which was sublimated, as his life went on, into the soul of a highly presentable clubman. In a sense, this is familiar enough, and Henry James made it the point of his story, "The Private Life"; but I doubt whether it has ever been so fully demonstrated as in this volume, and I wonder

whether, even now, all its bearings have been sufficiently indicated. Has it ever been put in crudely simple terms that Robert Browning, beautifully endowed as he was, was the poet of insular Nonconformism, the Sophocles of nineteenth-century Whiggery, the reconciler—for the benefit of linen-draperies and M. P.'s—of Shelley and T. B. Macaulay, the mouthpiece of British pragmatic liberalism on its more idealistic, perhaps more pretentious, side; that, at the same time that he was a man of genius, he shared, both as a person and as a writer, the moral and intellectual limitations of his class and his contemporaries?

At any rate, the shopkeeper and the clubman are far more visible in these letters than the man of genius. "With all his audacities," said Edward Dowden, Browning "was preeminently prudent." In short, he was an English dissenter, intellectually cautious, socially conventional, insensitive to the darker realities of his age, cheerfully indiscriminating; and it is the English dissenter who mainly emerges here. Here is the Browning who hobnobs with evangelical preachers; who defers to Lord Leighton and Alma-Tadema; whose liking for Italy was confessedly "always a selfish one"; who can speak like any Calvinist of "the copperhead of human nature" (apropos of the Franco-Prussian War); who is "dead against" Gladstone and his Home Rule stand, but delighted at Joseph Chamberlain's success; who dines out, "with two exceptions," "for the last sixteen days"; who proposes to Lady Ashburton with an eye, apparently, to making his son the heir to her enormous fortune; and who, save for some allusions to his English fellow-authors, never mentions a contemporary thinker of any real distinction. This is to put all the emphasis, with a kind of cynicism, on one side; and it should be said that there are occasional glimpses here of the man who drank some drops out of Shelley's cup, who wrote the great soliloquies and monologues, and who befriended Landor and Margaret Fuller. But the prose heavily outweighs the poetry, and the volume can hardly be recommended to romantic spirits. To the historically minded, who are willing to focus even a considerable poet in his whole temporal and local scene, it can be recommended heartily as a document.

NEWTON ARVIN

A Recent Eden

Land of the Spotted Eagle. By Chief Standing Bear. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

THE perfect life which this book describes was lived no more than sixty years ago, in a paradise whose area is familiar to us under the names North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, and Wyoming. Yet it was a life to which ours bears no relation whatsoever, and even the territory no longer exists. The land is there, with the same sky over it and the same sun rising and setting; but the Black Hills have been stripped of their forests and ripped open for their gold, and neither the sun nor the sky is observed, acknowledged, or saluted by Lakotas who suppose that their world will hold together easily forever.

It did not hold together at all, as everybody knows. Chief Standing Bear, born in a Plains tipi and brought up by his parents as every Lakota boy had been brought up during innumerable centuries, lived to see the white man exterminate his people's buffalo, lived to watch warriors returning in defeat from the Indian wars, lived to go East for an "education" at Carlisle, lived (as half of his young friends did not) to come home to a reservation, lived to behold his people humiliated and slandered by the race which had conquered them—and lived to write two books in defense of his departed culture.

Chief Standing Bear's previous book, "My People the Sioux," was an autobiography, and as such possessed the unique

advantage of having a vast stretch of human history to deal with—from the Stone Age until now. The present volume is almost entirely concerned with the general aspects of this great theme. It is personal only when Standing Bear resorts to his own experience, or to that of his family, to illustrate a point. His subject is the Lakota way of life, and his moral is that the Lakota way was unspeakably superior to our own. His effect is to fill any generous white reader with belief.

"Very early in life," says Standing Bear, "the child began to realize that wisdom was all about and everywhere and that there were many things to know. There was no such thing as emptiness in the world. Even in the sky there were no vacant places. Everywhere there was life, visible and invisible, and every object possessed something that would be good for us to have also—even to the very stones. This gave a great interest to life. Even without human companionship one was never alone." Such is his beginning. Then he goes on to show how it was that an Indian boy became acquainted with this world—not his world only, but his father's, his mother's, his people's world also, and every living creature's. It was a valuable world because so many beings shared it; it was a precious world, not to be walked in carelessly, and never to be looked on with contempt. All life, including human life, was valuable to an Indian, with the result that he managed his days with temperance, brought up his children neither with effort nor with neglect, killed animals reverently and delicately for their flesh or fur, kept the peace whenever possible, and frequently held communication with those spirits who for him represented the sentient, controlling Whole. He was always busy, never bored, and if Standing Bear is right in what he remembers, almost invariably happy.

It is obvious that a hundred and twenty million people could never live so wisely. But that would be no answer for Standing Bear. Nor for the Great Spirit, who may be smiling at us now.

MARK VAN DOREN

For Social Insurance

Insecurity: A Challenge to America. By Abraham Epstein. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$4.

THE author of this book has, during the last decade, been one of the most useful citizens in the country. He began his work for old-age pensions just as the post-war reaction was sweeping over the nation and putting a quietus upon virtually all social legislation. With inadequate resources and at a great personal sacrifice, he has kept steadily on, working for a self-respecting system of pensions to protect old age, and it is due more to him than to any other man that there are today no fewer than twenty-five States with old-age pension laws, and that the movement is on the high road to universal adoption. Through his devotion and energy he has built up the American Association for Old Age Security from scratch to a militant membership of 6,000 members. Just as this association, with its original battle nearly won, is now moving out into the broader struggle for other forms of social insurance, so Mr. Epstein in this timely volume considers the general problem of insecurity in modern life and the ways in which it may be lessened by social action. More than any other book of which I know, this book does for the present generation what those by Rubinow and Seager did for that which preceded it, by bringing together between two covers not merely an analysis of the various and great risks which modern workers face but also the best methods for meeting them.

Mr. Epstein points out that the transition of America from a nation of self-employed farmers, craftsmen, and merchants to one composed primarily of employees has meant that the

mass of the people are dependent upon wages and salaries, and that their incomes are subject to severe interruptions through accidents, illness, unemployment, industrial old age, and the death of the wage-earner. In a well-documented fashion, Mr. Epstein goes on to show how the wages, the savings, and the property of the working classes are in general insufficient to provide them, upon an individual basis, with adequate protection against these catastrophes. Then in a sharp but substantially accurate manner he debunks the various industrial panaceas, such as the spread of insurance, employee stock ownership, welfare plans, and the stabilization programs of specific concerns, by which the individualistic capitalism of the twenties both asserted and believed that it was solving the industrial problem and bringing plenty and security for all.

With the way thus cleared, the author shows how the pooling of a relatively minor proportion of the national income might give to the minority who suffer from these severe interruptions of working-class income a self-respecting minimum of protection, and how this would lift a heavy load of anxiety from the minds of all. He reviews foreign experience with unemployment insurance and very properly points out that the Ohio plan for a State-wide pool gives greater protection and more uniform treatment to the unemployed than the Wisconsin plan of separate and mutually exclusive reserves for each plant. The author then demonstrates that the high cost of medical care and the loss of earnings are a crushing burden upon those who suffer from more or less severe ailments, and that insurance will so distribute these expenses over a wider group as to make them collectively and individually bearable. The case for old-age pensions is next presented, accompanied by a detailed program for action, and the defects in our present system of workmen's compensation are analyzed and made clear. The book closes with a description of the systems of mothers' aid in this and other countries, a discussion of the family-allowance system, and a spirited appeal for action in the field of social insurance by our State and national governments.

Excellent as Mr. Epstein's work is, it is naturally not without certain minor defects. The economic reasoning is at times somewhat superficial, and the tone sometimes unduly cocksure. This is evidenced when the author advocates the British system of flat-rate contributions and payments, which have nothing to recommend them except slight administrative advantages, and when he waves aside any economic analysis showing the ultimate tendency of even capitalistic society to reabsorb workers temporarily displaced because of technological and managerial improvements. But these occasional blemishes do not seriously impair the solid values of Mr. Epstein's work. He has given us a good book which well deserves wide circulation and study.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Apostolic Blows and Knox

Broadcast Minds. By Ronald Knox. New York: Sheed and Ward. \$2.50.

FATHER RONALD KNOX'S is not a name with which to conjure in this country, but in England he occupies the rather self-conscious position of a member of a well-known Protestant family who has been converted to Catholicism. He is also, like his brother, E. V. Knox, and like G. K. Chesterton, a popular writer of light essays and a bit of a humorist. When he adventures into the banal business of combating "atheism," "agnosticism," and "free thought," he becomes, like his brother in the faith, Mr. Chesterton, a trifle naive, not to say disingenuous. To quote the first Samuel Butler, "He proves his doctrines orthodox with apostolic blows and knocks," save that the times have changed, and the method of attack is less

physical than was once the practice of the church which he left and the church which he joined. This volume, as its imprint would suggest, is an excursion into Catholic orthodoxy as the measure of contemporary thought. "Broadcast Minds" is a term of abuse applied by Father Knox to writers who sway public opinion without first consulting Saint Thomas Aquinas. Whether they actually broadcast or not is immaterial, apparently—his chief objects of attack are H. G. Wells, H. L. Mencken, Julian Huxley, Bertrand Russell, H. Langdon-Davies, and Gerald Heard.

Strange as it may seem, these eminent literati suffer from one common defect against which Father Knox's libertarian, enlightened, emancipated Catholic mind revolts: they are dogmatic; they lay down the law; they impose upon the unthinking masses of men; they are particularly positive about matters in which they are not experts; they often make mistakes. It is true, they do not persecute, torture, and kill those with whom they do not agree, and then declare them saints. They do not condemn a woman to a series of Caesarian sections because, as celibates, they are authorities on such matters as sexual love and gynecology. Their utterances, however rash, lack something of that not-too-wistful medievalism which distinguishes a papal encyclical from an editorial in the *Morning Post* or the *Express*. When is a dogma not a dogma? When it is supported by the authority of the Church of Rome. These intellectuals are unbearably dogmatic; they give no free play to human inquiry. Everything that is as plain as a pikestaff to an Irish or Sicilian peasant is completely beyond the comprehension of their narrow minds.

Father Knox repeats the old, old story that there is no conflict between religion and science. Archaeology, anthropology, biology, physics, and astronomy are all mentioned, in a grand finale, as proving this thesis. The Catholic church has never been a stronghold of obscurantism; knowledge has not been won in the face of clerical opposition; the holy priests have always been the torch-bearers of light and learning (not being an Irishman, Father Knox spares us all reference to the Island of Saints and Scholars). He admits, however, that we village atheists have one trump card: Galileo. In this case, it appears, there was a regrettable but isolated conflict between knowledge and ignorance. Since then only one solitary scientific event can be described as having caused the faintest rift between orthodox Christianity and science, and that was the publication of "The Origin of Species." This, however, was a mere trifle, vastly exaggerated by Professor Huxley's grandfather and the latter's colleagues, who failed lamentably to see the joke. Our modern "broadcast minds" somehow have failed to stress the vast rejoicing, the enthusiastic encouragement and understanding, with which the clergy received all efforts to elucidate the story of man's genesis.

However, let it not be thought that Father Knox is not a good clerical mixer, a man of the world, if not a muscular Christian. He is willing to rub shoulders with the commonest of men, if not with common sense. Although not, as he confesses, an admirer of the B. B. C., with its horrible pronunciation and anti-religious bias, he did listen to a broadcast made by the Supreme Pontiff. His Holiness, needless to say, was not a broadcast mind. He was entirely lacking in dogmatism. "It is difficult to imagine any occasion more impressive, I will not say to any Catholic, but to any mind which has a proper perspective of history. The Voice which spoke was one never before heard on the shores of England." Having heard this Voice (why the capital?) myself, I can vouch for the fact that Achille Ratti spoke very much like any Italian priest. His French was very dubious in spots, his German much less influenced by Italian idioms, his Latin as it should be. As a bid for world trade I thought it rather inconsiderate to omit English and Polish, the languages of a number of devoted clients,

not to mention Spanish, never so useful as in these days of recalcitrancy in Spain and Mexico.

The Pope did not have the assistance of interpreters; otherwise what Father Knox calls the Voice might have been heard also for the first time in New York. Evidently, relying only on plenary inspiration, the Supreme Pontiff had not seriously considered the radio as a possible stimulus to the faithful in Ireland, Poland, the United States, and—Oxford. But when all broadcast minds are directed from Vatican City, Father Knox can then write another book pleading for ungrammatical, un-B. B. C. French, English, Spanish, and Polish, divinely inspired and free from philological dogmatism. By that time, however, someone not privileged to be an Italian may fulfil the inscrutable will of God by being awarded the papal tiara. Then, indeed, we shall have surcease from the inquisitorial intolerance, the medieval ignorance, of Messrs. Wells, Huxley, Mencken, and Russell. But, owing to the "Index Expurgatorius," we shall never be able to discover that it was Voltaire, not Napoleon (as Father Knox supposes) who said that if God did not exist, we should have to invent him.

ERNEST BOYD

Pathos Is Not Enough

Pity Is Not Enough. By Josephine Herbst. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

IN her first novel Miss Herbst wrote about very ordinary people living somewhat less than ordinary lives, and by making them seem important by virtue of their very ordinariness gave us a picture of American life more real and profound than such pictures usually turn out to be. For the principal defect of our fiction in the last five or ten years has been a belated application of the American spirit of pioneering and exploitation to the subject matter of the novel, an emphasis on various elements of strangeness, wildness, or mere picturesqueness in our national past which more often than not replaces an intensive enough preoccupation with character or theme. Because of the current widespread interest in the American past, the American novelist of the moment is more fortunate than his European fellow-worker, who suffers from the prevalent debility of themes without having the same lush variety of concrete settings to offer as a possible substitute. The result has been that our fiction recently has been characterized by a kind of richness—a richness, it is true, not more than skin deep—which has led too many people to believe that it is also very important. Much of it has resembled a colored lantern-slide naturalism more than anything else, and many of its writers recall to mind Rebecca West's remark about Zola, that while he did not believe that Rome was built in a day he seemed to believe that it could be described in less.

The change in Miss Herbst's choice of material since "Nothing Is Sacred" illustrates all this as well as anything in some time. Actually her first book possessed solid qualities of style and characterization than many more pretentious and successful novels published during the same season. But her characters, placed in a contemporary and painfully humdrum setting, revealed themselves to be so empty of mind and soul as to be wholly lacking in any kind of significance, moral or otherwise; and the futile automatism of their actions probably depressed their creator, as they certainly did the reader, with a pretty acute feeling of spiritual nausea. At the end Miss Herbst was able to discover no meaning in the lives of these people for whom nothing is sacred; and to Miss Herbst's credit it must be said that she seems to be aware of the necessity of discovering some meaning in the lives of the people whom she creates in her fiction. The only question is whether she has

followed just the right course in this new and much more ambitious novel. Here we have scale as we did not have it in her earlier book.

"Pity Is Not Enough" is the record of an American family from the Civil War to the present. It traces its hero, Joe Trexler, through carpet-bagging days in the South, through gold-prospecting and other adventures in the West, to his ultimate insanity and death. A great deal of ground is covered, in the most literal sense, and a great many details of our national history are worked into the fabric. Miss Herbst knows her materials and knows them well enough not to impose them too obviously on our attention. But what is lost in all this tenderly careful reconstruction of the post-Civil War era is exactly "poor Joe" Trexler himself, the hero, who has hardly more function than to serve as a center for the documentation and the often very beautiful nostalgic prose. Because we are never made to believe in him as a man, as distinguished from a kind of historical symbol, neither he nor the period that he represents ever becomes quite alive with meaning. The mood of pathos, somewhat reminiscent of Glenway Wescott, with which Miss Herbst suffuses her pages is not enough to give meaning even to a single life. Characterization might be enough—if a few of our novelists would only decide to concentrate on it again.

WILLIAM TROY

A Contemporary Classicist

The Poems of T. Sturge Moore. Collected Edition. Volumes I, II, and III. The Macmillan Company. \$5 each.

POETRY is denied popularity for various reasons, few of them constant from decade to decade but all of them readily comprehensible to students of taste and public temperament. It is harder to understand the recurrent obscurity or vogue of certain writers within the field of critical appreciation itself. We have explained to our own satisfaction and flattery the reclaiming of Donne, Emily Dickinson, and Gerard Hopkins to honor in the twentieth century. The homage rendered these masters has perhaps allowed too little attention to several poets of similar integrity and isolated distinction whose careers are too recent to admit of exciting exhumations. One of these poets is T. Sturge Moore, whom the present collected edition exhibits in a beautiful typography and binding of his own design. It may aid in calling wider attention to the "exceptional sensibility" which several admirers, among them Ezra Pound, praised in his work twenty years ago, and which steadily underlies his remarkable achievement.

The enthusiast for contemporary styles will be deterred at the outset by Moore's almost complete scorn of fashionable methods or innovations. The reader's adjustment to his specifically personal, uninfluenced point of view, overlaid as it is with traditional feeling, is as necessary as in approaching the work of Francis James or Robert Bridges. It is that point of view, however, which provides the clue to Moore's quality. He has based his work neither upon the perversely eccentric mentality which produces the sensational poetic innovator, nor in the consciously shared experience which robs many modern poets of invigorating isolation and consequent strength of judgment, but on a moral and aesthetic intelligence of his own determination. This intelligence, schooled in classic forms, has not hesitated to draw its attitudes from them when it has found that those attitudes conformed to the poet's own bent or voice. Moore has therefore adapted to his own use historical themes, legends, fantasies, and even familiar phrases and clichés without suggesting servile imitation of his models. And because his poems, whatever their traditional qualities, are formed on the basis of his own resolute convictions, they persuade us again

that poetic language is neither made nor ruined by specialized vocabulary, by classical or topical phraseology, provided that it issues from a sincere and authentic self-determination on the part of the poet himself. Our superstition about traditional rhetoric in modern poetry will not be corrected until, as Eliot once suggested, we recognize the existence of "a rhetoric of substance also, which is right because it issues from what it has to express."

Approached in this way, Moore's poems and dramas lose the remote preciousness and oracular aloofness which repel at first glance. He has not always been an exact judge of his limitations. His emphatic personal reserve has not prevented him from exploiting opinions or experiments which are of a purely private significance and doubtless damage the effect of his best work. These defects in proportion must also be held to account for several of his unimpressive critical pronouncements in English magazines, and for some of the metrical novelties scattered through this edition. He has frequently been diverted to trivial utterance by intimate friendships and by some of his more random literary and artistic interests. This will not detract from the pure intention and clarity of tone which pervade his serious work: the exquisite lyrics, of which "The Dying Swan" has been made familiar through Yeats's admiration; the poems of childhood in "The Little School"; the shapely translations from Rimbaud, Verlaine, Ronsard, and Valéry; and the longer dramatic poems, of which "Danaë," "Tyrting," and "Judith" are the best. A better knowledge of these poems will enrich not only our store of modern poetry but, what is more important, our understanding of it.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Metternich and the "Beasts"

Metternich: A Study of His Period and Personality. By Algernon Cecil. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

MR. CECIL takes a special pride in proclaiming himself "a reviving Tory," and one is led to suspect that his chief reason for writing about Metternich is that it gives him an opportunity to recite an object lesson in social and political science. He believes, quite significantly, that "we can learn as much from Metternich as it is possible for one distracted century to be taught by another," and that he was not "merely a man of his world, but a man of the world; and his wisdom, though in some ways the wisdom of his time, was in more the wisdom of all time." Now while Mr. Cecil would perhaps be the last person to deny that he is dedicated wholeheartedly to the Metternich variety of conservatism and its peculiar idea of social salvation, it is almost certain that this very thing has thrown a false emphasis and a distorted perspective on his work as a biographer and historian. His characters, though in many ways believable and human—especially Metternich himself—are continually avoiding him and attiring themselves in the garbs of melodramatic villains and ideal heroes. Not that Mr. Cecil tries consciously to distort fact, for this is most emphatically not the case, but by forever believing that his hero can do no wrong—that is, of course, in the way of social injustice or social shortsightedness—he involves himself in a series of amazing apologies and verbal prestidigitations.

It must be remembered that Metternich's greatest horror was the rumblings and manifestations of social and political change that were sweeping through Europe in the wake of the French Revolution. Anything that threatened or seemed to threaten the existence of his pet *ancien régime* was for him the blackest treachery and the deepest sacrilege. Believing himself to possess—and Mr. Cecil thinks he did possess—the only knowledge and capacity to keep Europe and civilization from

disintegration and chaos, he spent his entire active life fighting the revolutionary spirit wherever he found it. To satisfy his grand passion there was no piece of double-dealing, no political intrigue, no amount of subjugation and repression that he would not undertake.

For Mr. Cecil, all this comes under the head of "diplomacy," and to sustain Metternich in the hero's role he is not only prepared to undertake elaborate and eulogistic explanations, but allows himself to dismiss his enemies by classing them quite generally as the "beasts of the Revolution." Dozens of times, in fact, various revolutionary activities are referred to—without other consideration or investigation—as the work of such "beasts." To write 332 pages treating a period when millions of people realized for the first time—because of the example in France—that autocracy and starvation were, after all, not invariable laws of the universe, and to refer to these people only as "rabble," and to the social forces they generated only as a "plain menace," or the "spectral monster," is to write something that hardly deserves to be called a "study" of that period.

By far the most interesting part of Mr. Cecil's book is that dealing with the personality of Metternich. For in spite of his quite obvious limitations as a historian, Mr. Cecil as a recounter of political intrigue and court life is often vivid and penetrating. The chapters dealing with Metternich's amazing "diplomacy" are told in a tone of Machiavellian delight and with all the mastery of a connoisseur. Indeed, whenever Mr. Cecil allows himself to forget his self-imposed duty of expounding moral lessons and eternal truths, his characters become very lifelike and possible.

VICTOR JOHN KROETCH

Shorter Notices

Sometime. By Robert Herrick. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

Utopias become increasingly easy to construct with the breakdown of the social system. By taking all the crank fads of today—nudism, vegetarianism, free love—Mr. Herrick has created the land of Sometime, a glorified playground of the human race, where mankind disports itself eternally in a world that closely resembles the unreal paradise of a modern experimental school. True, the Sometimers have subordinated the machine, abolished money, and regulated the growth of population; but too many of the ideals of American civilization persist in their society—speed, physical comfort, eternal youthfulness—a eupeptic, narcissistic society, a world that might have been created by the genius of modern advertising if all the street-car placards could be more than wish-fulfilment. The Utopia of Sometime is not a daring rearrangement of human concepts, such as Samuel Butler propounded in "Erewhon." A psychic sterility seems to oppress the inhabitants, and the perfection of their society is a state of tension constantly tending toward disruption. Possibly this is the trouble with all Utopias, whether communistic or fictional. At any rate, the total effect of reading about the Sometimers is to reconcile the reader to society as it exists today, and to make him hope that we may find amelioration but not perfection.

Gibbon. By G. M. Young. D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.

Gibbon was a rich man's son. He knew almost none of the extremes of life. His tepid and respectable love affair did not end in marriage but in the kind of quiet friendship in which successful marriages sometimes end. His pleasures were travel and study, and these he enjoyed without having to overcome any great obstacles. So serene was his life that the biographer of Gibbon is compelled to turn for narrative material to the events

of the slow composition and publication of his masterpiece, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Mr. Young uses a bright, allusive style that succeeds in sustaining the reader's interest. His book is one of the more successful volumes in the useful and competent series of Appleton biographies.

Try the Sky. By Francis Stuart. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

This is the tale of a strange quartet who are brought together on a disabled motor boat on the Danube: Jose, a young Irishman with a flair for race horses who hopes to write a novel about the turf; his sweetheart, Carlotta, a lovely young Austrian whom suffering has filled with a Dostoevskian love of humanity; Buttercup, a half-breed Indian princess who is plotting to get Soviet assistance for an Indian uprising in the Canadian Northwest, a sort of Chthonian being who rather too obviously symbolizes the ruthless forces of nature; and her mysterious husband, Beltane. The novel glides pleasantly down the Danube on a tide of mystic symbolism which provokes the inevitable D. H. Lawrence tag so popular with blurb-writers this season. This is rather tactless, for the faint symbolism which gives the necessary romantic overtone to this Danube waltz is almost dispelled by such a potent invocation.

An Anthology of Haiku Ancient and Modern. Translated and annotated by Asataro Miyamori. Tokio: Maruzen Company, Ltd.

The Haiku is one of the peculiarly brief Japanese lyric forms. It is limited to three lines totaling seventeen syllables in all—less than our heroic couplets. As a consequence its characteristic is subtle condensation which depends upon suggestion and association. Naturally these are virtually untranslatable except at the points where the literary traditions of the two languages coincide, and the associations of one are matched in the other. Mr. Miyamori's scholarship is excellent, and his introduction and notes are informative. His translations, however, are dull, and only when the content has an indestructible imaginative quality, as in "The white bait [a small transparent fish] looks as if the soul of the water moves," have they any success. Mr. Miyamori, however, wherever there have been previous translations, includes the other versions, which add to the comprehensiveness and value of the work. In format the book is an exquisite example of Japanese book-making.

Memories of Lenin. Volume II. By N. K. Krupskaya. International Publishers. \$1.50.

These intimate memories of Lenin, put on paper by his widow, seem strangely pathetic, even forlorn. Here was a determined revolutionist in exile, cut off from his native land, fighting against the defeatism and opportunism of his associates and followers. Lenin himself, though his principles were unshaken, was never quite certain of the future. Thus, Mme Krupskaya recalls a lecture he delivered in Zurich only a few weeks before the February revolution. "We of the older generation," Lenin said, "may not live to see the decisive battles of this coming revolution." But even as he spoke the collapse of the empire was at hand. The forces making for that collapse had been at work for some time. Desertions from the front had been heavy for more than two years. And on August 15, 1916, Minister of War Guchkov felt it necessary to warn General Alexeev that "in the rear disintegration is doing its full work, and the government is decaying at its foundation." Of course, Lenin could hardly have known of these developments. He was in exile in Switzerland and out of touch with Russian affairs. But if Lenin was taken unaware by the suddenness of the February upheaval, he was without question prepared to take advantage of that event. Through the nine years of his

second exile, first in Geneva, then in Paris, Cracow, Berne, and Zurich, which Mme Krupskaya describes in this volume, he had fought consistently to preserve and develop the revolutionary content of the Socialist movement. He had fortified himself by constant study and debate. Others had yielded to opportunism, or had wanted to liquidate the Russian party because the fight seemed so hopeless. When the revolutionary opportunity came, Mme Krupskaya points out, Lenin alone of the radical leaders was prepared for revolutionary action.

Man Wants but Little. By Wilson Wright. A. and C. Boni. \$2.

The title of this novel speaks for itself. José Perdriga, ■ young Spaniard, emigrates to Cuba at the height of the boom period. Swept into the hectic life of the island, with its background of local politics and revolution and American exploitation of mines and sugar, he reacts to it with all the deep stubbornness of a simple nature which asks but little here below. His needs are fundamental: a woman to love, a family to bring up, and some work on the soil to keep body and soul together. These things might seem easy of attainment, but Perdriga does not find them so. There is plenty of land, but it is not to be had for the asking. Other human beings break in on his peace. He is drawn into ■ complicated net of events. It is his misfortune to be a capable young man, a fact soon discovered by Wilson, the American superintendent, who proceeds to make use of him. Perdriga fights the golden opportunities offered him. "He sat simply facing the 'boss' who was doing so much for him, and wished to heaven something could be done to stop him." His wife's family, too, is ■ bit of ■ nuisance. Existence becomes for him an eternal combat with some dragon, which is perhaps human nature itself. Ultimately he attains ■ measure of the felicity he so ardently desires. Earth is a potential paradise, which can be gained only in snatches. The author is apparently intimately acquainted with Cuban life, which he presents in a series of kaleidoscopic views.

An International Series of Open Letters. International Institute of Intellectual Cooperation. Vol. II. *Why War?* By Albert Einstein and Sigmund Freud. Boston: World Peace Foundation. \$1.

The earlier volume in this series was devoted to ■ discussion of the wordily phrased but vital problem, "the means of insuring the representation of intellectual activity in the social, economic, and political life of today." The contributors were Professor Gilbert Murray, chairman of the League of Nations committee which has charge of the series, Salvador de Madariaga, Alfonso Reyes, Paul Valéry, and several others. In this volume Professor Albert Einstein, who is unqualifiedly opposed to war under any and all circumstances, and who has declared his conviction that any given nation could disarm at will with impunity and national profit, draws up the indictment against war with admirable clearness and simplicity (no writer in the world is clearer or simpler than the father of the bewildering theory of relativity), and inquires of the austere old psychoanalyst in Vienna how mankind got that way and whether he believes there is ■ way out. The instincts of hate and destruction, Freud replies, are probably as natural and necessary as those that conserve and unify. There seems to be a principle of polarity involved; at least "an instinct of either category can operate but rarely in isolation." War, which is an easy outlet for the destructive impulses, is thus difficult of eradication; but perhaps—Freud, for all his relentlessness, has always been something of a wistful idealist—perhaps a way can be found to turn the destructive impulses into less odious and evil channels. For Freud, at bottom, is as instinctively ■ pacifist as Einstein. And one feels behind the cautious objectivity of these two scientists the passionate earnestness of two generous souls.

Films

Summer Solstice

IT is not altogether true that the movies differ from the legitimate theater in being less affected by seasonal changes, and that one can see just as many worth-while films during the summer months as at any other time during the year. The current drift to breezy musical concoctions like "College Humor" and "Gold Diggers of 1933" would seem to indicate that exhibitors are taking no chances of letting anything interfere with the proper appreciation of their expensively installed air-cooling systems. In adjusting their programs to the temperature the movie palaces are of course merely following another old tradition of the legitimate stage, which until quite recently always refrained from more "serious" manifestations during the torrid season. In New York further evidence that the dog days are approaching is to be seen in the languishing state of the little cinema houses, most of which have either closed down or devoted themselves to revivals. The latter condition will not seem entirely calamitous as long as it makes it possible for us to see René Clair's "Le Million" (Little Carnegie) for the third or the fourth time, as the case may be. Another circumstance, traceable to the political rather than the climatic barometer, which is also affecting the little houses, is the active boycott being carried on by the German-Jewish audience in our larger cities against all German-made films. One of the good effects of this has been an encouragement of French pictures in this country; and since one could spare ■ great many German operettas for ■ film like "Poil de Carotte" (Europa) one may still be grateful to the Hitler regime.

The newest house to set itself up as the "international cinema" is the Vanderbilt, which has had the courage, in the face of the present difficulties, to bring Richard Tauber's very popular singing vehicle, "The Golden Goal," to the American public. A proper estimate of this would require the services of the music critic, who would be better able to pass judgment on the quality of Herr Tauber's tenor voice, his phrasing of Mozart and Schumann, and his rendition of large sections of "Martha." Certainly, to the amateur, it seems like one of the most thrilling voices so far recorded on the screen, with the richness and volume that one associates with the great tenors, and Herr Tauber's acting personality is distinctly agreeable. The story also is somewhat better calculated to supply a plausible background for vocal prowess than is common in pictures of this sort. We see Herr Tauber, first and last, in the choir of the little church in Bavaria from which he has been tempted away by ■ rich visitor from Berlin. The theme is the ultimate loneliness of the great artist, and because as a theme this is fairly unhackneyed for the screen, and because it is carried with the full weight of Tauber's undeniable talent behind it, the impact is quite strong in the final scenes. From any point of view "The Golden Goal" is worth seeing and hearing, but to the student or amateur of music it will of course have a very special interest.

Not having seen either of the stage plays on which the two Hollywood films viewed this week were based, the present reviewer is handicapped in making the usual comparisons, although it is hard to believe that either original included such remarkably bad acting as Ruth Chatterton imposes on her gullible admirers in "Lilly Turner" (Rivoli). So versatile has Miss Chatterton become that she can now change her style of acting with every scene—and with the most startling effects. One is uncertain throughout whether her accent is going to emerge as lowbrow (Brooklyn), or highbrow (Mayfair-cum-Hollywood), or

plain unadulterated Hollywood. The truth is that Miss Chatterton is much too great a lady ever to have undertaken such a sordid role; the nautch dance in particular was a great mistake. Except for an excellent portrayal by a German actor of a circus strong man in an advanced stage of paranoia, the picture as a whole is devoid of point or distinction. "When Ladies Meet" (Capitol) is all too plainly a faithful photographing of Rachel Crothers's popular comedy. As a motion picture it has too little motion and too little variety of background to be acceptable, and while its lines are witty in a genteel sort of way they are probably not so witty as they seemed on the stage. Its chief interest for those who have seen the play will consist in the presence of Miss Alice Brady in the cast. Of Miss Brady's powers as a comedienne one is left with the impression that she is trying just a little too strenuously to make us forget that she once played Mr. O'Neill's Electra. It is almost eerie to observe this sophisticated daughter of the footlights eyeing the camera when she makes her "points" as if it were an Empire or Guild audience. Her performance, however, is a vigorous one, in the best theatrical sense, and since a little vigor is what Miss Crothers's conceptions are most in need of, it helps things considerably. It is good to report also that Robert Montgomery, as the pushy young journalist who saves the heroine's virtue, has improved his acting enormously since the days when he served as one of Miss Garbo's wooden Indians. In fact, the acting in "When Ladies Meet" is more satisfying than anything else—which means, of course, that it is not the sort of screen play one is likely to remember.

WILLIAM TROY

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NERVOUSNESS IS DEVELOPING among the administrators of the Roosevelt recovery program. The larger industries have not been coming forward with their "codes of fair competition" as quickly as was hoped. Some industries are suspected of organizing without benefit of the National Recovery Administration, of getting together for the purpose of fixing prices and dividing markets upon their own initiative. Other industries have intimated that they will challenge the constitutionality of the recovery and farm-relief acts in the courts. Others are merely stalling in the hope that natural processes of recovery will presently render codes and other measures of control obsolete and unnecessary. The farmers, too, have been slow in cooperating. This is especially true of the cotton producers. With prices rising, the farmers have not been eager to agree to curtail their production next year. Many feel that they may have more to gain by selling their crops on the open market than by reducing their output and accepting a government subsidy for the difference. Crop-reduction agreements among the cotton growers have been discouragingly few and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration has stopped publishing

figures concerning them, at least for the time. Persons close to the Roosevelt Administration are beginning to worry; for the first time they realize the immensity of their task.

THE ADMINISTRATORS of the program have, therefore, dropped their soft-spoken language of a few weeks ago and are now talking in terms of positive, summary action. Hugh S. Johnson warned industry that it must come to terms with the government at once in order to prevent "a new collapse." Donald Richberg, general counsel for the National Recovery Administration, told the Merchants' Association of New York in a blunt and impressive address that "industrial leadership" was being given "one more chance—perhaps the last—to justify its authority." The "challenge" of the Roosevelt program, he declared, "must be met in the next sixty days." Attorney-General Cummings promised in words hardly less vigorous to bring the full force of the anti-trust laws to bear against the trade and industrial groups that are attempting to fix and enforce their own restrictive agreements. At the same time conferences have been held at the White House to determine how the recovery and farm-relief laws may best be defended against probable attacks in the courts. What disturbs Administration officials in this respect is the knowledge that there are four old men on the Supreme Court bench who always side with the financial and industrial monopolists and two or three others who usually vote as the interests of big business seem to require.

WHILE there are many reasons for the anxiety privately expressed in Washington, the most urgent has to do with the boom in commodities and securities. This may appear paradoxical, but the fact remains that the price rise has embarrassed the Administration by lessening the enthusiasm of industry and the farmers for government regulation. As Ernest K. Lindley remarks in the *New York Herald Tribune*: "Industries which were in the red two months ago are now in the black and are envisioning even greater profits in the near future with the help of low depression wage-scales in their own particular industries." Moreover, the boom has been largely one-sided. The June report of the Department of Commerce shows a marked increase in business activity, but it also shows that "employment and pay-roll gains have lagged considerably behind the increase in production." In May employment and pay-roll indexes were still "below the low level of a year ago," and average hourly factory earnings "also were at a new low point." The report warned that "available indexes of consumer purchasing indicate for the most part that goods are not moving into consumption as fast as they are being produced." The Administration considers this the crux of the problem. If the production and price curves go up faster than the purchasing-power curve, it is felt that the disparity between the two will soon lead to another crash. This is what Johnson, Richberg, and other officials had in mind when they warned business men of the drastic consequences the failure of the Roosevelt program probably would have.

There can be no question that if the recovery scheme fails, for lack of cooperation or for any other reason, the reaction upon business in general will be swift and severe.

THE appointment of Secretary Ickes as permanent Public Works Administrator to succeed Colonel Sawyer is an encouraging move. It indicates that the government's public-works program is likely to be carried out for the purposes originally intended—to put unemployed men to work—and that it will not be perverted into a vast party grab-bag. Disturbing reports had been trickling out of Washington that the multitudes of jobs and contracts to be handed out as soon as the program gets under way were being confidently awaited by hungry Democrats. One of Ickes's primary acts should be to see to it that all local and State or regional administrators are held rigidly accountable in the distribution of benefits. Another duty will be to secure for discharged federal employees a first go at suitable positions created under the program. The chances for graft in the administration of a measure involving the expenditure of \$3,300,000,000 are so numerous and monumental that only the ablest, most honest, and most courageous executive could possibly prevent them. Secretary Ickes comes as close to these specifications as any person in the Cabinet. Our one doubt about his fitness for this task is based upon his reputed conservatism in regard to the expenditure of the money. While it is proper to proceed with a wary eye to speculators and grafters, it is equally necessary to cover as much ground as possible with great rapidity. Already prices are rising. Already production is increasing. If these developments are not to end in a shattering collapse—like that of a comber rolling up a beach—they must be paralleled by an equally marked increase in purchasing power. Secretary Ickes has apparently sided hitherto with the Treasury's watch-dog, Lewis W. Douglas, in opposition to Tugwell and certain other members of the Cabinet who advocate a generous outlay on approved projects. If assistance through government expenditure is justified at all, it should be applied in large doses with all possible speed.

BREAD IS GOING UP in price. There should be no surprise at this. It is a natural result of the recent increase in the price of wheat and of the processing tax of thirty cents a bushel, effective on July 9, on such of the grain as is milled into flour, with the purpose of creating a fund with which to pay farmers to restrict acreage and so keep prices up. There are, to be sure, grave doubts about the success of this restriction plan, as well as in regard to the entire effort toward price inflation, but the Roosevelt Administration has based its hopes squarely on that policy, and nobody who is supporting the program ought to object to its obvious consequences. At the same time, this is a moment for bakers to go slow and watch for the sign "Sharp curve ahead." Secretary of Agriculture Wallace reminds the bakers with point that when the price of wheat was falling, and they were asked to reduce their charges for bread, they countered by declaring that the amount they paid for grain was only a small item of their total expense. Secretary Wallace estimates that increases in the price of bread should not exceed $1\frac{1}{3}$ cents on a pound loaf and threatens to put profiteering bakers out of business by a licensing system if necessary. A crucial struggle impends here, and the future of the whole Roosevelt

program may well hinge on how far Mr. Wallace lives up to his promises. The public can't have its cake and eat it too, says a spokesman for the bakers. True, but if the bakers are greedy, they may find themselves baking their bread and keeping it too.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S proposal for a managed currency that would secure a fixed price level for at least a generation is an ideal most desirable of realization, but we must recognize that the difficulties in the way of its attainment are enormous, and that the present American delegation and the present world conference are clearly not the instruments to achieve it. What is immediately possible, however, as well as desperately necessary, is the fixing of definite figures for devaluation of at least the dollar and the pound and of a definite date for returning to gold at those figures. There is no magic in mere depreciation, mere uncertainty, and daily fluctuations in the currency's value, as the record so far of Great Britain and Japan ought to show. We have formally been off the gold basis for not quite three months. Great Britain, also, following her abandonment of gold in September, 1931, had a three months' period of rising markets and commodity prices, but then, as uncertainty continued, the long sagging movement was resumed. As this is written the dollar in the foreign exchange market is at a discount from the old gold parity of fully 30 per cent. This is about as far as the depreciation should be allowed to go. It seems quite sufficient, when adjustments have been made to it, to restore a workable relation between costs and prices. Any further depreciation will probably be at the ultimate expense of the American retail consumer and American labor. The depreciation must be halted before any further harm is done. There is only one certain way to halt it, and that is by a return to gold at the present dollar level.

THE MORE ENLIGHTENED SPIRIT animating the Department of Labor under its new Secretary, Frances Perkins, is evident in an order just issued permitting foreign students in the United States to work their way through school or college. The new ruling revokes one formerly promulgated by the obtuse Secretary Doak of Mr. Hoover's regime, which prohibited students from working for their maintenance while getting an education in this country. Mr. Doak on September 1, 1932, sent a notice to all college registrars, saying that the privilege of employment, even on part time, was withdrawn from alien students. The American Civil Liberties Union offered its services to test the regulation in court, but the Department of Labor avoided the issue by exempting from the order several students who were selected for the legal issue. In December of last year Mr. Doak's order was somewhat relaxed, in the face of wide protest, so as to permit students already in the United States to continue to work for room and board but not for money. The present superseding order of Commissioner General of Immigration MacCormack says:

A student who has some means, but not sufficient income to cover necessary expenses, will be permitted to accept sufficient employment to meet necessary expenses. A student having no means will be permitted to work to earn sufficient funds to meet necessary expenses. In no case will a student be permitted to accept employment of a nature to interfere with his full course of studies.

WHILE the New York utilities continue to oppose rate reduction on the ground that they cannot afford it, testimony before the Public Service Commission has disclosed more high salaries markedly increased during the depression. The New York Edison's chief executives received emoluments totaling \$193,500 in 1927 and \$230,800 in 1932, a rise of 19.31 per cent. The Bronx Gas and Electric administrators' salaries in the same period rose 17.1 per cent. For 1933 they will be still higher! The Brooklyn Edison was a little foxier. That company put into effect an apparent salary cut. But it promoted every official so that actually each one received more than before and the administrative increases for the first four months of 1933 are \$6,250 above last year. In addition, "consolidation" in New York Edison departments resulted in an increased expense of \$20,358 for the same four months! All of which, with other cumulative evidence, proves that the public is faced with a group of unconscionable highbinders who are making a mockery of the whole "public utility" principle. If the Public Service Commission does not wish to strengthen the long-growing belief that it is wholly complacent in the face of this legalized racketeering, it will immediately order those salaries reduced to levels consonant with the decreased cost of living and make its mandate evasion-proof. And the benefit of these, and other equally necessary and obvious economies, should be passed on at once to the public in the form of substantially reduced rates.

ROY W. HOWARD, on the front pages of the Scripps-Howard newspapers which he dominates, urges editorially that the situation in the Far East requires that the United States should immediately commence building its navy up to its treaty quota, "and beyond, if the world wants to remove the limit." His views are important in so far as they tend to shape the editorial policies of twenty-six dailies which have earned the right to be considered among the more enlightened forces in American journalism. Mr. Howard's argument is that a "decade of American effort and progress toward outlawing war has ended in failure—temporarily at least"; that "America's efforts to substitute reason for force in international agreements" are "premature"; that "in Manchukuo Japan has created another Alsace-Lorraine from which she will never be ousted except by force of arms"; that "the Japanese public has been convinced that America is too penurious to fight," and "in that misconception lies real danger." So because Japan exhibits her conviction that might makes right and has made scraps of paper of her treaty obligations, the United States should now arm to the teeth. Are American marines to recapture the Asiatic Alsace-Lorraine for the Chinese? That would seem to follow from Mr. Howard's logic. On the other hand, he declares that "there has never been less cause for disagreement between Japan and America than exists today. . . . Never have the suicidal certainties of conflict been so apparent. But logic and reason do not prevent wars." Well, in *The Nation's* view, there could be no surer way of bringing about war with Japan than Mr. Howard's proposed policy. True, Japan at present wants to increase its treaty quota from 10-10-7 to 10-10-9 for the maintenance and probable extension of her brutal military conquest on the Asiatic mainland. *The Nation*, along with Mr. Howard and, we believe, with intelligent people the world over, deplores that policy. But

does it follow that we should abandon those principles which Japan has violated and be prepared for war with Japan? Competitive armaments have invariably led to conflict. If the Japanese believe we do not want to fight, we should be highly content with that view and not attempt to prove that they are mistaken.

ON SUNDAY, JULY 9, the Associated Press, a wireless dispatch to the New York *Times*, and a dispatch from the Jewish Telegraph Agency, all from Berlin, reported that eighty Jewish physicians, many prominent in the profession, and including the internationally known Dr. Felix Theilhaber, had been arrested in their homes and sent to a concentration camp. These arrests were carried out with such speed and precision that no opportunity was given to arrange for substitutes to attend the doctors' patients. The charge was that these doctors had used their consultation offices for the gathering of atrocity propaganda! On the following day, in the New York *Times*, Anne O'Hare McCormick describes Chancellor Hitler's blue eyes, "curiously childlike and candid," his voice "as quiet as his black tie," his frequent smiles, and declares that when he talks he is "indubitably sincere." Among the statements that Herr Hitler made to this interviewer was that the discrimination was not primarily against the Jews, as such, but "against the Communists and all elements that demoralized and destroyed us." He also declared that he wished the Jews would leave Germany and that he would be "only too glad if the nations which take such an enormous interest in Jews would open up their gates to them." If Herr Hitler is so "indubitably sincere," one simple way of obtaining his wish would be to allow Jews to leave and take with them their portable property and their savings to enable them to start abroad other than as paupers. To date, the Hitler policy has been to confiscate all but 200 marks from those who flee the country to escape Nazi persecution.

ONE MAN and one nation, at least, have got something out of the London Economic Conference. While the delegates of the capitalist countries have moved faint-heartedly to save international capitalism, and worked much more aggressively to conserve economic nationalism, Maxim Litvinov, the peripatetic envoy of Russia, has buzzed about busy as the copybook bee, gathering honey from every opening flower. He is the Boy Who Made Good of the conference. While other delegates have done nothing so far to entitle them to anything but a Bronx cheer, Litvinov brings home the bacon in such substantial slices as to merit at least an accolade from the stern Stalin. With Great Britain Litvinov made a dicker whereby the vexatious embargo on Russian imports was removed in return for the release of the two convicted British engineers whom Russia probably had tired of boarding anyhow. Then, while others were asking whether American dollars in the future were to be of gold or cornmeal mush, Litvinov took a chance and borrowed 4,000,000 of them—nearly always a safe risk—with which to buy American cotton. Meanwhile, just to keep himself fit, he negotiated non-aggression treaties with a string of border states from Afghanistan to Esthonia and found a few minutes to run down to Paris and improve trade relations with France. Who says international conferences are a failure? Not Litvinov or Russia.

Mr. Roosevelt Repudiates Himself

AS these lines are written, the World Economic Conference has still not adjourned. For the sake of appearances the statesmen of the world have decided to move its arms and jaw so that passers-by who do not see very well will get the impression that it is still alive. But everyone with sound eyesight knows not only that it is a corpse but who killed it. The fatal shot was fired by Mr. Roosevelt on the morning of July 3. The assassin remarked tautologically that it would be "a catastrophe amounting to a world tragedy" if his bullet were to have the only effect it could possibly have.

Like every man in a position of great power, the President has found a thousand apologists for and rationalizers of his course, but the blunt truth is that from the beginning his record in connection with the World Economic Conference has been indefensible. He began by sending over a delegation that with the exception of one or two members was third-rate. This delegation, so far as can be learned, went to London with no clear instructions and no positive program of any kind. It was not only divided internally, but it made no attempt to conceal its division. Senator Pittman repudiated the program of Secretary Hull. When the delegation seemed on the verge of a minor agreement, that agreement was promptly repudiated by the President, who apparently informed reporters that such decisions would be made "in Washington," not by the delegation that had been sent over to make them! Then came the announcement that the great Mr. Moley himself was taking ship for London, and the statesmen at the conference were naive enough to suppose that the President was at last sending a representative who would represent him, a spokesman really authorized to speak. But the first innocuous agreement that Mr. Moley reached was repudiated just as promptly, curtly, and publicly as all the previous decisions reached by the delegation.

The climax was reached in the President's astounding statement of July 3. That naive document read as if Mr. Roosevelt had just seen "Gabriel Over the White House" or had been browsing through some gay magazine article called "If I Were World Dictator." The statement was badly written; its economics were amateurish and muddled; it was possible to surmise from it only vaguely what was in the President's mind; and in tone it was not only belligerent toward the conference but frankly contemptuous of those participating in it. Grave as these faults were, there was one aspect of the statement that was even more disturbing. This was the indication it gave of the emotional and intellectual instability of the President. He had repudiated again and again all the official delegates he had appointed; now he was repudiating himself and all his solemn and public pre-conference agreements. From the series of meetings with MacDonald, Herriot, Bennett, Jung, there had emerged a series of joint statements. It is necessary to quote from only two of these. In the statement that Mr. Roosevelt issued jointly with Prime Minister Bennett of Canada on April 29 he remarked: "Economic and monetary policies must be adjusted to permit a freer international exchange of commodities. . . . No one of these problems can be profitably dealt with in

isolation from the others nor can a single country accomplish a satisfactory solution." The statement issued jointly with Signor Jung on May 6 was even more explicit. "If normal life is to be resumed," the President then said, "the World Economic Conference must be made a success. It must not only meet soon, but come to its conclusions quickly. . . . We are in agreement that a fixed measure of exchange values must be reestablished in the world and we believe that this measure must be gold." Finally, on May 16, the President declared definitely that "the conference must establish order in place of the present chaos by a stabilization of currencies." After this, what must those at the conference have thought when they found themselves out of a blue sky suddenly denounced by the President for allowing themselves to be "diverted" to the stabilization of currencies?

The excuse has been offered for the President that the passage of the National Industrial Recovery Act, the continued advance in the stock and commodity markets, and the revival in industrial activity changed the situation at home, and so made necessary a change in monetary and tariff policies from those contemplated in May. This excuse must encounter the fact that the President knew all about the recovery act in May, and that the revival was also under way at that time. Why could he not have postponed the conference before it abortively met? And if it was really the change in the domestic situation that caused the President to change his mind, why did he not say so publicly and frankly? In any case it would have been much more fitting for him to apologize to the conference for changing his mind and for rejecting his pre-conference declarations than to denounce the conference for trying to carry them out.

What must give hardly less concern than these sudden and unpredictable shifts by Mr. Roosevelt is the growing strength in Washington of the notion that international cooperation conflicts with our "domestic" recovery program. The exact opposite is the truth: unless we promptly participate in policies of international cooperation our so-called "domestic" program must fail. Are not our export industries domestic industries? Are not our cotton, wheat, automobiles, and farm machinery domestic products? Do not the industries engaged in producing them give employment to American labor just as our non-export industries do? Does not the prosperity of our non-export industries depend in large part on the purchasing power of labor in our export industries? Is it a mere coincidence that in the last three and a half years domestic conditions have become constantly worse as the volume of our foreign trade has shrunk? In so far as a conflict exists between international cooperation and our so-called domestic program it is the domestic program that is unsound. Instead, for example, of permitting sufficient imports to pay for exports, and so permitting the expansion of the market for American cotton, the government is now attempting to get American cotton growers to destroy one-fourth of their crop. We have yet to learn that international cooperation is one of the chief ways of promoting American recovery. Certainly one of the least promising is by the destruction of wealth.

Uncle Sam's Jobless

AS various federal departments put into effect their programs for the discharge of employees in order to keep within their reduced appropriations, it becomes clearer that the result of the policy is a disruption of the civil service—to the extent of the discharges—and a creation in its place of a spoilsmanship personnel. That is, the Administration is turning out into the streets regular employees in the classified service as a measure of so-called economy while at the same time it is building up in the new emergency organizations a structure for the accommodation of a horde of new workers not subject to civil-service requirements and probably to be appointed for political reasons.

We do not believe that in its origin the economy legislation was a plot to bring this to pass. It was muddle-headed devotion to the fetish of a "balanced budget." But that the consequences as we describe them is strikingly revealed by a statement of Secretary Roper reported in the *New York Times* of July 6. Mr. Roper said in connection with the discharge of 1,891 employees from the Department of Commerce that he was effecting a saving of \$7,000,000 for the next fiscal year. At the same time he stated that as a member of the Board of Public Works he would recommend that \$10,000,000 from the national-industrial-recovery-act fund for public construction be allocated to his department, which would make possible the reemployment of some 1,500 workers. Secretary Roper did not say—what is the fact—that the 1,500 persons will fill new non-civil-service jobs and may be former employees or may be clamoring individuals from the pap-hungry and persistent horde of Postmaster-General Farley's "deserving Democrats."

As the stupidity of the government's program of discharging its own employees in order to finance "unemployment relief" grows clearer to the public, there has been an inevitable protest against it, and department heads in Washington are trying to retrieve the blunder in various ways. Some are putting into effect extensive furloughs for all instead of discharges for some, which is the best way out of a bad business. Also some effort is being made to place discharged workers in the new emergency services, but the initiative seems to be placed upon the individual, and the *Federated Press* reports that political credentials have been asked of some of the applicants. The only fair and tolerable course is that the government itself shall arrange the transfers, that it shall do it as a matter of right, not of political favor, and that employees discharged for economy shall have the first claim on work in the new services. Let unemployment relief begin at home!

President Roosevelt is busy with many pressing problems, but he and his friends cannot afford to ignore the original blunder of starving the government departments so as to necessitate a wholesale discharge of workers, nor the further scandal, now imminent, of replacing these men and women with an army of political henchmen most of whom will not come from the ranks of the unemployed but from less attractive to more desirable jobs. The entire relief program will be discredited if the Administration begins by turning its own workers into the streets and destroying the non-political civil service to make jobs for spoilsmen.

The Sinners of 1929

WHEN Otto H. Kahn, with the complacent air of a gay old dog reviewing the reckless days of his youth, described to the Senate Banking and Currency Committee the "simply inexplicable" financial practices brought about by the "spirit of 1929," his words must have brought tears of nostalgia to the eyes of the 156,000 holders of Pennroad Corporation stock. For those security holders who invested some 140 millions of dollars on the expert financial advice of Mr. Kahn's Kuhn, Loeb, and Company saw that investment shrink to little more than \$10,000,000; it is now basking in a partial recovery to about \$50,000,000. In the light of the experience of investors in other new-era creations, such as were sponsored by Kreuger, Insull, Eaton, et al, the Pennroad stockholders might easily consider themselves fortunate to have recovered one-third of their original investment—if they held on.

But the very fact that this enterprise was carried out without the complete collapse of values that took place in the more spectacular examples of financial exploitation permits us to fix our attention on its intrinsic worthlessness. The picture reveals vividly the complete lack of social consciousness that characterizes big business in its dealings with the public. Here is the Pennsylvania, one of the most powerful and wide-flung railway systems in the country. Here is its distinguished banking counsel, seeking to appear to its clients in the disinterested professional role of "Dr. Kuhn, Loeb, and Company." Here is the public, craving new securities to buy, and particularly securities issued under the aegis of such eminently respectable pillars of capitalist society. What could be more natural than to oblige the public with a brand new company, not even a subsidiary of the Pennsylvania, with its stock conveniently bound over for ten years to voting trustees, giving the Pennsylvania new millions to play with without interference from the Interstate Commerce Commission? The distinguished banking counsel is consulted. Its advice, in effect, is to avoid the pitfalls of funded debt or even of preferred stocks and, since the public is in such a ripe buying mood, to sell the new issue direct to the Pennsylvania Railroad's stockholders, thereby eliminating also the expense of underwriting. For these words of wisdom the bankers are rewarded with stock options from which they glean profits of \$2,700,000 or not quite half of their total return from the deal. The public makes an initial contribution of \$87,000,000. A few months later it adds another \$50,000,000.

What was the real justification for the Pennsylvania's enticing these enormous sums from its stockholders? The best answer Mr. Kahn could think of was as follows:

They felt very strongly that, at that time, when everybody thought that whatever he bought was going to be worth more tomorrow and was certainly worth buying, they should not permit invading forces to come in and buy up properties they believed to be of strategic need for the purpose of serving their great system.

In other words, the Van Sweringen brothers, operating with other people's money supplied by the Alleghany Corporation, should not be allowed to buy properties if the Pennsylvania could get enough funds from the public to bid a higher price.

So the Pennsylvania girded up its loins and entered the lists—with its stockholders' millions. It relieved Henry Ford of the Detroit, Toledo, and Ironton Railroad for \$36,600,000, nineteen times the road's average earnings in the four years ended with 1929. It bought terminal properties in Baltimore for \$13,400,000. Best of all, it persuaded Frank E. Taplin to part with 223,000 shares or 74 per cent of the total stock of the Pittsburgh and West Virginia Railway for \$170 a share. This cost a total of \$37,900,000 or \$4,300,000 more than the peak price for the stock in the open market during 1929. Other investments were made in miscellaneous railroad securities for roughly \$50,000,000 at the choicest 1929 prices, investments which by the end of 1932 had shrunk to one-tenth of their purchase price.

When it was all over, Pennroad had made investments of more than \$140,000,000. As those securities gave a peak return to Pennroad, before dividend reductions got under way, of something over \$4,000,000 a year, the company was capitalized at about thirty-three times its boom-time income. In the four years of its existence, Pennroad has paid its stockholders a total of \$5,400,000 or an average yearly return of nine-tenths of 1 per cent.

Who are the real beneficiaries of these gigantic transactions, aside from those fortunate individuals who were able to unload their stocks on Pennroad at fancy prices? "Dr. Kuhn, Loeb, and Company," of course. It was probably also pleasing to the vanity of General Atterbury of the Pennsylvania to be able to pay a higher price for the Pittsburgh and West Virginia than the Van Sweringens, or the New York Central, or the Baltimore and Ohio could muster. But let Mr. Kahn himself deliver the final alibi for Pennroad, even though his words were not intended to embrace the entire unpleasant picture: "We were all sinners in 1929."

Celluloid Czar

WHEN Will H. Hays, the great fixer, heard of the *New Yorker's* plan to include him in its series of "Profiles" he was, so it is said, so alarmed that he made tentative efforts to "fix" that also. No one who has read the two-part account of his various activities which has now appeared from the pen of Alva Johnston will be inclined to wonder, for it would be hard to find a more devastating analysis of a big-little man than this biography of one who found politics too real for him but came into his own when he was made the official windbag of a peculiarly windy industry.

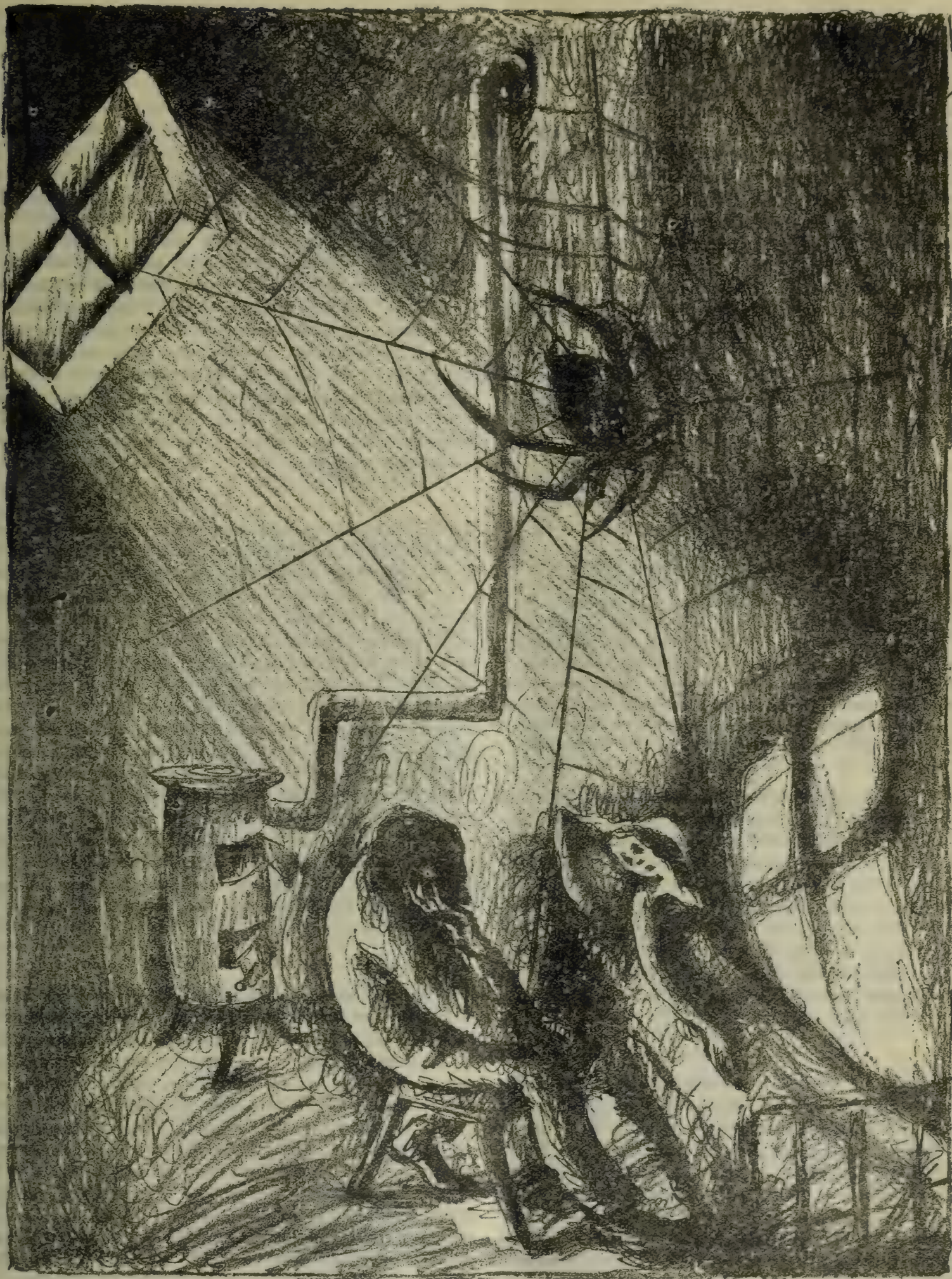
Mr. Hays told an investigating committee three different stories concerning the \$265,000 worth of Liberty bonds which passed through his hands on their way from "Teapot Dome" Sinclair into the coffers of the Republican Party. Three years ago his organization was caught red-handed in the act of paying considerable sums to "moral leaders" who had been intrusted by various groups with the job of making an impartial investigation of the films. But on the other hand his love life is beyond reproach, and as long as his mind remains as free as it has always been from evil thoughts, no one will suppose that a certain amiable obtuseness concerning the distinction between generosity and bribery unfits him for the job of keeping the movies

pure, or, as Mr. Johnston more realistically puts it, exercising his "infallible judgment in fixing the border line between what the public will tolerate and what the public will not tolerate."

Mr. Hays's unction as a politician did not win him the Presidency to which he at one time aspired. It won him merely the Postmaster-Generalship. But when, in 1922, the movies called him with the strong voice of \$100,000 a year, he discovered (in his own words) his capacity to see the pictures "not only from the viewpoint of the men who have millions of dollars invested in them but from the viewpoint of the fathers and mothers who have millions of children invested in them." "We must," he added, "have toward that sacred thing, the mind of a child, toward that clean and virgin thing, that unmarked slate—we must have toward that the same responsibility, the same care about the impression made upon it, that the best teacher or the best clergyman, the most inspired teacher of youth, would have."

Just what Mr. Hays thinks appropriate to "that virgin thing," the mind of a child, may be deduced from the titles and descriptions of the films put out by the companies under his absolute control, but the industry is satisfied. No State or federal censorship bill has been passed since he assumed the job of czar, and he has succeeded in pacifying each angry moralist as he arose by a fitting speech and the promulgation of a new "code" guaranteed to make the films henceforth as sweet as a baby's breath. One rule is that respect must always be shown to constituted authority; therefore, in theory, Nero and Simon Legree would have to be heroes. Another rule is that "adultery must not be presented attractively"; therefore, in theory, Paolo and Francesca, Tristan and Isolde, and Abélard and Héloise are out. Fortunately, however, there seems to be no rule against the good old formula which calls for eight reels of transgression followed by 300 feet of retribution, and so all is well.

Indeed, the only point at which we should like to take issue with Mr. Johnston's admirable analysis occurs when he concludes a summary of the attacks made upon his hero by moralists and aestheticians alike with the remark: "Both sides cannot be right about Hays. No man is versatile enough to undermine the morals of a nation by his licentiousness while stupefying its intellect with his prudery." But the truth of the matter is that he has actually succeeded in doing this apparently impossible thing and that he has kept his job so long only because he has known how to do it. Whatever is straight, frank, honest, and truth-telling he has kept out. Whatever "the innocent child mind" might profitably learn about the devious ways of the world and the equally devious ways of the heart is eliminated from the stories to which he gives his approval. But whatever can be smeared over with the varnish of sentiment, whatever can be suggested by clothes that do not quite come off, and beds that are never quite got into, is immediately classified as ideal movie material. The movie-goer is kept in a constant state of titillation by promises never entirely fulfilled and suggestions just definite enough to be grasped by the least mature intellect. The result is that Mr. Hays can call the films moral while they remain, nevertheless, the most completely sex-soaked form of popular amusement ever provided to any society.



"New York Halts Relief for 1,000,000 for Lack of Funds"

Drawing by Gyula Zilzer

If the Supreme Court Objects

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, July 8

THE most important Washington news of the week comes, as it often does, from New York. I allude to the address of Donald R. Richberg, chief counsel for the National Recovery Administration, defining the purposes and policies of that body. Since so many of the daily papers fumbled the story it may be desirable to sketch some of the more salient points. Richberg, with the official approval of Administrator Hugh S. Johnson, told American industry it probably was facing its last chance to demonstrate its capacity to govern itself successfully. He said that success or failure would come in sixty days, and that the outcome would determine whether the future managers of industry will be chosen by stockholders or the public. He said that slackers could expect no mercy. It has been a long time since Babbittania listened to such strong language from such an authoritative source, and I should like to have seen the collective face of the Merchants' Association of New York as it gave ear to the speaker's beautifully ironic allusion to

... the agony of the hard-headed manager who has stood on his head successfully all his life, viewing the supreme achievement of a business enterprise as a reduction in the pay roll coupled with an increased output; who has not felt the slightest responsibility for maintaining mass purchasing power; and who is now suddenly asked to stand on his feet, and, when no longer looking at the world upside down, to observe that employees are really customers, and that the supreme achievement of a business enterprise may be to pay out as much money as possible in wages without producing more goods than the market will absorb.

What I mean, of course, is that I should have enjoyed seeing the faces of those who understood what the speaker was saying. It is reliably reported that he managed not to smile when he told them that their cooperation would be wholly voluntary. That was quite a feat, but it was hardly a nice way to treat a good, simple, and expressive world like "voluntary." The cotton textile people learned how "voluntary" their part was to be when the heavy-handed General Johnson got them behind closed doors. Undoubtedly he acted for their own good, but some children just will not take castor oil unless their noses are held.

IT is often and pertinently asked what the United States Supreme Court will say about the constitutionality of some of the Roosevelt measures. Certainly there are at least three reactionary old men on that bench who would take profound satisfaction in standing by their plutocratic concepts of society if they knew the mob was battering at the door, and there may be more than three. That eventuality already has been seriously considered here by persons interested in the success of the new deal. There are ways of meeting it. Congress could pass an act requiring members of the court to retire upon passing the age of retirement. That would remove two of the worst. It would also remove the best, Justice Brandeis, but that could be met by a pro-

vision enabling the President by executive order to extend the tenure of designated Justices who had reached the age limit. Or the size of the court could be increased by law to permit the appointment of additional Justices whose ideas developed subsequent to the year 1880. It has been done. If this reporter knows anything about the temper of the present Administration, it will never permit the whole economic structure of this country to be disrupted and demoralized because less than a half a dozen dyspeptic old men are determined to uphold precedents established before the invention of the telephone. As has often been made clear on these pages, I do not relish these encroachments of the executive upon the prerogatives of the other branches, but sometimes a condition arises which must be dealt with. The blame for such bad precedents properly rests on those who produce the conditions.

RECOGNITION of Soviet Russia apparently has been hastened by public reaction to the step taken by the R. F. C. when, in substance, it lent \$4,000,000 to a government whose legal existence we refuse to admit. All signs indicate that the loan was a "feeler," and that failure of public opinion to manifest any resentment will be followed by a much larger one, possibly \$25,000,000 or even \$100,000,000. The first loan was to enable Russia to buy our cotton; the next presumably will enable her to buy other American products, particularly copper. The old myth that recognition must wait upon payment of debts contracted by the imperial and provisional Russian governments looks pretty sorry in the light of what has happened to the debts owed us by governments which we do recognize. It is somewhat appalling to think of the mischief which one man, such as Charles Evans Hughes, can do in the course of a long and industrious life. It would be interesting to know just how much in cold dollars we have lost through our failure to recognize Russia.

IT has not been my custom to hold the majority of my countrymen in extravagant esteem. Indeed, I have never forgotten the observation of my venerable contemporary, H. L. Mencken, that they are probably the greatest aggregation of poltroons and scoundrels ever assembled under one flag. Nevertheless, I have been genuinely startled by the volume of mail I have received from *Nation* readers expressing their rank incredulity that anyone would fail to beat the government out of his fair share of income taxes if he thought he could stay out of jail. That persons in that moral state exist in this country in large numbers, I was well aware, but I simply cannot imagine how they ever happened to hear of, much less read, *The Nation*. Do they pick it up in barber shops and dentists' waiting rooms? In that connection permit me to plead in passing that I cannot possibly answer all the letters from persons who were impressed—one way or another—by my gentle comments on

the House of Morgan. To the many who were kind, I tender my thanks herewith. To the others I will only say that they wasted their time, because under no circumstances would I be interested in the judgments or opinions of people who believe that it is perfectly all right to cheat if you are not caught.

* * * * *

HAROLD ICKES is rapidly being recognized as one of the strongest characters in the Cabinet. This should surprise nobody in Chicago, but in the East he was, prior to his appointment, curiously unknown. I say curiously, because a man who had spent a substantial part of his life defending Chicago against the piratical raids of Sam Insull

should have enjoyed a national reputation. At any rate, the vigor and determination with which he took hold of the public-works program was a lesson to those who did not know him. Some of his appointments—notably those of Slattery, Glavis, and Margold—have been excellent. They induce the reflection that one of the things wrong with this country in recent years was the failure of those governing it to avail themselves of the brains scattered around it. Coolidge assumed that thinking was unnecessary in government, and Hoover thought he could do it all. If the foregoing sounds a trifle lyrical it is because I am happy over finding myself surrounded, after all these years, by swarms of men and women actually possessing character and intelligence. Maybe it's all a dream.

Why Conferences Fail

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, June 26

I.

IN the first fortnight of the Economic Conference, certain general truths about all international conferences have emerged with striking force. (1) It is a mistake to hold such a conference unless the preparation has been complete enough either to lay down the broad lines of agreement or to confront its members with decisive alternatives. In the present case, it is clear that there has been no such preparation. (2) It is a mistake to hold such a conference unless its terms of reference are limited and specific. Otherwise the inevitable result is that all national divergences come forthwith to the surface, and in the effort to secure some kind of agreement which may save the conference's face, broad general resolutions are passed in which the reservations are so many, the vagueness so profound, that these resolutions cease to have definite meaning.

It is already obvious that the character of the present conference involves this outcome of its deliberations. At the most, it will pass pious resolutions of principle which seek to obscure the inherent conflicts now daily expressed; and each state will be asked to implement their general tenor in its own way. To regard the conference as a gateway to recovery is already an attitude impossible to any observer who wishes to be taken seriously.

II.

That fact emerged in the first general debate. No speech contained a specific program. We knew, without a conference, that wholesale prices ought to rise, that currency needs to be stabilized, that tariffs are too high, that international debts are a menace, and economic nationalism a disaster. Often Ramsay MacDonald repeated his well-known plea for cooperation, without any indication of how it was to be obtained; and most other speakers offered the news that the conference met at a grave crisis and urged that something must be done. Commissions were set up on currency and commercial policy, which have given birth to enough sub-commissions to provide all the more important delegates with either a chairmanship or the position of a rapporteur.

The conference has not yet seriously confronted its first great dilemma. Tariff reductions are essential if the wheels of international trade are to be set moving; but tariff reductions cannot be contemplated until currency stability has been achieved. The domestic situation of America renders any early settlement of this latter issue unlikely; and it is apparent to most delegates that until Mr. Roosevelt's policy of inflation has reached some equilibrium, no state is likely to risk the invasion of its market by goods whose power to penetrate is simply a function of depreciated currency. Washington's rejection of the central bankers' settlement has brought into the open a divergency of interest between Europe and America which prevents any decisive outcome of the crisis for a considerable period.

The depth of the economic nationalisms here in conflict is obviously profound. The attitude of the British seems to be that while they will make some concessions for a stable currency, everyone's tariff is open to question except their own. France wants a return to gold, and appears to have no other predominant interest; her plea for a great program of international public works, and for shorter hours, struck a dumb note on the conference piano. The Germans, through Herr Hugenberg, put forward, and then repudiated, a fantastic memorandum demanding colonies in Africa and territory in Russia, seemingly on the basis that Germany, in terms of the Spenglerian philosophy, is a "virile" nation. This apart, the only German contribution appears to be Dr. Schacht's comprehensive effort to avoid German inflation by repudiating, so far as he can, all foreign indebtedness. Russia contributed, through M. Litvinov, an excellent essay on the contradictions of capitalism; and Mr. Soong said simply and truly that an increase in the Chinese standard of life would go far to promote world recovery by the new purchasing power it would create.

America's position has not been wholly clear. Mr. Hull made a speech on the evils of economic nationalism; but his proposal for a 10 per cent cut in tariffs—if it was his—was promptly repudiated by Senator Pittman. The latter has applauded plans for the remonetization of silver; and Senator Couzens has emphasized, what Mr. Hull has denied, the divergence between the President's policy and that of recovery

by international action. What exactly America really wants, no one seems to know. I think it is fair to say that, so far, her delegation has merely increased the confusion of an already confused conference. It is a great pity, for a decisive and concrete lead from America was the only hope of the conference discussing its issues in an atmosphere of reality. As it is, no one can now say where the conference is drifting; it has become a rudderless ship. Mr. MacDonald harangues the press to the effect that he is optimistic despite "little setbacks"; but he has revealed to no one the grounds upon which he bases his optimism.

III.

The course of the Economic Conference in London has resembled notably that of Geneva on disarmament. So long as it remains on the high plateau of vague generalization, its members can give ardent utterance to the stock commonplaces of the day. Once it descends to the problem of concrete application, it becomes obvious that economic nationalism has created a body of vested interests whose claims are irreconcilable. The British government dare not make a free-trade gesture for fear of the Tory eagerness for tariffs and the economic imperialism of Ottawa. The French will not abandon their complex system of quotas and embargoes for fear of endangering the unsteady equilibrium they have maintained through the depression. Germany has no economic policy;

and Japan must, somehow, flood the markets of the world with sweated goods in order to pay for her imperialist adventure in China. Southern and Eastern Europe tremble on the abyss of economic disaster, unable to move effectively in the absence of international agreement by the great states. America is too preoccupied with her own internal problems to act decisively upon any problem, from debts to tariffs, which implies a limitation of the domestic policy to which her main attention is given.

This is, in effect, a conference called to secure international planning as the necessary condition of a unified and interdependent world. What it reveals is the impossibility of any such achievement in a world of capitalist states. The distribution of the results involves hazards for the interests upon which their governments depend too dangerous for them to incur. None is able to confront the necessary implications of economic internationalism because each confronts internal forces which are too zealous for their own chance of individual well-being to make sacrifices for the common good. There can only be international planning, whether in the realm of disarmament or of economic matters, when the interest of states in the result is an equal interest. The inherent logic of a capitalist world is inequality; and this conference is merely a supreme illustration of the contradiction between world needs and an institutional system which denies their title to primary consideration.

ONE VIEW OF THE LONDON CONFERENCE

(Cartoon by Low in the Manchester Guardian)



BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF THE CONFERENCE SO FAR.

Walter Lippmann

III. Obfuscator de Luxe

By AMOS PINCHOT

IT has been the practice of some well known writers to dress commonplace ideas in sumptuous garments as a preliminary to risking them in the arena of controversy. Whether or not these verbal coverings are designed to conceal the age and deficiencies of the thought content—just as gaudy trappings cover worn-out horses in the Spanish bull-ring—is a matter of no importance. Whatever the purpose, it is not a legitimate one. For the object of the writer should be to deal so frankly with his readers that they will carry away an exact instead of a confused understanding of what he desires to say.

As I have already said, Mr. Lippmann's style is good. Yet despite his grace and lucidity his meaning is often far from clear. Frequently he uses words, sentences, and even paragraphs in antiphonal array, from which the gist emerges only after a process of cancelation that leaves a residue that is small compared with the totality of statement. And often, as one reads on, it becomes evident that this residue is precisely what Mr. Lippmann did not mean.

But what is especially noteworthy in Mr. Lippmann, as a successful publicist, is that, through skilful phraseology and constant citation of authorities, he attains impressiveness with a substance that is distinctly banal. Indeed, so many examples of commonplace thinking disguised by form and supported by references to other writers, invite the attention, that one hardly knows what to choose. One is tempted, therefore, to stroll, so to speak, through the galleries of Lippmanniana, pausing only now and then before some particularly arresting example of the writer's art.

In "A Preface to Politics," he is discussing political reform, and especially the unwisdom of attacking the trusts through political action. After quoting Graham Wallas and Gilbert Chesterton to reinforce this point, he writes:

Life is an irreversible process and for that reason its future can never be a repetition of the past. This insight we owe to Bergson. The application of it to politics is not difficult because politics is one of the interests of life.

Aside from their phraseological virtues, his sentences have little value. In the first place, they are obviously false, since, in politics, it is axiomatic that history does constantly repeat itself. In the second place, his citation of Bergson, in support of the cliché that the past never returns, is a trick, though perhaps an unconscious one, by which he saves himself from the platitudinous. Passing over the fact that Bergson does not say, in the sense employed by Mr. Lippmann, that the future can never be a repetition of the past, it would almost seem as though, upon writing "Life is an irreversible process," Mr. Lippmann had suddenly realized that he had fallen into the ditch of banality, and called upon Bergson to pull him out so that he could proceed on his way.

"We are homeless in a jungle of machines," writes Mr. Lippmann in "Drift and Mastery," "and untamed powers that haunt and lure the imagination. . . . No mariner ever enters upon a more uncharted sea than does the average hu-

man being born into the twentieth century." And the naive reader bows before Mr. Lippmann, convinced that something significant has been said. Unaware that he has been offered a cream puff, obtainable in any bakery, he devours it in the belief that he is sitting down to a lord mayor's banquet.

In a curious passage, he tells of the concern which, in his opinion, the middle-class person feels as to "who are 'the best people,' and who are the 'impossible,'" and of the "sleepless nights over whether you were correctly dressed, or whether you will be invited to be seen with Mrs. So-and-So." He cites the sad fact that the edifice of class feeling makes "sheep out of those who conform and freaks out of those who rebel." Here, passing over the rather gross exaggeration of the snobbery of the middle-class American, we see that once more phraseology rescues Mr. Lippmann. And we might almost expect him further to buttress his platitude by "This insight we owe to Emily Post." Yet, when all is said and done, it is not the phrase that makes the writer, though in many instances it "makes" the reader. An illusion of distinguished thought conveyed by a knack of words is a strong drug for the seduction of lazy minds.

On June 12, 1933, Mr. Lippmann is delivering a commencement address to the students of the senior class of Union College. He is discussing the farm bill and the industrial recovery act. The point he is making is, or should be, a quite simple and understandable one. To wit, if we are to have a managed industrial order, in which anti-trust laws are shelved and monopoly legalized, the working out of such a scheme requires a tariff wall high enough to prevent foreign competition. European governments, he says, are already reaching such a conclusion.

If you look abroad you will see an amazingly similar development in almost every important country. . . . The essential purpose, the desire to organize a stable and planned and protected economic order is now tending to dominate the policy of the great powers. This new philosophy [i. e. the union of managed industry and high tariffs] has a strange parentage.

Whereupon, he addresses the following bewildering paragraph to his youthful hearers.

The student of history will recognize, I think, that this union of ideas has been foreshadowed as a possibility for more than a hundred years. It is one of the conceivable developments of the philosophy of Alexander Hamilton. It is very clearly indicated in the conservatism of Disraeli. It becomes even more definite in the nationalism of Bismarck. In the field of the social sciences the basic conception of a national economy, as distinguished from the cosmopolitan economic philosophy of Adam Smith, was worked out by Friedrich List as long ago as 1841.

Now, the proposal to abolish trust laws and manage industry behind a tariff wall is an old story. The trusts and their lobbyists have been advocating it at Washington for about half a century. Although Mr. Lippmann's hearers

are perhaps unaware of it, when he speaks of "management" in the field of industry he is in reality speaking of our old friend, regulation. But it would hardly do to call it regulation; because a considerable part of the public is well aware that the catch in regulation is that, up to now, it has never worked in the public interest. The regulators, as the history of the utilities shows, are almost invariably controlled by the interests they are supposed to regulate. That is one reason why big business has so joyfully greeted the industrial recovery act. It is fairly confident that the regulators will be open to reason. And, should they prove obdurate, such questions as prices, wages, and limitation of product will be carried to the courts under the Fourteenth Amendment of the federal Constitution which forbids confiscation. If, as a move against the depression, we are to legalize monopoly and raise the tariff higher than even Senator Grundy proposed, that is one thing. But let us discuss it frankly, and acknowledge its dangers to independent industry and the consumer. Nevertheless, by a process of obfuscation, Mr. Lippmann surrounds this problem with an atmosphere of mystery. He diverts attention to its philosophical aspects, and confuses the issue by citing five authorities in the same number of sentences. He leaves his hearers clear about nothing, except that the subject is a profound one and that Mr. Lippmann is an extremely erudite man.

Meantime, what can a college senior gather from being told that an idea is a "conceivable development" of Hamilton's philosophy? Is Hamilton so sacred an authority that, in discussing the farm and recovery bills, he should be cited as to a "union of ideas," which, according to Mr. Lippmann himself, is not a part of Hamilton's philosophy, but only a "conceivable development" of it? It is true that, in Mr. Lippmann's eyes, Hamilton is the political hero of the Western world. In "The Phantom Public," when Mr. Lippmann names the four "great state builders of modern times," Hamilton is his American entry. And to one versed in Mr. Lippmann's present philosophy this is not remarkable. For Hamilton was the first strong advocate of plutocratic fascism in America. He stood for a government controlled by the rich. He stood, in the Constitutional Convention, for a President elected for life, with a final veto power over the decisions of both houses of Congress and the State legislatures. He spoke for an absolutism almost as extreme as that of Lenin, Mussolini, or Hitler—whose recent "peace" speech, by the way, Mr. Lippmann greeted in his column of May 19 as a "genuinely statesmanlike address," and as "the authentic voice of a genuinely civilized people."

What is the purpose of Mr. Lippmann's reference to Hamilton? Why does he tell the seniors that a union of managed industry and prohibitive tariffs is indicated in Disraeli's conservatism and Bismarck's nationalism? What bearing has the fact, if it is a fact, that in the field of social sciences "the basic conception of a national economy, as distinguished from the cosmopolitan economic philosophy of Adam Smith," was worked out in the year of our Lord 1841 by the redoubtable Friedrich List? It has no bearing at all. And it is pompous nonsense. Nor has it any place in my discussion of Mr. Lippmann, except as presenting a typical case in which the Great Elucidator elucidates nothing but the alleged richness of his background. And, finally, what are the sadly perplexed members of Union '33 to do on receipt of these pearls of wisdom? Are they to rise from their

seats and cheer for Mr. Lippmann, or for Hamilton, Disraeli, or Bismarck? Or will their alert cheer leader meet the occasion by proposing nine raahs and a tiger for that great economic quarterback, List, '41?

I have little hesitation in writing somewhat frankly about Mr. Lippmann. He has been the subject of so much eulogy from men in high place that a dash of criticism should be welcome, as tending to balance the scales. James Truslow Adams, for instance, who is not so popular an author as Mr. Lippmann, but who daily grows in the esteem of a clientele rather similar to Mr. Lippmann's, spoke of him in the *Saturday Review* last January as "the only national leader who has appeared in these post-war years . . . he is the most important leader of American public opinion today and a genuinely great one."

It would be interesting to learn how Mr. Lippmann arrived at greatness. And luckily we have hints, some in autobiographical form, which throw light on the question. In "A Preface to Politics," he writes two interesting sentences: "I know of one reformer who devotes a good deal of his time to intimate talks with powerful conservatives. He explains them to themselves; never after do they exercise their power with the same unquestioning ruthlessness." There is no doubt that the unnamed reformer was not Mr. Lippmann himself, but Lincoln Steffens. But the point is that, whoever inspired these words, they were, as events proved, prophetic of Mr. Lippmann's adoption of the evangelical technique of reform which he has followed for so many years.

Unfortunately, however, the evangelical method is apt to work with, so to speak, reverse English. The missionaries are too often converted by the heathen, as is shown by the history of Mr. Lippmann himself. And this is not strange. For the well-found camp of privilege is a more agreeable abiding place than that of the obscure, forlorn liberals and radicals. It has more to offer the talented publicist. I do not mean in money only, but in position, prestige, and many things which are soothing to the human heart. As for big business, it is not open to conversion. On this planet, at least, it is organized firmly on a revenue basis. And irrespective of the missionary brethren, it does the thing, and nothing but the thing, that in its judgment pays best.

Whether or not this conjecture as to how Mr. Lippmann came to cast himself in the role of ambassador of goodwill to the philistines—a David with a smile instead of a sling—the fact remains that he has so cast himself. And in this role he sees even the staunchest enemies of liberalism as disinterested men, whom a little tenderness will turn into enlightened citizens. In an editorial in the *New York World* entitled *A Statesman of Big Business*, he refers to Mr. Gary as a man who, with "the eye of a statesman . . . saw that confused competition [in the steel business] would give way, as already in the oil and sugar industries, to monopolistic mergers." And in an imaginary dialogue in "Public Opinion" between an industrialist and a labor leader, each of whom states his case with "perfect sincerity," he chooses Mr. Gary to represent the industrialist.

To Mr. Lippmann, Gary may be a statesman, though Morgan was a past master of monopolistic control long before Gary came on the scene. But, in history, Gary's name will live chiefly because, with the backing of Morgan, he succeeded for twenty years in holding the steel workers to starvation wages and the twelve-hour day, and in crushing

unionism and collective bargaining. He knew little about steel making. He was a negotiator, propagandist, and super-salesman. In his dealings with labor and the public, he never yielded an inch to fairness except under compulsion. As head of the Morgan trust, he had immense political influence. He sidetracked the investigation of the Steel Corporation, begun in Roosevelt's time, so that the findings were not published until seven years after Roosevelt left office.

Gary learned thrift from his father, who, a friendly biographer tells us, was himself so thrifty that when he went shooting he never discharged his gun until he had two birds in line. Unctuous as a Mormon elder, relentless, resourceful, untiring, Elbert H. Gary, worthy scion of a horse-trading Methodist family, mixed his meaner virtues with all the vices but vice. Yet Gary is Mr. Lippmann's "statesman of big business." There are plenty of decent, able men in American business. Why does he choose Gary?

Again seeking autobiographical data as to the coming of age of Mr. Lippmann's eminence, we turn to a pamphlet called "A Preface to Walter Lippmann," which I referred to in a previous article. Though this pamphlet is a reprint of an article by Beverly Smith which appeared in the *American Magazine*, it may, I think, be accepted as authorized, if not autobiographical, for various reasons. First, the writer quotes interviews with Mr. Lippmann in a manner that shows an understanding relationship: "'If Dwight Morrow had lived,' he said to me recently, 'the entire course of the last Congress would have been different.'"

In the second place, the "Preface" first appeared as an article in the *American Magazine*, the property of the Crowell Publishing Company, of which Mr. Lippmann's friend, Thomas Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Company, is a director. It is unlikely that the *American Magazine* would publish a piece dealing with Mr. Lippmann's writings, his career, and his social and family life unless Mr. Lippmann had approved it. In the third place, the "Preface" has been republished and is being circulated as a promotional pamphlet by the New York *Herald Tribune*, on whose staff Mr. Lippmann glows as the chief luminary. And it is inconceivable that the *Herald Tribune* would do this without Mr. Lippmann's consent.

In "A Preface to Walter Lippmann," we are told that the Harvard professors all agreed that Lippmann had "the ablest mind" among the new graduates; that Lippmann was the "close friend" of William James, who sought Lippmann out in his study to congratulate him upon his undergraduate writing; that President Theodore Roosevelt and President Wilson were his warm friends and admirers; that he is too open-minded to have a program; that he is "the Man with the Flashlight Mind, the Great Elucidator"; that when he joined the *Herald Tribune*

The demand for Lippmann grew like a snowball. And the call for him came, surprisingly, from bankers, business men, merchants, professional men;

that, as to the depression,

... he is profoundly convinced that if the American people face the situation courageously, open-eyed and resolute, they can conquer their difficulties. The spirit is what matters;

that, as a result of the depression, "we are turning back to an

older ideal"; that Rollin Kirby, when examined as to the color of Lippmann's eyes, replied: "I haven't the slightest idea"; but that Mr. Smith himself discovered that

they are brown with a trace of gold or copper-color . . . and . . . singularly alive and compelling . . . his most striking feature;

that Mr. Lippmann works in a

monklike retreat. . . . He cannot even look out of the windows, which are cut through the walls high above his head. He starts work on his daily article at 8:30 in the morning and usually finishes the 700 to 1,200 words in about two hours—very fast for prose of such careful construction;

that Lippmann is "calm, serene, detached, impartial . . ."; that he is the friend of "a score of leading business men and financiers"; and especially the friend of two Morgan partners besides Mr. Lamont (whom, strangely enough, the pamphlet does not mention).

On the other hand, we learn that he is a liberal, and that he has even had Socialist friends; that he was for a time the secretary of a Socialist mayor in Schenectady, who represented "really a reform rather than a socialist group." But it is made clear that Mr. Lippmann's excursion to the foothills of radicalism was brief, and that it happened long, long ago. "Theirs was a mild socialism, of the H. G. Wells type," says the promotional pamphlet, "but was considered rather bold in those days." And as to his employment by Mayor Lunn, it is explained that, being bored with the sub-editorship of *Everybody's Magazine*, "he snatched at the opportunity of a queer job which came his way." We learn that, despite the burden of his business or, rather, his writing, Mr. Lippmann manages to carry on an active social life on Long Island; that his tastes range from tennis to swimming and from "Italian Primitives to detective stories"; that he can "handle his fists upon occasion." On the whole, though most of it is not, in a strict sense, autobiographical, "A Preface to Walter Lippmann" may be regarded as an official portrait of the Great Elucidator.

But the passage which best explains the vogue of our publicist, who, according to its author, "performs the trick [of persuasion] so brilliantly sometimes that I half suspect it's all done with mirrors," is a conversation which took place between the *Herald Tribune* pamphleteer and a gentleman in a dining car who obviously represents the type of reader to whom Mr. Lippmann addresses *Today and Tomorrow*:

The heavy-set gentleman across the breakfast table from me in the dining car pushed back his coffee cup, looked over at me, and jabbed his cigar emphatically at the newspaper column he was reading.

"There's a man," he said, "who knows what he's talking about—this fellow Lippmann. He gets right at the heart of things and tells me what I want to know. I've never cared much about politics, myself. Without meaning to brag, I guess I'm a fairly hard-headed business man. I've never bothered my head about international finance, or Congressional appropriations, or national economic planning, or any of that truck. I'd rather read the commodity prices and the sports page."

"Same here," I said, "except that I don't know anything about commodity prices."

"But nowadays," continued my new friend, "with everything going to pot, I want to know *why*. We've got the same old country, haven't we? What's the matter with us? What's the government doing about it? What can

we do to help along? This Lippmann seems to have the dope straighter than anybody else. I don't agree with him half the time. And he hasn't got any cure-all. But he explains what is going on so that a man can understand it."

He paused, puffed his cigar, and gave me a ponderous, amiable wink.

"And maybe my wife," he confided, "doesn't sit up and take notice when I explain to her the tie-up between the war debts and the tariff! I'm not telling her about Lippmann. No, sir. She's beginning to think I'm a master mind. What I would like to know is, who is this boy Lippmann, anyway?"

A lot of other people have been asking the same question lately. For Walter Lippmann has been catapulted into popular fame almost overnight. A year ago he was known to only a comparatively small group of readers, though he had gained considerable distinction as a New York newspaper editor, an editor of so-called "liberal" periodicals, and as an author of books on philosophy and politics.

Today he can count his readers in millions.

With nothing we are told in "A Preface to Walter Lippmann" are we inclined to quarrel. Whatever may be said of its violation of the canons of good taste, the pamphlet is no doubt good salesmanship. It is a shrewd appeal, addressed to all possible readers who crave the excitement of being intellectual and progressive, and are nevertheless mindful of the importance of being considered regular at the bank and country club. To those of a frankly conservative turn of mind, Mr. Lippmann is sold with the assurance that he is sound; that his liberalism is tempered by the friendship of Morgan partners. In his promotional pamphlet, as elsewhere, Mr. Lippmann is characteristically out to please. So he must hold himself free to see that his writings shall bring the greatest pleasure to the greatest number.

In the Sacco-Vanzetti case, while Mr. Lippmann was editor of the *World*, his desire to maintain an attitude of unoffending independence is perhaps illustrated as well anywhere else. Sacco and Vanzetti have been condemned to death after a trial in which bias and class feeling have obviously swayed both judge and jury. In the columns of the *World* Mr. Lippmann has published a number of really fine and eloquent pleas for a new trial and for executive clemency. He has warned the State of Massachusetts that the execution may mean a tragic miscarriage of justice. Governor Fuller, evading the responsibility of deciding the question, has appointed a commission of three men to review the evidence. And this review, which is one of the most remarkable pieces of impassioned, special pleading that a quasi-judicial body ever handed down, has sealed the doom of the two men. In consequence, Sacco and Vanzetti have been put to death.

At this juncture, what has Mr. Lippmann to say? First, he congratulates the human race upon the courage and unselfishness with which President Lowell and Dr. Stratton have done their duty. (For some reason, the third commissioner, Judge Grant, is not mentioned.)

In that effort at understanding it should be possible, within a reasonable time, for disinterested men on both sides of this controversy to collaborate. For amidst all the confusion of hysteria and of partisanship there remained one thing which is a credit to the human race. There were men in Massachusetts who were willing to stake their reputations, to sacrifice their comfort, to face danger, in an

effort to get at the truth. They were men who had everything to lose and nothing to gain by their voluntary and unrewarded participation in this case. They have served their State, and the cause of justice as they saw it. We should feel that we had failed in our obligation did we not pay our respects to these men.

And so, although we had to question the conclusiveness of their report, the *World* wishes to record its understanding of the ordeal through which President Lowell and Dr. Stratton have passed. Neither of these men can conceivably have desired any connection with the matter. To both it must have been an utterly painful duty which they could not honorably evade. For both it must have meant a horrible interruption in their personal lives and their professional careers. (Editorial in the *New York World*, August 24, 1927.)

Then, having appeased the element of public opinion which had cried for the blood of the dead men, Mr. Lippmann turns his attention to Felix Frankfurter, William J. Thompson, and Arthur D. Hill, who devotedly fought to save Sacco and Vanzetti; and lifts them to precisely the same pedestal with Lowell and Stratton:

By the same token, regardless of one's own opinion, it would be snide indeed not to recognize the services of those citizens of Massachusetts who befriended the two dead men, though there was no bond of sympathy except their common humanity and no motive except a desire to see justice prevail. Among those who gave freely, and at great cost to themselves, three names stand out. They are William J. Thompson, Arthur D. Hill, and Felix Frankfurter. They failed in their efforts to have the case retried, but they placed indelibly on the record the fact that there are men in Massachusetts now, as in the past, who are ready to uphold the rights of the humblest and the most despised. Those who are prepared to generalize glibly about the conservative classes in Boston and about Harvard might remember these three names. For they stand very high and very honorably in the roster of patriots.

And this he follows up two days later with an editorial praising Governor Fuller for his courage and honesty, though regretting that he did not have "profundity" when "confronted with a profound issue."

Thus, with the "despised" defendants dead and under the ground, it is incumbent upon Mr. Lippmann to heal the wounds of the living. If the conservatives of the Back Bay have been nettled by doubts cast by the *World* on the justice of the execution, that irritation must be allayed. If anyone has gained the impression that an irrevocable wrong has been done to innocent men, and a lasting stigma attached to the courts, that impression must fade. If Heywood Broun, a great journalist and, I think, a great man who has done more to promote clear thinking, justice, and kindly common-sense than any American writer of his time, has been dismissed from the *World* for too earnest an espousal of the cause of Sacco and Vanzetti, that must be forgotten. The important thing is that the contending factions should be united by a common appreciation of Walter Lippmann's fairness.

And so Mr. Lippmann takes his way back to his penthouse tower, leaving his public with the comforting assurance that, whatever may have happened to Sacco and Vanzetti, the honor of Massachusetts is safe.

(The fourth and concluding article on Walter Lippmann will appear in an early issue.)

La Guardia for Mayor of New York

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

TAMMANY, corrupt, exposed, but still unchastened, once more faces a mayoralty election. Never in the history of New York City, however, has it incurred the resentment and wrath of so many and so diverse foes. A crushing tax burden and the failure to apply real economy measures have driven into the camp of its enemies many of its former allies. The revelations of the Seabury investigation, coupled with Tammany's brazen refusal to clean house, have alienated even the ordinarily apathetic citizen.

New York City teeters on the brink of a financial crisis. The five-cent fare, the only benefit the city ever derived from its unproductive investments in the privately operated subways, is threatened. The Board of Education has ceased the licensing of new teachers and the construction of sorely needed new buildings. The rising burden of unemployment relief renders absurd the promise of a balanced budget. With tax collections steadily dwindling, even the salaries of the city's army of 100,000 civil servants are in danger.

The Society of Tammany seems not a whit perturbed. Tammany has never claimed to be a philanthropic organization. Its success is due to its business methods and to the dividends it pays. Its opponents and decriers are presumed to be disinterested, self-sacrificing, non-professional public-spirited citizens, amateur fighters for the public weal. It is not surprising that Tammany's professionals put them to rout.

In the coming election it is safe to say that practically the only supporters of Tammany will be those who will gain, either directly or indirectly, by its success. The fixer in the Magistrate's Court, the deputy who never visits his office, the lawyer who is constantly appointed a referee, the armies who thrive on the city moneys — office-holders, contractors, and what-not, will not falter or grow weary in their fight for Tammany. The independent, the disgusted, the disinterested voters clearly outnumber the Tammany faithful. The difficulty is and always has been in galvanizing and uniting the opposition. Tammany's strength lies not so much in its own numbers as in the disunity and bickering of its foes.

Fusion candidates can no longer content the electorate with the pledge of "good government." The cry of "corruption" is feeble indeed, compared with the issues of a five-cent fare, decent housing, tax relief. A program, as well as a personality, is necessary. The formula for a revolt against Tammany is well known by this time. The fusion forces under the leadership of those Republicans who are not jackals to the Tammany tiger nominate an independent Democrat, preferably a Catholic. Some modification in this formula is necessary today because of the growing importance of the Socialist and independent vote. Independent Democrats whom the formula fits are difficult to find. Samuel Seabury refused the fusion nomination; Joseph V. McKee, whose brief stay in office electrified 234,372 pencil wielders, has removed himself from consideration; Alfred E. Smith is bound by sentimental ties to the sachems of Fourteenth Street; Ferdinand Pecora is too close to Tammany. Norman Thomas would be a splendid candidate but he would probably not accept a Republican indorsement, nor have they sense enough to offer it

to him. One man of incorruptible integrity, a vigorous fighter with practical political experience, stands preeminent as a possible candidate. He is Fiorello H. La Guardia.

Major La Guardia, the only Republican who has carried a city-wide election since 1901, was elected president of the Board of Aldermen in 1919. In the House of Representatives his work has won him the designation, the "Roistering Rebel." He is the only member of the lower House who was described as a man of real merit in "Washington Merry-Go-Round" and "Sons of the Wild Jackass," exposés of life on Capitol Hill. To gain distinction and without political backing to wield power in the regimented atmosphere of the lower House are rare accomplishments. By conscientious preparation, by dramatic presentation, by independence and courage, La Guardia has forced acknowledgement of his ability and leadership in every progressive cause.

During one of the never-ending coal strikes in Pennsylvania he visited the mines and returned to Congress to describe the miners' squalor in unforgettable language. In a New York strike La Guardia went on the picket line. On one occasion in a debate, to focus attention on high meat prices, he drew from his pocket a tiny lamb chop which he declared cost him thirty cents. It was Congressman La Guardia who flew to Boston the night before Sacco and Vanzetti were executed to plead personally with Governor Fuller.

In 1929 Walker defeated La Guardia by about 500,000 votes, but La Guardia's campaign statements that year were treated as mere wild and reckless charges. The average voter, whose head was enmeshed in a wreath of ticker tape, simply could not believe La Guardia's charges of official corruption. It remained for a legislative investigating committee with an appropriation of \$750,000 to prove the truth of his charges. As the *New York Times* has stated: "If there is anyone who has the right to say 'I told you so,' it is La Guardia."

The Mayor of New York must know not only the city government and its budget, but also the political game and how to play it. It has been said that Tammany loves the individual but despises "the people," while the reformers love "the people" but despise the individual. La Guardia will not make that error. His lack of swank is one of his identifying characteristics. The Mayor of New York must avoid the rigidity, the self-righteousness, and the bungling ineptness of the merely good-government reformer. He must have in mind a "Who's Who" of the grafters, chair-warmers, favorite contractors, and the vast and varied medley that prey on the city treasury. La Guardia has held office for twenty years. He knows New York City politics and its politicians.

La Guardia's defeat in 1929 was caused in large measure by the fact that the Republican organization deliberately knifed its own candidate. He was too radical for the Republicans and so, as La Guardia says, they voted for Norman Thomas. After La Guardia's defeat no less than twelve Republican clubs of Italian-Americans left that party. It is said that since then the enrolment of Italian-Americans in the Democratic Party has increased 50 per cent. The vote of this group, comprising from 350,000 to 375,000 persons, is

not to be overlooked. La Guardia has also a tremendous following among the Jewish voters and is strong with labor. He appeals to independent Democrats who like to regard themselves as progressive.

In 1932 John P. O'Brien, Democrat, received 1,056,119 votes; Lewis H. Pounds, Republican, 443,901; Morris Hillquit, Socialist, 249,589; Joseph V. McKee, independent, 234,372; while 227,309 persons who voted did not even take the trouble to pull down the lever for mayor. The anti-Tammany vote was therefore 1,155,171, exceeding the Democratic total. If La Guardia retains most of the Republican and independent vote and gains the support of labor, he may be the next Mayor of New York.

Fusion leaders have a real opportunity. La Guardia as mayor can end the banker domination of City Hall; he can begin with federal funds to raze the dingy rookeries of the poor and erect in their place garden apartments; he can drive out the political parasites that drain the city's blood; he can make transit unification a fact and not a shibboleth. Liberals will not need to blush for the Board of Education and, more important, La Guardia as a practical politician can build up a machine or a following that may make for permanence in the never-ending fight against Tammany. La Guardia has the personality, the integrity, the record, the program, and the philosophy. In addition he is more likely to be elected than anyone else in sight.

The Intellectuals of the World and Hitler

By KARL LANGER

Vienna, June 29

THIS year's annual congress of the International P. E. N. Clubs which met during the last week in May in the Yugoslav town of Dubrovnik (Ragusa) on the Adriatic, presented a sorry picture of the lack of moral stamina and convictions of the literary world. The first P. E. N. Club was founded in Great Britain for the express purpose of promoting international solidarity among writers and freedom of literary expression. Since then the movement has spread to forty nations in Europe and America, and is today the most respected and numerically the strongest organization of creative intellectuals in the world.

It seems self-evident that the assemblage should take a stand on the ousting by Hitler Germany of some of the German Pen Club's most distinguished members, on its suppression of all independent literary activity, on its burning of the works of Germany's foremost writers, and on the persecution of its outstanding artists, authors, and scientists for reasons of race and conviction. The men of literature who had inscribed the fight for intellectual freedom on their banners could not possibly ignore the greatest spiritual tragedy of our decade.

The reactionary rulers of the Dritte Reich knew this only too well. The German section of the P. E. N. Club, usually represented at these international meetings by men like Hauptmann, Remarque, Feuchtwanger, Toller, Zweig, and the brothers Mann, having been purged of all radical and Semitic elements in the initial stages of National Socialist rule for its "racial, cultural, and political purification," was represented by Schmidt-Pauli, Elster, and Captain Busch, writers whose names are little known outside of Germany, but who make up for their obscurity by their absolute subservience to the Fascist cause. But not enough. The German government permitted participation only on the condition that the Dubrovnik congress take no formal action against its persecution of German authors and that the official delegates remain in constant touch by telephone with the proper authorities at home. It announced also that condemnation of the German government would result in the immediate suppression of the German P. E. N. Club.

Preposterous to relate, the threat of the cultural bar-

barians who have so successfully suppressed all opposition within the Reich was no less effective beyond national borders. Influential circles did their utmost to prevent an open break with the Nazi regime. The executive committee of the American Pen Club, through its only representative, Henry Seidel Canby, editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, had submitted a resolution which, it was piously hoped, would uphold the standards of the organization without precipitating it into "political altercations." It read:

We, the members of the American Center of the P. E. N. Club, call upon all other centers to affirm once more those principles upon which the structure of this society was raised and call particular attention to those resolutions presented by the English, French, German, and Belgian delegates at the Fifth International Congress of P. E. N. Clubs in Brussels in 1927 and passed there unanimously:

1. Literature, national though it be in origin, knows no frontiers, and should remain common currency between nations in spite of political or international upheavals.
2. In all circumstances, and particularly in time of war, works of art, the patrimony of humanity at large, should be left untouched by national or political passion.
3. Members of the P. E. N. will at all times use what influence they have in favor of good understanding and mutual respect between the nations.

We likewise call upon the international Congress to take definite steps to prevent the individual centers of the P. E. N., founded for the purpose of fostering good-will and understanding between races and nations, from being used as weapons of propaganda in the defense of persecution inflicted in the name of nationalism, racial prejudice, and political ill will.

The French, Polish, and Belgian delegations came prepared to submit a resolution of indignant protest against German terrorism; the Society of Socialist Authors in Austria, through its member Sonka, submitted a resolution signed by Oskar Maria Graf, Hermynia zur Muehlen, D. J. Bach, Fritz Bruegel, Josef Luitpold, and others which reiterated "the loyalty and warm friendship of the assembled delegates to all writers and others who have had to suffer for their words and works" and sent "greetings to Karl Von Ossietzky, Ludwig Renn, Erich Muehsam, Sigmund Freud, Heinrich

Mann, Alfred Kerr, Jakob Wassermann, and all those other comrades who have been persecuted, banned, and burned in Germany." Of these resolutions the executive committee selected that of the American organization as a preliminary statement of opinion, and it was adopted by a unanimous vote. The Germans also voted in its favor, with the understanding that another resolution dealing specifically with the German situation would be taken up later. The French and German deputations were instructed to make an effort to agree on a statement that would be generally acceptable.

The committee returned with a resolution which condemned the burning of books and other injustices of the German government, with the announcement that the German delegation would vote for the resolution only if it were adopted without discussion. The Swiss delegate Schickelberger and the Austrian Felix Salten warmly seconded this proposal, but they had made their reckoning without their host. H. G. Wells, the chairman of the congress, declared that no group of delegates would be permitted to deprive the congress of its right of free discussion and threw the floor open to the meeting. In the heated altercation that followed Cremeaux (France) declared that it was an intolerable affront to every cultured human being to know that somewhere a fellow-man was being deprived of physical and spiritual liberty. Marinetti called attention to the fact that Fascist Italy has always observed scrupulous tolerance toward all religious faiths and took sharp issue with anti-Semitic intolerance in Germany. Felix Salten, the Austrian writer whose animal stories have enjoyed enormous popularity in Germany and in America, supported the position of the German delegation with the statement that "German Austria and Germany are one people, whose culture springs from the beginnings of the old Germanic race." Mr. Salten resigned the presidency of the Vienna Pen Club at its last general meeting on June 27, after his attitude at the congress had been criticized severely.

Thomas (Belgium) protested with such telling effect against the measures taken by the German government to suppress the freedom of thought and action of the literary profession that Busch (Germany) rose to protest and threatened in the name of his delegation to leave the congress if this discussion of German conditions were permitted to continue. The debate was thereupon shut off and the resolution adopted.

On the following day Ernst Toller, who represented the emigrant German members of the P. E. N. Club and was known to most of the delegates for his activity at previous international congress meetings, and Sholom Asch, the distinguished Yiddish-American poet and writer who has lived for years on European soil, were given the floor. In the previous session the German delegation had declared itself ready to reply to any charges that these men and others might bring, and on the strength of this promise Asch and Toller had willingly postponed their addresses which had been scheduled to take place during the earlier session. Much to the amazement of the delegates, the chairman opened the next day's meeting by reading a statement from the German delegation in which the latter announced, obviously under instructions from Berlin, its refusal to attend further sessions of the congress in view of the attacks upon Germany.

Sholom Asch presented the position of the German Jew in a voice that shook with emotion. Toller's speech on this occasion was the more remarkable because it attacked the intrinsic rather than the adventitious features of the Nazi

regime, and in his indignation over the persecution of the Jew and the throttling of literature, did not forget the physical and spiritual suffering of the German masses.

What has the German Pen Club done, Mr. Toller asked, in protest against the expulsion from the country of Germany's most valuable scholars and university professors, such as Einstein, Zondek, Heller, Lederer, Schuecking, and Goldstein?

Where [he asked] was the German Pen Club when artists like Bruno Walter, Klemperer, Weill, Busch, and Eisler were ousted from their work in Germany? What did the Pen Club do against the decision of the German Academy that excludes Kathe Kollwitz, Otto Dix, Hofer, and Klee from work at the Academy, that forced the brilliant painter Liebermann to leave the Academy because he considered it unworthy to continue in membership there? What has the Pen Club done about the discharge of great actors from German playhouses?

What did the German Pen Club do about the exclusion of German writers from the protective society for German authors? What has it done about the blacklisting of authors whose works can no longer be printed in Germany or sold in German bookstores? What has the German Pen Club done to prevent the threatened boycott of the entire output of foreign publishers who print the works of these outlawed men of letters?

The secretary of the German Pen Club today is a certain Herr von Leer. In his book, "*Juden sehen dich an*," he had the temerity to speak of the Jew as the "devil in human form." Under pictures of Einstein, Ludwig, and Lessing he printed the caption "unchanged"; under the picture of the assassinated Erzberger, who, by the way, was no Jew, were the words "convicted at last." Will our German colleagues condemn this outbreak of barbarous madness? Will they expel Herr von Leer from the Pen Club?

I am not speaking of my private fate, nor of the fate of all those men and women who are forced to live in exile today. It is hard enough not to see the land of one's birth, to be hounded, proscribed, hated by one's countrymen. But the sufferings of others have been worse. I shall be charged in Germany with having spoken against Germany. I oppose the methods of the men who rule Germany today but hold no brief to speak for the German people. Millions in Germany are forbidden to write and say what they think and believe. When I speak here I speak for those millions who have been deprived of their voices. The gentlemen call upon the shades of Germany's great men of the past. What is there in the works of Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, and Lessing that condones the suppression of a million people?

I doubt whether we shall have many more occasions to come together on European soil to speak our opinions unhindered. The rebel is in danger everywhere today. But what of us? Who are we that the future of man should be sacrificed for our sakes? Let us overcome this fear that degrades and shames us. We must carry our fight into many by-ways. There may be ways that will lead us against each other; but in all of us there is the conviction of a humanity that is free of barbarity and lying, free from social injustice and oppression.

Jugoslavia, which many of us look upon as a land of uncultured peasants, greeted Toller's speech with a storm of approval. The lecture tour that followed his attendance at the congress was a triumphal procession. "I have rarely had the opportunity," commented Victor Rubcic, editor of the *Posta* in Sarajevo, "to see a man gain such popularity and win such honest acclaim within so short a time."

The Comic Wisdom of S. N. Behrman

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

WHEN the Theater Guild produced "The Second Man" in the fall of 1928 S. N. Behrman was totally unknown. Since then he has written only two other plays which achieved an outstanding success, but there is no American dramatist who has more clearly defined or more convincingly defended an individual and specific talent. It is, as we shall see, difficult to discover in the rather commonplace incidents of his career any explanation of the fact that the whole cast of his mind should be as different as it is from that of any of his fellows, but from the very beginning it was evident that he had accepted and assimilated the Comic Spirit so successfully that he could write with a consistent clarity of thought and feeling unrivaled on our stage. With us farce, burlesque, sentimental romance, and even satire are common enough. They are, as a matter of fact, natural expressions of that superficial tendency toward irreverence which overlays the fundamental earnestness of the American character. Embarrassed by deep feeling or true comedy, we take refuge in the horse-play of farce or the ambiguities of "sophisticated" romance, where the most skittish of characters generally end by rediscovering a sentimentalized version of the eternal verities. But the remarkable thing about Mr. Behrman is the unerring way in which his mind cut through the inconsistency of these compromises, the clarity with which he realized that we must ultimately make our choice between judging men by their heroism or judging them by their intelligence, and the unfailing articulateness with which he defends his determination to choose the second alternative.

Several other American playwrights have hesitated upon the brink of the decision. One or two of them—Sidney Howard and Robert Sherwood, for instance—have written individual plays which all but defined their attitude and, indeed, Edwin Justin Mayer's almost unknown "Children of Darkness" is a masterpiece which may some day be rediscovered. But Mr. Behrman alone has been clear, persistent, and undeviating; he alone has emerged from the group by virtue of a surprising intellectual quality. One might have predicted him a generation hence. One might have foreseen that a definition as clear as his was bound to emerge and that someone in America would be bound to write comedy in the classical tradition—for the simple reason that such comedy is the inevitable product of a certain stage in the development of any nation's civilization. But the amazing thing was his sudden, unexpected emergency from obscurity with both attitude and technical skill fully formed.

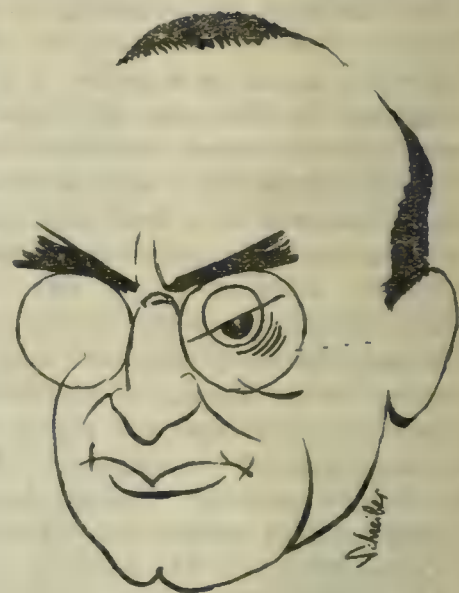
The public was given no opportunity to discover Mr. Behrman until he had completely discovered himself, and "The Second Man" was not only a mature play—quite as good as anything he has written since—but actually a comedy about Comedy and therefore, by implication, the announcement of a program. All its accidental qualities were, of course, those common to nearly every work which even approaches the type of which it represents the fully developed form. The locale was luxurious, the people privileged enough to spend most of their time adjusting amorous or other com-

plications, and the conversation sparking with wit. But the theme was the Comic Spirit itself and the hero a man forced to make that decision between the heroic and the merely intelligent which must be made before comedy really begins.

Like Mr. Behrman himself, his hero belongs to a society which still pretends rather unsuccessfully to affirm its faith in moral ideals. Romantic love, for example, is still theoretically so tremendous a thing that no man or woman worthy of the name would hesitate to give up everything else in its favor. Life, below even the frivolous surface of fashionable existence, is supposed to be real and supposed to be earnest. But our hero—a second-rate story writer—has brains enough to know, not only that his stories are second rate, but also that he does not really believe what he is supposed to believe. He can strike the heroic attitude, but the steam is not really there. A "second man" inside himself whispers the counsel of prudence and common sense, tells him

that he does not really prefer love to comfort, or exaltation to pleasure. The only integrity he has is the only one which is necessary to a comic hero—the one which makes it impossible for him either to be a conscious hypocrite on the one hand or, on the other, so to befuddle himself with sentiment as to conceal from even his own mind the fact that he is making one choice while pretending to make the other.

In terms of action the result is that he sends packing the determined flapper who wants to marry him and returns to the wealthy mistress who can support him in the luxury to which he has been accustomed. "I suppose it's dreadful to take money from a woman. But why it's worse than taking it from a man I don't know. Do you?" Incidentally, and in the course of this action, the result is also to develop with bold clarity the whole philosophy of a hero who has surrendered the effort to be heroic and is ready to explain without equivocation why such as he must take themselves and the world as they find them without either trying to pretend that they are different or trying to make them so. The originality of the whole—so far as our particular stage is concerned—consists just in the fact that the play neither shirks the logic of its own conclusions nor presents itself as a simple "shocker" but remains essentially "serious" in the sense that it accepts and defends the premises of all pure comedy. "Life is a tragedy to those who feel and a comedy to those who think." Follow the emotions and you may



S. N. Behrman

reach ecstasy; but if you cannot do that, then listen to the dictates of common sense and there is a very good chance that you will be comfortable—even, God willing, witty besides.

Mr. Behrman has concealed from the public the inner history of his development and has not, so far as I am aware, told us even what literary influences helped him upon the way to his exceptional maturity, or enabled him to reach so quickly the core of a problem towards which most of our dramatic writers are still only feeling their way. The records say that he was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, and that, as a stage-struck youth, he managed to get as far as Fourteenth Street, New York, by appearing as an actor in a vaudeville skit which he himself had written. Then he attended Clark University and enrolled in Professor Baker's famous course at Harvard. But since then the outward events of his career have been much like those in the careers of half the men connected with the New York theater. For a period he worked on the *Times* and for a period he acted as a theatrical press-agent—being connected in that capacity with the resounding success of "Broadway." Since his first play he has spent a good deal of time in Hollywood and he ought, it would seem, to share the weaknesses as well as the strengths of the typical Broadway group into which he seems so obviously to fit. But by now it is evident that "The Second Man" was no accident. He shows no tendency to become submerged in the common tradition, to write merely in the current manner. Instead, each of his succeeding plays has been quite obviously the product of the same talent and the same integral attitude.

It is true that once—in the comedy-drama "Meteor"—he fumbled the intended effect for the very reason that he had, apparently, not thought the situation through to the point where it could be stated in purely intellectual terms. This history of a rebellious and disorganized genius seen through the eyes of a bewildered but admiring acquaintance is not pure comedy because it is suffused with a sense of wonder, because its subject is a mystery, whereas comedy, almost by definition, admits no mysteries and adopts *nil admirari* as its motto. But since that time Mr. Behrman has not faltered. He made a delightful play out of the delightful English *conte* "Serena Blandish" and then, in "Brief Moment" and "Biography," he extended his demonstration of the comic solution to the problem of civilized living.

Each of these plays—and especially the last—enjoyed a considerable run. At least "Biography," moreover, was generally recognized by critics as one of the outstanding plays of the season. And yet neither, I think, was taken unreservedly to its bosom by the general public or given quite the wholehearted approval accorded to certain other plays less relentlessly consistent in tone. The comic attitude—like any other consistent attitude—cannot be undeviatingly maintained without involving a certain austerity. The moment inevitably comes when it would be easier to relax for a moment the critical intelligence and to pluck some pleasant flower of sentiment or—in other words—to pretend that some compromise is possible between the romantic hero and the comic one. But Mr. Behrman never allows himself to be betrayed by any such weakness and he pays the penalty of seeming a little dry and hard to those pseudo-sophisticates who adore the tear behind the smile because they insist upon eating their cake and having it too. Just as they giggle when they find themselves unable to sustain the level of

O'Neill's exaltation—unable, that is to say, to accept the logic of his demand that life be consistently interpreted in terms of the highest feeling possible to it—so, too, they are almost equally though less consciously baffled by Behrman's persistent anti-heroicism. Comedy and tragedy alike are essentially aristocratic; only the forms in between are thoroughly popular.

"Brief Moment" is concerned with a very rich, intelligent, and disillusioned young man who marries a cabaret singer because he fancies her somehow "elemental," and then discovers that she is all too capable of becoming a very convincing imitation of the women of his own class—not only by adopting all their manners, but by developing a genuine enthusiasm for all the manifestations of fashionable pseudo-culture. One of its points, therefore, is that those "simple souls" which sometimes fascinate the too complicated are really less "beyond" than simply not yet "up to" the follies from which they seem so refreshingly free; but the real theme of the play is larger. Its hero is an inhabitant of that Wasteland described in so many contemporary poems and novels. He is the heir of all our culture, the end product of education and privilege, eclectically familiar with so many enthusiasms and faiths that there is none to which he can give a real allegiance. But instead of gesturing magniloquently in the void, instead of trying, like most of his prototypes in contemporary literature, to turn his predicament into tragedy despite the obvious absence of the necessary tragic exaltation, he is content, first to analyze the situation intellectually and then to compensate for the absence of ecstasy by the cultivation of that grace and wit which no one can be too sophisticated to achieve.

"Biography" is again the vehicle for a comment made by the Comic Spirit upon one of the predicaments of contemporary life. Its heroine is a mediocre portrait painter with a genius for comely living. Her dilemma arises out of the apparent necessity of choosing between two men—the one a likable but abandoned opportunist in public life, the other a fanatical revolutionary idealist. Her solution is ultimately to choose neither, and the play is essentially her defense of her right to be a spectator and to cultivate the spectator's virtue—a detached tolerance. The revolutionist says everything which can be said against her attitude. He denounces it as, at bottom, only a compound of indolence and cowardice which parades as a superiority when it is really responsible for the continuance of all the injustices of the world which the intelligent profess themselves too "wise" to correct. But the heroine sticks to her contention that a contemplative, understanding neutrality is "right" for her. She may be wholly ineffectual. The world's work may be done by persons less reasonable and less amiable than she. But wit and tolerance are forms of beauty and, as such, their own excuse for being.

Mr. Behrman's plays are obviously "artificial"—both in the sense that they deal with an artificial and privileged section of society and in the sense that the characters themselves are less real persons than idealized embodiments of intelligence and wit. No person was ever so triple plated with the armor of comic intelligence as his hero; no society ever existed in which all problems were solved—as in his plays they are—when good sense had analyzed them. Just as the tragic writer endows all his characters with his own gift of poetry, so Mr. Behrman endows all his with his own gift for

the phrase which lays bare to the mind a meaning which emotion has been unable to disentangle. No drawing room ever existed in which people talked so well or acted so sensibly at last, but this idealization is the final business of comedy. It first deflates man's aspirations and pretensions, accepting the inevitable failure of his attempt to live by his passions or up to his enthusiasms. But when it has done this, it demonstrates what is still left to him—his intelligence, his wit, his tolerance, and his grace—and then, finally, it imagines with what charm he could live if he were freed, not merely from the stern necessities of the struggle for physical existence, but also from the perverse and unexpected quixoticisms of his heart.

(This is the first of four articles on contemporary American dramatists. The second, *The Random Satire of George Kaufman*, will appear in the issue of August 2.)

In the Driftway

THE Society of St. Tammany, better known as Tammany Hall, was organized as a benevolent and patriotic body, and considers itself both to this day. Of its benevolence, at least toward its more outstanding members, there can be no doubt, but since the Fourth of July its patriotism has been suspect. For on that day it transgressed the ritual which in recent years the United States Flag Association has been meticulously building up in order that the religion of patriotism may have an appropriate mumbo-jumbo. The *New York Times* printed on the morning of the Fourth some of the "rules" which the Flag Association has been more or less successful in imposing upon a timid and befuddled public. Foremost was a declaration that the flags should not be hoisted before sunrise and should be lowered at sunset.

THE Society of St. Tammany gathered splendidly on the Fourth and held "patriotic exercises" in front of its Wigwam, from which a whole battalion of American flags was flung to the winds. But, alas, the sachems must have got up too late to read the "rules" for displaying the flag obligingly printed for their benefit that morning, or else they went home so happy that they forgot about them. For the flags—think of it, ye patriots!—were allowed to stay up all night. Of course there were religious zealots to observe the desecration. According to the *New York Times*, "Indignant citizens who noticed the large flag on the roof and the twelve smaller flags on the Fourth Avenue and Seventeenth Street sides after sundown battered the Hall door in vain. There was no response."

BUT the sachems of Tammany Hall need not be, and probably are not, entirely disconsolate. The Society of St. Tammany is older than the United States Flag Association and may have memories of history which have escaped the pontifical pundits of the more recent organization. The sachems may retort, for instance, that the flag was flown all night once back in 1814 without exciting any recriminations. A certain American who on that occasion went out to the British fleet in Chesapeake Bay to arrange for an exchange

of prisoners, and was kept there until the attack on Fort McHenry had been repulsed, testified later that the flag had flown over the fort all night. The occurrence did not annoy him. He did not telephone to the United States Flag Association in a huff. On the contrary, he rejoiced that "the rocket's red glare, and bombs bursting in air, gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!" Indeed, he was so enraptured when "by the dawn's early light" he saw the emblem which had been visible "at the twilight's last gleaming," that he wrote a song about the event which enjoys considerable popularity in the United States to this day. The man was Francis Scott Key. The song is called "The Star-Spangled Banner."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Social Workers, Pro and Con

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Social workers, in *The Nation* of June 14, were bracketed with racketeers and gangsters. As defenders of the faith—the simple faith that man is our prime concern and in him lies the hope of the ages—social workers need no defense. Social workers who "know little and care less about economic or political theory and practice" are canceled by the members of the Committee on Federal Action on Unemployment of the American Association of Social Workers, whose platform, accepting group responsibility for constructive action in the economic field, was printed in the *Compass* for May.

For Mrs. Guild's "social worker" who said, "Let the hunger marcher starve," one can cite a head worker in Chicago whose settlement is the accepted meeting place for protest groups of unemployed. The statement, "Publicly, social workers who know the facts say nothing, do nothing," raises the question: What about Jane Addams, Grace and Edith Abbott? They are still up and doing. And Graham Taylor, in his eighties, spent his entire lunch hour at a minimum-wage luncheon in Detroit getting the Illinoisians present to petition their legislature against a bill limiting freedom of opinion in their State.

Obviously it would be unfair to cite the saints and pioneers of social work as typical. But their followers need no apologist. Gathered in conference recently, some 3,000 strong, they met issues on every front from technocracy to food orders. William Hodson, president-elect of the conference, declared in the closing session: "None know better than social workers the misery of the old order. In Washington and their own localities they are bringing their knowledge and understanding to bear to change that order. If social work has courage, intelligence, willingness to work, it will lead. Let us provide such leadership."

It is not easy to strike the golden mean between the reality of here and now and the dreams which can be the reality of tomorrow. Those who find that mean are more telling performers than they who function exclusively in either realm. Returning to social work from some years in other fields, the writer finds that social workers follow that road in greater numbers than most groups.

Just one word in answer to the plaint that social work is a "stop-gap in the present crisis." It's lucky some people have their fingers in the dykes. Social workers are the shock troops who stood the first impact. They are the ones who trained the rookies from other professions who are now standing the gaff twelve to sixteen hours a day in public-welfare departments. Stop-gap? Amen and how!

Syracuse, N. Y., June 19

ELEONORE VON ELTZ

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Social workers have rarely attempted to maintain that social-work technique can "prevent most of the suffering with which they are concerned." Their efforts have centered rather on securing a better understanding of human beings and the pathological aspects of their social relationships. Prevention of suffering, for many social workers, is a goal to be reached with the help of this better understanding as it reaches farther into the community. There are the several limitations of function, scope, and method of social work that make it difficult for the social worker to go, professionally, to the roots of things. Social work will continue to be a mere stop-gap as long as its program continues to be financed by those who have profited most under the present economic set-up.

The depression has awakened an increasing number of social workers to the inadequacy of our accepted social concepts. Affected both as workers and as members of a profession by salary reductions and lowering of standards, their own hurts have led to a growing understanding of, and a concurrent dissatisfaction with, many of our present social patterns.

The old fear that organization for the protection of salaries and standards is unprofessional and undignified seems to be leaving us. The New York Association of Federation Workers, made up of employees of social agencies that comprise the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies, has actively engaged in the protection of its members in their relations with their employers. The Social Workers Discussion Club has provided a forum for critical analysis of such basic social problems as those presented by the Negro, the danger of war, social insurance. Similar groups have been formed in other cities such as Philadelphia and Chicago.

There is still some hope for the social worker.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 17

CHARLES FASTOV

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mrs. Guild's trenchant criticism of the failure of social workers to see our national disaster in its true perspective and to act accordingly is well taken, and few of us in the trade will quarrel with her on that score. She could have made her analysis more illuminating by relating the theory and practice of social work to dominant forces in American economic and political life, by showing how the mental-hygiene movement, for instance, and its profound influence upon social case-work (an American invention) and upon the social worker's concept of social pathology as a cumulative series of individual pathologies, how this atomistic view of social adjustment stems from the same sources whence have come the "rugged individualism" that has played so large a role in the development of our society. Still, she has performed a public service in stripping the veil from the illusion held by some that social workers are solving the depression.

In all fairness, however, it should be pointed out that not all social workers have cared little for economic or political theory, and that some have protested against the degrading and medieval nature of unemployment relief. Increasingly since 1929 the younger social worker has been achieving for herself an orientation in relation to her own job and to the larger social picture that is often at variance with that of the older generation. This new attitude has found expression in two ways. The younger worker, in New York especially, has come to regard herself not as a sacrosanct professional dealing in mysteries, nor as a lady bountiful, but as an employee doing a necessary job in our society. Under the pressure of salary cuts and lay-offs she has learned the wisdom of organization for protective purposes. Such a step, revolutionary in a calling linked so intimately with all that is nice and ladylike in the status quo, has aroused a sense of identification with other employee elements in our society, which in turn has led to a wider social

horizon and to a sympathetic approach to the problems of our wage-earning classes. This brings me to the second expression of the thinking of the younger social worker: the rapid growth in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and Cleveland of social workers' discussion clubs, which have stimulated an interest in the basic social issues of the day—economic planning, federal relief, social insurance, the danger of war, and so on. In Chicago the Discussion Club helped obtain paid vacations for workers in public agencies. In New York the Discussion Club has protested against the inadequacy of home relief, come out for genuine unemployment insurance, and supported the national hunger march of last year.

It is true that these manifestations of revolt against a stale leadership are still relatively isolated and are not participated in by a majority of the profession. They give promise, however, of a social-work leadership of tomorrow which will play a more dynamic role in the reconstruction of our society.

New York, June 21

JACOB FISHER,

For the Association of Federation Workers

The Nation Wins Again

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Life magazine for June 16 mentions that your editorial in the May 7 issue entitled Class Justice was the worst of the year. I'll supplement that by saying it is the worst of a lifetime; and I am using my last cent to buy this card to tell you about it, too, and I don't know when I'll get another cent, either, as I am one of the (ragged) rugged individuals.

Rochester, N. Y., June 22

SAM S. SAMPSON

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is a Washington correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

HAROLD J. LASKI, author of "Democracy in Crisis" and other volumes, is professor of political science in London University.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS, a New York lawyer, is author of "Let Freedom Ring."

AMOS PINCHOT is a New York lawyer and publicist.

KARL LANGER is the pseudonym of a German writer who frequently contributes to American and European journals.

WILLIAM MACDONALD contributes historical and political reviews to *The Nation* and other periodicals.

YOUNGHILL KANG, a Korean student of the literature and philosophy of the Orient, and a member of the Department of English of New York University, has written the story of his life in "The Grass Roof."

H. L. MENCKEN is the editor of the *American Mercury*.

MARK VAN DOREN, professor of English at Columbia University, is the editor of "The Oxford Book of American Prose."

HAakon CHEVALIER is the author of "The Ironical Temper: Anatole France and His Time."

WILLIAM GRUEN, formerly an instructor of philosophy in the City College of New York, contributes frequently to the *Monist*.

HARRY W. LAIDLER, a director of the League for Industrial Democracy, is the author of "Concentration of Control in American Industry."

WILLIAM TROY is a member of the English department of Washington Square College, New York University.

Books and Films

Sir Arthur Plans Planning

The Framework of an Ordered Society. By Sir Arthur Salter. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

The National Industrial Recovery Act: An Analysis. By Benjamin S. Kirsh, in collaboration with Harold Roland Shapiro. New York: Central Book Company. \$2.50.

RECENTLY the technocrats held a national conference which immediately blew into fragments, and there are now probably as many competing and mutually antagonistic American technocratic as communistic camps. But if the Social Planners were to hold a conference, would they fare any better? I suspect not. Most of them believe that conditions would improve immediately if "the government took a hand" in affairs, but Sir Arthur Salter is much more skeptical and guarded. He is opposed, it is true, to *laissez faire*, holding that under present conditions the automatic economic adjustments of the nineteenth century can no longer be made. He is opposed to "a communism which destroys both political and economic freedom, or a fascism which, at the expense of political liberty, leaves a limited freedom for capitalists," and he refuses to believe that these are the only alternatives before us. But he differs from some of his fellow Social Planners in several important respects. He does not blame all of our present evils on competition or *laissez faire*. He has too much knowledge of tariffs, of mistaken governmental monetary policies, and of happy ideas like the Stevenson rubber restriction scheme; and he is careful to remark that the task of the future is not merely that of controlling what was previously left free, but that of "replacing foolish and improvised control by wisely planned control." And Sir Arthur is not content to point to the governmental errors of the past; they cause him to be skeptical about governmental planning in the future. Indeed, he is convinced that such planning cannot be wisely made by democratic parliamentary government as at present organized. Such government cannot plan, it can merely improvise. "The present commercial policies of the world constitute a kind of bastard socialism, conceived not in the public interest but pressed upon harassed government by strong sectional organizations." Sir Arthur suggests that democratic government will not plan wisely unless parliaments are content to delegate an increasing amount of their powers—meeting, say, for only two or three months of the year and passing merely on major policies, leaving the details of regulation to the executive. The executive, in turn, must not only consult but heed expert opinion far more regularly than at present. And this planning itself must not so much seek to displace the competitive price system as to supplement it, leaving as large a scope as possible for political and economic freedom. There must be developed a sort of institutional self-discipline, directed by Economic Advisory Councils, resting as far as possible on voluntary cooperation.

It is interesting to turn to Mr. Kirsh's little book, which prints the text of the industrial-control provisions of the new National Industrial Recovery Act and analyzes them. The new law seems built almost to conform with Sir Arthur's specifications. It represents the delegation of large powers from the legislature to the executive. It attempts to secure voluntary cooperation. But still I imagine that Sir Arthur must have some very serious misgivings about it. As an internationalist, what must he think of those provisions of the law which authorize the President not merely to raise tariffs, but to impose quotas and embargoes against foreign goods? The tragedy of the Social Planner is that he never gets what he himself would plan.

HENRY HAZLITT

Eamonn de Valera

De Valera. By Denis Gwynn. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

MR. GWYNN'S book has the charm of good writing and the value of exceptional competence and thoroughness. It is modestly described as neither a criticism nor a defense of Eamonn de Valera, but rather as an attempt to discover from his record "the secret of his extraordinary personal ascendancy" and "the real object" of his economic, social, and political program. Yet it would be difficult for anyone to treat with entire impartiality the paradoxes and contradictions of de Valera's career, and while Mr. Gwynn does not fail, however confused the situation or violent the controversy, to present fully de Valera's side of the case, there are a good many things about de Valera's course for which he evidently has no sympathy and not a few for which he feels aversion.

Paradox and contradiction are written large across de Valera's life from the beginning, and they form the main thread of Mr. Gwynn's critical examination. They appear in his birth in New York of Irish and Spanish parents who gave him a name which is "a curious hybrid" of Spanish and French, in his American citizenship which later saved him from a death sentence in Ireland, his drift into the Irish revolutionary movement while he was an abstracted and queerly dressed professor of mathematics, his sudden rise to fame as the last of the Irish commanders to surrender after the Easter-week rising in 1916, the enhanced popularity that followed two long terms of imprisonment in England, his presidency of Sinn Féin, his bitter controversies with Irish leaders in Ireland and the United States, his baffling course in the treaty negotiations which made southern Ireland a Free State, and his fight for the retention of the land annuities and the development of Irish economic independence. His conduct in America "split the Irish-Americans into two camps," "irrevocably antagonized the two principal leaders," John Devoy and Judge Cohalan, and left his followers confused regarding the kind of independence for Ireland he desired; yet his popular reception was extraordinary, he raised, or helped largely to raise, millions of dollars for the Irish cause, and when he returned to Ireland, with guerrilla warfare in full swing and the terrorism of the Black and Tans at its height, the magnetism of his name was such that "there had been no feeling of resentment at his absence, no serious complaint that he had left all the dangerous and thankless work to others while he enjoyed the limelight and the applause of the United States."

Mr. Gwynn repeatedly alludes to de Valera's conviction that he was playing a "messianic role," and that it was through him, and him alone, that Irish Ireland was to be saved. No messiah could have led more vagariously or with less apparent likelihood of convincing his followers of his inspiration, but the idea serves rather better than any other to explain his self-assurance, his assumption of infallibility, his conflicts with the Dail, his quarrels with such leaders as Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins, his political use of the equivocal Erskine Childers, his devious course regarding the treaty and the oath of allegiance, his return to the Dail in 1927 as Opposition leader after five years' absence, his defeat of the Cosgrave Government in 1932, and the fantastic claims with which he supported his attack on the land annuities. Consistent only in his inconsistency, he has outplayed all his political opponents, and has shown what Mr. Gwynn, with studied reserve, calls "remarkable dexterity" by keeping within constitutional limits while "skilfully creating a situation which makes separation inevitable."

Whether or not de Valera can hold his place seems to Mr. Gwynn at least an open question. The new industrial program, "to those who are accustomed to modern conditions," seems "fantastic to the verge of insanity," and "the results of reckless finance and of the deliberate wrecking of Anglo-Irish trade have so far only begun to be felt." A new Fenianism is active, and the Catholic bishops "have shown unmistakable signs of alarm" at the prospect of communism. The Irish republican army "is today incomparably more formidable than it was in 1916." Meantime de Valera, mysterious as ever, is in command. There is no book comparable to this as an explanation of what he is like or how he has come to be what he is.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Pearl Buck's Mission

The First Wife and Other Stories. By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

EVERYTHING that Pearl S. Buck has written I have been forced to read whether I liked it or not. This is because of her large public and because the particular section of the world she writes about is where I came from. In some of my criticisms of her work I have been led into an interesting debate: Is Mrs. Buck describing the Chinese mind or merely her own impression of the Chinese mind? I have not changed my previous views. While I do not admire her work as I do the work of the ancient Chinese painters, who so painted a cat that the observer must feel himself to be a cat, I do admire her Western personality more than ever. She is consistently an able and deep-natured Western woman.

These fourteen short stories are divided into three sections: Old and New, Revolution, and Flood. All deal realistically with events which take place in contemporary China. The common theme is that of the transition from the old ideas to the new. The title is from the long short-story—the most moving one included here—called *The First Wife*. It deals with the return of the young Chinese husband and father who has received an American education. On going back he finds the young wife, who for seven years has taken care of his mother and father, his son and his daughter, impossible; and when he tries to help her to educate herself to meet his requirements she fails him. The tragedy is between these two, the wife who represents tradition, home, and parents, and the returned son from the West who wants a wife who is able to understand his views. The new wins over the old.

She rose and drew open a drawer in the table, and from it she took out a silk girdle that she wore customarily with her holiday garments. It was of soft white silk, very strong and soft. She climbed upon the massive bed, and with steady hands she tied one end of the girdle about her throat and she reached and tied the other end around the beam that ran just above the bed. From the middle room she heard her son's voice crying merrily, "And shall I ride in an airplane, too?"

This theme is again repeated in *The Old Mother*, where now the mother is not able to get on with her returned son and his Western-educated wife. Again the conflict is brought to an unfortunate end. The finish is her quavering remark, "Well, I can die—at any rate, I can die! I can hang myself."

The *Frill* deals with a Chinese tailor who makes dresses for the postmaster's wife from America, who tells him: "You must make yourself tailor—no give small boy makee—spoil." She directs her servant to see that he does not steal anything on the way out. The contrast here is between the self-complacent Western woman and her sense of superiority over the tailor whom she compels to work all night long, so that he may earn

the money from her to bury his dead relative. The *Rainy Day* is a skilful and compact sketch describing Teh-tsen, who after his education in America finds it hard to adjust himself to life in his own country. Western individualism develops in him so much that he can no longer accept traditional Chinese life. Discouraged, he gives up all hopes and dreams of doing anything.

The second group of stories begins with *Wang Lung*, named for the character who later becomes the chief character in "*The Good Earth*." The book concludes with a final group of four sketches dealing with flood and famine on the Yangtze River. They are the most realistic in the book, and make a direct appeal for sympathy which no reader can fail to be moved by. Indeed, they were actually written to obtain funds for relief.

Mrs. Buck herself is reported as having said that she has no sense of a mission in her writing. In this I am sure she meant to speak sincerely. But unconsciously, and in a way fortunately, she sees hope for China only in its giving up the old way and in acquiring that of Christianity. But this attitude prevents her from seeing the old way as it really was. Miss Nora Waln, for example, has come far closer to the real Chinese mind and ways. Whether Mrs. Buck admits it to herself or not, she has fulfilled a mission in her writings, which must invariably move Western readers to thank God for Christ and his teachings. I do not mean to criticize her for this, only to congratulate her for her courage and her pattern, which would have been deeply considered by any thinking Oriental a generation ago.

YOUNGHILL KANG

These Here States

My American Friends. By L. P. Jacks. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

DR. JACKS, who is the editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, has traveled in the United States a great deal more than most Americans. He came first in 1886, to find out what he could learn at Harvard, and there he met and plucked wisdom from Charles Eliot Norton, William James, Josiah Royce, John Fiske, and Francis G. Peabody. He came again in 1909, and again in 1910, 1912, and 1913. The war intervening, he did not make his next trip until 1924, but since then he has been among us three more times, and on his last trip, in 1931-32, he remained nine months, and visited forty-two States. A map of this journey is printed at the end of his book. The thin red line which shows his route runs from Hollywood to Palm Beach in the South and from Boston to Tacoma in the North. He missed Reno, but he saw the Grand Canyon, and appears to have had seances with the Mormons of both Salt Lake City and Long Island.

I wish I could say, as one theologian rooting for another, that Dr. Jacks has composed what all the bright young boys and gals are now calling an "exciting" book, but alas the massive and impenetrable facts stand in the way. It is, in truth, a somewhat narcotic volume, and I had not got much beyond the first chapter before I began to regret having contracted to review it. What ails it, fundamentally, is simply the rev. and learned author's heroic determination to be amiable. He refuses absolutely to say anything likely to upset his American friends, and as a result he comes perilously close to saying nothing at all. The same Christian Science smile radiates from him from end to end. Only once, so far as I can recall, does he let it freeze off, and then it is to protest against the inscription on a monument at Pittsburgh, which seems to him to make it insufficiently plain that "in 1756 there was no distinction between the 'British' and 'Americans' as separate nations." But

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE
BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

by this time, I suppose, Andy Mellon's camerlingo has given the appropriate orders, and the inscription has been changed.

Dr. Jacks even goes to the length of arguing, quite seriously and at some length, that the excessive standardization visible in the United States is a good thing, and will have gorgeous effects upon human progress hereafter. Unfortunately, his reasoning here is not quite as clear as it might be. First he maintains that "standardization is a condition absolutely essential to all forms of human originality," and that our apparent excess of it gives us "a somewhat broader basis" than other nations have for "the coming of surpassing splendors in the way of originality and creativeness," and then, on the same page, he hastens to add that this excess really "amounts to very little"—in fact, to no more, relatively, than the bulk of "a pea deposited on the summit of Mount Everest." Here, obviously, one may either take it or leave it. As for me, I find myself constrained to leave it.

H. L. MENCKEN

Beyond Shakespeare

The Christian Renaissance. With Interpretations of Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe, and a Note on T. S. Eliot. By G. Wilson Knight. Canada: The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

MR. KNIGHT, who in four tumultuous volumes—"Myth and Miracle," "The Wheel of Fire," "The Imperial Theme," and "The Shakespearian Tempest"—has plunged through the sea of Shakespeare's imagery and held up as he swam full many an important catch, now reaches the other shore with naked symbols in his hand. For in this new book he goes beyond Shakespeare, who, though he is great enough to include Dante and Goethe, is not really great enough for Mr. Knight. He goes headlong on, in short, to the only poem which is perfect—the New Testament.

"It has, of course, been evident," says Mr. Knight, "that my interpretations of Shakespeare must, sooner or later, necessarily have something to say about Christianity." I must confess it was not evident to me. I read every new volume of those interpretations with the greatest attention and respect, and never once did I discover that I was being led along a path at the end of which the New Testament would appear "to be the most consummate vision of any." I had been simple enough to suppose that Mr. Knight's books about Shakespeare had been about Shakespeare. Now, of course, it is clear that they were not—at least in Mr. Knight's own mind. I still believe them to contain some of the most brilliant and illuminating remarks ever made about the poetry of the plays. But I can see also that they were leading up to the burst of prophecy which is the present book.

For Mr. Knight now makes it plain that he is concerned not so much with poetry as with Life, to which he thinks it gives the key. He has been interested less in the symbols of Shakespeare than in the truth to which he is able to make them refer. Such a man is bound to come, and Mr. Knight very swiftly it seems to me has come, to a point where symbols are sufficient things. Poetry, where he first found them, now strikes him as something mixed—the flesh adheres to the spirit, the "meaning" is obscure. Better for him, if not for us, the pure meaning, the naked symbol. Thus it is that he can say of the Gospels: "Not only is this book poetic: it holds all possible poetry potential in its pages." He prefers, that is to say, poetry which is possible to poetry which is actual—the New Testament, for instance, to Shakespeare. There is only one more step to take, and at the rate Mr. Knight is going I have no doubt that he will take it in his next book. He will announce an exclusive allegiance to that poetry which cannot be written at all. He will praise the in-

effable, the impossible. He will say in four hundred excellent pages: Henceforth let there be Silence.

I shall not follow him there, nor do I here, where I see him in the process of detaching himself from the flesh and blood of poetry. The process, indeed, began as early as "The Imperial Theme," where his obsession with symbols led him to overpraise "Timon of Athens" because its key had been left in the lock, and where his praise of "Antony and Cleopatra" was determined not so much by the merits which anyone else may see in the work as by the fact that its "meaning" fitted attractively into his system. The process for that matter went on in "The Shakespearian Tempest," where Mr. Knight was prone to find perfection in Shakespeare's last plays because their mythological personages are such clear projections of a theme. They are clear, certainly; but they are not one-tenth as interesting on the level of poetry—of written poetry—as the divine beings who live unseen in Hamlet and the other tragic heroes, and whose existence, probably, Shakespeare did not suspect.

Now in his new book Mr. Knight is capable of calling the New Testament a greater tragedy than any of Shakespeare's because its hero, Jesus, is perfect. It is a greater tragedy because it must have been written by a greater man—one who was still greater than this hero. Who wrote it? The answer, I suppose, is implicit in the following sentences: "Jesus's life distills the very quintessence of human reality: his story presents an absolute, finished, and complete life in perfect harmony with a sublime ethic; that is, with the innermost principle of life itself." The author, then, was Life.

Mr. Knight may be inspired throughout, and the prophecy which he finally makes of a great age of poetry now about to appear may be all very well. But one who prefers poetry that is written by men—men in their prime, to whom life presents itself in the lower case—may be pardoned for a certain feeling of bewilderment. I for one do not see poetry and religion blending at the present moment to produce the most perfect literature man has ever been privileged to read. Nor do I look with much pleasure toward that not far distant hour when, Mr. Knight assures us, "both religion and poetry, as practiced and understood today, will pass. They will pass, when the time is ripe, to bring to birth a greater thing than either, a new Life, splendorously paling those twin candles that have stood before its altar."

MARK VAN DOREN

For Unsophisticated Unbelievers

A Calendar of Saints for Unbelievers. By Glenway Wescott. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THIS book is likely to inspire in the gentle and cultivated reader a certain uneasiness. He will be puzzled as to why Mr. Wescott should have written it and why anyone should want to read it. It is a neat and charming volume containing a wealth of material delicately presented, and for the reader unfamiliar with saintly lore it will no doubt have an appeal. But as he reads on through pages and pages of these thumb-nail sketches of human types of all kinds who, for good reasons and bad, have been sanctified by the Catholic church, he will find the author's point of view even more elusive than it is in the smirking foreword, which reads like William Bolitho at his worst. If this reader, though unbelieving, has had some intimate acquaintance with saints in his early years; if he has spent long hours over the magic "Legenda Aurea" as piously compiled by Jacobus de Voragine, and delved at odd moments into the hagiographers of different centuries; if he has delighted in the masterly works of Louis Menard and Maspero and felt a certain jarring dissonance in the portrayal of saints by even such scrupulous artists as Renan and Anatole France, he will

lay Mr. Wescott's book aside as a *faux-genre* of the most pronounced type.

It is not that Mr. Wescott is not entitled to treat this subject, piously or otherwise. It is merely that he has nothing whatever to contribute to it. So much has been done in this field, so many great spirits have devoted a lifetime of labor to it, that an angel would, indeed, fear to tread there today. One can at least take off one's hat to this American youngster's pluck.

HAAKON M. CHEVALIER

Science and Reality

The New Background of Science. By Sir James Jeans. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

INSTEAD of disclosing the new backgrounds of science this book exhibits the new science against the background of an old philosophy. The dilemmas in which the author finds himself are the inevitable consequences of this incongruous setting.

Modern physics is here depicted as a quest for an ultimate, undefined reality. The objects of science—protons, electrons, and photons—are supposed to be somehow nearer to this reality than the objects of daily experience. This fundamental fallacy rests on the implicit presupposition that the more pervasive aspects of things are more real than their individual traits. In this connection it is significant that the chapter on *The Methods of Science* is the most inadequate part of the book. A closer study of scientific method would have shown that the concepts of science are not disclosures of a basic reality but logical constructs designed to express metrical relations in the qualitative continuum of experience.

Scientific method involves a reconstruction or modification of its subject matter. Such modifications are an essential feature of experimental science, for an experiment is measurement through modification and selective control, and the laws of science are valid only in terms of such selection and transformation. It is only through the spurious identification of objective reality with what is unalterable and permanent that these selective modifications of science can be regarded as evidence of the subjectivity of scientific laws. It is this singular misunderstanding of scientific method that leads Jeans to write that "we can still only explore nature by stamping it with our own footprints and raising clouds of dust, so that our present pictures of nature show our human stamp over it all. In time we shall perhaps learn how to remove our own footprints from the picture, and shall then see that nature has a real existence, as much outside ourselves and independent of ourselves as the Sahara." One is reminded of Kant's satirical answer to this last naive hope: "The light dove, piercing in her easy flight the air and perceiving its resistance, imagines that flight would be easier in empty space."

Atomic physics has shown that both matter and radiation may be regarded alternatively as atomic or wavelike, and that in adopting the one or the other of these theories we must sacrifice either the determinacy of physical events or their characterization by spatial and temporal coordinates. Since recent experiments have confirmed the predictions of the wave theory of matter, the latter "begins to appear as the true picture of reality." In consequence we must abandon the physical descriptions of phenomena in space and time and we are left only the mathematical laws of wave mechanics. This situation leads Jeans to conclude that either "our supposed laws of nature become a mere specification of our own mental processes, telling us little or possibly nothing about nature, but certainly something about ourselves," or "reality must have something of a mental nature about it."

This, of course, is a necessarily crude summary and it must be said that the author is not entirely unaware of the serious philosophical difficulties involved in his position. Nevertheless, he adheres firmly to the traditional metaphysical and epistemological theories which led him to these conclusions. One of the major defects of these theories is that they rest on a separation of knowledge from the method of acquiring it. By ignoring the operational origin and instrumental function of scientific laws it is possible for Jeans to apply to them a criterion of existential reality which they were never meant to satisfy.

That the objects of science have no simple location in space and time does not mean that reality is mental. It means that science, that is, knowledge, is mental. Jeans's own exposition of modern physics shows that the concepts of science cannot be regarded as representations of "reality," because scientific concepts are not pictures of nature. It need not surprise us, therefore, that electrons and photons as expressed in the laws of physics do not bear the substantial, qualitative aspect to which we are accustomed in the objects of daily experience. These laws are not representations of things in themselves. They express determinate relations in events. Their function is not—as Jeans supposes—to tear the veil of phenomena from the "real" substratum of nature. Their function in science and technology is rather to disclose some order and connection between events and to endow the arts with intelligent foresight and some measure of control.

WILLIAM GRUEN

The Mountain of Debt

The Internal Debts of the United States. Edited by Evans Clark, assisted by George B. Galloway. The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

THE technocrats as a school are no longer good copy. But many challenges they have issued have still to be met. One of these challenges is how we as a nation can grapple with our mounting private and public debt. These debts, declared Howard Scott and company, cannot and will not be paid. They amount to the colossal sum of over \$200,000,000,000 and, if amortized at a fair rate of interest, would absorb a considerable part of the national income.

The contentions of the technocrats have been heatedly attacked and just as heatedly defended, but few of their critics or defenders have added to the sum total of human knowledge on this important subject. In the meantime tens of thousands of men and women who know nothing about the technocratic school—owners of mortgaged homes in city and country and debtors in other fields—have been staggering under an almost insupportable burden of indebtedness.

A few months ago Evans Clark, as director of the Twentieth Century Fund, selected a group of experts in specified fields to assist him in mobilizing all the readily available information on the internal debt structure of these United States. Dr. John Bauer was asked to estimate our public utility debts; Gardiner C. Means, to compile the debts of industrial corporations and banks; while representatives of various competent research bureaus and their advisers were asked to investigate other phases of the debt problem. Evans Clark and George S. Galloway undertook to weave the story into a unified whole. The result is a book of great timeliness and importance, thoroughly readable, admirably summarized, graphically illustrated with charts and statistical tables and replete with factual material regarding economic trends and well-considered suggestions for future action.

The sum total of all long-term debts now outstanding, according to the contributors to this volume, is approximately \$134,000,000,000 and of short-term obligations, \$103,000,000,-

000. Statistics are available for \$126,800,000,000 of the long-term indebtedness from pre-war days to the present. About one-fourth (26 per cent) of these debts are governmental; the remainder, private. Of the \$33,000,000,000 in government debts, \$14,000,000,000 are federal obligations, \$19,000,000,000 those of State and local units. Of the private debts, farm-mortgage loans—contrary to popular imagination—amount to only 7 per cent of the nation's long-term debts, less than \$9,000,000,000 out of \$126,800,000,000. Public-utility and industrial debt total about \$10,000,000,000 each; railroad debt, about \$14,000,000,000; of financial institutions, \$22,000,000,000; while loans on mortgaged real estate constitute the largest single item, around \$27,000,000,000.

The most striking fact about these debts today, compared with previous years, is their enormous growth. The grand estimated total of \$134,000,000,000 represents an increase of \$96,000,000,000 from the pre-war figures, which were \$38,000,000,000 for the same categories of long-term debt. Of this increase, \$37,000,000,000 came before the post-war depression (1921-22), \$51,000,000,000 more came between 1921-22 and 1929, and \$8,000,000,000 developed during the current depression . . . So that, for every \$1.00 of debts we carried before the war we carry \$3.53 today.

During this period considerable changes have taken place in the relative importance of the various types of debt. The federal debt, for instance, was relatively unimportant during the pre-war days, representing only about 2 per cent of the total. Now it amounts to 11 per cent. Urban mortgage debt has advanced from 14 to 22 per cent. Railroad debt, on the other hand, has declined from 31 to 11 per cent. "The rapid growth of urban mortgages from \$5,000,000,000 to over \$27,000,000,000 and of federal obligations from less than \$1,000,000,000 to \$14,000,000,000 are the most striking changes. The debts of financial institutions also showed a marked growth—443 per cent."

These totals of our debt burden, however, mean very little in and by themselves. They must be related to the national wealth and the national income to gather significance. So related, we find that, before the war, our long term indebtedness was about 20 per cent of our national wealth and 6 per cent of the national income; today it amounts to about 45 per cent of our wealth and 20 per cent of our income! We are thus over twice as heavily in debt in relation to our national wealth as we were before the World War, and over three times as heavily in debt in relation to our national income.

During the war, the great increase in our debt structure occurred, in the nature of the case, in government expenditures for military purposes. In the boom days of 1921-1929, the 'new era' of economic madness, on the other hand, we liquidated about \$4,000,000,000 of federal long-term obligations, but took on \$55,000,000,000 in other fields, an increase of 93 per cent. "Even if we assume that the debt policies of pre-war years were sound—an assumption which some would challenge," declares Mr. Clark—"our performance in the post-war boom was almost beyond belief."

Some parts of our industrial structure are more debt-ridden in comparison to their capacity to pay than are others. In some cases, as among many of the farms in the Middle West, among our city mortgagors and among our railroads, the burden is particularly great. In 1932, bankruptcy sales, foreclosures, and tax sales accounted for more than half the transfers of farm land.

As a means of attacking the debt evil, the authors, in the first place, propose measures of temporary relief. Interest rates, where necessary, should be reduced. A moratorium on interest and principal charges should in case of need be resorted to. Maturing obligations should be refunded, foreclosures proceedings started only as a last resort. In the second place, the

authors urge measures which will help to break the business depression. Toward this end the government, they believe, should expand the volume of money and construct public works. Finally, steps should be taken toward permanent economic stability. The volume of loans and investments should be controlled through government regulation of the private banking system or, if this proves to be impracticable, through government-owned banks. "Undoubtedly banking is the most important single public utility in our economy. If in private hands it cannot operate to serve the public interest, its nationalization seems imperative." This should be followed by the creation of boards to investigate how best to control the flow of capital to our industries. As for our future debts, the authors believe that they should be limited in relation to the size of the assets against which they are issued and in relation to the probable life of these assets. A clause might be inserted in future contracts, furthermore, permitting the automatic scaling down of interest rates and amortization requirements in times of severe economic depression. Finally, bankruptcy laws should be entirely revised.

On these proposals, however, there is no unanimity among the authors. Wilfred Eldred objects to the policy of inflation, while Dr. John Bauer has little faith in the ability of the government to compel private industry to plan. He urges a permanent plan for public works, public ownership of banks, and full employment at socially useful work, with constantly higher standards of living. Despite the constructive suggestions of the authors of this volume, the pyramiding of debts, so noted in the past, is likely to continue as long as our industrial structure is run for private profit. While the remedies proposed for the present debt situation, however, may be criticized as inadequate, the value of the volume does not depend on the validity of these proposals or on the authors' social interpretations. It depends, rather, on the mass of important data which has been so competently compiled and published—despite the many gaps in the underlying statistics—at a time when this problem is of such vital importance to great masses of our population.

HARRY W. LAIDLER

Shorter Notices

Foreign Investments in China. By C. F. Remer. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

As a source book this sober and well-constructed work is certain to prove of great value to students of the Chinese problem. It takes rank with such eminent studies as those of W. W. Willoughby ("Foreign Rights and Interests in China") and J. B. Condliffe ("China Today: Economic"). While Dr. Remer has of necessity included a great deal of material that is familiar, he has also brought in many facts and statistics that are new or at least have been given no general attention as a part of the economic problem of China. The author takes pride in his statement of China's balance of international payments. Of course, several other scholars have undertaken to strike such a balance and have accomplished the task with no less success. Yet we are indebted to Dr. Remer for presenting his findings clearly and intelligently, and for bringing the balance of payments down to the year 1930. Without such studies it would be difficult to gauge the international economic position of the country. Dr. Remer naturally devotes considerable space to American, British, Japanese, and Russian investments. His treatment of Japanese and Russian interests is especially good. When we come to the author's conclusions, however, we are inclined to hesitate. It seems difficult to separate the imperialistic exploitation of a country like China from the political implications of such exploitation, and it is rather hard to under-

stand how China's economic position can be examined as a whole without paying more attention to its natural resources (of lack of resources). Dr. Remer has not entirely ignored these factors, but he would have been better advised had he gone into them more fully.

New Road. By Merle Colby. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

Tracing the life cycle of a small pioneer settlement in the Ohio wilderness of 1820 from its earliest beginnings as the home of a few lonely squatters, through its rapid maturing into a full-fledged American town, Merle Colby has written an absorbing novel, and one that is fictionized history in the best sense. Melodrama and coincidence play a conspicuous part in shaping the destinies of the town of Toward; but it is melodrama put to a legitimate use: to epitomize the play of conflicting forces, to point and accentuate the complexities of history in the making. One could wish that "New Road," as a supplement to the usual textbooks on American history, with their abstractions and platitudes, could be made compulsory reading throughout the country, so vividly and honestly does it portray a major phase of American development.

Appius and Virginia. By G. E. Trevelyan. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

Miss Trevelyan's original fantasy of the staid maiden lady who adopted a baby ape for her son and trained him in the gentle art of being a perfect Victorian child demonstrates again, as "Alice in Wonderland" did, that the reverse side of Victorian smugness was rich in the possibilities of intellectual comedy. "Appius and Virginia" is a *jeu d'esprit*, a take-off on the Victorian belief that every soul, however brutish, might be admitted to the grace of good breeding—an article of faith that has a certain grandeur and pathos about it. Parts of the story—where Appius learns to say his prayers and eat in a mannerly fashion—strongly recall the writings of the good Dr. Tuke, an early advocate of the polite treatment of lunatics, whose tome reads like the purest Lewis Carroll. Another Victorian preoccupation, heredity versus environment, is slyly satirized in the course of the ape-child's education; in the bewildered musings of Appius concerning his own status—whether ape is man or man is ape—the fundamentalist and Darwinian will find much matter for reflection.

Phyloanalysis. By William Galt. With a Preface by Trigant Burrow. The Baker and Taylor Company. \$1.

Phyloanalysis describes certain analytic researches into the underlying emotional and physiological status of man as a race or phylum; hence the name. There are, in the emotional life of man, "distortions which in their individual expression take the form of neurosis and crime and which are represented in the community in such manifestations as war and other social catastrophes." The behavior of individuals, communities, and nations is characterized by these generally unrecognized neurotic reactions. Mr. Galt gives a detailed explanation of the phyletic significance of attention, and shows how much of present-day confusion is due to a disorder of this function. The attention of each of us is at every moment deflected from the matter in hand to ulterior considerations of how our comportment is impressing others, whether we are gaining or losing, and similar inhibitory, constrictive considerations. This attitude is inculcated in us as children by the community; the "lag of attention" obtains throughout the whole race; and we think in terms of "social images" or racially accepted fallacies. The laboratory investigations described were initiated by Dr. Trigant Burrow. The transcriptions from actual group meetings are interesting, and the completely unorthodox finding that the "transference" is a social manifestation essentially obstructive in character is in striking contrast to the current psychological theories.

The Science of Human Reproduction. By H. M. Parshley. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.50.

The most amazing thing about this book is perhaps the simple fact that it has been published at all, especially as it is intended for popular distribution. Only the more recent technical books on contraception equal it in accuracy and detail. Dr. Parshley develops his subject from general zoological and cytological considerations, through a detailed, straightforward account of the anatomy and physiology of human reproduction, to a final briefer discussion of population, eugenics, and sex behavior. Illustrations are profuse and adequate. This book is an assuring indication that we are getting away from the era when model animal and human figures for classroom study were made without sex organs. It emphasizes that sex is as fundamental a problem of biology as are "nerve irritability" or "muscular contractility"—subjects which occupy many more pages in textbooks. College students should be quizzed on the contents of this book before they are given their degrees.

Films

The Eisenstein Muddle

NOTHING quite like the current dispute over the forthcoming version of Eisenstein's "Que Viva Mexico" has ever before happened in the Hollywood screen world. Not only does it involve one of the greatest directors and one of the most widely read social propagandists in the world, but its implications, which are both ethical and aesthetic, are of the greatest importance in relation to the more serious consideration of the cinema as a fine art. From the beginning, of course, the Eisenstein film has been surrounded by a great deal of turbulence and mystery. One had heard of the Soviet director's repudiation by Hollywood, which seemed a sufficient scandal in itself, and of his sudden retreat into Mexico to make a vast "film-symphony" of that country's cultural and economic development from primitive times to the present. Then from across the Rio Grande border drifted confused reports of misunderstandings and disagreements with his financial backers; his return to Russia was attended by all sorts of complications, legal and other; and for a time it seemed as if the film he had left behind in California was destined never to receive a public showing. References to Eisenstein's "Mexican film" and solicitous inquiries as to its fate became so frequent as to build up around it much of the atmosphere of a myth, and as with so many other myths one ended by growing very tired of hearing about it. In fact, there was probably enough skepticism present in the New York Film Forum members to save them from being too much disappointed when the picture failed to be shown, although it had been promised, during last season. The reason for the Forum's failure to carry out its promise, however, becomes apparent in the light of the final development of the film's stormy history. Like so many of its other stages, the present stage consists of a violent interchange of arguments, this time between Upton Sinclair, as spokesman for the film's backers, and Seymour Stern, editor of *Experimental Cinema*, head of a group that is stirred to action by the imminent appearance of what they hold to be a shameful "desecration" of a great work of art.

So far Mr. Sinclair has not had an adequate opportunity of stating his side of the case, and it will probably turn out that he has had grievances enough and that he will be able to offer some better justification than that he was determined by purely practical considerations. In the meantime, there is only the overwhelming fact that he has turned over the celluloid rolls in his possession to commercial interests in Hollywood, who have

had them cut by professional studio cutters without Eisenstein's supervision. The result, soon to be viewed under the title "Thunder Over Mexico," is the picture which the *Experimental Cinema* group characterizes as an "unmitigated mockery" of Eisenstein's original intention. According to the latter's manifesto, the commercial version uses only 7,000 of the 200,000 feet of film taken by Eisenstein during his stay in Mexico. Moreover, "The original meaning of the film has been perverted by a reduction of the whole to a single unconnected romantic story." Others who have seen both the original and the fragment point out certain grotesque effects resulting from the attempt to reconcile the Soviet director's already oversimplified pattern with the conventional American pattern that is superimposed upon it. It is similarly noted that what little of the celebrated Eisenstein camera symbolism is retained appears totally disjointed and meaningless. All in all, from the descriptions that have so far been offered, "Thunder Over Mexico" promises to be one of the most astonishing films ever presented to the public.

To consider the matter first from its ethical aspect, one must take some account of the report that Mr. Sinclair and the other backers made every effort to persuade the Soviet authorities to permit Eisenstein to cut the picture himself, either here or in Russia. Failing to make an arrangement that would also guarantee their own property rights, it is argued, they were faced with the alternative of accepting a complete loss of their money or of turning the rolls over to a commercial distributor. What is not perfectly clear is whether Mr. Sinclair and his friends regarded the money handed over to Eisenstein as a gratuitous loan or a formal investment. If they regarded it as the latter, the dispute serves to revive the old question whether it is ever legitimate or possible to invest in anything so unpredictable as a work of art, and also the related question whether the work, in such a case, is the property of the artist or the investor. Certainly, if Mr. Sinclair had chosen to put his misfortune down

to misguided philanthropy or mere bad luck, he would have spared himself the grave disapproval of a number of people interested in art and the motion-picture art in particular.

And this suggests how closely the ethical and the aesthetic are interrelated in the case. The real seriousness of "cutting" the work of a director, whose whole technique and reputation rest on an elaborately worked-out theory of montage, can only be understood if one imagines a magazine editor who would dare rearrange the episodes in a story or the images in a poem. By the wrong sort of cutting a novel by Proust or Mann could be made into something completely opposed to either author's intention. A slight change of syntax would render almost any poem by T. S. Eliot (who happens to resemble Eisenstein in a cultivation of the synoptic) altogether banal. The episodes or images, individually considered, would be the same, but the articulation of them into a deliberately conceived pattern would be destroyed. In an Eisenstein film, the montage supplies the syntax, the larger structural rhythm (as distinguished from the incidental rhythms of movement, which are, however, usually identified with it), and because this element is always the most intimately personal in any work of art, to interfere with it is to disturb what is the most inviolable property of any artist—his style. "In the cinema," writes the Russian critic, Serebriakoff, "the montage is a means of expression, one of the elements of style." In Eisenstein's case, it would be possible to go even further and say that it is the irreducible element of his style. What the current dispute has brought out more clearly than anything else, therefore, is a recognition on the part of a number of people of the importance of cutting or montage in a film. It has helped a few, but apparently not all, to distinguish between the motion picture as a pile of celluloid and as a work of art. The indignation that it has excited is a good sign, because it constitutes another assertion of the cinema's right to be considered as a fine art.

WILLIAM TROY

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THE ADMINISTRATION'S farm-relief program is getting under way. On August 1 a federal tax of 4.2 cents a pound will be put on the processing of cotton. The proceeds, expected to reach about \$210,000,000, will be turned over to those cotton growers who have been obliging enough to destroy about a fourth of their crop. Thus we are asking consumers to pay a sales tax of approximately 35 per cent on a necessary commodity in return for reduced acreage, though we are yet to learn whether or not the remaining acreage will be more intensively cultivated. This faith that prosperity can be achieved through destruction rests on the belief that what is troubling not merely cotton but other leading agricultural commodities is an excess of supply rather than any disorganization and falling away of normal demand. Normally we depend on the outside world to buy more than one-half of our cotton crop, but under the policy of "intranationalism" we are not particularly concerned about losing this market. The experiment begins under the most favorable circumstances. Since March, cotton has already approximately doubled in price even without any processing tax. It will be interesting to watch both the immediate and the longer effects of the plan. When the British adopted the Stevenson rubber restriction scheme, it

seemed to be working at first in the interest of the producers. Rubber rose violently in price. But the violent rise encouraged the Dutch, who were not included in the scheme, to increase their output. The result was that the British share of the world market was left on a permanently lower level. "It seems incredible, in retrospect," writes Sir Arthur Salter, commenting on the Stevenson plan, "that any government could have employed official action to enforce a restriction scheme of which the ultimate effect was bound to be merely to profit the Dutch competitor." Let us not forget that our Southern States are not the only territory in the world where cotton can be profitably raised.

THE WORLD ECONOMIC CONFERENCE is scheduled to recess on July 27; meanwhile it becomes a more and more pathetic spectacle. The American delegation, in particular, seems bent upon making itself seem increasingly silly. Senator Pittman, the one-ideaed representative of the silver interests, seems on the verge of abandoning his campaign to compel all nations to adopt a higher silver content in their subsidiary coinage—such a move would be clearly wasteful—and may consent to accept instead a promise by these nations not to "debase" their silver coinage any further. How even insistence on this second promise can be reconciled with the American contention that what any country does with its currency is its own "domestic" policy the Senator from Nevada does not say. Meanwhile Senator Couzens, who has never indicated that he wants the war debts to us canceled—quite the contrary—rises to assert emphatically that he is against lowering our tariffs to permit our debtors to pay us in the only way they possibly could pay us. Finally, while we have been intimating strongly that we do not believe in international cooperation and that our foreign trade is unimportant anyway, we seem to be actively engaged in making trade agreements with various South American countries. The purpose of these agreements appears to be to stimulate our export trade. Do we want to begin again the folly of selling on credit? Or will we be prepared to recognize that more exports to South America will imply more imports from South America? And if we accept that consequence with South America, why not accept it with Europe? While we are making up our minds, the European countries are apparently going ahead with trade agreements which leave us out.

RAYMOND MOLEY, dean of the Washington brain trust, has returned from London looking decidedly sheepish and somewhat ridiculous. Only the President's intervention, it now appears, saved him from making an utter fool of himself. His departure from the United States was dramatic enough, but he wanted to make his arrival at the conference as spectacular as possible. It is reported that he first had the notion of going incognito to London, arriving unannounced at the conference hall. His unexpected appearance would take the delegates by storm and the conference would be saved. When Mr. Roosevelt vetoed this plan, the professor decided to fly to London from Cobh,

where his steamer made its first stop. This scheme was likewise rejected by the President. Nevertheless, his presence in London was looked upon as a matter of great moment. He was the President's confidential advisor and had just come from Mr. Roosevelt's side. Surely he was bringing new instructions, a new formula, something of substance that would turn the tide. But within twenty-four hours it was discovered that he was as barren of ideas and suggestions as any of the American delegates, and within a week he silently departed, having accomplished precisely nothing. Why he went to the London conference in the first place is beyond understanding. With his positive "intranationalistic" views, and with the Roosevelt recovery program what it was, he could not possibly have hoped to contribute anything worth while. It is said that he carried a secret message to the American delegation, but we cannot think of anything so important that it could not as well have gone by the regular courier service of the State Department or by cable.

THE American Federation of Labor appears to be gathering in new members, or at least reenlisting many who had dropped out, under the protection of the National Industrial Recovery Act. Several new unions have been organized and affiliated with the federation. Existing unions have been expanding. For example, the United Mine Workers say that they have enrolled 300,000 coal diggers in the last two months. They have been helped, of course, by the placards they have tacked up everywhere through the coal country declaring that the government now "requires" the miners to join the U. M. W. A. While we are anxious to see a sound and substantial labor movement develop in this country, we are by no means sure that such a movement can develop under the leadership of men like William Green, Matthew Woll, and John L. Lewis. These officials seem to be much more desirous of rehabilitating themselves and their political machine than of helping the working class as a whole. Union representatives sent to Washington to take part in conferences on wages and working hours have been for the most part men utterly ignorant of labor economics. On the other hand, the industrialists and bankers have gone to Washington laden with statistics and supported by an army of economists and lawyers. In such an unequal contest the latter are bound to win every time. The union leaders may get the recognition which the recovery act appears to promise them, but what value will that have if the bankers and industrialists are to dictate the terms of the new working agreements, as they are virtually doing? Only militant and intelligent leadership can help the workers in these critical weeks.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY of America has recently made public confession of its difficulties. Through the columns of the *Daily Worker* it admitted that "in spite of the radicalization of the masses of the workers, the party has not developed into a revolutionary mass party of the proletariat." This end could have been foretold. Indeed, it was predicted by many sincere friends of the Communists. But these friendly critics, most of them intellectuals, were denounced and vilified for daring to point out weaknesses. The parochialism of the party alienated many persons who otherwise would have been eager to participate in its activities. The incomprehensible jargon of the party organizers frightened away potential members. Many of the unemployed

openly sympathized with the efforts of the Communists to obtain more adequate relief for them and to prevent evictions for non-payment of rent, but when the Communists began to din such phrases as "theoretical levels" and "rightist deviation" into their ears, these jobless workers, unschooled in radical ideology, shied off from further contact with the party. Again, the party has depended exclusively on Moscow not only for instructions in strategy but also for its intellectual inspiration. This has served to divorce it from the realities of American working-class life. Let the Communists come down to earth. Let them seek cooperation with other radical groups, exactly as Lenin did before 1917, at points where they can do so without sacrificing any of their essential principles. Let them talk in realistic and intelligible terms. Then perhaps they will make progress.

AN IMPORTANT naturalization case is now before the federal courts, and may reach the supreme bench, in the application of Rebecca Shelley for citizenship. Miss Shelley is a native-born American who lost her citizenship in 1922 through marriage to a German shortly before the Cable law went into effect, making it possible for an American woman to retain her citizenship in spite of marriage to an alien. In Miss Shelley's case there was no remedy except to go through the regular naturalization process, but she was unwilling to take an oath to bear arms in defense of the country in time of war. In consequence, she failed in two attempts to get citizenship from the courts of Michigan. Her third application—in which she has the backing of a special committee of distinguished Americans and half a dozen pacifist organizations—is now before the federal court in Detroit. The committee behind Miss Shelley contends that her case is not governed by the Bland and McIntosh decisions of the United States Supreme Court. She has taken pains to say that she is ready to take the citizen's oath without mental reservations but that she interprets the word "defense" as not demanding military action.

MAHATMA GANDHI refused to call off the civil disobedience campaign despite the persistent prophecies of the Indian correspondents who continued to report that he favored an end of the movement until the very moment when he reiterated his constant position, namely, that the campaign should go on until an "honorable settlement" is reached. Why the correspondents should have been so sure that he was about to shift his position completely is a mystery. His reasons for supporting the campaign still exist. The brutal ordinances, which no Englishman would tolerate at home, are still the law of India; under their provisions thousands upon thousands of Indians have been thrown into jail where most of them are classified as Class C prisoners and therefore treated as common criminals. A short quotation from the Indian Emergency Powers Ordinance is sufficient to make it clear that civil rights are non-existent in India:

Any officer of government authorized in this behalf by general or special order of the local government may, if satisfied that there are reasonable grounds for believing that any person has acted, is acting, or is about to act, in a manner prejudicial to public safety or peace, arrest such person without warrant, and may, in so doing, use any means that may be necessary.

As for the impending constitution of India, it has lost none of its safeguards since Gandhi and the Congress Party rejected the results of the round-table conference on whose findings it is based. And it is not likely that an India bill backed by Stanley Baldwin and the Conservative Party will leave out a single one of the provisions by which the viceroy would be empowered at any moment he saw fit to take control of "self-governing" India at any point in its governmental structure. Viceroy Willingdon has refused Gandhi's request for a conference at which he wished to discuss the terms on which the disobedience campaign would be called off, and Gandhi is ready to go back to jail. At this writing, an "honorable settlement" which would provide real self-government and civil liberty for India seems far in the future. Unless, by some miracle, Great Britain turns to the left, Indian independence, like political and economic world peace, appears to lie on the other side of that vast struggle for power, national and international, which grows daily more imminent and which the intelligence of the world is apparently powerless to avoid.

A PECULIARLY DESPICABLE sort of revenge is that adopted by the Nazis against the relatives of Philipp Scheidemann, formerly Chancellor of the German Republic, because of an unfriendly article published in the United States. As Scheidemann himself is out of reach, five of his relatives in Germany have been imprisoned, an action which indicates a return to a policy previously invoked against the Jews but discontinued because of wide protest. Other similar arrests are reported, the victims including the wife of Deputy Ludwig of the Palatinate Diet and Frau Kunze, wife of the secretary of the Social Democratic Party in Dresden, the husbands of both these women having fled from Germany and refused to return. This policy of seizing hostages goes hand in hand with two recent decrees. One provides for seizure of the property and withdrawal of the citizenship of critics of the government living abroad. Under this provision Germans abroad can speak against Hitlerism only at the risk of losing any possessions they may have in the Reich and of bringing reprisals upon relatives at home. The second decree, aimed mainly against recent Jewish immigrants, makes possible the revocation of citizenship granted since the World War. Tactics similar to these of the Nazis have been employed by Mussolini, but otherwise they are almost unknown in civilized countries except as part of the code of gangsters.

HERR HITLER shows his genius in nothing more clearly than in the mastery of the details imposed upon him as the result of that rapidly advancing consolidation which seems destined soon to make him the only man in Germany allowed to have an opinion on any subject. Only a few weeks ago he issued an order forbidding butchers to make sausages in the shape of the swastika—doubtless because he feared that it might lead some to conclude that the symbol is only a lot of boloney. Rapidly recovering from the drain upon his energy incident to making such a decision, he has now issued another decree forbidding parents to name their new-born either Hitler or (in case the infant happens to be female) Hitlerine. It has remained, however, for one of his subordinates to achieve what is, so far, the best example of Nazi wit. According to the Associated Press, this

subordinate has just announced that henceforth the imperial eagle will be shown grasping a sword "as a symbol of peace."

IT IS REPORTED that Professor Irving Babbitt had no great respect for many of those who climbed aboard his Humanist bandwagon when, for some mysterious reason, it got started about three years ago. Now that he has just died in Cambridge at the age of sixty-seven he leaves Paul Elmer More as the last remaining representative of the older generation of those quasi-Christian American scholars who carried on a losing battle against both romanticism and that naturalism which they regarded as essentially a later development of the same thing. Professor Babbitt, author of many books and for thirty-eight years a member of the faculty of Harvard University, had a prodigious familiarity with international literature, which he seemed sometimes to read chiefly in order to denounce it. By comparison with Professor More his whole attitude and work seemed relatively negative. It was a strange paradox that this aloof professor should have been accepted as the leader in a short-lived controversy of more or less popular character. The explanation of the paradox is that there was a certain connection between his ideas and those of a reactionary group of younger critics. It is doubtful, however, if the older and the younger Humanists ever understood one another, and Professor Babbitt allowed himself to be quoted as an authority without, except upon one occasion, taking an active part in the controversy, which was already dying when the more recent aggressiveness of the Marxian critics pushed it into the background.

AT a luncheon given by the Royal Society of Literature Rudyard Kipling told his hearers that "writers cannot lie." We do not know exactly what he meant, but it does not matter. We have daily and irrefutable evidence that liars can write.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, we are informed in a press dispatch which fairly breathes amazed admiration, attended a formal banquet the other evening "attired in white linen trousers with soft collar and shirt" and made a speech in which he congratulated himself for daring to be comfortable. It is a great moment in the history of the world when those who own it have the courage to do as they please even in such minor matters as cool pants. We can hardly wait for the news that the Prince of Wales has sat down at a troops review or that J. P. Morgan has punched a Senate investigator in the nose. Until then we must bear as well as we can the tribulations of the theoretically all-powerful, of which a particularly painful example is now on view at Albany, New York. Kidnappers, as everybody knows, dared to make off with the legal and political heir of the O'Connells, the bosses of Albany who perform the same functions for that lucky city that the sachems of Tammany perform for New York. At this writing, the O'Connells have absolutely refused to allow the duly authorized enforcers of the law in Albany to come near the case—have not thrown to them a single paltry clue to be baffled by. Apparently, in the course of their long and complete control of Albany, the O'Connells have reduced the law and its officials to such depths of inefficiency that they know better than to expect help from that quarter. Our sympathy for them in this their hour of need is prodigious.

Civil Service—or Pretense?

WE should like to hail President Roosevelt's order of July 12 in regard to postmasterships as a praiseworthy extension of the civil service and a step away from the spoils system in public office. At first glance the order had some such appearance. Unfortunately, examination of the details compels the disappointing conclusion that the order is only a political flourish and fails to advance the progress of a non-partisan government personnel in any substantial way.

Not only is Mr. Roosevelt's immediate order to Postmaster General Farley of slight consequence, but his direction to the latter to prepare legislation for action by Congress next winter promises hardly better. Practically all advances made so far toward the merit system in government service have been accomplished directly by executive action. Congress generally has been an obstructive agency, more intent upon preserving party patronage than having efficient federal departments. If President Roosevelt sincerely wants to take our post offices out of politics—instead of merely making political capital by a gesture in that direction—he can do it without any reference to or bother with Congress. He has the appointing power, and all he needs to do is to issue an executive order limiting his own action—just as other Presidents before him have done.

Exactly what does the new order propose? According to the most recent data, there are 1,122 postmasterships of the first class, 3,425 of the second, 10,485 of the third, and 32,672 of the fourth—47,704 in all. The fourth-class postmasterships are already in the civil service. The other three groups are not, but in regard to third-class postmasters it has been the custom for the Civil Service Commission to conduct a written examination of the applicants and send the names of the three with the highest rating to the Postmaster General. The latter has then submitted the names to the local Congressman or political committees, and the choice thus arrived at has been recommended to the President for appointment.

So far as first- and second-class postmasters go, the custom has been for the Civil Service Commission and the Post Office Department to send an agent to the town where the vacancy exists to make a personal inquiry and report. The new Roosevelt order will change this so as to apply the same procedure to first- and second-class postmasterships as to third. Mr. Farley says that the Civil Service Commission will require applicants to fill out "complete questionnaires under oath." Even granting that this technique is effectively carried out, it will hardly do more than save something in expenses. It may also eliminate sheer dunces, but our post offices have suffered less from them than from party henchmen who have used their offices for political purposes. First-, second-, and third-class postmasters have the disposition of considerable patronage—nearly 60,000 appointments in all.

It may be asked why the certification of the three names highest in the rating of the Civil Service Commission is not a satisfactory method for the appointment of postmasters, since that is the way used with fair success in filling other positions in the federal departments and in general is the

civil-service technique in use by American States and municipalities. The National Civil Service Reform League replies that although the certification of three names works tolerably well elsewhere, the postal system has been so notoriously exploited for years for political purposes that it seems impossible to eliminate politics from it except by more drastic means. Moreover, a reading of Mr. Roosevelt's order requiring a certification of three names from the Civil Service Commission discloses a proviso "that the Postmaster General may reject the name or names of any persons so certified if he shall find that such person or persons are disqualified." The leeway that this proviso allows is obvious. No wonder Mr. Farley is pleased with the new method!

The way to handle the situation in the public interest is to return to the method introduced by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. The former ordered the Postmaster General to choose the *first person* on the eligible list in appointing rural carriers and fourth-class postmasters. President Wilson extended the plan to apply also to postmasters of the first, second, and third classes. Unfortunately, this procedure was not allowed to stand by President Harding, who preferred the certification of three names with a possibility of choice among them.

If, as we said earlier, the President sincerely wants to take the postal service out of politics, he can do it all by himself through a simple executive order, just as Woodrow Wilson did, reestablishing the technique set up by the latter. This, the President was specifically asked to do by the National Civil Service Reform League in a letter sent to him on April 22, last. In its letter the league strongly condemned the present method of appointing postmasters and concluded: "We are convinced that it would be better to have the postmasterships openly and flagrantly spoils appointments, exposed in all their hideous nakedness as they used to be, than to have them continue nominally and hypocritically ascribed to the competitive merit system and to the alleged misconduct of the Civil Service Commission."

In our last issue we commented upon the grave danger that the Roosevelt program would be overwhelmed by patronage scandals which would destroy the faith of the public both in the competence and the honesty of the Administration's effort. The attack on the federal civil service so far is twofold, first, through the abolition of thousands of positions in the previously existing classified personnel, and, second, by the creation of numbers of jobs, all outside of the civil service, in the new emergency organizations. The exemption of places in the emergency services from civil-service requirements has been defended by some on the ground of the need of haste, but the National Civil Service Reform League said in its recent annual report: "Adherence to the merit system would not in the least delay the organization of the new bureaus. Indeed, existing eligible registers of the Civil Service Commission, if used, would greatly facilitate the employment program for the government."

There is still time for President Roosevelt to come out in the public interest both in regard to appointments to the new emergency services and to the postal system.

The Steel Code

AT last the code of the steel industry has been submitted to the Recovery Administration and the issue of union organization has emerged frankly into the foreground. Most of the codes previously submitted have tiptoed around this issue as if it were a high explosive, as indeed it is. They have included in their provisions the section of the Industrial Recovery Act relating to labor ("that employees shall have the right to organize and to bargain collectively . . ." and "that no employee . . . shall be required as a condition of employment to join any company union or to refrain from joining, organizing, or assisting a labor organization of his own choosing") and have doubtless hoped that they might thus avoid more explicit agreements. Only the women's cloak and suit industry, the sixth to submit a definitive code, included a clear-cut commitment to collective bargaining with existing independent unions in the industry.

The steel code, long awaited, is of profound significance. Steel is the heart of American industry and the men in control of steel are also those who wield the greatest financial power in the country. Attempts at labor organization have time and again dashed themselves to bloody bits on the threshold of the United States Steel Corporation. Wages have been held down and hours held up by the same firm hands that have fixed prices and controlled output.

Undoubtedly the authors of the code have accomplished a feat of dexterity, if nothing else. They have drawn up an agreement regulating hours and wages and establishing standards of industrial conduct which is designed to satisfy the members of the industry while fulfilling the basic demands of the government. The one element which has not been accorded equal consideration is labor. Not that labor is left out of account. Far from it. The steel code not only establishes maximum hours per week and minimum wages (the former set at 40; the latter ranging from \$10 to \$16) but duly quotes the statutory provisions guaranteeing collective bargaining and the employee's right to join the organization "of his own choosing" and to remain out of company unions. But the code then proceeds directly, with no apparent conviction of inconsistency, to expound the virtues of the employee representation plans "which are now in force at plants of members of the industry generally." These are the solemn words in which it declares its faith:

It is the belief of the industry that the method of collective bargaining set forth in such plans provides for a day-to-day adjustment of all matters relating to the employment of employees in the industry and at the same time insures to such employees a knowledge and understanding of the conditions of the business of their employer which they would otherwise be unable to obtain; that such principles should be maintained; and that the rights of the employees and members of the industry to bargain through representatives elected or appointed and acting in accordance with such plans without interference, restraint, or coercion of any sort should be preserved and protected.

The authors of those ponderous phrases will perhaps be grateful if we translate them into simpler words and clearer meanings. The steel industry believes that company unions comprise a useful department of the industry. They can

be made to understand their employers' needs, whereas an independent union would certainly be less interested in those needs than in the needs of the workers. Therefore no outside labor agitators, or even the law itself, should interrupt the pleasant intercourse between the steel-company unions and their bosses. In fact, the Administration should itself protect them from such interruption. What the steel companies want, in short, is to obtain government support and legal backing in their long-drawn-out, bitter, and successful fight to prevent the independent organization of their workers.

The labor provisions of the steel code will be eagerly seized upon by other employers. Already a ludicrous race is on in many industries to slap together company unions and present them to the Recovery Administration as accomplished facts before the regular labor organizations have had time to get in and form independent unions. Organized labor, meanwhile, has been galvanized into action. The A. F. of L. headquarters in Washington is swamped with requests from every industry and every section of the country for charters and for organizers and help. Despite a lack of systematic effort, unionization is spreading like a forest fire. The battle is on and if the federal Administration hopes to remain above it, it is going to be speedily disillusioned. If it bans the labor clauses of the steel code it will win the confidence of the great body of workers, organized and unorganized, and will present the best possible evidence that its real interest is the welfare of the millions whose economic roots have been torn up in the collapse of industry. But at the same time it will face the hostility of big business headed by the Steel Corporation and the house of Morgan. Which will Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Johnson choose?

Meeting the Nazi Threat

THE Nazi assault on reason is a challenge to the whole world. It constitutes a repudiation of all the essential values which the human race has painfully established in its slow rise from the Dark Ages. Particularly does it challenge every basic American principle—the aspirations enshrined in our bill of rights, freedom of speech, of conscience, of press, the equality of all men before the law regardless of race or religion. As the enormity of the Nazi crime and its menace to mankind are established, ways to meet this peril become the subject of study and thought. The boycott is an effective weapon. But while usefully destructive, it does not meet the need for positive action.

Fortunately a constructive opportunity is provided. Alvin Johnson, director of the New School for Social Research in New York City, has formulated a plan to bring to this country the outstanding scholars of Germany, victims of Nazi obscurantism, and to establish them here in an autonomous "University in Exile." American universities are themselves in financial distress. The majority have been forced to retrench radically, to cut salaries, to drop some of their teaching staff. For them to make a place for even the most eminent academicians from abroad, except in a few special cases, and to sacrifice American teachers who have a prior claim, would be unjust and unpopular. Dr. Johnson purposes establishing in New York an entirely new academic unit, with funds specially subscribed. Beginning modestly,

the proposal is to engage fifteen German scholars in the social sciences at \$4,000 a year, and to guarantee their employment for two years. The sum required for this initial program, \$120,000, has already been subscribed, and this fall the "University in Exile" will be inaugurated, with a faculty of international repute. The class-room facilities of the New School for Social Research will be turned over to them. They will be free to continue the work interrupted by the *furor hitlerica* and to lecture to all who desire to listen.

The number of scholars ousted from German universities is under 400. They have been dismissed, or have resigned, partly on racial grounds, but more especially because they are scientists, searchers after truth, who could not possibly teach the grotesque falsehoods implicit in Nazi economics, Nazi history, Nazi sociology, Nazi philosophy, Nazi biology, Nazi anthropology, and Nazi ethics. Some of these professors have already been engaged by universities in London, Madrid, Paris, Prague, and Zurich. Those available would probably not exceed 300, a negligible figure numerically when viewed in terms of absorbing them into our cultural life. But what would it not mean to the United States to secure for coming generations some of the best of German scholarship? Even more than from the forty-eighters who, fleeing from monarchist tyranny eighty-five years ago, brought so much of value to American public life, the potential contribution of these ousted German scholars would be incalculable. But apart from any selfish motivation, apart from the essentially valid and human objective of offering the finest kind of relief to fellow beings in deep distress, is the even greater opportunity for America in this day and age to reassert its faith in its own heritage. For surely it must be apparent that liberty, that almost forgotten ideal so long cherished by Americans, is under assault as never before.

The struggle for human freedom takes on different aspects in different ages, but civilization is today driven back to defend terrain supposedly conquered by our forebears once and for all time. The issue cannot be avoided. Atavistic barbarism will engulf peoples which are supine and indifferent, as it engulfed the German republicans, Social Democrats, and intellectuals. We in America must face and meet this challenge head on and level-eyed. Here then is the opportunity. It is infinitely better that the endowment for a greater "University in Exile" be met by the small contributions of hundreds of thousands of Americans than by the endowments, welcome though they be, of a few wealthy and public-spirited individuals. The nucleus of the "University in Exile" is already an established fact. The cost of extending it to include 300 German scholars—to take in faculties in the natural sciences and in arts and letters—would be \$1,200,000 a year, and that cost would diminish in successive years as the classes tended to become self-sustaining. The entire expense of such a university for a generation would be less than the price of one battleship. Here is a chance for those who wish tangibly to help the victims of the Nazi outrages and to contribute their mite to a reaffirmation of all that should be most dear to Americans.

The sponsors of the "University in Exile," asked by Dr. Johnson to serve, are Wilbur L. Cross, John Dewey, Felix Frankfurter, Ernest Gruening, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Robert M. Hutchins, Robert M. MacIver, George A. Plimpton, Edwin R. A. Seligman, and Herbert Bayard Swope.

Thespis on Vacation

A DRAWING in a recent issue of the *New Yorker* showed two city slickers interviewing a rustic realtor. Underneath was a legend which ran: "Have you got a medium-sized barn? Something with a seating capacity of about two hundred." More serious evidence of the spread of the summer theater is given in a special issue of the *Stage* which lists seventy theaters in the East alone and expresses the opinion that before the season is over at least twenty-five more will have made their bid for an audience. One tends to forget that there was a time when the Provincetown Playhouse was actually at Provincetown, but it is only during the last two or three years that the summer-theater movement has reached such proportions as to call for its consideration as a major phenomenon.

The true summer theater is not to be confused with the local stock company. The manager is generally someone who is or would like to be connected with the metropolitan stage, and he is merely passing what used to be his vacation in the neighborhood of a summer colony. The company may possibly contain some amateurs, but at the more ambitious theaters it is more likely to be composed of professionals glad to find summer work away from the city, and a "visiting star" is likely to be invited for each new production. Some of the plays are revivals of Broadway successes, but many are try-outs of new pieces with aspirations toward Broadway which Broadway managers come to see. The audience contains many vacationists, but there is often also a generous sprinkling of natives who are learning that the movies are not the only form of dramatic entertainment which survives in the United States.

Enthusiasts see in the situation the beginning of the theatrical millennium. Playwrights and actors who—like the wicked lord in "The Happy Hypocrite"—have not seen a primrose in years now stumble over honeysuckle (or poison ivy) on their way to the stage door and find wisps of more or less new-mown hay in their dressing rooms. Moreover, there are other less purely spiritual gains. Play production is relatively cheap in what has come to be known as a "horse and cow theater." Relatively free experimentation is therefore possible and scripts which no Broadway manager would take a chance on have an opportunity to demonstrate their possibilities. One may also whisper the fact that a good many capable performers are very glad at the end of a starvation winter to get at least board and lodging in some pleasant vacation resort.

One need not be a torch bearer to see the spread of the summer theater as at least a healthy and gratifying phenomenon which has some of the advantages without all the drawbacks of the more orthodox little theater of the winter season in provincial towns. Not all the seventy-odd playhouses listed by the *Stage* will justify their existence. They range all the way from such thoroughly professional institutions as Lawrence Langner's Country Playhouse at Westport, Connecticut, to others completely amateur in the worst or the best sense of the term. But they are carrying the theater to regions remote from Broadway. Quite possibly they will play an important part in that long-delayed rebirth of "the road" for which everybody has been longing.

Issues and Men

The Roosevelt Revolution

IN the three months which have elapsed since this page was discontinued because of the writer's departure for England, momentous things have happened on both sides of the ocean. Whoever is responsible, whatever the cause, the whole scene has changed marvelously for the better on this side of the Atlantic: on the other, everything is overshadowed by the economic chaos and the triumph of despotic barbarism in Germany, which for the first time makes it truly a country to be feared and to be watched with eagle eyes lest Hitler precipitate the final ruin of Europe.

But *here!* How can one express the amazement one feels at the revolution which has taken place in so short a time? It has seemed to me as if all my fellow craftsmen, not excluding the editors of *The Nation*, have been so close to the bewildering, kaleidoscopic happenings as perhaps not to have been able to see the whole of the forest for the trees. Certainly that would be entirely pardonable. Never in the history of the American press have editors been called upon to pass as many or more momentous judgments as they have since March 4 last.

Measures of the utmost importance have been introduced, reported, and jammed through Congress with such speed that they have become the law of the land before editors of weeklies had time to comment upon them. The most involved and delicate questions and proposals have come up for comment overnight, usually heralded by days of utterly contradictory forecasts as to what the President would or would not do. The President has rushed in where angels might well have feared to tread—only to be acclaimed because he was doing something and the mass of the people were too frightened and harassed to care whether it was for better or for worse.

At the English end of the cable it was almost impossible to follow Mr. Roosevelt's course intelligently. The brief, cabled summaries were chiefly bewildering especially because the English press does not report American happenings with anything like the detail with which English events in every field of activity are reported in our papers. Often I have sighed with relief to think that I was no longer the responsible editor of *The Nation* called upon to decide policies and pass upon concrete proposals utterly beyond my limited financial and economic vision. And always I have thought with deepest sympathy of my associates, the editors of *The Nation*, and marveled that they did their difficult job as well as they did.

Yet I confess that sometimes I have wished for a greater note of jubilation, and for a more general view of what has happened. Not that I believe in everything that Mr. Roosevelt has done. His recent treatment of the World Economic Conference seems to me to have been disgraceful in manner, to have discredited utterly our delegation and our country abroad. If the President was justified in suddenly reversing his stand on stabilization and kicking the Conference in the abdomen, why did he ever send the delegation and Moley over there? As for the announcement of the Secretary of

the Navy, with Mr. Roosevelt's approval, that we are arranging to build our fleet up to treaty limits, and our establishment of a new—and somewhat aggressive—naval policy, all I can say about that is that it is worthy of Adolf Hitler. At this stage of our own and the world's history such an action is criminal folly, indefensible from any point of view. Yet a demand for naval expansion was precisely to have been expected from Franklin Roosevelt, whose big-navy proclivities he long ago sincerely and openly avowed—which is one reason why I could not vote for him for President. Yet despite these things and many others, despite the menace of dictatorship to be discovered in so many places in these new laws, I still find much in the American scene today to be thankful for and in spots to marvel at.

Who, for example, could read of the voluntary (?) action of the textile leaders in abolishing child labor without bursting into cheers? Think of those years of hopeless struggle to abolish child labor by law and then to amend the Constitution only to find it impossible to get more than four or five States to vote for the amendment. And now suddenly to achieve our long-cherished vision by the simple device of a minimum wage which at once made child labor financially unprofitable! I do not know who thought of that, or if it came about by accident. But I do know that it has removed one of the deepest and darkest stains from the American flag. And then when I read of those trade codes that industry is being bludgeoned into and find such persons as Frances Perkins, Harold Ickes, Donald Richberg, Joseph Eastman, and John Collier in dominating positions, with Harold Ickes in charge of the whole program of public works, I want to go down on my knees and salaam respectfully three times to the East.

No, we are not out of the woods and no man knows what still lies before us. But the great thing is that a mental revolution has taken place with a speed which defies belief. To come back to America and hear no more of Hoover, no more of rugged individualism, no more complaints that the government is delving too far into private business, except in the columns of a few papers like the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *Chicago Tribune*, and those comparatively mild; to find the American business man actually thinking about new methods and a square deal, about being decent to the people in his industry and his competitors; to find the taint taken off socialism to a considerable degree and the recognition of Russia at hand, for these things let us bless our stars. No one can yet tell us how far this mental jolt may not lead us, or how much we shall yet get out of it, but the great and wonderful fact remains that, whether they know it or not, their world has dropped out from under the Babbitts, our great capitalist rulers.

Dwight Garrison Killard



"Business Is Picking Up"

Drawing by William Gropper

Eating Without Working

A Moral Disquisition

By STUART CHASE

IN the last resort," said Thorstein Veblen, "the economic moralities wait on the economic necessities." No single one of the economic moralities is held in more tender regard among Western peoples than that carried in the phrase: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." To secure useful goods, one must give useful labor. This is, to date, axiomatic. Useful labor, moreover, has taken on a moral dignity, almost a divinity, which would have shocked Plato or Pericles, who held common labor to be menial and degrading.

It is true that the modern rule has one important exception. It is not applicable to that 2 per cent or so of the population which Veblen has characterized as the kept classes. Those who live by virtue of the absentee ownership of profitable investment, whether in lands, buildings, royalties, or stocks and bonds, are totally exempt from its compulsions. It is manifest that in so far as they live on the usufruct of their portfolios they eat without working. Fortunately the classical economists have been at some pains to rationalize this breach of a great moral principle. It appears that the kept classes consume without producing *now*, because *in the past* they have produced without consuming. They are justly entitled to a "reward for abstinence." This would be news to many young gentlemen and ladies in exclusive finishing schools; it would be news to every fortunate gambler in real estate and stocks; news to all the recipients of engraved certificates of esteem from the house of Morgan; it would be news to Mr. Charlie Mitchell and the million-dollar bonus boys—corporate, not khaki—but so the classic apologia goes. And certainly no group in the community is more alert to the moral virtue of diligence, application, and industry, on the part of others, than the kept classes. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Even child labor is defended on the grounds that it keeps children out of mischief. Indeed a perspicacious psychologist might amuse himself with the theory that lack of useful work in a given group is compensated by their profound regard for the necessity of useful work at other points in the social structure.

The economic morality of work stands, then, for 98 per cent, more or less, of the population, charmingly and persuasively encouraged by the remaining 2 per cent. Impinging upon this principle, however, comes a thoroughly unmoral economic reality. Its pressure is already immense, and day by day grows stronger. Raw natural energy, harnessed in a prime mover and yoked to an operating machine, is destroying human work. The curve of technical invention is cumulative and tends to grow, according to Dr. William F. Ogburn, at a geometrical rate. It is perhaps the strongest economic force in the modern world; nor can it be stopped short of scrapping what is known as Western civilization, and retreating to the handicraft of the Middle Ages.

The economic reality of the automatic process and quantity production has a steadily declining use for human labor, particularly manual labor. What it does demand is efficient

consumption of its fabulous output. Unless its serialized machines and processes are run at approximate capacity on the "balanced load" principle, it cannot properly function—as in the present depression. It demands efficient functioning at the cost of wrecking the whole economic structure. To function it must have millions and millions of the sturdiest sort of consumers; consumers with admirable digestive tracts and great powers for depreciating personal equipment. Slowly, under this imperative, consumption is becoming, as a matter of economic reality, more important than work; purchasing power more important than man hours.

Slowly, reluctantly, even kicking and screaming, industrial nations are being driven to the hitherto abhorrent notion that the consumer must be furnished with purchasing power whether he works or not. Two years ago in this republic the word "dole" carried rather more opprobrium than the word "racketeer." Yet the dole marches on, five hundred millions of it in the last Congress.

It is touching to watch the tortures of the moralists caught on the horns of this dilemma; one school of them seriously proposes that the output, rather than be allowed to fall into the hands of the consumer, should be destroyed. A billion pounds of coffee, millions of bushels of wheat, thousands of bales of cotton, uncounted gallons of milk have recently been subjected to holocaust and destruction, thus preserving the economic morality of the wayfaring citizen. He has not worked, so he must be prevented from consuming. This censorship, however, like another recent noble experiment in prohibiting consumption, has not served economic realities, however much it may have served the cause of beautiful morals. The jam in the industrial mechanism is not relieved by even such monumental measures of deliberate waste.

The consumer must be permitted to consume. There is no other final outcome to the pressure of the technical arts. The 98 per cent must absorb, with or without working, even as the 2 per cent have done hitherto. That this will reduce the relative advantages of conspicuous consumption on the part of the 2 per cent is regrettable, perhaps, but inevitable.

A few business men and a few college professors saw the handwriting on the wall as early as 1922. Mr. Henry Ford saw it even earlier. They began the now familiar talk about the "economy of high wages," furnishing the worker with power to buy back what, with his declining assistance, the machine process could make. This movement never progressed much beyond talk, but it was the thin entering wedge.

From a broader point of view, of course, the consumer is not without moral claims of his own. The output of modern industry rests on five fundamental factors: (1) Natural resources available; (2) skilled and unskilled labor (a declining factor but still very important); (3) technical management (an increasingly important factor); (4) non-human forms of energy (from coal, oil, water power); (5) the cultural heritage of the technical arts.

If the consumer can find a job to aid production in fac-

tor 2, well and good; that gives him a direct if modest claim on the output, as has long been recognized. But increasingly he will be denied a job as technological unemployment gains. Either that, or the work demanded of him will be startlingly reduced by a shorter working week. In either case, toil will decline, and with it those claims founded on useful work.

Technical management has a sound and growing claim on the output; but as there are probably not more than 200,000 families headed by active technicians in the United States, this is far too small a group to be of any appreciable help in carrying off the product. There are 30,000,000 families in the country.

The other three factors—natural resources, energy, and the technical arts—are, or should be, the common inheritance of the whole community, which is the same as saying the common inheritance of the consumer. His common property provides the factors which are most important in the whole productive mechanism. He has, accordingly, from this broader point of view, a reasonably good moral right to the usufruct of his property. Now this may or may not be good moral doctrine; certainly economic realities are on the road to making it a practicable doctrine. To establish the right of the consumer to consume will take time—it may, indeed, take a revolution or two. But if I read the march of history aright, it will not be gainsaid.

While history will undoubtedly solve this problem in her own brusque and hidden ways, it may not be out of place to speculate upon the methods which she may conceivably pursue. In the serried vanguard of the opposition which now blocks the free flow of consumption stand the private banking system and the debt structure. It is probable that both must be liquidated to a percentum of their present grandeur, a percentum which it would be rash to estimate, save for the reservation that it will be extremely small.

The creation of money, the allotment of purchasing power, is a social function of the first importance and should be restored to the federal government, in whose hands the

Constitution placed it. It is forever impossible for the private banker, working for private gain, adequately to finance the consumer. It wounds his moral sensibilities, for one thing. By reducing his time-honored toll and that of his stockholders, it would condemn itself to him as "unsound." If recent history does not demonstrate the incompatibility of private banking and effective consumption, mathematics can prove it readily. The consumer, therefore, cannot adequately consume until the private banker, as the chief executor of the nation's credit, is lifted gently but firmly out of the picture. It is unfortunate that Mr. Roosevelt did not seize the unparalleled opportunity to lift him out, to the applause of a grateful nation, on March 4 last.

The liquidation of the debt structure promises to be an even more drastic and shocking business. History may handle this problem by inflation, by devaluation of the dollar, by deliberate scaling down, by a hit or miss tumbling down, after the fashion of the walls of Jericho. It is to be noted, however, that the walls of Jericho were solid stone and mortar, not notes and paper.

As for the methods whereby the consumer will ultimately be financed, history has a wide choice. She may select minimum subsistence payments per capita or per family; she may choose consumers' dividends, or a straight rationing of prime necessities, or an enormously shortened work week with undiminished wages—thus keeping all able-bodied consumers nominally employed; or a guaranteed job, more or less of a nominal character, in the public-works division; or a combination of these methods.

Somehow, somewhere—but in the not too distant future—mass consumption must move up to the technical requirements of mass production, at the cost of whatever moralities and financial dream castles lie in the way. No realist will even consider retreating to the economy of the Middle Ages. Yet this retreat, painful and disorderly as it would be, is the sole alternative to deliberate and purposeful mass consumption. All men cannot at present work. All men must eat.

Can Currencies Be Managed?

By HENRY HAZLITT

WHEN President Roosevelt, on July 3, rejected the efforts of the World Economic Conference to achieve a "temporary stabilization" of currencies, he was not merely rejecting the proposal to stabilize the leading currencies in terms of each other for the next few months; he was also hinting at a fundamental change in monetary policy.

The sound internal economic system of a nation [he said] is a greater factor in its well-being than the price of its currency in changing terms of the currencies of other nations. . . .

So, too, old fetishes of so-called international bankers are being replaced by efforts to plan national currencies with the objective of giving to those currencies a continuing purchasing power which does not greatly vary in terms of the commodities and needs of modern civilization.

Let me be frank in saying that the United States seeks the kind of dollar which a generation hence will have the

same purchasing power and debt-paying power as the dollar value we hope to attain in the near future.

It is obvious that the President—either through a direct reading of Maynard Keynes, or of some such popularizer of Keynes as Stuart Chase, or through the advice of some member of his "brain trust"—has been greatly influenced by the advocates of a so-called "managed" currency. How successful would such a currency be? Perhaps the best way to approach this problem is to consider the leading proposals so far offered and such experience of "managed" currencies as we happen to have.

Proposals to abolish the gold or any other metallic standard in favor of some other system of currency have been made from time immemorial. To the men in power immediately after the French Revolution, to our own statesmen immediately after the Civil War, who held that the irredeemable paper currency then in circulation "rests on the

property of the whole country, and has for its security the faith and patriotism of the greatest and freest country on the face of the globe," to our Populists in 1892, and to the hordes of currency cranks always and everywhere, gold reserves and gold convertibility have seemed not merely unnecessary, but positively ominous—"a vast conspiracy," as the Populist platform put it, "against mankind." But a sharp distinction must be drawn between those simple-minded persons who believe that wealth can somehow be created by the printing press, or those who from time to time have favored inflation as a means of paying off debts for a few cents on the dollar, and those serious reformers who have felt that it is possible to devise a currency that would be more effective than those based on the orthodox gold standard in keeping the prices of commodities stable.

The two most intelligent proposals of this nature are those of Irving Fisher and of John Maynard Keynes. The Fisher plan was first in the field, and Mr. Keynes's proposals are in the main a modification of it. Professor Fisher has long been recognized as the leading adherent in America of what is known as the quantity theory of money. He believes, in other words, that the price level of commodities varies in direct proportion to the volume of money in circulation (including bank deposits and allowing for changes in the "velocity of circulation.") Curiously enough, however, his famous plan for a "compensated" dollar rests essentially on the radically different "bullionist" theory. This theory holds that under the orthodox gold standard a price, at bottom, expresses the relationship between the value of a given amount of the commodity priced, and the value of a fixed weight of gold. Professor Fisher's proposal, therefore, is that instead of retaining a gold dollar of a fixed weight and fineness (until March of this year this was 23.2 grains) we change the weight of the dollar constantly in exact ratio with changes in the general level of prices. In more detail, Professor Fisher's plan is this: He would make use of one of the existing "index numbers" or create a new one especially for this purpose. An index number is based on an average of the prices of a large number of different commodities, sometimes including several hundred. Suppose we should decide now, for example, to return to the price level of 1924-1925 (as recently suggested by the President) and to stabilize there. We should then assign to the 1924-25 price level the arbitrary value of 100. If we should discover that present prices (after allowing for the rise that has been caused by the recent depreciation of the dollar) were 40 per cent below that level, we should then cut the gold content of the dollar by 40 per cent—returning, of course, to gold convertibility. Thereafter, we should change the gold content of the dollar each month by the same percentage as the price average had changed—or rather, as suggested by Professor Fisher, we should change it by a maximum of 1 per cent a month in either direction. As, prior to the World War, changes in the general price level almost never were as great as 12 per cent in any one year, Professor Fisher thinks this change would be sufficient to keep prices from fluctuating.

How would this plan be likely to work? Let us pass over, for the moment, the question of immediate devaluation, and consider the proposal for keeping prices stable thereafter. The first result to be noted is that, if the plan were put into operation by any one country acting alone, while other countries returned to an orthodox free-gold basis, the ex-

change rate of the country on the "compensated" currency basis would be subject to monthly fluctuations in terms of the rest. This would put a serious obstacle in the way of a free flow of foreign trade, and would be particularly injurious to the foreign trade of the nation on the "compensated" basis. An even more serious defect of the plan—still assuming that it were adopted, say, by the United States acting alone—is that both American and foreign speculators could trade constantly against the government with impunity. Suppose, for example, that during any month commodity prices were falling. It would be relatively simple for speculators to calculate before the end of the month whether or not the decline had exceeded 1 per cent. Moreover, if the decline had exceeded 2 per cent in the preceding month, speculators would know that the dollar was due for another reduction of 1 per cent in its gold content whether or not commodity prices were falling during the current month. They would therefore redeem their paper dollars in gold, knowing that after the turn of the month they could turn the gold in again for more paper dollars. Conversely, if prices had been rising during the month, speculators would turn in gold for paper dollars, and after the end of the month they could turn in the paper dollars and draw out a larger amount of gold than they had turned in.

It is obvious not only that the government would be playing an inevitably losing game against international speculators, but that the Fisher plan would greatly aggravate a country's currency difficulties in times of crisis. Falling prices usually occur when business is disturbed and stagnant and when confidence is low. With the Fisher plan in effect, it is precisely at such a time that the greatest raids would be made upon the country's gold supply.

Professor Fisher has partly recognized the dangers of speculation against the government and believes he would avert them by fixing a spread of 1 per cent between the "buying price" and the "selling price" of gold. Such a spread, however, would be wholly ineffective against speculative operations extending over several months. Mr. Keynes—to anticipate—in recently advocating a return to a qualified gold standard, has suggested that the buying and selling prices of gold be separated by as much as 5 per cent. But this too would fail to prevent speculators from trading against the government when cumulative price changes were large enough; and it would permit a fluctuation of 5 per cent in exchange rates. As contrasted with present conditions, such a fluctuation may seem very small; but it might still be sufficient to hurt foreign trade to some extent, and it would certainly be sufficient practically to end any free international transfer of liquid funds. Mr. Keynes recognizes this second consequence and even welcomes it. It is true, of course, that it would, as he suggests, put an end to unwise international transfers of funds, but it would be just as effective in stopping necessary and desirable transfers. For example, a central bank subjected to a raid on its gold supply at home may desperately want temporarily to borrow funds from abroad; but it could not borrow except at an interest rate at least sufficient to cover any possible loss resulting to the lender from a fall in exchange to the lower gold point. Under normal conditions the international transfer of liquid funds, far from increasing the international flow of gold, greatly reduces it.

The unsophisticated may suppose that all these troubles

could be averted by the simple refusal of the government or the central bank to redeem currency in gold at all. Such a move, however, would abolish the whole stabilization scheme itself, and neither Mr. Keynes nor Professor Fisher has recommended it. Only free redeemability can keep the currency at any desired value. Mere gold reserves in themselves, no matter how large, are wholly useless for this purpose unless they are actually employed. It is merely necessary to point to the fact that the dollar has already gone to a discount of 30 per cent in the few months since gold convertibility has been abandoned, though our gold reserves are not only hundreds of millions of dollars greater than they were in the first week of March, but greater than in the entire history of the Federal Reserve system.

If the Fisher plan were adopted internationally, at least the drawback of fluctuating exchange rates would not exist, and the speculative raids against the various central banks would be relatively much less than they would in the case of any country acting alone. But here a formidable political difficulty presents itself. We must either adopt separate index numbers of prices for different countries, or a single world index number. If we adopt separate index numbers, we come back again to the problem of fluctuating exchange rates. If we wish to adopt a single world index number, we have to face the fact that for short periods prices in different countries may move in different directions, and that while they tend to move in the same direction in the long run, they do not always change to precisely the same extent. This discrepancy occurs if only because some nations are dominantly agricultural and others dominantly industrial. Even assuming, therefore, that we could get all nations to agree on a common index number, the effect of its adoption would be sometimes to aggravate the price fluctuation in a given country rather than to offset it.

Mr. Keynes's stabilization plan is more difficult to describe than Professor Fisher's, if only because he leaves so much of it vague and has so frequently shifted his position. For the latter tendency, indeed, he might be called the Lloyd George among economists. His plan is, to begin with, much more complicated than the Fisher plan. Instead of permitting the buying and selling prices of gold to change automatically in accordance with changes in an index number, he would allow the central bank or a governing board to change these figures at its discretion. Without depending upon this measure alone, he would supplement it by permitting this board to regulate the volume of paper money more directly, and to regulate the volume of bank credit through changes in the discount rate, through open market operations, through the control of investment, and so on. Space does not permit a discussion of these measures in detail. It may be said, however, that they rest on several fundamentally false assumptions. It is not true that the price level bears any fixed or invariable relation to the quantity of money and credit outstanding. The quantity theory of money has been statistically discredited time and again since the outbreak of the war, but its adherents go blandly on. It is not true, again, that the volume of money and credit can be predictably controlled by changes in discount rates: low discount rates through several depression years did not prevent a continuous shrinkage in the volume of credit. Finally, the automatic changes in the gold-content of the currency as proposed in Professor Fisher's plan is, with

all its drawbacks, infinitely preferable to changes by a political board as proposed by Mr. Keynes. For the decisions of such a board would almost certainly conform to political pressures rather than to economic facts. The political pressures in nearly every case would be for higher prices, almost never for lower prices. The farmers would demand higher prices; manufacturers would demand higher prices; and labor, instead of opposing higher prices, would much more probably demand higher wages. It is unlikely that the gold-content-fixing board would be any more above political influences than is the present Federal Reserve Board. The Federal Reserve Board not only failed to take any initiative in heading off the 1927-1929 boom, but actually turned down the belated application of the New York Federal Reserve Bank to raise its discount rate with that end in view.

We have, perhaps, one example of a country already on a "managed" currency. It is, at least, frequently cited by the managed-currency advocates. This is Sweden. Sweden was forced off the gold basis after Great Britain in September, 1931. Since then the currency has been allowed to sink to a discount of 30 per cent or more, and the official policy has been directed—in accordance with the ideas of Mr. Keynes—toward stabilizing internal prices even at the cost of a fluctuating exchange rate. The official index of prices has actually been more stable than that of any other country during this period.

Rufus S. Tucker, analyzing the situation more closely in *Barron's* weekly magazine of June 19, however, finds that this price average conceals two very diverse movements. The prices of imported goods between August, 1931, and February, 1933, rose 13 per cent, while the average price of domestic goods and of goods produced for export fell 9 per cent. The decline in the value of Swedish exports during approximately the same period was greater than the decline in American exports if both are measured in the same kind of currency. The total number of bankruptcies in Sweden in 1932 increased 25 per cent over those in 1931, compared with an increase in the United States of only 11 per cent in the same period. The most damaging figures are those for unemployment. By August and September, 1932, unemployment in Sweden was more than 50 per cent greater than in August and September, 1931. The increase in the number of trade-union members reported unemployed, between the end of August, 1931, and the end of February, 1933, was 144 per cent. In the United States the increase in trade-union unemployment in the same period was only 38 per cent. Before Sweden left the gold standard, unemployment among trade-union members was only two-thirds as great as in the United States; in February last it was greater.

These figures are enough to show that there is no magic in the stability of a mere average level of prices, or merely in the existence of a currency depreciation. And our analysis is not such as to lead us to place any confidence in the most serious proposals for currency "management" so far advanced. This does not mean that we need abandon currency or price stabilization as an ideal, but it does suggest that it is not wise to attempt it until monetary economists have agreed upon some plan that seems much more promising than any so far offered. It is to be remembered that Professor Fisher's plan has been before the public now for more than two decades, and Mr. Keynes's for at least one, but that neither plan has met with the approval of most of their fellow mone-

tary economists. But the Fisher plan may prove to contain a valuable germ idea. It is at least sound in embodying the recognition that prices under the gold standard express a relationship between the value of gold on the one hand and the value of goods on the other; that more gold will buy more goods, and less gold less; and that changes in the gold content of the dollar are the quickest and most predictable way we yet know of to change the price level. For that reason the present writer suggested in March of last year the devaluation of the dollar as a desperate expedient to meet a desperate situation. I believe it has been our abandonment of the former gold parity, and the sharp depreciation of the dollar in anticipation of an ultimate cut in its gold content, that has mainly produced the violent rise of prices and the astonishing recovery in industry in the last few months. But a major operation to offset the most violent collapse of commodity

prices in a century is one thing; a continuous series of monthly operations is quite another. Devaluation, we must never forget, depends for its workability upon the fact that it is not generally expected; for when it is, everyone will raid the gold supply in advance.

The immediate need is to return to the gold standard at a new level, certainly in collaboration with Great Britain, and preferably in collaboration with as many other nations as possible. For the future, let the President appoint several first-rate American monetary authorities (not politicians) to an international commission composed exclusively of such authorities, and assign to this commission the duty of reporting upon the possibility of managing currencies and the most promising plan, if any. Unless we turn the question over to such a commission first, we shall not be planning; we shall merely, as Sir Arthur Salter would put it, be improvising.

How to Reduce Your Light Bills

By JUDSON KING

THE power issue has reached the stage where the people of the United States have become acutely "rate conscious." Rate wars are in progress in every section of the nation. Such efforts would be multiplied if the officials and people of so many municipalities were not appalled at the expense and labor involved in an engagement with the power monopolies, with the likelihood of obtaining only a slight reduction in rates, or none at all, after a long conflict before a State utilities commission and in the courts. The progress of justifiable rate reduction would no doubt be speeded up if consumers were aware that a simple, effective method of determining honest electric rates has recently been developed, the legal soundness of which has been affirmed by the United States Supreme Court. The purpose of this article is to explain this new technique for the benefit of those who are in rebellion against excessive electric charges and want to know what to do and how to do it.

Assume that the League of Women Voters, or the Citizens' Union, or some other organization in a typical small city, town, or village has begun to study the power question with a practical end in view. A thirty-year franchise is about to expire, or they are resentful over excessive monthly bills. The power system which serves their municipality, let us say, is but one of many tied into a vast privately owned super-power system ultimately controlled from New York or Chicago. If they make the mistake of attempting to pry into the true "valuation" of the company with its holding-company ramifications, they will end in a hopeless muddle. Regulation through attempted determination of a "fair return" upon "valuation" has failed through the past twenty-five years.

Laying aside financial manuals and the company's annual report, they should start off with a study of costs. They should ask what it actually costs: (1) to *generate* a kilowatt hour of electric current at the switchboard in a power plant; (2) to send this kilowatt hour over a high voltage *transmission line* to a town; (3) to *distribute* this kilowatt hour from the step-down station at the city limits to a home, a store, a factory, or the city streets. In other words, they should find out average costs in both private and municipally owned sys-

tems. Common sense dictates that rates be based upon costs.

Our inquirers will soon discover that in a great modern steam or hydroelectric station the average cost of generation is from 2 mills to 5 mills a kilowatt hour; next, that it costs on the average 1 mill to 2 mills per kilowatt hour to transmit the current, say 100 miles. Getting down to "distribution" costs, however, they will encounter trouble, because the literature of neither the engineering societies nor private companies yields any light. The power trust desires to keep such information from the people, because this is the field of the large-scale looting. Great help, however, is available in the findings of a group of engineers now investigating distribution costs under the auspices of the New York Power Authority. Morris L. Cooke of Philadelphia, able consulting engineer and member of the Power Authority, has published the results of this inquiry as far as it has gone, and the volume is indispensable to investigators, since it contains information to be found nowhere else. The data used in this article are largely taken from the papers of the contributing engineers which are brought together in this book.*

If the search for basic facts is pursued with reasonable diligence, our citizens will soon find themselves possessed of sufficient information on which to base intelligent action. Meantime, city officials have been consulted and have become interested. A public hearing before the mayor and the city council is called, with the city attorney present. Also in attendance will be found the company's local attorney and engineer, supported by a distinguished holding-company attorney, sent from headquarters.

Out of courtesy the spokesman of the League of Women Voters, which started the fight and is probably the best informed group in town on the question, will be given the floor. She states that the women of the town, because of high rates, cannot use as much electric current as they need to relieve household drudgery; that they find private company rates vary greatly in comparable towns; that as a rule municipally owned plants sell current at much lower prices than private

* "What Electricity Costs." A Symposium on the Cost of Distribution to Domestic and Rural Consumers, edited by Morris Llewellyn Cooke. Published by The New Republic, Inc., New York. \$1.

companies; that women are paying an average of 8 cents per kilowatt hour for domestic power service, while factory users and the street-car company buy it for 2 cents or less. This looks like discrimination. She would like to have the company's engineer explain whether he employs any scientific method in keeping records or determining the cost of current to different classes of consumers.

The company engineer replies that rate schedules are fixed in New York; that he is not required to keep such accounts; and (growing embarrassed) that "no one really knows. . ." The suave holding-company attorney, sensing danger, breaks in with some such explanation as this:

"Mr. Chairman, if I may be permitted, the answer to the lady's question lies in the tremendous cost of distributing electric energy in small quantities to thousands of residence meters scattered over this municipality as contrasted with the low cost of delivering a huge block of current to one meter, for instance in a factory. Potatoes cannot be delivered to your back door by the peck as cheaply as by the carload to a warehouse. The cost of generating current in huge volume is now so low that we could well-nigh afford to give it to you, if that were all. It is this expensive distribution that causes what you mistakenly consider excessive rates.

"The capital invested in our great XYZ system, which serves this town, is \$492,000,000. You are served by gigantic hydro and steam generating plants with a vast network of expensive transmission and distribution lines. By established legal practice, the valuation of this entire system must be used as a rate base and your rate allocated so that you pay merely your just share of a fair return upon the total capital structure, which is only reasonable and . . ."

The city attorney interrupts: "Mr. Chairman, just a moment. The gentleman is wrong. In the Martinsville, Indiana, case, decided January 9, this year, the United States Supreme Court held, in effect, that valuation of an entire superpower system is not necessary to establish a rate base. Martinsville took the average system cost per kilowatt hour of delivering current to the city's gateway. It then added the ascertained local step-down and distribution cost per kilowatt hour, and so fixed the schedules. Roy Husselman, a Cleveland engineer employed by the city, has given an interesting history of this case in a paper which I have read in conjunction with the decisions of the federal courts. Hence, we can disregard this vast capitalization, including water, over which my friend grows so eloquent, and first turn our attention to what it costs to deliver current at the door of our city."

The mayor asks: "What was the wholesale cost at Martinsville?"

The city attorney answers: "On that system it was 1.72 cents per kilowatt hour."

A spokesman for the Citizens' Union chimes in: "That's about right. An engineer by the name of T. Herbert Clegg made a study of the wholesale prices paid to private systems by forty-five municipalities which owned their own distribution lines. The figures ran from 9 mills to 2.6 cents per kilowatt hour, with an average of 1.25 cents. He found large and medium-sized factories paying an average of 1.5 cents and large consumers, like railways, 9 mills per kilowatt hour, or even less. This gives us reasonably accurate figures on wholesale prices from private companies on which to base our tentative estimates."

"Very well," remarks the chairman, "what does it cost

to distribute current within the city limits? That seems to be the big mystery."

A member of the city council gets the floor. "I have been studying that point. Major Clayton W. Pike, consulting engineer retained by the New York Power Authority, analyzed the official reports of the private power companies doing business in that State. He found that the average State-wide local distributing cost for domestic users was 2.36 cents per kilowatt hour. I noted also that in public systems domestic distribution costs are much less. In London, Ontario, it is 5.5 mills per kilowatt hour, as shown in the paper by Engineer E. V. Buchanan. London is a member of the great superpower system of Ontario. Engineer E. F. Scatergood of the Los Angeles public plant reports 1.68 cents per kilowatt hour, and Engineer J. D. Ross of Seattle's City Light reports 1.68 cents. These contrasts give us something to think about if we are aiming at the cheapest possible electric service for our town. The difference in distribution costs as between the public plants noted puzzled me until I found that Ontario municipalities finance plant construction and extensions wholly from bonds, sell at cost (which includes both capital and operating costs), and have a monopoly, whereas the Seattle plant competes with a private company and finances a good deal of plant extension out of profits, which keeps their rates higher to that extent. Los Angeles also could reduce rates if it did not finance considerable construction and improvements from surplus profits."

The local company counsel rises to remark: "The fallacy in the argument lies in the fact that these municipal plants do not pay taxes, while we contribute hundreds of dollars in taxes every year." Whereat a delegate from the women's group responds with cool sarcasm: "Well, we have found out that you only pay 2 or 3 mills per kilowatt hour for taxes, while we deserve a rate reduction of several cents per kilowatt hour. Besides which, you do not amortize your investment and pay off your debt which serves as a rate base, while the public plants do. So that's that!"

After the laughter subsides the chairman of the Citizens' Union is recognized. "The ladies appear to want double the amount of electricity for the same price. That may seem unreasonable, but their demand is justified by a remarkable chart, exhibited by Engineer Ross of Seattle at the New York conference and reproduced in Mr. Cooke's book. I have had it copied on this huge cardboard so that you all might see it." He exhibits the following table:

EFFECT OF COST ON USE

1931	Rate (Cents)	Average Consumption		Average Bill	
		Kilowatt Hours Monthly	Yearly	Monthly	Yearly
All Private Power					
Concerns in U. S.	5.78	48.6	583.2	\$2.81	\$33.72
Twenty-six Cities of					
Ontario	1.45	148.3	1,779.6	2.14	25.68
Seattle Municipal					
Plant	2.818	91.5	1,098.0	2.68	30.94
Tacoma Municipal					
Plant	1.726	129.2	1,550.3	2.23	26.77
Winnipeg Municipal					
Plant	.879	347.0	4,169.0	3.05	36.64

"This proves," he continues, "that low rates are the real salesmen for large domestic usage. Note that Winnipeg householders, paying less than 1 cent per kilowatt hour, buy

on the average nearly 350 kilowatt hours per month, or seven times as much as the average United States householder, who pays nearly 6 cents and uses less than 50 kilowatt hours."

It is next brought out by the engineer of the city water works that Major Pike has devised a simple formula by the aid of which city authorities, or any group, with the help of an electrical engineer, can work out an approximate rate schedule which will provide lower rates and yet be just to the company, or equally well serve as a guide for the rates of a prospective municipal plant. The editor of a local paper expresses fear that all this agitation, especially for lower rates, will decrease the value of utility securities, many thousands of dollars of which are owned by local citizens, including widows and orphans. He is answered by a business man, who says: "It will have a bad effect only on speculative stocks. Having lost several thousand dollars in Insull holding-company securities, I have my eye teeth cut. If the electrical industry is not going to abandon that sort of business and get down to an honest return on an honest investment in its operating companies, the quicker we know it the better."

The local banker, who carries the private company's deposits, will here doubtless want to know by what process such results could possibly be achieved by novices even with the aid of an engineer. An electrical worker responds: "That is simple. First get your wholesale cost, say 1½ cents per kilowatt hour. Next get the sub-station cost of stepping down the current from high to low voltage. Engineer Otto M. Rau shows it to be around 3 mills per kilowatt hour. Next make an inventory of the company's property used in distribution—the number of poles, length of wire, underground ducts, number and kind of transformers, meters, and so on. Make that inventory for each class of customers, such as stores, factories, streets, and homes. These figures

computed with reference to load factor and other factors in Major Pike's formula such as density, measured by the length of wire per average customer, the percentage of wires under ground, the number of kilowatt hours used, and so forth, will give the base for reasonably accurate rate schedules. Add to the wholesale cost, which is fixed, the distribution cost in each class, and you get an average rate for each class of customers. By such a process the average domestic rate in this town ought not to exceed 4 cents per kilowatt hour. We are paying 8 cents. I could almost do the job myself, but I would like to work at it with an engineer."

The discussion concludes. The chairman of the League of Women Voters moves, and the motion is seconded by the chairman of the Citizens' Union, "that it is the sense of the citizens' groups that the city council should employ an independent electrical engineer to make an inventory of the company's property within the city limits, and that if the money available in the city treasury for such a purpose is not enough it be supplemented by a fund raised by popular subscription."

Enterprising citizens will have little difficulty in getting official action. If the mayor or the city council has not originated the move, they will at this time take the lead. At the close of the meeting the city attorney will remark:

"I congratulate you on this action. I have long doubted the advisability of launching a rate case of the usual sort against this powerful monopoly. However, with this new method, I am sure we can establish a case which neither the State commission nor the courts can ignore or overthrow. With a minimum expenditure of time and money we can secure lower rates. The Martinsville case opens the legal door. If this fails, our only recourse is a municipal plant."

[This is the eighth of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer. The ninth will appear soon.]

Czecho-Slovakia's Nazi Neighbors

By EGON ERWIN KISCH

THERE is life in the border hills again. As once King Frederick and later Napoleon studied the maps of the mountain range that separates Silesia and Saxony from Bohemia, considering the relative merits of the passes of Nollendorf, Kulm, and Zinnwald, so German pacifists are studying them today. They and many others—the men and women who have made their escape from the great concentration camp that the masters of Germany have called "Grosse Erhebung" (the great upheaval), and the many victims of that form of "national" training that finds expression in castor oil, steel whips, mutilation, pogroms, suicides, and shooting "while trying to escape." All of them are making a desperate attempt to find their way into Czecho-Slovakia over the wild ridges and passes of the frontier.

A day of precipitous flight from the home to the station to catch any train that approaches the border region is followed by a night on foot along lonely, densely overgrown, and often dangerous footpaths. Everywhere the Brown Terror is on the watch. In the border inns whole divisions of Nazis are quartered. Nazi patrols crash through the shrubbery with their bloodhounds. Nazi watchmen are placed on look-out posts with powerful field glasses and searchlights.

At every railroad crossing storm troopers, armed with carbines, stand guard. Nor is he safe who has managed to put the frontier posts behind him. Hitler's hangmen get their victims from Czecho-Slovakian territory with impunity. The Nazis in the German sections of Czecho-Slovakia render eager assistance; there is a liberal price on the head of every fugitive.

In Kreibitz a fugitive is given shelter by his comrades. In the middle of the night an automobile drives up to the house. A "comrade" who has secretly joined the Nazis is at the door with three "fugitives," for whom he begs temporary refuge. Before the householder can reply they have spied his guest. Revolvers are drawn, the helpless victim is stunned with blows on the head, kicked down the stairs, and dragged senseless into the automobile. No one has seen him since.

Regular battles have occurred in these frontier towns. In the night preceding Sunday, March 5, twenty workers returning from a festival arranged by a local workers' singing society were attacked and shot at on Czecho-Slovakian soil in front of the Gasthaus Blechhammer near Weipert by from sixty to eighty heavily armed SA (*Sturm-Abteilung*) and SS (*Schutz-Staffel*) troopers from the German towns of

Bärenstein and Kühnburg. In Weipert itself three workers were overpowered by German SA troopers and taken across the border. The Czecho-Slovakian authorities ordered an investigation of the incident but no official statement has so far been forthcoming; it is said, however, that the garrison stationed at Weipert has been increased to 150 men.

In Ullersdorf, between Grottau and Zittau, according to a notice in the Reichenberger *Vorwärts*, German storm divisions, aided by the Czecho-Slovakian gendarmerie and custom guards, searched the homes of workers who were known to the Socialist functionaries, looking for refugees. They alleged they were looking for smuggled goods. A few days later Czecho-Slovakian gendarmes from Platten arrested the Communist, Franz Nesvetal, a municipal councilor from Johanngeorgenstadt in Saxony who had sought and found refuge in the Barringer territory, and delivered him across the border into the hands of SA troopers.

But there is really no need of the all too willing Czech police. The SA man is sufficient unto himself since he no longer fears persecution for his misdeeds at the hands of a protecting government. A troop of these fellows makes a pleasure trip across the border to Ebersdorf, for instance, in the Friedland district. On reaching their destination they kidnap the young worker, Elster, for having distributed leaflets during the municipal-election campaign, and escort him to Görlitz, in Prussian Silesia.

Such happenings are customary in China. There it is not uncommon to hear that a provincial ruler has kidnapped a man from the neighboring province. Indeed, Europeans, Americans, and Japanese have justified a highly profitable interference in China with the argument that such kidnappings are permitted there; a nation, they argue, that is not able to protect the personal safety of its inhabitants cannot be intrusted with the management of its own affairs.

On the night of Wednesday, March 15, SA soldiers crossed the Erzgebirge frontier and made their way to Katharinaberg to search for two Social Democratic families which had fled from Germany. They forced their way into the Hotel Adler but their victims had already departed. Two young persons who were about to leave the hostelry were commanded to raise their hands. One of them, a young Social Democrat named Albin Schmieder, did not immediately obey their order. He was shot down and beaten with rubber clubs. In the hospital at Bruex it was found that he had been shot through the lung and was in a serious condition.

In Stolzenhain, on Czecho-Slovakian territory, is a vacation camp maintained by Jewish sport organizations. On March 16 at exactly 9 p.m. it was attacked and shot at by German Nazis. The gendarmerie patrol made an effort to arrest the attackers, but they wrested the gun out of the hands of one gendarme and forced the other at the point of a revolver to drop his weapon. Both policemen were then brutally beaten. The Nazi attackers withdrew jubilantly into the Dritte Reich, carrying with them the guns they had taken from the Czech guards.

Their next victim was Johann Ullsperger, who lives in Schwaderbach, a Czecho-Slovakian village, but has a little shop on German soil in which he manufactures parts for harmonicas. On Thursday, April 27, a small boy came to his home with a message that a customer was waiting for him in his shop. Ullsperger hurried over, was taken into custody by an SA trooper from Rodewisch, and carried off, no one

knows where. Two brothers named Walter from Dittersbach and the thirteen-year-old son of one of them were attacked and beaten in a woods in Kunnersdorf and carried off as prisoners. From Schwaderbach three young workers, Gustav Langhammer, Max Sattler, and Theodor Müller, were taken to Klingenthal.

The train that runs between Reichenberg and Warnsdorf crosses German territory for a short distance where the borderline projects at a sharp angle into Bohemia. But the interior of the cars is, according to international agreement, under Czecho-Slovakian jurisdiction. Nevertheless, storm troopers arrest whom, when, and where they please, and they know where their victims may be reached. Their Nazi comrades in the enemy's country take care of that. It is their business to know who is a Socialist and when he crosses the border. And those who live on the frontier can hardly avoid an occasional trip into the neighboring country.

In many Bohemian families in that part of the country it is traditional for the men of the family to cross the border each morning to their daily work in the factories of Saxony. The great-grandfather began it, and grandfather, father, son, and grandson became in turn seasonal workers in Germany. What they did with their evenings, Sundays, and holidays in Bohemia no factory owner, foreman, or colleague at the work bench ever bothered to inquire. At home they were municipal councilors or star-gazers, Socialists or herb doctors, free thinkers or beer drinkers, book worms or card players. No one knew or cared. Under the Nazis all this is changed. Incur the enmity of a Nazi in Bohemia and you lose your job at the work bench at which your great-grandfather worked before you.

Worse still is the lot of those who, like frontier folk everywhere, make their living off the price ratio on either side of the border. The unemployed Bohemian who attempts to eke out a precarious existence by smuggling salt, tobacco, Black Forest clocks, bridge cards, pine-needle bath salts, or cigarette lighters across the border must beware, if he is in bad with the Nazis at home, not only of the customs guards but of the SA as well, to whom his most secret paths are betrayed.

Self-protective organizations called into being by Social Democrats and Communists to defend their members from National Socialist attacks have been suppressed by the government. Officially Czecho-Slovakia is adhering to a middle course, striking out against all extremists both right and left, in the interests of democratic government. Actually the Czech democracy is helping fascism into the saddle.

The Memory of Music

By IRWIN EDMAN

The memory of music
Itself is music; deep
Below the singing heard by ears,
It murmurs, half asleep.

Till at some twilight wakened,
It brings the heart release,
Its glory now an echo,
Its echo soft with peace.

More Relief for the Farmers

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, July 12

ON July 9 the government began collecting a processing tax of 30 cents on every bushel of wheat used in the manufacture of food products for domestic consumption. The tax is to be levied whether the wheat is grown in this country or shipped in from abroad. In the latter connection it serves automatically to increase the present 42-cent tariff on wheat to 72 cents. The tax will not be applied against wheat destined for export or for the farmer's own use. The proceeds of the levy are to be distributed as a form of government bounty or subsidy to farmers who agree to reduce their wheat acreage in 1934 and 1935.

This is the first definite measure of major importance taken under that section of the Roosevelt recovery program dealing with the needs of the farmers. Since May 12, when the new farm relief act became effective, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration has been perfecting its own organization, a task not yet completed. It has been gathering and analyzing statistics to determine how much acreage should be taken out of production and the amount of the processing tax to be levied against wheat, cotton, tobacco, and other farm products that come within the scope of the law. It has had thousands of agents in the field, assembling information and explaining to the farmers the purposes and requirements of this newest farm-relief program.

No little courage was needed to proclaim a wheat-processing tax in face of the recent tremendous rise in grain prices. The price of wheat had already increased approximately 100 per cent, May futures going as high as \$1 on the Chicago Board of Trade, when the announcement was made. The tax would have the effect of adding another 30 per cent. The potential price of wheat products would thereby be increased, and that might antagonize the consumers. It was also possible that the farmers might not take kindly to the idea of reducing their acreage at a time when a rising market appeared to promise a fair return on their normal production. Yet Secretary of Agriculture Wallace and his assistants saw clearly that the price rise was due to abnormal conditions. The shortness of the 1933 crop, gambling in grains by brokers and private speculators, and several other factors contributed to the rise. A full crop next year, which would necessarily mean an increase in the existing surplus, would unquestionably bring the price down again, leading perhaps to renewed demoralization of agriculture. Hence it was decided to put the allotment plan into effect at once so that it would be in operation before the farmers began sowing the 1934 crop. In no other way could the administration be assured that production next year would be adjusted to the estimated needs of the country, which is one of the objectives of the recovery program.

Other processing taxes are to be proclaimed within a short time. The tax on cotton is to be put into effect on August 1, and the remainder soon thereafter. The preliminary work on these matters can be undertaken in Washington, for they have to do largely with statistics. But no processing tax and no acreage-reduction plan could possibly

succeed unless the farmers were disposed to cooperate with the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. The National Recovery Administration can center its efforts almost entirely in Washington. The manufacturing industries are so organized that they can send representatives here to work out agreements with General Hugh S. Johnson's office. The agricultural administration, on the other hand, must deal with millions of farmers spread over the country. Neither Secretary Wallace nor George Peek, the agricultural administrator, can enter into a single agreement with the farming industry as a whole or even with any specialized branch of that industry. They have to negotiate a separate agreement with each individual farmer. In order to arrive at an equitable understanding in each case, as well as to obtain the co-operation of the farmers as a whole, the agricultural administration has been compelled to assemble a gigantic corps of field agents, and this corps will in all likelihood have to be increased rather than reduced in size as the farm recovery plan is put into complete operation.

In the last several weeks I have discussed the Roosevelt farm program with sixty or more farmers in various sections of Maryland and Virginia. I have found about three out of four skeptical as to the outcome of the administration plan but nevertheless willing to go along with that program. Probably 10 to 15 per cent of the farmers were enthusiastic, convinced that the program would prove successful in all its essential aims. Another 10 per cent were just as convinced that the scheme would fail, and in any case were not inclined to cooperate unless compelled to do so. Judging by both official and private reports received here, the latter in the form of press association dispatches from the farm centers, the frame of mind of the agricultural population as a whole is about as I found it in Virginia and Maryland.

This is not to say that the farmers are not anxious to squeeze whatever personal or selfish advantage they can out of the relief plan. When the cotton growers were asked, with a view to estimating how much of their land should be taken out of production, how much cotton they had raised in the last five years, many of them padded their reports, in some instances by as much as 250 per cent, for they were to be compensated for the acreage plowed under in accordance with the productivity of their land. It was no doubt a tactical mistake for the literal-minded subordinate officials of the agricultural administration to publish the fact that the cotton growers were seeking to take advantage of the situation. When Secretary Wallace, who was absent at the time, returned to Washington, he promptly issued a denial. He probably saw that even the slightest suggestion that one group of farmers was not cooperating wholeheartedly and unselfishly would have an adverse effect on the attitude of other groups.

Where or with whom the idea arose of asking the cotton farmers to plow under a part of their growing cotton is not clear. Late in June Charles J. Brand, co-administrator, declared that 25 per cent of the growing crop would have to be destroyed forthwith in order to prevent an increase in the existing surplus, which Brand felt might drive the price

down to somewhere around 3 cents a pound. On the same day President Roosevelt threw his weight behind this proposal, declaring he had "every confidence that the cotton producer will face the facts and cooperate fully in the reasonable and practical plan that is proposed." It will be recalled that on August 12, 1931, Herbert Hoover's Farm Board proposed "the immediate plowing under of every third row of cotton now growing." This suggestion was universally condemned. *The Nation*, for one, declared:

Even conceding that it were possible to put such a plan into effect it would be little short of criminal. This does not mean that the members of the Farm Board who suggested the plan had themselves any criminal intent; they are merely well-intentioned men whose economic beliefs are simple, naive, and tragically muddle-headed. Why is cotton down? Because there is an oversupply. Therefore we need simply destroy the surplus, and everything will be well. That is the essence of the Farm Board's economics. But if it works for cotton, it should work for everything else. . . . Therefore let the nations of the world take hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat, thousands of tons of sugar, rubber, and copper, and millions of barrels of oil and dump them all into the sea. Then prices will go up, prosperity will return with a rush, we shall all be jubilant, and a Republican victory will be assured.

The producers have been rather reluctantly subscribing to this latest proposal to destroy a part of the cotton crop. For sentimental reasons they are opposed to plowing under growing plants upon which they have spent a great deal of labor. And they feel that with prices rising they may stand to realize more by selling all of their crop on the open market than by destroying a part of it in return for a government subsidy. However, the agricultural administration's corps of 22,000 special agents in the cotton belt (most of whom, it must be said, are volunteer workers) have been convincing the producers that they stand to gain more in terms of hard cash by cooperating with the government than by gambling on a continued rise in the cotton market. While the cotton-destruction campaign is still far from its goal, enough farmers have already agreed to the plan to make it appear certain that some time before the end of the present year more than 1,600,000,000 pounds of growing cotton, worth at the present market more than \$160,000,000, will be plowed under. Whether this will suffice to buoy up the market and bring the cotton grower an equitable return on his investment and labor remains to be seen.

It is a curious fact that while agricultural prices have been rising in the last few months, the operation of the Agricultural Adjustment Act has had nothing directly to do with that rise, for the law, to all practical purposes, has only now begun operating. While the Roosevelt program is designed to increase farm prices, the present boom may result disastrously for that program. Upon several occasions since 1929 the farmers have been misled by false booms. In October and November, 1931, wheat rose 25 cents. The usual ballyhoo about the return of prosperity appeared in the daily press and the trade journals. *Bradstreet's* weekly review reported that "the farmers are benefited by the advance and their buying is expected to be a factor in helping a return to prosperity." Actually, however, little wheat was coming into the markets from the farms, and when it began to arrive in fairly large quantities late in November, the speculators, to quote the *New York Evening Post*, took advantage of the

situation "to unload on the first 10-cent break." Again in the summer of 1932 hog prices started up, rising from \$3.50 late in May to \$5.55 in the second week of July. And again cheery headlines appeared: Live Stock Rise Heartens Farmers and West Smiles Again as Hog Prices Rise. The latter headline appeared over a Chicago dispatch to the *New York Times*, which reported that the live-stock boom was "causing the Western farmer to smile again and the nation in general to feel that beef and pork may be leading the way upward from the depression." But further down in the same dispatch may be found the real explanation for the rise:

When prices were lowest early in the spring no one apparently wanted cattle, hogs, or sheep. Farmers were broke, or so nearly so that they were almost panicky in trying to sell their live stock to pay rent, mortgages, and other expenses. It was said to be one of the best clean-outs that the industry has known in years. . . . Suddenly it was discovered that the liquidation from the farms had run its course.

And then hog prices began to go up. The farmer had been cleaned out and could not take advantage of the rise at that time, but when he again had marketable live stock to dispose of prices promptly slumped.

There is little question that the disillusionment created by these false booms contributed to the political revolt against the Hoover Administration. Secretary Wallace appears to realize that something of the same sort may happen if the present boom collapses. There is first the natural inclination of the average citizen to blame his misfortunes on the political powers. Secondly, the extraordinary publicity received by the Roosevelt farm program has tended to identify the price rise with the operation of that program. If prices should now go down, many farmers will be disposed to attribute the downturn to the failure of the Roosevelt program or to the shortcomings of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. That obviously would make it difficult, if not impossible, to obtain their cooperation, which is essential to the success of the program. It was doubtless for this reason that Wallace some weeks ago warned the grain trade against allowing the boom to make too rapid headway.

The increase in industrial prices has likewise disturbed the Roosevelt Administration. Here, indeed, lies the real problem. If the prices of the things the farmers must buy go up, the farmers will be relatively no better off than they are now even though farm prices also go up. Yet it is hard to see how this can be prevented. A bull market in grains or cotton is almost always accompanied by a rise in other commodity prices. Moreover, the second major objective of the Roosevelt Administration is to increase the purchasing power of the urban workers. To the extent that this will enable city dwellers to buy more farm produce the farmers will be helped, but to increase the pay of the factory mechanic and city worker is also to add to the cost of producing the tools and other goods the farmer needs, and increased production costs invariably lead to higher prices. The outward implications of this problem seem to be understood by Wallace, Peek, Johnson, and other officials concerned. General Johnson has warned industry against "any wild-cat price lifting." Wallace has threatened to bring anti-trust proceedings against profiteers. But unless these officials know how to balance industrial production costs (i. e., prices) and urban purchasing power against farm income they are likely

to fall far short of their goal. And there is no certain evidence that they do know how to strike such a balance.

Some officials seem to believe that the trick can be turned by restoring prices to the 1909-13 level. "We chose that period," Wallace has said, "because the prices the farmers got for their crops in those years and the prices they paid for manufactured goods and urban services most nearly approached an equitable relationship." It is possible, of course, that basic conditions may have changed so greatly in the meantime that a return to the 1909-13 price levels will not bring about the balance desired. Other officials have talked a great deal about the necessity of controlling prices and preventing "extortionate practices," but they speak in the vaguest and most general terms. When General Johnson was asked to explain the meaning of some of these terms, he replied: "Now, I can't sit here and define the beginning of extortion and extortionate prices. But the American public damn well knows what they mean." Unhappily, the American public does not. Nor could anyone know what constitutes an unfair or inequitable industrial price level, from the standpoint of the farmer's economic interests, unless a really serious and scientific effort were made to balance all of the factors entering into the national economy, including savings, investments, prices, wages, and profits. There is no indication that the Roosevelt Administration has anything of the sort in mind.

"I Don't Believe in Democracy"

By ROBERT HERRICK

HER finger nails were so vividly red that one could not for long keep one's eyes off them; her black eyebrows were plucked to a thin line; a broad smiling mouth. A product of Chicago, all the blood in her for two generations being drawn from Chicago, she was a neighbor of the late lamented Insull—or she had been until the utility magnate transferred his residence from Chicago to Athens.

"A nice man," she assured me, "and a very good neighbor!" (She explained how he had good-naturedly let her have milk from his prize herd, which had greatly benefited her children.)

"All the same he was an expensive citizen for many of his neighbors," I suggested.

She fired at once. "Oh, Sam Insull is all right—he was just unfortunate. If this dreadful depression hadn't upset everything, we should all have been for him still, as we all were before."

I recalled the last tale I had heard of a widow who had been advised to put her husband's insurance money into one of the numerous Insull holding companies and was now literally in the bread line.

"If she had made some money in it, she would have thought him a grand man," the ruby-red-fingered lady commented cynically.

"Just the same," I suggested, "he is no better than a common thief who has taken money from his employer's till." She looked at me coldly out of the almond eyes from under the plucked eyebrows. "Why?" she said. "He was

just unlucky. If we had gone on making money with him, as we once did, we shouldn't have cared *how* he made it!"

"Even when he took the securities of his sound companies that were already pledged and put them up at the banks as collateral for his personal loans?"

That was a too subtle distinction. She came back to the old argument of ends and means. "He used the money to sustain the market for all his stocks, didn't he?"

"At least, it was bad judgment! And what's worse, he didn't own the securities. They belonged to the holders of the debentures he had sold to the public."

She shrugged her not unlovely shoulders as though to say I was becoming tiresome. It was merely human to grasp at any straw when one was drowning, even somebody else's straw. It was evidently time to change the topic. "You know Mrs. L.?" she asked, and we talked about Chicago acquaintances. "The poor L's—they have lost everything, *everything* they had, in Kreuger and Toll!"

"Oh!"

"Yes, the son-in-law was with Lee, Higginson, and he put *all* their money into Kreuger and Toll!"

"More unfortunates who guessed wrong," I murmured.

"All the partners lost too," she said proudly.

Remembering a handsome villa where one of the partners still lived in comparative affluence I ventured: "Not quite everything. At least D. didn't!"

"Oh, that's his wife's money—she was a very rich woman, you know."

I recalled a Boston gentleman who had said of these unfortunate bankers: "They are all honorable men, every one of them! Why, Frank X is a cousin of mine—I won't believe anything bad of them!" (At what point do negligence, incompetence, and stupidity become criminal? But the cousin of Frank X was no more interested in such ethical subtleties than my red-fingernailed lady.) We turned to broader topics—the banking situation, the government, which she regarded as a joke, the outlook for the future.

"What this country needs," she announced with an air of newly discovered wisdom, "is leadership! Most people are morons." She stretched the red fingernails toward the cigarette box, accepted a light, and after a long inhalation turned full upon me. "I don't believe in democracy anyway!" she said daringly.

"No? Not really!"

"The mass of people are morons," she repeated. "How should they know what is good for them? They have to be told."

"By the Insulls, the Kregers, the Lee, Higginsons, the Mitchells, the—"

She interrupted my honor role of American leadership, and looking at me as if I were the ambassador from Moscow she shot back: "No thinking person these days believes in democracy!"

"Have we ever tried it—yet?" I protested weakly.

"Democracy has failed," she pronounced positively, "it's time we tried something else."

"So? And who is *your* candidate for dictator? Sam Insull or Smedley Butler?"

She looked at me witheringly out of those slits beneath the plucked eyebrows, but before she could annihilate me our hostess intervened—"We'll have our coffee in the garden."

Chicago, I reflected, was surely growing up when its

leading citizenesses had so entirely outgrown the democratic ideal. Mrs L. (the lady whose son-in-law was one of those confiding bankers that intrusted their personal fortunes and those of innumerable clients to the match king) also did not believe in democracy the last time I met her; she had talked with glib disdain of "morons," meaning plain people, and "strong men," meaning Kreugers, Insulls, Mitchells, et al.—although her grandfather had entered the United States via Ellis Island. Was that to be woman's special contribution to our political life—contempt for democracy, admiration for fascism? Perhaps. No women's voices have been raised in denunciation of the crooked bankers, the thieving promoters, and all the other maggots that have been eating at our social foundations. No woman stockholder (and few men) has ever protested against hundred-thousand-dollar executive salaries and million-dollar bonuses. "To those that have it shall be given, and from those who have not even the little that they have shall be taken away"—so runs Holy Writ (but not in their sense!).

To an old-fashioned American like myself this universal indifference to dishonesty, the moral callousness of our supposedly "best people," is the amazing fact of the day. Mr. Lewis correctly portrays his intelligent modern heroine as caring nothing whatever about her grafting lover's crime, but only about the unlucky fact that he got caught and had to go to prison for a few months. It may be that our troubles lie deeper than unbalanced budgets, mortgage indebtedness which cannot be paid, unemployment, and the gold standard, all those problems they are frantically fussing over in Washington these days. The social infection which manifests itself in so many unpleasant symptoms may lie in the very fiber of American character itself, which no longer condemns crime when it attains six figures. Democracy, if it is to work at all requires a belief at least in the ideal of common honesty.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter, who has recently been drifting through the wide open spaces of this great nation, namely the Middle Western empire known as God's country, can report with confidence that fundamentally America stands firm. Iowa farmers may take the law into their own hands and put a rope around its neck; the unemployed may march to county courthouses and demand food for which they have not worked; but the fresh vegetable, that much publicized, vitamin-bearing commodity which modern children are being taught from the cradle to insist upon, has made no headway in the average American restaurant. The Drifter's experience of home cooking during his wanderings was limited, and he cannot be certain of his generalizations in that sphere, but he has a strong impression that there, too, the can is mightier than the word of dietitians, doctors, and writers for the women's pages.

* * * * *

CANNED goods, like the *Saturday Evening Post*, are uniform in quality and everywhere easily available. Also, they will keep indefinitely. Both will be just as good two years from now as they are at present. The fact that they

are less nourishing and quite tasteless by comparison with the fresher, harder-won varieties, is apparently unavailing even when it is known—which is perhaps not surprising in a country whose citizens elect Republicans regularly until a depression comes along and then can think of nothing better to do than elect Democrats.

* * * * *

WHY, as a people, we prefer canned goods to fresh is a question that interests the Drifter profoundly. He is convinced that it is not laziness. He is inclined to think it is a logical product of our national experience and traditions. The prospector in his mountain camp looked upon a canned vegetable as the immensely desirable thing it then was, just as anything in print that got as far as California seemed to him the word of truth. The Drifter as a child preferred canned vegetables to fresh, mainly, he thinks, because the can looked citified and exotic and impressive. The fresh peas in the kitchen garden seemed dull in comparison. Likewise he believed everything he saw in newspapers and he thought Harold Bell Wright was a great writer. It is only after continuous and omniverous reading that a child grows tired of his favorites and feels the need for something stronger. It is only when one cultivates a taste for food that one discovers the superiority of fresh vegetables. The average American reads only because the office is closed or the golf links is not open. He eats only to satisfy hunger.

* * * * *

THE Drifter does not presume to quarrel with this attitude toward books and food. He merely reflects that if it were otherwise he would find the average restaurant more to his liking. He would, it is true, also miss an occasional amusing experience. Recently in a restaurant in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, he asked the waitress if she had any fresh vegetables. She bit her pencil and thought deeply for a moment. "No," she said finally, "the vegetables today are potatoes and macaroni, and neither one of 'em is fresh."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Puritanism in Russia

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

There was a bad inaccuracy in the review of my book by your Russian correspondent, Louis Fischer. Mr. Fischer speaks of Aaron Soltz as representing the extreme puritanical views in sex behavior as against Madame Kollontay's preaching of greater freedom. But Soltz, a member of the Central Control Commission and a man whose opinions carry great weight in Russia, is actually very liberal. Mr. Fischer was confusing Soltz and Professor Zalkind, an error forgivable in a ten-day tourist but a little surprising in a resident correspondent. It would be like confusing John S. Sumner with Judge Ben Lindsey in America.

Your reviewer gave the erroneous impression that the author of "Red Virtue" was a "hasty" tourist who knew no Russian. This is unfortunate since the jacket remarks about "Red Virtue" happen to be true. Mr. Fischer thinks the title unfortunate. He may be unaware that Socrates used the word "virtue" to mean "intelligence" or "wisdom," and this is the

sense in which it was used in the title of my book—a sense, I may remark, most reviewers have gratifyingly well understood.

I may add that I was a little mystified by your reviewer's remark that he approached my book with prejudice because he considered me ill-qualified to undertake the task of writing it. It was Louis Fischer who suggested I write this book on just this subject.

Carmel, Cal., June 20

ELLA WINTER

Loan to China Is Opposed

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

On June 4 the United States government, through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, lent to the Nanking Government in China \$50,000,000, not in cash, but in wheat and cotton. The entire quantity is to be shipped in American ships; the wheat is to be floured here; and the principal of the loan is guaranteed by a lien on taxes.

It happens that the last harvest was the best in China in a generation, both in wheat and in rice. China does not need wheat, and the market price of wheat on the Chinese market is lower than the American market price. Furthermore, China could profit by milling its own wheat. Finally, if wheat had to be bought, it could be more cheaply bought in markets nearer home.

These facts immediately show that the United States, taking advantage of its control over the puppet government of Chiang Kai-shek, is dumping wheat on the Chinese market. Thus, it further disorganizes and pauperizes the Chinese wheat growers and peasants. When the peasants prepared for the sowing they borrowed money from the usurers for supplies, rent, etc., on the promise of the probable money yield of the crop. Now they are faced with a greatly reduced return—and hence their further impoverishment. This "loan" has added \$50,000,000 to the burden of the peasants.

This loan, furthermore, has been made to the Nanking Government—one of several in China. Besides the Nanking Government, there is the Cantonese, and the large Soviet districts which have a constitution and democratically elected officials of their own. It is perfectly evident that this loan has been made without regard for any interests but those of the American imperialists. Not only will the loan disorganize the Chinese market, but it is the Chinese people who will in the long run have to pay in taxes the exorbitant price for the wheat. They are forced to buy their own poison! The United States is relieving itself of its overburdening surpluses to the further impoverishment of the Chinese people. The higher freight charges on the American boats, the higher cost of flouring the wheat—these will add to the cost.

And even so, after the Chinese people are forced to pay for their own poison, will the wheat ever reach them? Chiang Kai-shek and his Finance Minister, T. V. Soong, have no intention of turning it over to the Chinese people. The wheat and the cotton will be used to feed and clothe their own troops, so that these very troops may continue their attacks on all opposed to Chiang Kai-shek; and the opposition now includes, since the Japanese invasion of Shanghai, and particularly since the Japanese invasion of North China and Chiang Kai-shek's capitulation and betrayal, the larger section of the Chinese people, the Volunteers (partisan troops, ill-armed, ill-outfitted which continue the struggle against Japan), and the Chinese Soviet areas. Not only will this army collect the taxes to repay the \$50,000,000 loan, but it will be used to maintain Chiang Kai-shek's control.

We look upon the whole transaction as robbery—robbery of its own people by the puppet Nanking Government. We pro-

test against America's activities in China. We demand recognition of the right of the Chinese people to solve their own destiny without imperialist intervention. This, of course, means that we demand that all imperialist Powers, including the United States, withdraw their troops from China.

If any loan is to be made to China which will actually be helpful to the Chinese people, then we demand that it be agreed to and administered by people without any predatory interest in the exploitation and oppression of the Chinese people. Certainly it cannot be made through the Nanking Government, which the whole world recognizes as a mere puppet in the hands of American imperialism.

J. LOEB, Executive Secretary,
The Friends of the Chinese People

New York City, July 1

Teaching on Promises

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

For thirteen years I have taught school, and this war-created depression has reduced my salary until next year (with a master's degree) I shall get less money than I have received during any year except two of my thirteen. I have built my own house on two acres of land which I own here. I like the West and I like sparsely settled sections, but this very liking has been my undoing. Apache County, Arizona, has not been financially able to pay a warrant for over a year. You understand that teachers receive their pay in school warrants, while highway employees, section men, doctors, lawyers, and nearly all others are paid in something which can be converted into silver or gold (until the United States became the official gold hoarder and guardian of all yellow metal). These warrants are registered for 6 per cent until called. They will be called sometime and the 6 per cent will be paid, but in the meantime I cannot feed my family on mere promises.

I have borrowed money on my life-insurance policies and am paying for two years of *The Nation* with that money. It is with borrowed money that I am also buying the few groceries and other articles that we need.

Do you know of some person who might buy my school warrants now and next year? If you can put me in touch with such people, I shall be very grateful to you.

I like to read your paper and I believe that I get more good from it than from any other paper with which I have ever come in contact. I like to read what I believe is the truth—and my daily paper does not always tell me the truth.

Saunders, Ariz., July 6

ELLSWORTH M. SCHNEBL

Adventures in Ecuador

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have read two articles recently in *The Nation* about opportunities for students to make trips through Europe under the auspices of non-profit, educational organizations. To date I have heard very little of opportunities of this kind for the student interested in traveling through South America. To give a ray of hope to those who already have experienced Europe and are ready for the lands that lie beneath the Southern Cross, or to those who prefer to know the South American continent first, may I tell through your columns of my own experiences?

With a third-class steamer passage to Guayaquil, Ecuador, and \$25 in my pockets, I left New York City on May 12, 1932. I have lived more than a year in Ecuador, enjoying myself thoroughly, seeing nearly all of the colorful Ecuadorian Andes.

In addition, I made probably the first North American student expedition through the upper Amazon valley, pushing far into the jungle and coming in contact with many tribes of Indians. This jungle trip, made with only an Indian as guide and cargo-bearer, lasted almost two months and cost me \$6, including everything.

I came to Ecuador with absolutely no experience in foreign travel and with merely a superficial college "required-course" knowledge of Spanish grammar. I am twenty-six years old and have unusually good health. I was graduated from the University of Nevada in 1929, and have lived two years in New York City.

After spending considerable time traveling and visiting, I settled in Quito, doing odd bits of work, and finally got placed as English tutor in a wealthy Ecuadorian family. This detail is just to indicate to the young, healthy, and footloose would-be traveler that it takes no extraordinary amount of ability or money to do those things he may have dreamed about but thought beyond his reach.

Should any *Nation* readers be interested in making the trip through Ecuador I would be delighted to help in every possible way—estimating costs and telling about routes, train schedules, modes of travel, communication, living conditions, and the like. Write to me, P. O. Box 660, Quito, Ecuador.

Quito, Ecuador, June 12

ELMER KELLEY LYON

The fourth and last of a series of articles on Walter Lippmann by Amos Pinchot will appear next week.



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Ignoble and Unhealthful

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mr. Granville Hicks's intelligent review of my volume "This People" gives me a legitimate opening to make two observations which, at this moment in history and in Jewish history, are of crucial importance. Defending me against the idiotic charge of substituting propaganda for art, Mr. Hicks continues: "It happens that Lewisohn's assumptions are not shared by many people." Is that a fact? Is not the active negation of the fathers that begot and the mothers that bore one, and by consequence of the historic community from which one sprang, considered among all mankind an ignoble and unhealthful thing, which is not likely to lead either to sound action or to sound productivity? And have not the psychologists equated this self-negation with a lack of self-esteem as a fairly constant element in the neuroses? There were Americans at one period of our history who, ashamed of Iowa or Kansas, became, as they thought, French. One knows the kind of Frenchmen they became.

To symbolize this *universal* human problem by Jewish characters and situations is most legitimate, since the Diaspora has offered Jews the longest and grimmest temptation toward this error and this sin. Yet so powerful has been the fundamental stuff of which the Jewish soul is made that we are a more numerous people today than we have ever been. The content of the plea which not I alone but many who are wiser than I address to the Jewish people can again be stated in universally human terms as follows: human freedom consists in the affirmation of the inevitable, or, if one likes, in achieving by that process which the church calls grace and the synagogue *teshuvah* an identification of one's will with the will of God.

Paris, April 19

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Misery in the Coal Fields

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Leaky roofs and broken windows. Rooms almost bare of furniture. Beds without mattresses and only rags for covering. Families of father, mother, and from five to nine children. Hardly a crumb to eat in the house. These are not uncommon sights in many of the coal camps in the soft-coal areas. Much sickness due to unsanitary conditions and lack of proper food is found in these mining regions. The available government funds for feeding starving children must be supplemented.

The American Friends Service Committee (Quakers) not only is administering relief and establishing health units in various sections of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Kentucky as rapidly as funds permit, but with characteristic farsightedness has also launched significant reconstruction projects. Community gardening, canning, furniture-making, weaving, shoe-making, and farm placement play important roles in the reconstruction program. The introduction of these self-help industries into these deserted communities brings a touching response of life and hope among long-destitute people. But these projects cannot continue unless more support can be obtained.

Desperately needy communities throughout the soft-coal areas are crying aloud for such constructive aid. You can help by sending contributions to Olive Van Horn, treasurer, Coal Areas Relief, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York; and clothing to the American Friends Service Committee, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia.

New York, July 15

JAMES MYERS,

Industrial Secretary, Federal Council of Churches

Books and Films

Iberian Coast

By GEORGE DILLON

The boats stray in. The sunset has released
Across the world its last torn banner of light:
Blood-red, and spectral green, and from the east
Noiselessly surging, the blue starry night.

In sunsets such ■ this, upon this shore,
The dark boys who in ancient times became
Great mariners—watching the huge tricolor
Dragged slowly westward, watching the red flame

Glare on the wings of seabirds themselves lost
In darkness, and the long line of reddened foam
Where the black water broke on the black coast—
Grew restless. Leaving upon this shore, at home,

Nothing but the wild beauty that drove them forth,
Long since they have hauled their anchors and sailed away,
To perish without sons in the four corners of earth.
The dark boys lying in the doorways today

Are not of that breed. The archaic brightness dulls
As if forever, ■ if no more to dawn:
It catches in their eyes and on the gulls,
And from the world is gone.

Whittier

Quaker Militant: John Greenleaf Whittier. By Albert Mordell. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

THE effort to write a "popular" biography of John Greenleaf Whittier must be a particularly difficult and disconcerting business. This was the task that Albert Mordell set himself, and obligingly he has unearthed a few unpublished poems and discovered ■ hidden love affair, a "dark lady" by the name of Mary Emerson Smith. Heartened by this find, Mr. Mordell evidently decided to go a number of steps farther, and having at hand an attractive portrait of Whittier as a young man—fiery eyes, crisp black hair, and square, straight shoulders—he made the most of his advantages. He concluded that Whittier, after being severely jilted by the mysterious Miss Smith, became ■ male flirt, coy, elusive, cold. Then he read the anti-slavery poems and felt that these revealed the real Whittier, a young, fighting Quaker in whose veins ran quick, hot blood—blood, by the way, that was considerably cooled by the misfortune of having boiled in vain for love of a young lady.

This, then, in brief, is Mr. Mordell's thesis, and since he admires the rolling thunder of Whittier's early Abolitionist poetry, he finds himself forced to regard his hero grown into middle and old age ■ ■ bedridden, mincing turncoat, the blood-red radical transformed into an anemic, lily-fingered Tory. I happen to think that Mr. Mordell's eyes were blinded by love letters, and that in reading them he has misread ■ large body of Whittier's poetry. Let us reexamine Mr. Mordell's patiently assembled facts and the internal evidence contained in Whittier's verse.

Whittier was of New England Quaker stock, and his earliest traceable ancestors came from England to Haverhill, Massachusetts, during the first half of the seventeenth century. It was there that the Whittier family remained in hard-earned Yankee soil until the poet grew to manhood. There was nothing in the poet's background that would breed radical or revolutionary activity beyond a fierce declaration of personal rights, including those of property and religious conviction. I am inclined to believe that from the very start of his career Whittier was a profoundly religious man, and that his religious fervor was readily translatable into ■ peculiarly New England love of liberty, the liberty that granted all property-owners the right to defend a point of view within the whitewashed walls of the meeting-house. This was an introverted love and quite consistent with the few conclusively known facts of Whittier's emotional life. His distrust of a Virginian aristocracy and his hatred of slave traffic were those of an intense nationalist who feared instinctively any code of living other than the economy practiced by ■ New England farmer. The very existence of the Southern States threatened his own privileges as a Protestant and his security as a Yankee. It seems preposterous to accuse him of turning his coat in the face of the Chicago anarchists; his war for human liberty was ■ holy war that had behind it no conscious economic motive. Mr. Mordell admits Whittier's vast ignorance of industrial economics, and his refusal to look beyond the limitations of a dying agricultural democracy. Whittier's use of Biblical reference in his anti-slavery poetry was apt and just, and for him emotionally true, for he saw America as the Plains of Abraham mystically recreated into ■ Massachusetts countryside.

With one exception I fail to share Mr. Mordell's admiration for Whittier's anti-slavery poems. Remembering Whittier's origin as ■ poet I believe it is best to select certain facts from the many that Mr. Mordell has rediscovered. Literary influences came to him from Burns, then Byron, then Milton; and we are sure that he valued his local celebrity as a newspaper poet no less than an ability to write with the speed and ease of an editor preparing daily copy. Of course he wrote far too much, and in the process of hasty writing failed to fuse Burns's simplicity and Milton's sonorous gravity with his own religious heat. The mixture was seldom effective, for his emotions, though obviously sincere, were generalized into histrionic gestures, and this unhappy union of Burns and Milton fell miles short of ■ poetic objective. When he wrote the bulk of his Abolitionist poetry, Whittier had little time or patience to solve his aesthetic problems; the poems were turned out at white heat, and though later he attempted to revise them into more acceptable examples of his solid craftsmanship he had lost the creative impulse (too often uncritical) that gave them an excuse for being. It was not until the Civil War was over and the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery was signed that Whittier's conversion to the cause of Abolition bore ripe fruit; and note that here, in his "Laus Deo," the religious emotion behind his convictions is at last freed of the histrionic cloak that shrouds his earlier work:

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake He has spoken;
He has smitten with his thunder
The Iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken.

From his forty-ninth year to the writing of "Snow-Bound" twelve years later, we have, I think, the best of Whittier's poetry; and again I fail to agree with Mr. Mordell that such writing was innocuous or an unworthy right-about-face from his original attitude. I would flatly deny that such poems ■

"Snow-Bound" and "Laus Deo" or the inadequately titled "My Playmate" were other than the logical development of Whittier's emotional maturity and craftsmanship. He wished, like Burns, to be the poet of his people, and if one cannot find by implication the New England Abolitionist in "Snow-Bound," one might as well give up reading poetry for the rest of one's life. It had taken Whittier fifty years of experience to master his idiom, to fight shy of the borrowed generalizations and oratorical mouthings that marred his so-called propaganda poetry. To say that such poetry is bad is not to say that propaganda and poetry will not mix; it merely discloses the fact that Whittier's early work resounded dismally with the fog-horn eloquence of Webster and Clay. As for the male flirt that Mr. Mordell reveals so knowingly, I suspect that he was nothing more or less than a shrewd, handsome old Yankee gentleman who made safe investments and who adored flattery—provided that his bank account remained untouched by the fair, light hands of ladies who praised his verse.

HORACE GREGORY

Twelve Hundred Pages Long

Anthony Adverse. By Hervey Allen. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

WHEN an author writes a book twelve hundred pages long, when he spans the life of a man from his conception to his death, when he lays his scenes in France, Italy, Spain, England, the West Indies, Africa, a new America, and Mexico, when he includes not only the events in his hero's life but makes that life touch the more exalted historical events of the time, including certain of the operations of none other than Napoleon Bonaparte—when an author does these things he issues a challenge to his readers. He says in effect: "This is no ordinary novel; it is written to stand beside the great ones; it is written to last." And the reader is entitled to measure it by the most rigid standards, to place it beside the novels that many years and many readers have called great, to observe in comparison with them its stature.

I am sure that Mr. Allen would not object to this stern method of judgment, and his publishers, if one reads their observations on the jacket, positively yearn for it. They say: "The publishers believe this novel to be one of the greatest and most exciting works of literature ever produced in America." And one cannot fail to applaud this candor even while one disagrees heartily with the sentiment.

For "Anthony Adverse" is not a great novel, and it is not great for the reason that Mr. Allen is not a great writer. He has drawn a hero with all the winning qualities that a hero must possess. Anthony is handsome, tall, brave, strong, a success in love, war, and finance; his only weakness is concern over his soul, and that is a matter between himself and the reader—his contemporaries rarely are aware of it. He covers half the globe in search of excitement and peace, he engages in as daring and varied a series of exploits as the heart of a reader could demand. He meets every sort of saint, rascal, true friend, and fair lady, and incidentally charms them all, and these persons have a full-blooded and credible quality of their own. It is a large canvas, vividly painted. Half a dozen episodes have the genuine flavor of true romance and heart-filling adventure. But when the twelve hundred pages are done—and I am willing to lay a small bet that I am one of the few who will have read them all—these exploits, these colorful persons, this irresistible young man do not weld themselves into the compelling unity that a great novel demands. At the end the story falls to pieces with a great, empty clatter of falling trees, shattered images, and desperate desires for *something*. Europe is dead, the eighteenth century is dead, Anthony is dead. And what of it?

The novel has already been called chaotic, a melange of styles, a combination of Herman Melville and Dumas, with too many touches of Ethel M. Dell. But I believe what it mainly lacks is form. Its variety of styles might be all in its favor, its shift from the adventure novel to the intellectual novel and back again might be effective dramatic relief, if it moved compellingly forward to a conclusion, doom or otherwise, that not only held the reader's attention but provided clear and undeniable exaltation. The book has all the meaninglessness of life, which is unendurable in art. It abounds, moreover, in long stretches of highly dubious "philosophy," for example, the following: "In times of great change it is a question whether the restlessness of the human heart is due more to individual dissatisfaction with experience than to the drag and flux of the age." Its literary style is often heavy, pseudo-poetical, involved. Again, for example: "Yet the intense and quiet joy of the man and woman who were meant for each other,"—the third young lady meant for Anthony, by the way—"who reveled along together in an island of mutual consciousness amid the other feasters, was all the more poignant for their awareness of what was passing in the river of time." More than once Mr. Allen resorts to a note of rugged metaphor: "His sarcasm was a kind of spiritual pus that he wiped away privately with page after page of the notebook." And his love scenes are by Jurgen out of Elinor Glyn.

No, "Anthony Adverse" is not a great novel. It is not even a great adventure novel. But its successful romantic episodes would make it, with the elimination of about a third that is too dull, a highly successful and readable one. Only its extreme length and breadth, and the extravagant claims made for it make one's judgment severe. And by the yardstick of greatness it does not measure up.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Sections—or Classes?

The Significance of Sections in American History. By Frederick Jackson Turner. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.50.

FREDERICK JACKSON TURNER was thirty-two years old in 1893 when he read his monograph, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," before the American Historical Association. From that day, forty years ago, until now it may truly be said that he has so completely dominated American historical writing that hardly a single production in all that time has failed to show the marks of his influence. Not only were Turner's own seminar students legion (he taught altogether for some thirty-four years) but his personal followers in turn scattered over the land to indoctrinate other vast numbers of eager scholars, thereby increasing the Turner host by geometric proportions. All these disciples, whether of the first, second, or third degree, were historians as well as teachers; the result has been the accumulation of a vast pile of monographic studies and special investigations, all of them concerned with aspects of the settlement and institutional development of the American West. So intensively have all these persons labored, so closely have they covered the field of American history with the fine web of their researches, that one scarcely exaggerates in saying that the patient and obscure toiling of another long generation of American historical scholars will be required to destroy this influence: for Turner and his followers were the fabricators of a tradition which is not only fictitious but also to a very large extent positively harmful.

Turner's own contributions to American historical literature were modest. He wrote one volume for the American Nation Series called "The Rise of the New West" (a history of the United States from 1820 to 1830), which was published in 1906; he was engaged when he died in 1932 on another work

that was to continue the story to 1850; and he was responsible for not more than some thirty learned essays and general articles. The more representative of these have been collected in two volumes: the first, entitled "The Frontier in American History," was published in 1920; the second is the subject of this review.

The Turner thesis, which is not proved so much as it is continually reiterated in the papers of the two volumes of collected essays, may be summed up as follows: American development was unique in historical annals in that it was constantly being conditioned by the series of frontier zones which succeeded each other until the year 1890; and what made the frontier an ever-present force in American history was the existence of vast reaches of free arable lands. Into these successions of Western areas poured waves of pioneering spirits to influence, subtly but pervasively, all forms of American living. Particularly, these were the outstanding effects of the frontier: out of the common experiences of the Western zones emerged a distinctly American people; under the cruel conditions of frontier pioneering, where only the hardy individual could survive, was born the doctrine of democracy; because the frontier areas were in effect creations of the American government and because the frontiersmen looked to Washington for comfort and relief, loyalty was to the nation and not to the individual States—hence the American nationalistic spirit; and finally, because the Westerners regarded their governments not as sovereign controllers but as agencies for the performance of delegated public functions, the frontier States were turned into so many social laboratories where experiments in the extension of public activities were continually going on. Such were the peculiar contributions made by the presence of the frontier to America's development and progress; these were to be the subjects for scholarly inquiry.

So much for American civilization during its dynamic phases when its history was the conquest of a series of wilderness environments. But what of subsequent periods? The United States would then become "a settled nation" and reach "a more stable equilibrium" in which the chief influence at work, again differentiating American civilization from all others, would be the existence of sections. In these sections, formed by "physiographic conditions, economic interests, and constituent stocks of settled societies," where denser populations would be pressing upon the means of subsistence, would spring up groups of peoples as unlike each other as the different nations of Europe. In 1925 Turner therefore wrote: "The significant fact is that sectional self-consciousness and sensitiveness is likely to be increased as time goes on and crystallized sections feel the full influence of their geographic peculiarities, their special interests, and their developed ideals, in a closed and static nation." And in the same paper he could coolly declare: "Economic interests are sectionalized."

The analogy between the United States as a "congeries of sections" and Europe as a collection of nations particularly fascinated Turner, for he returned to it again and again. The American "physical map may be regarded as a map of potential nations and empires," he said in 1904; and the American section "is the faint image of a European nation," he repeated as late as 1925. Indeed, Europe had much to learn from American experiences: if a United States of America could be erected, why not a United States of Europe, where, too, "by substituting discussion and concession and compromised legislation for force," there could also be achieved "international political parties, international legislative bodies, and international peace"? The histories, interests, ideals, cultural achievements of American sections, then, were to be the second great field for research.

In 1922, now assuming the role of prophet in place of the customary one of preceptor, Turner, by drawing upon both his frontier and sectional hypotheses, indicated what the future of the United States was to be:

However profound the economic changes, we shall not give up our American ideals and our hopes for men, which had their origin in our own pioneering experience, in favor of any mechanical solution offered by doctrinaires educated in Old World grievances. Rather, we shall find strength to build from our past a nobler structure, in which each section will find its place as a fit room in a worthy house.

A detailed examination of the amazing errors into which Turner fell in order to prove his two assumptions of the uniqueness of the frontier experience and the continuity of sectional differences is hardly necessary even if space permitted. Merely to mention these rather naive ideas as I have is enough to confute them. Nor am I particularly concerned with the many evidences of historical ignorance that Turner's papers in both volumes of collected miscellany on every hand display: his statement for example in an article in 1924 that American exports of foodstuffs to Europe were "directly influential upon Bismarck's policy of tariffs, state socialism, colonial empire, and sea power"; or his remark first made in 1904 and again repeated in 1925 that the Civil War's form and "its causes were fundamentally shaped by the dynamic factor of expanding sections, of a West to be won"; or his characterization in 1924 of American radical labor as being made up of "chiefly recent aliens, who interpret America in terms of Russia and adopt the policy of syndicalism."

What is of greater concern is the perverted reading Turner gave to American history in his insistence upon the uniqueness of American experience and his emphasis upon sectional development as a sort of flywheel to balance all political, social, and economic disparities. The unhappy results, for forty years, were the following: a turning inward of American historical activity at exactly the time when all trained eyes should have been on events going on beyond the country's physical borders; an accumulation of supposed evidences of the development of American institutions entirely in nativistic terms without an understanding of how closely American institutional growth paralleled the European; an almost complete disregard of the basic class antagonisms in American history; and a profound ignorance of the steps by which monopolistic capitalism and imperialism were being developed in the country. Granted that with the aid of the Turner hypotheses many interesting historical works were written: examinations of the shaping of the country's land policy, the Middle West's settlement by New England, the building of the railroads, the rise and fall of the cow country, the creation of Western farmers' organizations, and the like: can one doubt in the light of Turner's own definition of the function of historical research—"it is important to study the present and recent past, not only for themselves but also as the source of new hypotheses, new lines of inquiry, new criteria of the perspective of the remoter past"—that this extraordinary collection of learning is quite worthless?

Had Turner not so boldly cut himself loose from the currents of European thought which his teachers at Johns Hopkins were trying to emphasize through their talk of "the continuity of history" and the "inheritance of institutions," had he given more attention to the activities of some of his contemporaries instead of to the Wisconsin fur trade (the subject of his doctoral thesis)—for example, to H. D. Lloyd's "Wealth Against Commonwealth" which was published in 1890 and which gave a complete exposition of the steps by which monopolistic capitalism was being attained, or to A. T. Mahon's "The United States Looking Outward," also published in 1890, which on the basis of sound premises predicted an imperialistic career for the United States—then our own past, in the light of America's current needs, might not be the sealed book it is today.

Turner undoubtedly was right in pointing out the significance that free lands played in American development. The free lands of the West were not important, however, because they

made possible the creation of a unique "American spirit"—that indefinable something that was to set the United States apart from European experiences for all time—but because their quick settlement and utilization for the extensive cultivation of food-stuffs furnished exactly those commodities with which the United States, as a debtor nation, could balance its international payments and borrow European capital in order to develop a native industrial enterprise. Thus, in the first place, agriculture, primarily the agriculture of those Western areas of which Turner made so much, was really a cat paw for industry; once having served its purpose, that is to say the capitalist development of the nation, it could be neglected politically and ultimately abandoned economically. In the second place, the presence of the frontier helps to explain the failure of American labor to preserve a continuous revolutionary tradition: class lines could not become fixed as long as the free lands existed to drain off the most spirited elements in the working and lower middle-class populations—not only as farmers, of course, but as small merchants and enterprisers, too—and to prevent the creation of a labor reserve for the purpose of thwarting the demands of organized workers.

The historical growth of the United States, in short, was not unique; merely in certain particulars and for a brief time, it was different from the European pattern largely because of the processes of settlement. With settlement achieved—that is to say, the historic function of extensive agriculture performed, class (not sectional!) lines solidified, competitive capitalism converted into monopolistic capitalism under the guidance of the money power, and imperialism the ultimate destiny of the nation—the United States once again was returning to the main stream of European institutional development. Only by a study of the origins and growth of American capitalism and imperialism can we obtain insight into the nature and complexity of the problems confronting us today. And I am prepared to submit that perhaps the chief reason for the absence of this proper understanding was the futile hunt for a unique "American spirit" which Frederick Jackson Turner began forty years ago and in which he involved most of America's historical scholars from that time until now.

LOUIS M. HACKER

Bundles of Fragments

The Best Short Stories, 1933. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Houghton Mifflin and Company. \$2.50.

Twentieth Century Short Stories. Selected by Sylvia Chatfield Bates. Houghton Mifflin and Company. \$2.25.

IN the prefatory remarks which always precede the stories in his annual anthology, Mr. O'Brien is this year even more hopeful than usual about the prospects for the American short story. He finds as much difference between the better short stories published in 1913 and those published in 1932 as between the poetry of Pope and the poetry of Keats. After the long period during which the short story in this country suffered from a complication of ailments arising out of our too great devotion to the past, our writers, following the examples of Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway, are hard at work trying to establish a "usable present." This "usable present," as defined by Mr. O'Brien, means something much more than a body of contemporary materials or experience. "It is the sum of all the ordered living we achieve ourselves from day to day." It includes the idea of understanding, adaptation to society, and knowledge of what it is possible for us to become. It is presumably everything that Mr. O'Brien understands by good art and since he refers to the current short story in such lyrical terms we take it that he considers the better recent short stories typical of art of this kind. The magazine *Story*, for

example, is described as "the most important milestone in American letters since 'The Education of Henry Adams'." After such an astonishing statement as this, one naturally turns with avidity to the pages that follow.

What one finds is a group of stories, taken from such different sources as the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Prairie Schooner*, of an average level of quality that is neither very far above nor below that of any of Mr. O'Brien's anthologies of the past five or six years. It is especially disappointing to discover that the selections from *Story*, with the exception of Naomi Shumway's *Ike and Us Moons*, are among the least distinguished in the volume. Only three of the stories, those by Miss Shumway, Erskine Caldwell, and Katherine Anne Porter, are likely to impress the reader as being able to survive the twofold "test of substance and of form" which Mr. O'Brien lays down for his triple-asterisk group. In Miss Shumway's account of a pioneer family's effort to preserve itself after migration from the Blue Grass to the Yellowstone, the attempt to work into the American "tradition" for once successfully avoids the tendency to ignore adequate characterization and style. Indeed, the quality of the language in this story, which is poetic without straining our credulity, is chiefly responsible for its success. Mr. Caldwell's *The First Autumn* is so unlike his novels, both in substance and manner, that one does not easily identify it as being by his hand. It is the most objectively constructed story in the book and will therefore be liked and disliked for the same reason. The moment that its point is grasped the reader is divided between a feeling of irritation at the author's reluctance to state his meaning explicitly and a feeling of admiration at the skill with which he lets the action relate his meaning. It is Katherine Anne Porter's *The Cracked Looking-Glass*, however, which most nearly realizes Mr. O'Brien's contention that the past year was an exceptional one. Building on an epigram in the first episode of Joyce's "Ulysses," Miss Porter has written a study in the vicissitudes of an Irish *Madame Bovary* stranded in the Connecticut hills that is at once a fully developed portrait of an individual, a type, and a race. So expert is Miss Porter in her knowledge of the Celtic sensibility, so subtly attuned to the rhythms and idioms of Irish speech, that it is hard to believe she is not by right of birth an Irish writer, although she must hereafter be counted as one by right of sympathy and comprehension.

Of the twenty-nine stories in Mr. O'Brien's collection, thirteen are written either directly or indirectly from the point of view of a character whose intellectual level is obviously below that of the writer. It may be that of a small-town Rotarian (George Milburn's *Apostate*), a trolley-line employee (George Albee's *Fame Takes the J Car*), or a Tacoma mine-worker (Grant Leenhouts's *The Facts in the Case*). In no fewer than seven stories the point of view is that of a child. It is possible that this may be put down to coincidence or simply that more of our fiction writers are learning the advantages of a specially selected point of view. The playing on a child's half-conscious grasp of facts and events, as a recent review has suggested, may only be a vogue. But one is compelled to seek some better explanation for this wholesale abandonment of the traditional auctorial point of view in recent fiction. The growing tendency among certain writers to set down, in letter or personal narrative form, the exact speech of Rotarians, mine-workers, and children instead of addressing us in a vocabulary and style more closely resembling their own, is undoubtedly a consequence of the so-called "documentary" impulse in current literature. But the documentary impulse itself is open to a closer examination. It will usually be found that those writers who lavish on us a great many facts (sometimes referred to as "life") do so because they do not know what else to do with them. The curious contradiction is that while these facts do not have any meaning for the authors themselves they are expected to seem very

important to their readers. And it is somehow made to follow that if the facts are presented from the point of view of someone not the author they are even more important. Besides, the author has the advantage of playing safe; he is relieved from the responsibility and increasing difficulty of making something out of them. Because such themes as love, death, and sorrow have become too complex for the mature intelligence, they can be saved only by being relegated to the stupid, sub-normal, or infantile mind. The short story is thus able to move on to new heights, if one believes Mr. O'Brien, by devoting itself to a kind of stenography of bewilderment.

This bewilderment and the profounder reasons behind it are more frankly revealed in such a story as Thomas Mann's *Disorder and Early Sorrow*, which Miss Bates has the good taste to include in her collection of thirty-one stories from six different countries. So perfectly does Mann communicate the *sentiment* of transition in this story that we are left with little wonder as to why the modern short story is the uncertain, evasive, fragmentary thing it is. Miss Bates's selection from the field is marked by thoroughness, intelligence, and more good taste than has been shown in a long time. One regrets, of course, the inclusion of certain entries at the expense of certain favorites of one's own—Joyce's *Araby*, Mary Butts's *The Golden Bough*, and Meridel Le Sueur's *Persephone*. But these changes would not alter the impression left by the collection as a whole, that of a "bundle of fragments," to use Yeats's phrase, or contribute in the least toward any effect of unity in its reflection of the contemporary world.

WILLIAM TROY

A Revolutionist's Field-Book

Memoirs of a Bolshevik. By O. Piatnitsky. International Publishers. \$2.

ON the occasion of the periodic purgings of the Russian Communist Party, every member is required to submit a political biography giving a full account of his activities before and after he joined the party. These memoirs are an outgrowth of the political biography submitted by the author at the party purging of 1921, and since he was one of the charter members of the original Bolshevik wing, his career is synchronous with the history of the party. For some unrevealed reason the memoirs stop short with the February, 1917, revolution, which found him an exile in Siberia. The English translation is from a revised edition, which accounts perhaps for anti-Trotskyite asides, hardly conceivable in 1921 and rather forced coming from such a practical field worker as Piatnitsky, with neither the inclination nor the capacity for doctrinal disputation.

Piatnitsky is of the type who are the backbone of movements, the anonymous rocks of the church. Steadfast, self-effacing, incorruptible, he plied his revolutionary trade as industriously as a mechanic, and his love of an efficiently running political machine crops out in his unorthodox admiration for the German Social Democratic Party when he was in Germany in 1912. He records that Lenin used to twit him about "his friends the Social Democrats." "Many Russian comrades passing through Leipzig denounced the Social Democrats, but I thought at the time that they did so because they had never seen the S. D.'s at work." But Piatnitsky was not merely metaphorically a mechanic. While he was in Paris (after his escape from the Kiev prison) he studied and mastered engineering, because he was eager to return to Russia "in a way that would get me immediately in the midst of workers in the factories."

Since the Russian revolutionary parties were illegal the book is replete with interesting details of their methods of underground organization and agitation. For instance, "as those who were arrested used to be beaten at the police stations there

was danger that they might involuntarily disclose their comrades." A special pamphlet was therefore published by the party entitled "How to Conduct Oneself Under Arrest." He adds that "those who deliberately gave away their comrades were dealt with unmercifully and summarily." In this regard it is worth while noting the wholesome respect which the police had for the *Iskra* organization, the group which disseminated in Russia the magazine which Lenin edited abroad. During one of Piatnitsky's numerous arrests an official suggested that a club be used to make him talk. To which the official examining him replied: "You are mistaken. He will not say a thing. He is a member of the *Iskra* organization."

Iskra was smuggled into Russia in various ingenious ways. The most common vehicle was a false-bottomed valise. There was also the "breastplate." "For men we manufactured a kind of waistcoat into which we could stuff two or three hundred copies of *Iskra*, for women we constructed special bodices and sewed literature into their skirts. This was called 'express transport' in our parlance."

Piatnitsky served several terms in prison, and for him as for many of the revolutionists his imprisonment was an opportunity to round out his Marxist education. The prisons seem to have been the Marx-Engels Institutes of Czarist Russia. The indulgence of the authorities on this score is a mystery. Piatnitsky records: "In 1905 many Marxist books were published and I devoured them eagerly. When I was at liberty I had hardly any time to read, for I was always engulfed in practical work."

In the preface to these memoirs by the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute of Moscow the hope is expressed that the book will serve "as a textbook which would help our comrades abroad . . . to learn the methods of underground work." But the lessons of the book are largely restricted to those countries which are on a par, economically and politically, with Czarist Russia, where the government had no mass support but, like an alien garrison quartered upon the country, was distrusted by all classes of the population. Outside of China and India there are few such countries on the contemporary horizon. Underground work in such countries is simplified by the friendly neutrality of the bulk of the population. But in countries where the government has some measure of mass support, as in Fascist Germany and Italy, or in semi-Fascist Japan, Turkey, and Poland, or in highly developed capitalist countries with a mass bourgeoisie like the United States, Russian precedents are of limited value.

ALTER BRODY

Films

Documentary Films

THE most recent Soviet importation, "Twenty-six Commissars" (Acme), is a good example of the new type of documentary film to which the Russian cinema has turned since the reconstruction of the revolutionary period in the great works of Eisenstein and Pudovkin. Superior in every respect to Dovzhenko's "Ivan" viewed earlier in the season, it manages to give a pretty complete picture of a particular industry without subordinating everything else to the purpose. As in "Potemkin" the thesis resides in the situation rather than in the mouths of the characters. Shengelaya manages such a smooth synthesis of the elements separately developed by his predecessors that the result has the balanced perfection of a work created out of some settled tradition. It is probably this quality to which Dovzhenko refers when he says the film is "as austere as a Beethoven symphony." From Eisenstein undoubtedly derives the symbolic use of posture and grouping, so that in certain scenes the

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grime-covered workers in the Baku oil fields are made to take on the sinister immobility of black statuary. Shengelaya's own talent is to be discovered in an avoidance of monotony by a larger representation of types—which is, of course, considerably aided here by the mixed racial background of the setting—than has been common in recent Soviet productions. This is also largely responsible for reducing the sharpness of the formula. Based on the troubles surrounding the Mensheviks' invitation to the British to occupy Baku in 1918, the picture will have a certain timely interest in view of the current relations between Great Britain and the Soviet Republic. But the interest of its direction, photography, and acting is sufficient to make it worth the attention of anyone interested in the current cinema.

"Samarang" might also be described as a documentary film, but in the tradition of "Nanook of the North," "Tabu," and other attempts to recreate the *mores* and living conditions of remote places on the earth's surface. The place here is an island in the Malay Straits; the men are pearl-divers, and the women weave floral garlands for their marriage feasts; but the result is unfortunately neither so quaint nor so instructive as is intended. Indeed, the dull photography, the crude scenario, and the embarrassing acting of the chief pearl-diver, who exhibits all the symptoms of a stock-company principal suffering from acute exhibitionism, are enough to discourage us with this type of picture for some time to come. No longer do a few sharks and a few old natives in front of a hut seem adequate material for a film of this length. Perhaps the real significance of "Samarang" is that it shows a marked weariness in the cinema's circumnavigation of the globe.

It is also discouraging to report that in his most recent Walt Disney cartoon, "Gala Premiere," Mickey Mouse betrays a most dangerous self-consciousness. People have been talking so loudly about how good he is, what a great artist he is, and the rest, that he has at last heard about it and responded with what is perhaps the only poor appearance he has yet made. Before he even shows his whiskers in his new picture we are required to sit through a succession of mediocre caricatures of Maurice Chevalier, Clark Gable, the Barrymores, and others of his admirers who assist at his grand opening. As a result his

picture, when it is finally shown, seems like a letdown and much below his usual level. If Mickey Mouse is not very careful, he will soon find that he belongs with Lindbergh, Aimée Semple MacPherson, and the ages.

WILLIAM TROY

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S radio address of July 24 was less an outline of a new plan than a plea for support for a program already announced, especially the "blanket code" in industry. This code establishes a maximum of forty hours a week for clerical employees and minimum pay of from \$12 to \$15. For industrial workers it sets up a maximum week of thirty-five hours, with minimum pay of from thirty to forty cents an hour. Employers are asked to put the scheme into effect voluntarily from September to December, inclusive, or until special codes are promulgated for their industries. Mr. Roosevelt's talk on the radio was a continuation of his effort to establish a war psychology to meet the industrial emergency, and as such seems to us exceedingly effective. He exposed a gloved hand rather than a mailed fist, but he let just a glimpse of the latter appear beneath his coat sleeve, while George N. Peek, head of the Farm Adjustment Administration, speaking on the same day to a group of grain men, made no bones of the intention to resort to force if necessary. Critically examined, Mr. Roosevelt's program ignores certain traits of human nature and certain principles of economics which we discuss in our editorial in this issue on Gentlemen Prefer Profits. But the program will not be critically examined—by many. It depends for success

considerably on sentimentalism and considerably on coercion, but in the World War we Americans developed an insatiable appetite for the former and uncomplaining docility under the latter. The program will appeal to many a better than a nation "half boom and half broke," to use Mr. Roosevelt's apt phrase, and it may work—at least for a while.

THE BREAK in stock prices did not unduly disturb the Roosevelt Administration. The break in grain prices did. This is not surprising. Speculators were the only direct losers in the sharp drop on the stock exchanges. Production and pay rolls could be affected only indirectly, and even then only if industry lost its head because of the panic and began curtailing its activity. The President, confident of the ultimate success of his recovery program, seems to have felt that business would not be adversely affected by the tempest in Wall Street so long as official Washington remained calm. He doubtless knew that any precipitate action on his part, such as a move to close the New York Stock Exchange, would simply increase the panic. It might have led the general public to suspect that the collapse was due not to a sudden deflation of a runaway speculative boom, which was the real cause, but to hidden defects in the current recovery or in the Roosevelt program, or to a lack of confidence on the part of the Administration. Instead the Administration took the position that the stock gamblers had overreached themselves and were paying the usual penalty. That this attitude involved a certain amount of risk is understood in Washington. The effect of the Roosevelt program on business has to date been mainly psychological. If a real panic were to develop and the present feeling of buoyant hopefulness were to be undermined, the recovery program would be endangered. By minimizing the importance of the break, Mr. Roosevelt has apparently succeeded, so far as we can tell at this writing, in localizing the panic.

THE DROP in grain prices presented a different problem. Farmers suffered real cash losses as a result of the drastic decline on the Chicago Board of Trade. When wheat fell more than twenty-five cents in two days, it meant that commission merchants were offering the farmers twenty-five cents less for their wheat delivered at the terminals. While the Administration could look with a certain amount of indifference upon the stock-gambling spree, it was deeply concerned by the probable reaction of the farmers to the panic on the Board of Trade. Some officials felt that the slump would help to convince the farmers of the necessity of supporting the crop-control plan, but a majority realized that sharp fluctuations in grain prices might have another effect, for many farmers have tended to identify the recent price rise with the successful operation of the Roosevelt program. Hence Secretary Wallace deemed it necessary to stem the panic by fixing a minimum level for grain prices. In this he received the cooperation of the Chicago Board of Trade, which was anxious to halt the slump because a number of its prominent members were carrying heavy commitments in wheat, which they would have had to dump on the market at

any price in order to cover their margins. Secretary Wallace's action was not based on the authority of any law but simply on a mutual agreement between himself and the Board of Trade. The agreement also limits the extent to which grain prices may fluctuate in any one trading day. If this scheme fails to work, that is, if it fails to prevent another unwarranted inflation in grain values, there can be little doubt that the Administration will exercise its authority under the Agricultural Adjustment Act and license the whole grain trade, thus bringing the grain market directly under government control.

SECRETARY OF WAR DERN, following the lead of his colleague who is at the head of the Navy Department, has asked for \$135,000,000 from the public-works fund of \$3,300,000,000 for the purpose of "modernizing" the army. And, like Secretary of the Navy Swanson, he seeks to justify his request on the ground that the expenditure of this sum would give employment to thousands of workers. It is upon such occasions as these that we thank our stars that a man named Harold Ickes is responsible for the allocation and expenditure of the huge public-works fund. Secretary Ickes has flatly declared that the money intrusted to his care is "very precious" and will not be squandered or spent upon any public works except those that are "sane both from an engineering and a social standpoint." He has intimated that he is willing to give the War Department a reasonable sum for work that is absolutely necessary, but the sum will not be anywhere near \$135,000,000. Since the President has already shown that he subscribes to the Swanson theory that naval expenditures are "socially justifiable" if they provide employment, Secretary Dern might win if he chose to carry his fight to the White House. If this happens, we must depend upon the proved fighting qualities of Secretaries Ickes and Perkins to block this latest effort to use the unemployment situation as an excuse for enlarging the military establishment of the country.

WE SINCERELY HOPE that Secretary Ickes will also take a determined stand against the new naval construction program before it is too late. This program was approved by the President before Mr. Ickes was named Public Works Administrator and the latter may well urge that every possible dollar be spent usefully. Until recently the Japanese militarists used the Manchurian situation as their excuse for increasing the military budget. Now they point to the Roosevelt-Swanson naval program. Moreover, in the new budget, the largest in Japan's history, naval construction for the first time in years takes precedence over the needs of the army. An expenditure of approximately \$180,000,000 in addition to that which had already been approved, was hurriedly provided for soon after it was announced in Washington that the Roosevelt Administration planned to spend \$238,000,000 on new ships. There can be no doubt that the United States and Japan are on the verge of a disastrous naval-armaments race. Here again the enlightened progressives in the Administration have a duty to perform. They can remain silent and let the militarist element follow its natural bent, or they can challenge it, carrying their cause to the people, who we feel sure will support them, and thus probably prevent the country from being plunged into an era of militarism which would lead us into new wars.

THE EARLY END of the "noble experiment" is assured. When the first truly Southern States, Alabama, Arkansas, and Tennessee, voted for repeal, the last hope of the prohibition forces vanished. With Oregon, which also has gone "wet," twenty States out of the necessary thirty-six have decreed the death of the Eighteenth Amendment. It now seems not unlikely, as Jouett Shouse predicts, that all forty-eight States will ratify, a unanimity desirable as a demonstration of the extent of rebellion against the domination of minority pressure groups. Various factors are contributing to this striking reversal which only a few years ago was generally declared impossible of achievement because of the small minorities which can block a constitutional amendment. There is the widespread conviction, after over a decade of observation and trial, that prohibition as a means of promoting temperance has proved a flat failure. There is the revolt against the unwise attempt to regulate personal habits by statute. There is the need and desire for increased sources of tax revenue. There is the repudiation of Republican rule and all its works which finds expression in enacting this measure sponsored by the Democrats. There is the good old band wagon, on which Americans love to climb. And, finally, there is the fermented juice of the grape, or its numerous dynamic equivalents, which since before Noah the human race has enjoyed quaffing.

FURTHER CONFIRMATION that criminality and thuggery are integral parts of the Nazi regime is furnished by the unveiling in Weimar of a memorial tablet to the murderers of Walther Rathenau. At the dedicatory ceremonies attended by high Nazi officials, Colonel Roehm, chief of staff of the Brown Army, eulogized the assassins. The bronze table commemorating the murdered statesman, as devoted a public servant as it was ever a people's fortune to place in high office, had previously been removed. On the same day, the body of Dr. Wilhelm Schaefer was found in a ditch on the outskirts of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, riddled with bullets. It was he who reported to the police in November, 1931, the notorious Bokheimer document outlining a plan for a terrorist coup d'état in Hesse which called for slaughter of Nazi opponents. Dr. Schaefer had survived one previous attack by brown-shirt gangsters. In Leipzig, Nazi storm troopers assaulted without provocation an American citizen of Jewish race, Philip Zuckerman. With his wife and two other relatives, he had been watching a parade. One of his relatives, as he himself told United States Consul Raymond H. Geist, who came to Zuckerman's hospital bedside to take his affidavit, had a long beard "making it easy to pick him out as a Jew." As the tail end of the procession passed, a number of storm troopers dropped out of the ranks, rushed back, and assaulted these spectators. Zuckerman cried out "I am an American," but he was set upon, beaten into unconsciousness, kicked in the head, and trampled upon.

AS IF these individual outrages were not sufficient, the Nazi regime has now officially decreed the punishment of death for any who "spread atrocity reports," for any who engage in "subversive activity," or for those who import "subversive" literature from outside of Germany. This means, of course, that the lives of any not in sympathy with the Nazi regime, already in grave peril from the unhindered assaults such as those on Dr. Schaefer and Mr. Zuckerman,

will be legally forfeit on the basis of suspicion or of a frame-up such as, it is now pretty well known, characterized the "Communist" burning of the Reichstag. Death will also be the penalty, according to another decree, of any attempt, whether successful or not, on the life of any member of the Nazi army. It will suffice for an *agent provocateur* to fire a pistol from a window to jeopardize the life of any whom the Nazis wish to arrest as responsible therefor. With such mounting evidences of the character of Hitlerism, it is no wonder that the boycott against it assumes worldwide proportions. In London the National Joint Council of the labor movement has issued a manifesto appealing to "all who share with British workers horror and detestation of the destruction of human liberty, rights, and citizenship in Germany to refrain until further notice" from buying German goods and services. Meanwhile a great congress in Amsterdam representing the Jews of the world calls on all people, regardless of race, to do likewise. The boycott should hasten the Nazi day of reckoning which Philipp Scheidemann predicts.

THE SENSATIONAL DISCLOSURES in Pennsylvania of starvation wages and child labor and sweatshop conditions presented a challenge to the State which Governor Pinchot has met by appointing Charlotte E. Carr to the post of Secretary of Industry and Labor. Miss Carr is a strong exponent of social legislation. She will carry to the last ditch the fight against the sort of exploitation that has been exposed in the recent investigations. She is very close to Secretary Perkins, both personally and in her point of view, having worked for years in the Department of Labor in New York under Miss Perkins. The Governor made his choice in the face of a bitter attack upon Miss Carr by her predecessor, A. M. Northrup. Dr. Northrup resigned from office after charging Miss Carr, who as director of the Bureau of Inspection of the Department had been largely responsible for the investigation of labor conditions, with fomenting labor troubles and encouraging strikers. With Miss Carr in office we may expect the enforcement of labor laws and the speedy enactment of necessary new legislation in a State which has long been an industrial sore spot.

THAT PROFITS inevitably take precedence over principles in the industrial system under which we live was proved again in Pittsburgh recently when the newsboys struck against an effort of the daily newspapers to raise the wholesale price from \$2 to \$2.25 a hundred, reducing the boys' net proceeds at three cents a copy from \$1 to seventy-five cents. Alarmed at the specter of advertising losses when distribution of the newspapers was halted, the city's three dailies joined in a cry of "Communist agitation" and went to extreme lengths in distorting the facts and making use of the police to break the movement. The supposedly liberal Scripps-Howard Press, which has supported minimum wages and the rights of employees to organize in unions of their own choosing under the National Industrial Recovery Act, united with Paul Block's *Post-Gazette* and Hearst's *Sun-Telegraph* against the newsboys. The Press, militant enemy of sweatshops, of bad conditions in mining towns, and of contractors who pay starvation wages on city jobs, labeled one strike orator, who campaigned for Roosevelt last autumn, a Communist. Some of the newsboys said that the Police Department refused a permit for a street meeting or parade

and that no auditoriums were available because no hall owners would risk the ill-will of the newspapers. The police broke up a meeting in the headquarters of the Unemployed Citizens' League and arrested several youths on the ground that they were not newsboys and that no others could assist in a strike. Admittedly there was some violence. On the first day of the strike newspapers were seized from delivery trucks and torn into shreds, so that the streets were littered with debris to such an extent that it became a menace to traffic. Eventually the newspapers agreed to allow the newsboys a profit of ninety cents a hundred copies.

A TRIAL for extortion and blackmail is usually considered news, especially when the alleged victim is prominent. In the Court of General Sessions in New York City, on Tuesday, July 18, began the trial of a Mrs. Frances W. King, charged with seeking to extort \$50,000 from Bruce Barton, author, publicist, and advertising executive. Testimony brought out that on a previous occasion Mr. Barton had paid \$25,000 in consequence of a suit for alienation of affections brought by Mrs. King's husband. *The Nation* would welcome a press practice of not printing scandals involving the private lives of individuals. But, alas, this is not yet newspaper custom unless the complete suppression for a week on the part of certain New York dailies of all mention of this startling and dramatic court proceeding may inaugurate a new journalistic policy. As it is, the New York *Times* alone in the morning, and the *Sun* alone in the evening field, gave complete day-by-day accounts of the trial. The *World-Telegram* printed two brief items which told little. The tabloid *Daily News* likewise printed two items in uncharacteristically unsensational fashion. Mr. Hearst's *American* and *Evening Journal* and the *Daily Mirror*, to whom a sensation of this kind generally appeals, printed not a line. Neither did the respectable *Herald Tribune* and *Evening Post*. We should be inclined to congratulate these newspapers on their unprecedented reserve were it not for a lurking suspicion that this new-found reticence may bear some faint relation to the desire to keep the good-will of the great advertising agency of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn.

NEW MEANS of transportation, it is often remarked, give new knowledge of geography even to those who do not travel. Ships were the first great revealers of the world to stay-at-homes, but the airplane has lately been making a contribution much more considerable than would have seemed possible in regard to the face of an earth nearly every wart and mole of which had become known before men began to use sky trails. So long as the airplane followed the routes of steamships and railroads, it gave us little new, but since it has taken to hugging the Arctic Circle in order to shorten distances and keep within close reach of land, it has made dozens of hitherto unknown places in Labrador, Greenland, and Siberia seem like suburbs of New York or Chicago. Novosibirsk, Khabarovsk, Irkutsk, Anadyr—all are now as familiar as Yonkers or Evanston. But the treat among them is the town of Flat, Alaska. Other towns have been said to be flat since the industrial depression but Alaska's Flat seems to be the authentically baptized municipality. The post-war territorial settlements brought into our ken the glamorous island of Yap, and now Wiley Post has added the incomparable town of Flat. A marvelous world we live in!

Gentlemen Prefer Profits

THE difficulties of building a planned economy on foundations of individualism, competition, and the acquisitive instincts are emerging day by day to create dismay in the hearts of the officials who have undertaken the herculean job. Gentlemen, it seems, prefer profits—even to general recovery. They were, it is true, promised profits, but the Administration expected these to follow, not precede, the reemployment of labor and the raising of purchasing power. Since inflation was destined to cut the buying power of the dollar and prices were certain to rise, it was considered arithmetically self-evident that people would have to be paid proportionately more dollars to enable them to buy even the little they had been buying—let alone increasing their purchases sufficiently to create prosperity. All this was told to the industrialists of the country by the President, and the National Recovery Act was passed for the single announced purpose of putting men and women to work at wages that would buy enough things to return—eventually—a profit to the concerns which made and distributed them. Most of the industrialists seemed to understand this simple equation. They said: “Sure, we want to employ more men and we know wages must go up and we’ll be tickled to death if President Roosevelt will make everybody obey the same rules—pay the same wages and work their help the same hours. And it’s a good idea for the government to spend \$3,300,000,000 on public works, especially if the contracts go to private business.”

And so, swiftly and inevitably, confidence increased and bred widespread activity. The stock market started its spectacular climb. Production mounted. Each day produced a crop of optimistic news reports of men reemployed and factories reopened; wage increases were reported. And prices began to rise. From June 10 to July 8 wholesale commodity prices rose 5 per cent. In June they had increased $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, showing, for the first time since 1929, an increase over the corresponding month of the previous year. Dun’s index number for July 1, 1933, was 19.04 per cent above the level of July 1, 1932.

But meanwhile another by-product of optimism began to be evident. Industry, now convalescent, lost much of its former willingness to submit to the vigorous treatment prescribed and administered under government control. Several great industries submitted codes promptly, and one, the cotton-textile code, was accepted. But others hung back, meanwhile piling up production at existing low costs in expectation of orders at higher prices later on. Undoubtedly most of these industries counted upon the effects of the recovery act—the higher wages and wider employment—to provide those orders. But as individuals, again fairly rugged, they were determined to gain what advantage they could by delaying their own higher costs and cashing in as handsomely as possible on the increased purchasing power to be created by industry as a whole. This may seem reprehensible, but business is business. Let him who still hopes for the social regeneration of the capitalist system cast the first stone!

As a matter of fact it has already been cast. The crisis created by rising prices and increased production and the

delay in submitting satisfactory codes has become so acute that every member of the Administration concerned with the recovery program has taken a shot at the offenders against the plan. President Roosevelt, Secretary Perkins, Recovery Administrator Johnson, Mr. McGrady, all have made statements attacking the saboteurs of recovery. Mr. Johnson described the present situation as “appalling” and asserted that he had seen advance wholesale quotations for retail restocking which showed price increases “from 60 to 130 per cent.” In a similar tone of warning, Frances Perkins referred to the dangers involved in the “speculative race to produce as much as possible before wages and hours are fixed by the industrial codes.” The result of this alarm was a blanket emergency code recently announced—an agreement to be entered into by individual employers and the President to bridge the gap between the perilous present and the ultimate acceptance of detailed codes in each industry. The “voluntary agreement” is to be put over by high-pressure publicity methods based upon a nationwide patriotic appeal.

So this is where we stand at the present moment. In order to induce American industry to preserve its existence and the system under which it operates, the Government of the United States must embark upon a national drive. Minute men must rush around from Rotary Club to Chamber of Commerce dinning into the ears of business men the patriotic duty of saving their own skins. And why is this preposterous nonsense necessary? Because the exuberance of a few months of increased activity, largely speculative, has induced so many industrialists to sabotage the recovery program that the program itself is in imminent danger of collapsing into ruins and carrying with it the gains of the last few weeks and the hope of future improvement.

We believe that Roosevelt, Perkins, Johnson, Ickes, Richberg, Wolman, indeed most of the leading figures in the recovery campaign, are honest in their desire not only to save but to stabilize industry. But each day gives to our rulers valuable if expensive lessons in social and economic realities. Business will not voluntarily cooperate; each industry, each concern will grab whatever advantage it can get without regard for the whole. Labor will receive the least industry can possibly pay no matter what this does to general “purchasing power.” Cooperation will work only if it is enforced by the government. A patriotic appeal may be effective as long as the emergency is acute and business is worried, but an industrial system cannot run on patriotism. Already we have seen a vast government machine created for the purpose of instructing, cajoling, and exhorting our capitalist economy to stay alive. Even a few weeks’ operation is enough to convince us that it will be able to succeed only through the exercise of force. That force is the beginning of fascism seems clear. The only possible alternative would be straight socialization. For the government to take over and operate for the benefit of the people the steel and coal and oil and other great industries would be almost as simple as to act as a combination of policeman and wet nurse. And we are convinced that it would provide the only road to an effective economic plan.

Silver as a Beggar

FEW commodities have had such persistent champions for their welfare in Congress as silver. The success of the efforts of these champions is all the more remarkable when one considers the comparatively few persons in the United States who are directly interested in the price of silver. Yet again and again the propagandists have compelled the United States Government to buy more silver—usually much above the market price—than it had any need for. The Sherman Silver Purchase Act of 1890 had a rise in the price of silver practically as its sole object. The Pittman Silver Purchase Act guaranteed \$1 an ounce for silver, which immediately broke to 63 cents an ounce when the act expired in 1923. More recently, the silver interests through their representatives in Congress succeeded in getting the government to accept silver in payment of war debts at a price of 50 cents an ounce. As silver at the time was selling in the neighborhood of 30 cents an ounce, this was either a left-handed way of canceling part of the foreign debt to us, or a left-handed way of forcing the government to buy large and undetermined amounts of silver at a price far above the market.

For some reason Senator Pittman, the chief political representative of the silver interests, was appointed by the President as one of the American delegates to the World Economic Conference; and during his time there he devoted himself single-mindedly to one sole object—to “get something for silver.” He concentrated on two chief proposals. One of these was to retain the gold standard, but to use silver in place of gold for 25 per cent of the metallic reserves in the central banks. Assuming that currency would then be redeemed either in a fixed weight of gold, or in silver at the market price in terms of the currency, the effect of this plan would merely be to compel all the central banks to become speculators in 25 per cent of their reserves. If silver rose in price the banks would make a profit; if it fell in price they would suffer a loss. There is no reason why central banks should be subject to such uncertainties, and very good reasons why they should not. It is doubtful whether such a plan would really economize the use of gold. Moreover, if, as is generally expected, both the dollar and the “sterling bloc” of currencies are eventually to be devaluated—that is, if the dollar, pound, and other currencies are to be made redeemable in a smaller amount of gold than formerly—devaluation in itself seems likely to economize the use of gold sufficiently.

Senator Pittman's other chief proposal at the conference was that the gold nations agree to use a higher silver content than formerly in their subsidiary coinage; he ended by compromising on a resolution, which was accepted by the subcommittee to which the matter had been referred, to the effect that the various gold-standard countries should not “debase” their silver coinage more than they already had.

But what Senator Pittman gained from the conference as such was unimportant beside an agreement which he negotiated among the three leading silver-holding and the five chief silver-producing nations of the world in the course of his stay in London, according to which sales of the metal will be restricted for four years and its use will be increased. India agrees to limit its sales during the four-year period to

140,000,000 ounces and Spain to 20,000,000 ounces, while China will discontinue the sale of silver entirely. Meanwhile the leading silver-producing countries—the United States, Canada, Mexico, Peru, and Australia—agree to buy 140,000,000 ounces during the four-year period, of which amount the United States is expected to absorb about three-fourths, or some 24,000,000 ounces yearly. Of course, Congress may refuse to ratify the agreement, but such a refusal is unlikely. If the scheme is accepted, it means that at fifty cents an ounce—and it is predicted that the price will go higher—the United States Treasury will buy \$12,000,000 worth of silver annually from American mines for four years.

The silver propagandists contend, of course, that an advance in the price of silver is imperative in the interests of general recovery. Their chief argument in this respect is that the fall in the price of silver from the 1929 level has correspondingly reduced the purchasing power of the Far East, particularly of China, and that only a restoration in the price of silver can restore this purchasing power. This argument, in so far as it is sincere, is fallacious. The purchasing power of the Far East consists not of silver but of its total exports. It is with silk, beans, eggs, tea, and a hundred other commodities that China pays for her imports, and only to a very negligible extent with silver. In fact in 1932 we exported to China nearly \$9,000,000 worth of silver and received only \$600,000 worth from there. The drop in silver has merely the effect on foreign trade that a depreciation in currency has elsewhere, except that Chinese internal prices adjust themselves more slowly than prices elsewhere. It is important, of course, to keep the price of silver as stable as possible, but this is something radically different from the adoption of artificial measures designed to make it as high as possible.

Dr. Fish

THE practical jokers in New York City who have long been accustomed to beguile their friends into calling the Battery on April Fool's Day in order to ask for a mythical Dr. Fish were righter than they knew, for during the weeks just past the keepers there have been besieged with citizens imploring to be allowed to dip their hands into a new sort of holy water sanctified by having been lived in by tropical fish. We hasten to add, however, that the movement is not religious and that it has nothing to do with the fact that the fish is the earliest Christian symbol. It is all because it was discovered, quite by accident, that one of the attendants at the Aquarium was mysteriously cured of a stubborn skin disease and that doctors were inclined to attribute the cure to the presence in fishy water of what biologists call bacteriophages.

It may even be that there is something in the whole fantastic story; stranger accidents have happened before in the history of medical science. Quinidine, which has a mysterious action in regularizing the heart, was discovered when a cardiac case was mysteriously improved after an attack of malaria had been cured by quinine. Doctors now regularly treat gangrenous wounds with maggots because it was found during the war that wounds so infested were generally almost free from gangrene; and the whole of the new fever treat-

ment for tertiary syphilis grew out of the chance observation that paresis was strikingly rare in a certain region of the Near East where syphilis and malaria were both very common.

There is another interesting fact which the newspaper accounts of the incident have overlooked—namely, that amateur breeders of tropical fish have long believed that old aquarium water had some mysterious virtue. It is a common custom for them to preserve such water carefully and to transfer it from tank to tank in the belief that fishes put into "new" water were more likely to be the victims of disease. The more logical among them were inclined to treat the tradition as an old wives' tale but for once, at least, the old wives' tale very probably embodied a real truth. The ~~same~~ bacteriophages which cured the attendant at the New York Aquarium protected the fish from infection.

No one, of course, knows what a bacteriophage is. It is too small to be seen by the most powerful microscopes, and it passes freely through filters which catch even bacteria. It is, as a matter of fact, merely the name of something whose existence is assumed in order to account for an effect, but so, for that matter, are the atom and the electron. No one knows, even, whether a bacteriophage is living or non-living, for it seems to behave in some ways like a living organism and in some ways like one of those highly complex but non-living substances known as enzymes. Perhaps it is not really either. Perhaps, as some biologists have suggested, it is the link between the two. Perhaps then, Dr. Fish of April Fool's Day fame will help to answer the biggest question of biology, "What is life?"

The Fetish of Economy

THE NATION has received a number of letters in regard to its stand against the discharge of employees by the federal government in the interest of so-called economy. In what we have written we have tried to point out, first, that in a crisis when relief of unemployment is the biggest job facing the country it is folly for the Administration to discharge one worker in order to finance the employment of another and, second, that in effect the policy represents a destructive inroad upon the non-partisan civil service and the creation of jobs outside of it to be filled as political patronage. We have received no correspondence in disagreement with our second contention, and we believe that criticism of the first is due to certain misapprehensions about employment under the government as compared with work in what we miscall "private industry." One correspondent writes that our policy would "keep on the pay roll a lot of Republicans who are so many parasites." Another reader says:

I am much out of sympathy with your plea for retaining all workers in government service. Also, it seems reasonable to me to dismiss government employees and then to create work for them elsewhere. The present is the only possible moment for putting into effect the much needed reduction in the number of government jobs. Workers in temporary conservation camps or in receipt of a small maintenance allowance will be absorbed in other fields; workers in government offices are never absorbed in anything else.

A good many years ago when nearly all federal appointments were frankly party spoils, the government services were not unjustly held in amused contempt as shining examples of waste and inefficiency. That attitude has survived partly by tradition but also through selfish modern propaganda, in spite of the fact that today all but an insignificant number of the federal employees are enrolled in the non-partisan civil service. The exceptions are departmental executives at the top and a few hangers-on at the bottom. Although many persons now in the civil service owe their appointment in some degree to political favor, most of them have since been glad to refrain from party activities—according to the requirements of the civil-service law—and have become public servants in a true sense. By and large they are faithful and far from overpaid workers. It is notorious that in the many fine technical and scientific services of the government compensation is far inferior to that paid outside. Although there are, and doubtless always will be, instances of waste and folly in the federal services, we think that by and large they are filling an incontestably useful social function and that, unlike some municipal organizations, they are not overmanned. The propaganda to the contrary which has been insidiously circulated in recent years comes from a comparatively small group of privileged and large-property-holding persons who are opposing the socially desirable effort to increase taxes upon incomes, profits, and other wealth in the higher reaches.

Clamor against taxes should never be allowed to obscure the fact that the employees of so-called private industry are just as really supported by the public, indirectly, as are those in government service directly. At their worst we know of no government wastes so glaring as the excessive compensation paid by American business in recent years to banking and utility officials, insurance heads, and industrial executives—often for hoodwinking or swindling the public—not to speak of the incredible sums dissipated in selling, promotion, advertising, and "service."

We do not oppose reductions in the personnel of certain services of the government, provided the employees are transferred to other work, nor do we condemn the recent cut in pay of 15 per cent or compulsory furloughs to a reasonable extent. We do insist that the place to begin unemployment relief is at home, and that it is ridiculous for the Administration to open one window for hiring unemployed while at another it is discharging its own employees. We think that the fetish of economy has led to some befuddled policy in Washington. A period of acute unemployment enforces economy on most individuals, but demands liberal expenditures by the federal government, which has the power to finance itself by loans and taxation.

One of our readers, quoted above, makes what appears to be a point of some validity in the contention that workers in temporary services will eventually be absorbed in other fields but that those in government offices never will be. But that position assumes that the country is destined one day to resume the working hours of 1929. Our own belief is that shorter hours are, and ought to be, here to stay, and that in consequence the national government will have to follow its advice to other business to shorten the working week and increase the number of workers. In the near future, therefore, it will need more workers to do an equivalent amount of work than are required at present.

Issues and Men

The Damage to America in London

A CATASTROPHE amounting to a world tragedy"—this is what Franklin D. Roosevelt said the failure of the London Economic Conference would be. Ramsay MacDonald said: "The fate of generations may well depend upon the courage, sincerity, and width of view which we are to show during the next few weeks . . . We must not fail." And Cordell Hull declared: "If, which God forbid, any nation should obstruct and wreck this great conference with the shortsighted notion that some of its favored interests might temporarily profit while thus indefinitely delaying aid for the distressed in every country, that nation will merit the execration of mankind." Even the King declared in his opening address that he could not believe that human beings were unable to solve the problems before them. But the failure is there patent to all men. This effort to find solutions for the capitalist world's misery has failed so completely that Moscow must be overcome with amusement. The peoples who read the declarations that I have cited above are justified now in expecting the prophesied disasters to begin.

The responsibility for this rests primarily upon the United States. It is now perfectly plain that the alleged preparation for the conference in the preliminary conversations in Washington amounted to precisely nothing. There was none of the preliminary spade work essential to the success of a conference unless, as at the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, one nation is ready to offer a concrete proposal for immediate action. In my judgment the fate of the conference was sealed when Cordell Hull not only muffed the opportunity offered to him by MacDonald to open the conference for business, but failed to produce concrete American proposals when he finally uttered the commonplace generalities that made up the bulk of his speech. If America had nothing definite to offer, who could have? I shall never understand why Franklin Roosevelt sent a delegation to London without a program, a policy, or definite instructions, a delegation headed by a low-tariff man whose associates were high-tariff men, apparently trusting to luck that they could do something and then changing his mind as to what he wanted them to do.

This has resulted in the final blow to American prestige in Europe. This is the real catastrophe for us, this and the fact that numerous superficial Americans are now saying, "Well we are glad we have fallen out with those damned, word-breaking welchers. We don't want to play with them and we don't care what they think of us—not in the least." Well, let me explain how rational and naturally pro-American Europeans, and especially Englishmen, feel about us. They are completely bewildered by our constant changes of front, reversals of opinion, and failure to live up to our agreements. They say: "With the best will in the world, dear Americans, we don't know how to do business with you. There was Norman Davis. He made a speech which was everywhere hailed as epoch-making. It seemed to us a complete reversal of your isolationist policy and a promise to stand with us in examining the question of guilt if another war

should come and to throw your strength against the aggressor. No sooner was the ink dry upon our exclamations of joy than other interpretations of the speech were given which whittled it down to a point where it seemed to mean nothing. Then Mr. Roosevelt demanded that the World Economic Conference agree upon 'a fixed measure of exchange values . . . and we believe that these must be gold.' Soon after the conference met to carry out his behest he denounced it in vituperative language for seeking to do the very thing he asked of it! Then let us remind you that you took part in the making of the Treaty of Versailles; that you failed to ratify it and failed to enter the League of Nations which your own President created. How can we negotiate with you on any subject and feel that you mean what you say?"

I can only answer this by hanging my head. Of course, I explain that I didn't want the Treaty of Versailles ratified, and that I believe in Congressional control of the executive's acts, feeling that that alone has saved us from many a blunder and from having absolute dictators in the White House in foreign affairs. But this doesn't answer my European friends.

As for our American isolationists who rejoice that we made fools of ourselves and acted abroad like flighty, unreliable boors, I can only admit that their school is probably in the saddle now; that when Congress meets again we shall find ourselves in the midst of a terrific demand that we let Europe go to hell in its own stupid way, and much boasting that we can get on without the rest of the world. To which I reply, as I have many times before, that we *can* go it alone and bid the world go hang, but that if we do so we can never hope to recover even the normal prosperity of ante-World War days. Curious how some minds work! The other day I dined with a former American diplomat who, despite the failure in London, was surer than ever that we were on our way to an Anglo-American entente. He warmly defended our plan to build up the navy on the ground that sooner or later the united American and British fleets will impose peace upon the world. I pointed out to him that our announcement of this plan had already produced dispatches from Japan announcing great alarm there and a determined demand by their naval jingoes for a bigger program, and that the present distrust and loss of faith in us in England were being exploited by the big navy men there, and have put back prospects of an Anglo-American entente for many years.

All of which brings up the question anew whether capitalist society can possibly save itself from utter chaos. For the first time I have come back from Europe—my seventh trip since the war—to admit a sense of almost complete hopelessness. If some trick of nature itself does not get us out of our economic mess, how can our leaders possibly rescue us? Certainly the London Conference dealt a deadly blow to the world's progress and international cooperation.

Orval Garrison Kilgus

Roosevelt Turns Left

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, July 22

THE Roosevelt Administration is swinging toward the left. By this I mean primarily that the progressive elements represented by Secretaries Ickes, Perkins, and Wallace are steadily gaining influence at the White House at the expense of the reactionary and partisan elements personified by Budget Director Douglas and Postmaster-General "Genial Jim" Farley. That conclusion is supported by several events, foremost among them the President's choice of Secretary Ickes to administer the huge \$3,300,000,000 public-works program. It had a double significance. Ickes had headed a faction which demanded that the entire program be launched with the least possible delay, while Douglas was spokesman for those who contended that prosperity was already returning, and that expenditure of the entire sum was unnecessary and wasteful. The view of Ickes prevailed. In the second place, the spending of such a sum obviously offered opportunities for graft, patronage, and favoritism on an enormous scale. It is reported that the agents of a dozen big Tammany contractors had been hanging around for weeks, with greedy eyes and watering mouths. They received their answer in Ickes's announcement that "there is no inside track to a contract." His thirty years' record as a foe of graft and spoils in Chicago is sufficient assurance that he means precisely what he says, even to those who do not know him. It is a terrible disappointment to the "deserving" ones. As if to dispel any doubt that his ideas were in complete accord with those of his administrator, Mr. Roosevelt made a point of telling reporters that, in considering applications for public-works loans, the Administration would be particularly disposed to finance the construction of municipally owned utilities, such as power plants and water works. Of the money advanced, 30 per cent will be outright gifts; the remaining 70 per cent will bear only 4 per cent interest, and may be repaid out of earnings. A sad, sad day for the power trust!

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IF the National Recovery Administration maintains its present rate of speed, we may be living under a new economic order by August 1. The application of a blanket code, although euphemistically called a "voluntary agreement," not only will be undertaken with all the moral force of a Presidential command, but it will be supported by a campaign designed to arouse mass opinion to wartime fervor. All plans have been made for nationwide radio appeals, campaign posters, public speeches, and other devices employed in the Liberty Loan drives—not a few of which revive unpleasant memories. That the adventure is a perilous one is obvious, but this writer is convinced that there is no alternative except complete abandonment of the attempt to restore order and prosperity in industry. A continuation of the rising price curve, unaccompanied by any rise in purchasing power adequate to support it, could only end in a disastrous collapse of prices and a devastating curtailment of production. Indeed, it has already resulted in a minor collapse of stock and commodity prices. Furthermore, it will take months to

work out codes for individual industries, and it is manifestly unfair to require some industries to conform to the codes approved for them while others indulge in an orgy of speculative production at depression wages and hours. Indeed, it is a question whether industry can survive half law-abiding and half anarchist. The Administration's problem has been intensely aggravated by the attitude of certain large industries, notably steel, which, having learned nothing from the depression, have seen in the invitation to submit codes merely a chance to seize new spoils and recover old ones. Only an industry dominated by the traditions of Frick, Gary, and Morgan would perceive in the present situation an opportunity to obtain government sanction for company unions, reinstatement of the outlawed "Pittsburgh plus" system, and a ban against devices reducing production costs. You can't reason with a hog.

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MOST of the criticism of the Recovery Administration has impressed me as being incredibly petty and mean. The critics are somewhat in the position of saying: "Produce the millennium on this spot at two-thirty o'clock tomorrow afternoon, or off goes your head." I have never been accused of lacking a critical temperament, but when I see men and women of unimpeachable sincerity working eighteen to twenty hours a day in a desperate effort to save all our economic lives, I cannot stand off and snipe. It is a curious fact that much of this nagging has come from so-called liberals and "friends of labor," although liberals and labor are in the saddle at recovery headquarters to a degree that would have seemed impossible and even preposterous three months ago. I venture to say that I am as well informed concerning what goes on inside that administration as any observer on the ground, and I do not hesitate to declare that its policies up to the present have been overwhelmingly influenced by the views of Donald Richberg, Alexander Sachs, Edward McGrady, Leo Wolman, and Frances Perkins. If liberals and labor cannot trust them, who the devil can they trust? Something of the same sort might also be said of the criticisms of the Roosevelt Administration at large. Here, as if in answer to the liberals' prayer, we are confronted with a program which represents, in very large part, the hopes, aspirations, and labors of such men as Justice Brandeis; Senators Norris, Wagner, and La Follette; Joseph B. Eastman, Harold Ickes, Frances Perkins, and Henry Wallace—by an Administration which, when it was unable to obtain Felix Frankfurter's personal services, accepted his recommendations in filling nearly half a dozen of the most important legal posts in the government. And still some of the liberals aren't satisfied. What do they want?

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I would be one of the last to assert that there is nothing to criticize in the Administration's policies. The situation produced by the "economy" movement, for example, is little short of a national disgrace. In the case of the Re-

covery Administration we have the government recruiting some of the finest brains in the country, and saying in effect to them: "The \$100,000-a-year men who have been running the nation's industry have finally succeeded in running it into the ditch. We want you to get it out of the ditch, repaired and in running order within sixty days—and a grateful government will pay you \$6,000 a year for doing it." If these men are sufficiently gifted to rescue American industry, they are entitled to decent rewards. To ask them to do it at great personal sacrifice is a painful travesty. Consider, moreover, the ludicrous position in which the Administration places itself when it urges employers of all kinds to raise wages and increase employment, while at the same time it sets the contrary example by cutting wages and dismissing workers! What could be more absurd than the miserly attempt to save a few paltry thousands a year by wrecking the staff of a great scientific institution, the Bureau of Standards, whose researches have saved millions a year for industry? The whole tragic farce is a hangover from the panicky days when Ogden Mills and a majority of the newspapers were clamoring for "a balanced budget"—as if a really balanced budget were possible in such times as these! What is needed is not so much a balanced budget as a balanced outlook.

SECRETARY WALLACE'S announcement that cotton planters had signed contracts to reduce production by 3,500,000 bales was a distinct surprise to those who had not appreciated the magnitude of the campaign waged by the Department of Agriculture—and who, perhaps, did not realize the extremes of desperation to which the cotton farmers had been driven. Reduced acreage, coupled with higher production costs in the cotton textile mills, is bound to be reflected in increased prices of finished products. But there are genuine reasons for believing that they have been too low—and if the general recovery program succeeds, we shall be better able to pay them. Limiting production may seem a strange way of increasing wealth, but the fact remains that no other immediate and practical method has been advanced for improving the condition of one of the most distressed classes of Americans. So long as that huge surplus hung over the market, the planter was compelled to take what he could get for his crop. It may be argued that a general leveling of tariffs and stabilization of currencies would provide a market for our export cotton, but recent events at London would seem to demonstrate that that is not a neat little chore to be completed by ten o'clock tomorrow, and even a cotton planter can wait only so long to eat.

Six Months of Hitlerism

By HARRISON BROWN

THE day following Hitler's accession to power a famous paper, the *Commercial and Shipping Gazette* of Gotenburg, struck a note which was soon to be echoed in the editorials of the civilized press throughout the world. "Such a regime cannot last indefinitely," said the Swedish paper, "but every day is a day too long. Hitler's appointment as chancellor of our great neighbor is an insult to Europe." This contemptuous reference was the first Nazi rebuff; Göring issued an official protest, and seemed naively bewildered that Europe should find such indignation comical on the part of a professional defamer of other nations. Six months have now passed and the temporary insult has become recognized as a permanent menace. At the end of June, Philipp Scheidemann, first Chancellor of the German Republic, wrote in the *New York Times* that "Hitler's Berlin is an incendiary torch with which criminals and a group of mentally deranged are playing around a powder keg." A week later the Nazi authorities, in order to cover themselves for the arrest of the popular former Bavarian Minister of the Interior, Dr. Fritz Schweyer, announced that Schweyer had been guilty of treason. The treason consisted in stating in a private letter to his late colleague, the former prime minister of Bavaria, that "no trace has been left of rights and justice, of law and order. Divine and human rights are being trodden under foot, and degenerates profess to be the moral regenerators of the German people, while in reality they have merely imposed their will on fellow humans by force, and, like wild animals, have satisfied their egotistical instincts." The Nazis undoubtedly owe most to their ruthless employment of force and terrorism, but ruse also played a part in the early days.

Adolf Hitler has set more than one precedent. The

most remarkable of them must certainly be that he has persuaded a great people to vote away its freedom. The path of history is dotted with tyrannies, and seizures of power have been common in most periods, but never before has a nation enjoying full right of free speech thrown out its arms to a tyrant and voluntarily riveted the chains about its own neck. This in itself constitutes the most striking proof of the pathological condition of Germany today. It does more, of course; the elections of March 5 were at once a tribute to the superb technique of Hitler's demagogy and a reflection upon the political intelligence of the German people.

No single explanation of this phenomenon can suffice; the reasons for the success of the National Socialist movement are, like its origins, to be found in a medley of complex political, psychological, and economic factors. But Hitler's life itself provides one interesting sidelight. The most talked-about man in the world has come to Bismarck's chair weighed down with seven hundred leaden pages of autobiography. Rarely indeed can one aspiring to leadership so blatantly have dubbed himself an ignorant barbarian. There is scarcely a page in all that turgid mass of undigested history and personal self-revelation which cannot today be quoted against him with deadly effect, all the more in that the book is still advertised as the bible of the babies of the movement. One significant passage in the early part of the book seems curiously to have escaped attention, however. Hitler is in Vienna seeking work as a house-painter. There he has his first contact with Social Democracy, albeit "nicht sehr erfreulich." He would not, he says, have bothered with his colleagues had they not worried him to join their trade union. Solidarity with the proletariat? The idea shocked him. "My clothes were still decently in order, my speech distinguished, and my

temperament—reserved." He refused indignantly and had to quit the job, hence the birth of his anti-Marxist complex. And hence also the chief secret of his later appeal, for what Hitler felt in Vienna before the war the whole German middle class was feeling after the inflation.

The situation was quite different from that superficial snobbishness which prevails among the Anglo-Saxon middle classes, whose proletarianization might conceivably break down the barriers between themselves and the working class. In Germany the middle classes still treasured the legacy of Frederick the Great. While they were servile to the traditional ruling class they had their own place in society and were jealous of it. The enormous body of civil servants, poor in cash but rich in caste, were paid for their devotion to the state in the coinage of social prestige. When Poincaré and the Rhineland industrialists, led by Hugo Stinnes and Alfred Hugenberg, robbed them of their few material possessions and drove hundreds through starvation to suicide, the ghastly process left a residue of stupid, narrow, fiercely patriotic but resentful people. A new poor in a new sense. It was in this pool of trouble that Hitler fished and from the sons of those petty bourgeois that he formed the bulk of his storm troops.

The ferocity of the new hates in Germany must be seen to be believed. Those who have seen it will find nothing astonishing in the fact that young men from relatively sheltered middle-class homes should have become such a menace to public order that Brüning dissolved their organizations and forbade them to wear uniforms. Their later development was even more shocking, but the fact that the storm troopers have earned a universal reputation for unmitigated blackguardism is due chiefly to the character of their leaders, who deliberately made the Terror an organic part of the system.

Knowing their hold on their following to be based upon emotion and ignorance, the Nazi leaders came eventually to forbid their men to attempt argument with the left. A typical incident which fell under my own observation is worth citing. Two Communists standing at a street corner in a south German city some time ago fell into conversation with a group of Nazis in uniform. A lively but quite peaceable discussion developed until a Nazi officer driving by stopped his car and ordered his men to disperse. They refused to do so, whereupon the officer drove to the nearest *Schupo* and informed him that an "illegal gathering" was taking place at the next street corner, and thus had the men moved on. The S. A. troops not only specialized in individual murder, they consistently avoided fighting when they were not themselves in a majority. It is a literal fact that in four years' close observation of the National Socialist movement I can recall no single incident when they accepted battle at even odds. Hitler's "age of heroism" is a yellow age; the Nazis are brave only under police protection, as in all their provocation parades through working-class districts. Whatever fascism may be politically, it is certainly no breeder of heroes; the fascist heroes are rapers of women, torturers of prisoners, and murderers of the unarmed. The Nazis actually gave a state funeral in a Berlin cathedral to a man named Maikowski who was proved a common murderer!

During one of last year's elections a poster flared from the walls of Germany which depicted a relief map of the country dotted with black crosses. Across it was written

the succinct title, "Hitler's Dritte Reich." During the past six months the press of the entire world has borne witness to the terrible truth of that prophecy. Writing over three months ago, the Berlin correspondent of the *London Times* stated that "what has been happening recently amounts to a diluted St. Bartholomew's Night massacre." Crimes have been committed whose very magnitude stifle protest because the civilized mind is stunned into incredulity. It was weeks before the atrocities of the Brown Terror became known to the outside world, simply because the editors of responsible papers abroad could not believe that even their picked reporters were not being misinformed or carried away by their own emotions. It must be categorically stated that even today there is no conception of the barbarism which has prevailed and which *still continues*. Still more difficult is it to visualize what life is destined to be for the millions of Germans who are too civilized and too intelligent ever to adapt themselves to the madness of the National Socialist state. We have had admissions recently, by Nazi leaders, of excesses which they strenuously denied while they were instigating them. Some of the torture houses have been closed, notably the one in the Friedrichstrasse, Berlin, where even the Nazi neighbors complained of their night's rest being disturbed by the perpetual screams of the victims. The system of hostages is still freely used and the mouths of victims, of refugees, and others are sealed by the knowledge that if they give an account of their sufferings to the foreign press the same treatment will be meted out to their relatives. After the middle of March, orders went forth that beatings were not to be administered in public. The gangsters, now baptized "auxiliary police," were to "arrest" their victims and do their bloody work under cover. Thus the very exposure of their deeds was twisted by the Nazis into another weapon for the fomentation of anti-foreign sentiment.

In similar fashion the lines of people waiting to inform against personal enemies, or against those whose jobs were coveted, ceased to be conspicuous. Spying is now organized, and a secret police system has been established which caused a private correspondent to write recently that "Italy and Russia are free countries compared with Germany today." Nevertheless the censorship is so complete and the penalties for talking so severe that those not in contact with Jewish or left circles are today easily convinced that the "excesses" have ceased. The extent to which censorship and rumor combined can distort opinion is comically shown by a letter recently received in London from a lady in a small German town. After expressing her indignation at the "abominable atrocity lies," the writer went on seriously to write that "the French are said to have reoccupied Mainz and we hear that no German's life is safe in London"!

Some foreign observers imagine that "things will settle down" and that the Nazis will adopt the veneer of civilization. This opinion is not shared by those best acquainted with the mentality of the men in command. Two forms of their barbarism at least can admit of no change within their dogma, whatever smoke screen expediency may cause to be emitted. Neither anti-Semitism nor the persecution of the liberals can be relaxed. The former by no means comprises the whole story of Nazi atrocities but it most glaringly exposes the hollow emotionalism of the regime, since it is based on that meanest and most contemptible form of human weakness, racial prejudice.

Space does not permit of any exhaustive examination of the Jewish persecution but some idea of its extent may be gathered from extracts from the new anti-Jewish laws. The ruling which is to be applied in the "purging" of the entire Civil Service reads as follows:

1. A person shall be known as a non-Aryan who has non-Aryan, in particular Jewish, grandparents. It suffices if one parent or grandparent is a non-Aryan. This is especially to be taken for granted if one parent or grandparent has belonged to the Jewish religion.

2. In case of doubt as to Aryan origin a certificate must be procured from an expert in racial research at the Ministry of the Interior.

The Reich law appertaining to the disbarment or refusal of admission of non-Aryans to the legal profession reads:

1. Admission to the bar of lawyers who are of non-Aryan extraction according to the law for the purging of the Civil Service of April 7, 1933, can be rescinded until September 30, 1933.

2. Admission to the bar may be denied to persons who, according to the law of April 7, 1933, are of non-Aryan extraction even if there are no grounds for exclusion according to the code of disbarment.

3. The administrator of justice may issue a prohibition to plead against a lawyer, such prohibition to be effective until the decision has been made as to whether authorization for revocation according to paragraphs 1 or 3 will be issued.

If these laws were rescinded today the effect would be slight, for anti-Semitism has been deeply sown and furiously cultivated in the minds of millions, ineradicably no doubt in the minds of children. But there is no sign that they will be rescinded. On the contrary, as Nazi incompetence becomes more manifest and as their economic and other difficulties increase and cause dissension, it seems inevitable that the leaders will increase their efforts to divert the disappointment of their following into anti-Jewish channels.

The Brown Terror goes on at all times. Whole districts are terrorized and men and women speak only in frightened whispers of the victims in their midst. Hundreds have been killed, thousands more have been injured, many of them permanently, especially about the eyes and the genital organs, while the number of robberies accompanied by violence defy all computation. Neither women nor the sick nor old people are safe from the savages. In a village in Hessen some weeks ago a Jew who was ill in bed was made to get up and walk through the street calling "Heil, Hitler." He asked to be allowed to do it when he had recovered; he offered money, which was taken; but he was forced out then and there. At the end of the street he was beaten until he fainted. Later he was picked up by neighbors and taken home to die. An acquaintance of my own met an old friend just home after three weeks' "preventive arrest." Questions elicited nothing, but later, when quite alone with his friend, he opened his shirt and showed his body covered with deep scars. Another acquaintance was fetched from his bed in a Berlin suburb at night and pushed into a large sack, which was bound around with wire netting. He was beaten until he ceased to move and was then taken to a hospital and left there. The next day the gangsters called to take him away for further treatment, but the doctors nobly lied and declared he had died in the night.

The favorite weapon has been the "steel wand," a rubber ball on a spring at the end of a steel rod which is capable of inflicting terrible injuries without actually or immediately causing death. Recently the Austrian *Allgemeine Zeitung* published a protest against the continued brutality of the storm troops which is alleged to have been made to Hitler by the Nazi leader, Graf von Reventlow. "The typical procedure is for trade-union officials, including women, to be dragged to Nazi headquarters and there beaten and otherwise ill-treated, often in a way that cannot be described." The Count might have added that this is only the first part of the "typical procedure." After one or two such trips the victim is usually wrecked enough to be induced to sign a "confession." Only then is he turned over to the police and charged with some form of treason, and for the purpose of conviction the "confession" is admitted in court as a legal document. In such circumstances as these it is not surprising that even the reactionary *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, before it was taught obedience by a term of suppression, should have written that "in wide circles the panic terror has spread."

The whole truth will never be known, for no later summary can do justice to a system of terror extending over a whole country. Nor can anything excuse it. The Brown Terror is not only the worst of such outbreaks which have occurred in Europe, it is also the meanest. The Nazis have never been persecuted. On the contrary, the many criminals among them have been far too leniently dealt with. It is notorious that the scales of justice in Germany have for years been weighted in favor of nationalist reaction. There was no Communist or other "danger"—the suggestion has been laughed out of court by every qualified foreign observer in the country. The Terror has been inaugurated as a means of disposing of the opposition, as a substitute for constructive measures of which the party leaders are incapable, and because it fits the barbaric natures of those leaders. The appalling case of Frau Jankowski who was severely beaten has been widely reported. This woman had devoted her entire life to social service in a Berlin suburb. When questioned about the outrage, the Nazi envoy to Scandinavia, Herr Alexander Bogs, coolly remarked, "if ever a Socialist or Communist deserved such a hiding, then it was Frau Jankowski."

For the first time in history in time of peace a government has imprisoned numbers of its own nationals on no other grounds than that their opinions are objectionable. It does not seem to be generally recognized that at least 30,000 men are today doing forced labor in concentration camps. They range from ex-governors of provinces to workmen. Not a great deal is known about the administration of these camps, but that life in them is neither pleasant nor safe is indicated by the number of those reported "shot in flight." In most cases, of course, this is just a euphemism for the cold-blooded murder of a prisoner. The governor of one camp, when he was interviewed by an English newspaperman, cynically remarked that he was pestered by the wives and other relatives of the prisoners asking permission to see them, "permission which is of course always refused on principle." Those who naively imagine that Hitler's professions of desire for peace are to be taken seriously should consider the official statement issued at the end of April in regard to these camps. Not only is the radio, the press, and every organ affecting

public opinion entirely devoted to chauvinistic and war propaganda but, according to this statement, those above all "who took a leading part in pacifist associations" are to be permanently incarcerated.

It is a horrifying fact that Germany is today ruled by men of a type such as have never before governed a great nation: drug addicts and murderers, thieves, forgers, and moral decadents. These are not mere random terms of abuse; they describe the commonly recognized character of most of the chief leaders of the movement. The academic life of the nation has been destroyed. The magnificent civil service, which has ever been the backbone of Germany, has been wrecked; today its offices are filled with men whose only qualification is that they are infatuated devotees of the Nazi cause. Small wonder that a distinguished German should have remarked recently, "If these criminals disappeared tonight, they would have been found to have done irreparable

damage." And meantime letter after letter received from Germany bears the heart-broken words, "What will history say of our generation?"

It is the effect of the regime abroad, however, which seems likely to alter the course of Europe. With intensive fomentation of the war spirit being openly conducted among the youth, with "incidents" occurring on every frontier, and with the cardinal points of the recent conference of Nazi leaders before their eyes, it is obvious that Germany's neighbors will not indefinitely remain "patient." The second of the professed aims of the Third Reich, as discussed at the leaders' conference, was "the cutting of every international tie whatsoever." In that at least Hitler is succeeding even better than he knows. One can only hope that the very rapidity of his success in this field may yet destroy him and that, by the removal of this abortion of government, Germany may be saved from annihilation.

Whooping Up Muscle Shoals

By STETSON CLARK

KILOWATTS have been shamelessly going to waste over the spillways of the great Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals. But not word-power. The word plants are operating even if the nitrate plants are not. Indeed, now that Roosevelt's Tennessee Valley development and reclamation project is swinging into action, they are humming. The transmission lines are built, too, for disseminating the product. Every scrap of it is being utilized—to promote Muscle Shoals real estate.

The golden button that first started the Muscle Shoals word plants was touched in 1922 by Henry Ford, and Thomas Edison played a part in their dedication. When Ford was thinking of buying Muscle Shoals, he visited the development accompanied by Edison. Standing on the approach to the Wilson Dam, Ford and Edison are reported to have engaged in the following conversation:

"What do you see?" said Ford to Edison.

"I see more wealth than all the minted coins of the world. What do you see?" replied Edison.

"I see," replied Ford in turn, "a city seventy-five miles long. I will put a million men at work."

And what a vision that offered to the land-boom boys!

For this great metropolis that he envisaged Ford offered to Congress in 1922 a down payment of \$5,000,000 in cash. This offer he withdrew in 1924. Moreover, he has in part disclaimed his quoted statements regarding the potential industrial possibilities of Muscle Shoals and has frowned upon their use in promotion literature. But not even Ford can stop a real-estate salesman from talking, once he is started. If anyone doubts it, let him get in touch with one of the organizations selling lots at Muscle Shoals. A horde of these came into existence like mushrooms after the Ford pronouncement, and a number still have headquarters in New York, Chicago, Detroit, and many other large cities. Each time Congress has considered utilizing the hydroelectric-power development they have exhibited renewed activity. The biggest boom came in 1925 and 1926. At that time streets were laid out—or, to be accurate, turf was scraped off between

subdivision sidewalks—over an area surrounding the dam and nitrate plants sufficient to accommodate a population of 500,000. Then taxes lapsed; grass grew again between the subdivision sidewalks.

But on May 10 of this year the New York *Sun* printed a special dispatch from Muscle Shoals which began as follows: "The boom times that the Muscle Shoals area has long awaited are now definitely in process of development. . . ." Similar dispatches appeared in other papers. So the turf is again being scraped off between the sidewalks; the back taxes are being paid. Business in the phantom city of Muscle Shoals looks up. Real estate has already jumped 100 per cent in value, according to the dispatches. Would you like to know more about it? On Broadway in New York in a store window you will see a fascinating replica of Muscle Shoals—unless it has recently been removed—a great contour map of the area, with a model of the dam, the nitrate plants, and all the other developments; there is even a toy railroad train chugging round. Inside you will find a chap lecturing.

Nature, this lecturer informs you, in her wisdom and bounty assembled more valuable and useful materials in the Tennessee Valley than in any other region of like size on earth. His exact words are: "All minerals except copper, gold, and silver; all woods useful for building except mahogany and teak." And though you may have supposed that the greatest American deposits of bauxite, the ore from which aluminum is derived, were in Arkansas, this lecturer informs you that in fact the second largest deposits in the world are just west of the Wilson Dam. That is where Arkansas is, of course, but he doesn't expect his listeners to know enough geography to check up on him. His figures about coal and iron appear to include the Birmingham district, but he does not bother to mention that fact.

Would you like to see a real action picture, a motion picture, of Muscle Shoals? That is possible at the Muscle Shoals auditorium, just a few doors farther down the street. It is operated by the same organization. Here you can listen more comfortably sitting down. And while the movies show

what a beehive of activity Muscle Shoals is—rock, asphalt operations, limestone quarries, coal mines, blast furnaces—leaving the audience to judge for itself of the nearness and importance of each to Muscle Shoals—the lecturer at the auditorium reinforces the general appeal of Muscle Shoals with a few statistics on the possible real-estate developments of the region.

Now, by the way, are you not beginning to think that you would like to ask a rather personal question? The lecturer suspects that you would. Let him phrase it for you. Isn't it this? "Where, how, and when do I fit in? How do I profit from this wonderful Muscle Shoals development?" As answer to your query let him draw a comparison between Muscle Shoals and Gary. One could buy land in Gary for \$40 an acre before the United States Steel Corporation decided to locate its plant there. Now property in the business district is worth \$3,000 a front foot. What brought about this change? Why, the United States Steel Corporation put 20,000 men to work there. Roosevelt is going to put 200,000 men to work in the Tennessee Valley. Does your question need any answer beyond that? The lecturer neglects to inform you that very few of the 200,000 men are likely to be employed at the Wilson Dam, where his subdivisions are laid out.

Would you like still more assurance how you are to profit from all this? The lecturer continues. The very power generated at Muscle Shoals implies the coming of a great industrial population. He quotes Ford to the effect that in industrial developments each unit of horse-power provides employment for a man. Already Muscle Shoals is equipped to generate 200,000 horse-power. Eventually it will develop 750,000 or 1,000,000. Every industrial worker supports four in addition to himself. Draw your own conclusions.

This is the ballyhoo. Part of it. To get results in sales of twenty-by-one-hundred-foot building lots at, say, from \$450 to \$7,000 apiece, it is of course necessary to have an audience of the right sort. The store demonstration is one means of securing such an audience. Salesmen at this open-to-the-public demonstration judiciously distribute tickets for the auditorium event—or, rather, take the names and addresses of those who would like them. The tickets are sent by mail. Another way in which audiences for Muscle Shoals lectures are secured in New York is through the distribution of postcards with detachable return tabs on them to passers-by in the more prosperous office-building districts, such as the region around the Grand Central terminal. On the return tab, above the place where one is supposed to fill in one's name and address, is printed: "I can save \$10 or more per month and I am sufficiently interested in Muscle Shoals to ask you to send me complete information."

Both the return postcard and the store demonstration are drag-net methods of securing prospects, better designed for quantity than quality of haul. More selective in its results is the old and tested plan of circularizing mailing lists of people of assured income with no special knowledge of investment, such as dentists, school teachers, and physicians, or, better still, "sucker lists" of those who are known to have taken similar bait in the past. Another device for securing prospects, worthy, perhaps, of special mention, is known as the "bird-dog" method. According to the New York Better Business Bureau, which has had cause to take a special inter-

est in the Muscle Shoals promotion, the bird-dog plan is especially effective in flushing the quarry in times like these. For the benefit of the reader unfamiliar with sporting technique it may be well to explain that a bird dog points, and the hunter performs the execution. The following incident will illustrate.

A man and his wife were listening to one of the more popular radio programs, and being slow to turn it off at its conclusion, heard and became interested in an unfamiliar program following on the same station. It was about Muscle Shoals. At its conclusion the broadcaster offered—what do you think?—a job! Part-time work, not selling, something that anyone of ordinary education and intelligence could do, connected with the great government project at Muscle Shoals. Those interested were instructed to report at a given address the following day at three in the afternoon. This man had been out of work for nearly a year. Decidedly he was interested. He reported. He was received at one of those Muscle Shoals lectures that have been described. For an hour and a half ninety-seven unemployed white-collar workers, mostly men but with a considerable sprinkling of women, listened to a dissertation on Muscle Shoals. They were not told the nature of the work, but they were given this clue as to how they might qualify for it. No undesirables of the know-it-all or smart-Alec type were wanted—only men and women of character and intelligence, capable of *doing as they were told*, need trouble to return. Such persons and only such were to report again at the same time on the following afternoon. Eighty of the ninety-seven did so. They listened to another lecture on the same subject, and were treated to a free motion picture. Still they were not told the nature of the work. But they were informed that by their presence they had demonstrated that they were the type of men and women desired. They were as good as hired, every one of them. They had demonstrated their good faith. On the following day they would be told the nature of the work. And they were.

All the eighty reported. The nature of the work for which they had been engaged was divulged. It was this: Each person was to interest every friend and relative who might be in a position to invest in Muscle Shoals real estate. All he had to do was to induce his friends and relatives to come to the lectures and free motion-picture exhibitions. As had been promised, no selling effort whatever would be called for; the organization's own selling force would attend to that part of it. For each friend or relative who bought a lot the—shall we say?—bird dog would receive twenty-five dollars.

Thus by one means or another the "investment" possibilities of Muscle Shoals are brought to the most likely hearthsides in the land. Golden words make it appear that the whole project is to be consummated in the midst of the sidewalk-crisscrossed subdivisions—"Highland Park," "Ford City," "Nitrate City," "Millionaire Lake," and "Eldorado"—that have been laid out in the vicinity of the Wilson Dam. The sober facts are that the Congress has appropriated \$50,000,000 for the completion of the Cove Creek dam, for putting into experimental operation the nitrate plants, and for further utilization of the Wilson Dam hydroelectric development. It is expected that construction gangs will soon commence work at the site of the Cove Creek dam, which is upstream 180 miles. A lesser number of workmen will be

required for constructing power lines, installing additional equipment, and overhauling the existing nitrate plants at Muscle Shoals. In 1926 United States Army engineers estimated that not more than 2,000 men would be employed if both of the government's nitrate plants were put into operation. To operate the dam and power house when all the proposed units are installed, about 100 men will be required. Dwelling-houses built by the government in the reservations surrounding the nitrate plants provide quarters for the skilled and executive personnel. According to present plans, practically all the power generated at Muscle Shoals in excess of that required for operating the nitrate plants will be transmitted to important and developed industrial centers nearby, such as Nashville, Chattanooga, Memphis, and Birmingham.

These are the essential facts of the Muscle Shoals development. The essential nature of the Muscle Shoals real-estate promotion, on the other hand, was indicated when in 1923 the New York Better Business Bureau haled one of the more enterprising promotion organizations into court. Court evidence revealed that the plaintiff in the case paid \$6,000 in cash toward a total purchase price of \$24,000 for an eighty-acre tract of bottom land near the government's nitrate plants; that \$30,000 was expended in laying out sidewalks and grading streets; that promotion and selling ex-

penses brought the entire investment to \$150,000; and that the property, laid out in building lots, was for sale for \$600,000. Most of it had in fact been sold—on an instalment basis. The contracts stipulated a 25 per cent down payment, 6 per cent interest on the unpaid balance, and a five-dollar-a-year charge for up-keep on each lot. Incidentally, the magistrate (since that time, as a result of the Seabury investigation, he has been deposed) found in favor of the defendant.

One item included in the \$120,000 for promotion and other expenses was the cost of free excursions from New York provided for purchasers and prospective purchasers of lots. Similar excursions were sent out from Chicago, Detroit, and other points. But here was the catch. Unless the prospective purchaser—the majority on these excursions were in this class—bought a lot, he paid the cost of the junket himself—approximately \$100 a person. If he did make a purchase, the promotion item of \$120,000 took care of it. With the great government nitrate plants as exhibit number one, not to mention residential streets which sight-seeing buses might be routed through in the nearby thriving communities of Florence, Tuscumbia, and Sheffield, not many prospective purchasers on these excursions had to pay their own expenses. They merely paid for a building lot or two several times the cost of the excursion.

Walter Lippmann

IV. On Democracy

By AMOS PINCHOT

ON much that Mr. Lippmann has to say of American life, our limits of space forbid comment. Fairly or unfairly, I have chosen for discussion in this article passages from his writings which bear mainly upon inflation, foreign debts, Congressional investigations, and democratic government. Here, needless to say, one is not concerned with Mr. Lippmann as a stylist or literary personage. One is concerned with what he is telling his readers.

It is unjust, I think, to criticize Mr. Lippmann for what his former associates refer to as his swing to the right. I do not find that his books and articles confirm the existence of any real drift toward conservatism. On the contrary, whatever his youthful opinions may have been in the remote days when he founded the Harvard Socialist Club in company with John Reed, his writings show that, despite his employment of the vocabulary and certain clichés of liberalism, he has been a conservative on major questions for the last twenty years. It is true that now and then, on moonlight nights, and especially during general elections, his conservatism may philander a little with liberalism, possibly by way of showing that it is neither prudish nor narrow-minded. But it violates few of the proprieties, and invariably returns to its own chaste bed by midnight. And in any case, if Mr. Lippmann had frankly swung away from liberalism, that would be no one's business but his own.

In 1931, when Mr. Lippmann joined the staff of the conservative *Herald Tribune*, many feared that as a liberal he would find himself in a difficult position. One doubts that this has been the case. Indeed, one is inclined to believe that,

but for occasional disagreements on the question of supporting candidates, Mr. Lippmann and Mr. Ogden Reid find few large issues which they cannot discuss harmoniously. On important policies, Mr. Lippmann is rarely ahead of his time. And as a good pragmatist, who avoids being right at the wrong moment, his opinion is generally the postscript of the least illiberal group in Wall Street.

Lately, Mr. Lippmann has been criticized for his reversals of opinion on inflation. On this score too I think he should be exonerated. For it is the duty of a publicist to abandon any position he has taken the moment he is convinced he is wrong, provided, however—and here I think is where Mr. Lippmann is at fault—he makes no pretenses, and lets his readers know exactly where he stands.

Obviously, the question of currency inflation is one that admits of sincere difference of opinion. It may be argued, for instance, that inflation is, in essence, repudiation of debt and a legalized means of robbing the creditor for the debtor's sake. On the other hand, it may be said that the tendency in modern industrial society is to concentrate wealth in the hands of a comparatively small class, and that when this concentration reaches a point where the purchasing power of the masses is seriously impaired, inflation must be resorted to as a means of moving wealth, i. e. purchasing power, back to the pockets of the people.

However that may be, it was on January 18, 1933, that, after stating that "the Huey Longs" and other Democrats were misrepresenting the attitude of the Roosevelt Administration by conveying the impression that it favored

currency inflation, Mr. Lippmann wrote in his column, *Today and Tomorrow*:

... Mr. Roosevelt proposed in an orderly way to adjust those debts which required adjustment and maintain all obligations, public and private, which it is possible to maintain. The inflationists propose to strike at the currency itself, to debase it deliberately. ... The inflationist method would propose to relieve not only the farmer who has a mortgage but the public-utility company which has bonds outstanding, to reduce the value not only of money owing on real-estate mortgages, but all money—money in savings banks, money in insurance policies, money in governmental bonds, money owing for salaries, for wages, for every kind of fixed obligation.

Mr. Roosevelt ran and was elected after a campaign in which he made it entirely clear that he proposed to deal with the debt problem by detailed and specific adjustments. To suppose that he has secretly scrapped these pledges, and is now following Huey Long, is to believe that there is no honor left in our public life.

And this was not a new position for Mr. Lippmann. For he had been writing eloquently against currency inflation since the previous autumn. By March, 1933, however, we find a change in Mr. Lippmann's attitude. And though he does not swing clear over to the Huey Longs, he nevertheless edges toward them by stating in *Today and Tomorrow* that "the reopening of the banks will require a willingness to expand the currency adequately." (*Italics mine*). On the following day, March 8, he marks time, so to speak in his progress toward inflationism, by speaking kindly of "dilution" of the currency, provided, however, our government arrests the inflationary process, "before it gets out of hand."

On April 19, J. P. Morgan hallowed with his blessing the relinquishment of the gold standard. In the meantime, conditions had gone from bad to worse, and it was rumored that the big banks of New York and other debtor interests were fast coming to the conclusion that it was better to be paid in smaller dollars than to have the debtors go broke and not be paid at all. On April 25, after a series of wobblings in which he expressed his preference for inflation by open-market bond purchases and warned the country that, in any event, the government should assure "the banks and private investors that the integrity of the dollar is to be maintained," Mr. Lippmann becomes a currency inflationist by approving the section of the law that gives the President power "to fix the weight of the gold dollar." More than that, he states that the possession of such power is "an accepted part of central banking practice and monetary management."

In the interim, on April 24, Mr. Vincent Sheean, a newspaper correspondent, had written a letter to the *Herald Tribune*, in which he quoted from Mr. Lippmann's thoroughgoing denunciation of currency inflation of October, 1932. He charged Mr. Lippmann with inconsistency, and begged for an explanation of his change of mind. Mr. Lippmann's article, referred to by Mr. Sheean, reads in part as follows:

It is here that Senator Borah comes forward with a demand for an expansion of the currency, and it is here that he has fallen, I think, into a dangerous error. ... For these reasons it may truthfully be said that an inflation of the currency would make the burden of debtors, of farmers, and producers of all kinds, worse than it is today; that it would not assist, but would actually defeat, that effort to

cause a rise in prices which Senator Borah and every other understanding person desires. It is no paradox but the simple truth to say that a serious attempt to inflate the currency would aggravate violently the deflation of prices.

On April 27, refusing to be taken in inconsistency, Mr. Lippmann annihilates Mr. Sheean in a letter to the *Herald Tribune*. He denies that he has either changed his mind or been inconsistent. He makes no claim to infallibility or immutability, yet it so happens, he says, that in this particular case he has been consistent as well as right.

The only difference between what I now advocate and what I have been advocating for more than a year is that it no longer seems to me possible to make the policy successful within the limits of the gold standard. Since last April I have had increasing doubts as to whether it was possible "to make good on a gold basis the existing capital structure" (April 29, 1932), but I have never felt that it was honorable to abandon the gold standard except under compulsion. That compulsion came at the end of February, when the banks were closed and specie payments had to be suspended.

In making this reply to Mr. Sheean I do not wish to pretend that in all matters, or even in all aspects of this one matter, my articles have been consistent and unchanging. I have often changed my opinions, sometimes because they appeared later to be wrong, sometimes because I have lived and learned, and sometimes, in the case of the gold standard, because events themselves had changed.

It is not important, but it just happens that I am not guilty of the particular inconsistency which Mr. Sheean mentions.

In other words, with a fatherly tolerance toward the dissenter, which might be hard to match in recent controversial exchanges, he gives Mr. Sheean to understand that it is not he, Mr. Lippmann, that has changed; it is the course of events. Clearly, Mr. Lippmann's views have remained unaltered, since they have retained a fixed position in relation to truth, history, and the universe in which Mr. Lippmann has his home. And somehow, the conclusion is conveyed that Mr. Sheean has been guilty of a rather shabby trick. However, irrespective of the merits of the case, which are plainly on Mr. Sheean's side, one's feeling is that Mr. Sheean deserves scant sympathy. He should have known in advance that an effort to corner Mr. Lippmann on any subject whatever is like trying to corner Jove himself. Evading the issue, our publicist wraps himself in a cloud, like an offended deity, and, having blasted Mr. Sheean with his lightning, vanishes in the sky.

Coming to Mr. Lippmann's attitude on the payment of war debts, we must admit that our inconstant nymph of journalism has shown a more than ordinary degree of consistency. Yet he avoids being uncomfortably consistent. For, as he told Mr. Sheean—Mr. Lippmann lives and learns. On November 16, 1932, he wrote in *Today and Tomorrow*:

The policy of cancelation can be dismissed quickly. The American nation will not offer it and some of the important debtors will ask for it. The fundamental objection to cancelation, now that the debt contracts exist, is that it would impair treaty obligations in a world which depends for its security and its prosperity upon treaties.

(Alas, poor world!) More than once, Mr. Lippmann assures us that he is not for cancelation; he is for revision. Yet, when we turn hopefully to his previous issue of July 15

for a definition of revision, our curiosity is not rewarded. For we find that, to all intents and purposes, revision is cancelation, since he urges wiping out—not canceling, be it known—the entire debt of the fifteen debtor nations, upon their payment to this country of a sum equal to 9 per cent of their total indebtedness. Nevertheless, on January 16, 1933, he replies indignantly to a correspondent who rates him as a cancelationist, that the statement that he is a cancelationist is “an astonishing misrepresentation” and “flatly untrue.”

Apparently, in Mr. Lippmann’s mind, cancelation of a mere 91 per cent of the debts has not only the virtue of not being cancelation, but the even greater one of preserving those solemn documents which sustain the world. One would like to ask just where, between a 91 and a 100 per cent revision, Mr. Lippmann finds the point where revision becomes cancelation and treaties tremble in their boots?

Plainly, cancelation, like inflation, is a debatable issue. But, irrespective of the spot where expediency and justice meet, it would seem incumbent on a responsible publicist to state his case candidly, and with some regard for his own government. Yet, at a time when the spokesmen and press of the debtor nations, plus a considerable part of our own newspapers, supported by an army of militant bankers, Anglophiles, Francophiles, and the sort of fashionables who are wont to curry favor with foreigners by running down their own country, were united in a frantic effort to make the United States appear a usurious Shylock, squeezing the last penny from friendly peoples, Mr. Lippmann was more French than the French, more English than the English. He not only made no attempt to check this nonsense, but led it, to the delight of the foreign press, which picked up his writings and spread them far and wide as proof that the great liberal journalist of America was ashamed of his country’s greed.

In *Today and Tomorrow*, Mr. Lippmann accused America of persuading France and England to go to Lausanne and cancel the German reparations in the innocent belief that America, through President Hoover, had pledged itself to reciprocate by postponing the interest payments. This despite the fact that Mr. Laval, to whom Mr. Hoover made whatever representations were made, was far too shrewd a politician not to know that Mr. Hoover had no power to bind Congress to any course whatever.

On most occasions Mr. Lippmann is a restrained writer. He wins his readers by the suave temperance of his style. But he arraigns the Americans who balk at cancelation in a big bow-wow style—something of which he is very rarely guilty—and with an intemperance which he reserves for no other group of malefactors. They are political terrorists, wavers of the bloody shirt, makers of discord. He writes as though they felt for the debtor nations an insane hatred, like that of the Northern irreconcilables for the South after the Civil War. After citing the generosity of England and France at Lausanne, and their changed attitude toward Germany, he writes in his column of July 15, 1932:

What they have learned we shall learn. The moment will come when men will say to themselves here that the war which began eighteen years ago must end, and that it is time to stop waving the bloody shirt, that it is time to deal as Lincoln would have dealt, with his kind and patient strength, and to retire into the obscurity which

would be their worst and sufficient punishment all that brood who inherit the implacable hatred and evil genius of Thaddeus Stevens. We have had enough of the political terrorists who, appealing to all that is base in our natures, have brought the politicians to a point so abject they dare not call their souls their own. Let the exploiters of hatred and the makers of discord get out of our way. They have hurt and humiliated us long enough. We have other business to do. For this people will not forever allow its interests to be perverted, its policy to be distracted, its reputation to be lowered, its honor impugned, its magnanimity and greatness denied by the scratching and wailing of jingoes and ignoramuses.

But if Mr. Lippmann is impassioned on the question of cancelation, we find him hardly less so on the subject of democracy. But before examining him on democracy, let us cite briefly a few facts which seem germane to its discussion. The history of government may be regarded as the story of the conflict between two theories—the democratic theory and that opposing theory which upholds the massing of power in the hands of a comparatively small group. History abundantly proves that human beings are not fitted for the possession of great power, and that those whom the gods would make mad they first make powerful. It took thousands of years for civilized peoples to realize that concentration of power means abuse of power; and that, for all its drawbacks, democracy, in the long run and except in grave emergencies, is the most workable form of social control. This conclusion is perhaps the most important one that has been reached by any considerable portion of the human race.

Unfortunately, however, it is not an unassailable conclusion. And from time to time, especially in the crises which occur in the aftermath of war, democracy must endure a new and painful *via crucis*. Its reputed friends turn against it. Its enemies redouble their attack. Distrust of the people and exaltation of executive power are breathed with the air. And this has been so throughout history. In Greece, before the Peloponnesian war, democracy seemed established. It held the loyalty of the Athenian people, and stirred their imagination. “But a people ruling—” says a speaker in Herodotus, “first, the very name is beautiful—Isonomie (Equality in Law).” Yet, as Gilbert Murray recalls, it was but two decades later that an Athenian statesman voiced the opinion of a changed world. “Of course,” said he, “all sensible men know what democracy is. . . . There is nothing new to be said about acknowledged insanity.”

In “Public Opinion,” 1922, and “The Phantom Public,” 1925, Mr. Lippmann sets forth his views on democracy. While he does not tell us in so many words that democracy should be abandoned in favor of some sort of fascist regime, this is the unspoken conclusion. As usual, Mr. Lippmann airs his talent for not saying the thing he implies. But he lists innumerable and apparently unsurmountable objections to democracy, and makes it sufficiently plain that, if there are still those who have faith in the democratic theory, they should be warned; for they are kneeling at the shrine of a dying god. Thus, though Mr. Lippmann refuses to slay his democracy outright, his assault upon it is like the Chinese torture of a thousand cuts. While no single gash inflicted by our writer is fatal in itself, the sum total leaves democracy little more than a bleeding stump.

Democracy, argues Mr. Lippmann, presupposes an in-

finitude of impossibilities. It presupposes either a "self-sufficient individual" or "an Oversoul regulating everything." It presupposes an informed public and an organized public opinion, whereas, Mr. Lippmann reminds us, such a public opinion is a figment of the imagination. It presupposes familiarity not merely with issues but with men, which is impossible in a country like the United States, on account of the vast numbers of the electorate.

Jeffersonian democracy, says Mr. Lippmann, predicates "an ideal environment and a selected class," and though this did not conflict with the political science of the Jeffersonian era, "it did conflict with the realities." Democracy presupposes an informed Congress, whereas, says Mr. Lippmann; "... a congress of representatives is essentially a group of blind men in a vast, unknown world." Elaborating his point that the plight of Congress is due to its ignorance, he writes:

So bad is the contact of legislators with necessary facts that they are forced to rely either on private tips or on that legalized atrocity, the Congressional investigation, where Congressmen, starved of their legitimate food for thought, go on a wild and feverish man-hunt, and do not stop at cannibalism.

Thus, as in his previous books, Mr. Lippmann pays his respects to Congressional investigations. And that he does so at this time is significant. For 1922, the year he wrote "Public Opinion" marked the beginning of a series of Congressional inquiries which were to bring out, more dramatically than ever, the character and practices of the big business administrators whom, in "Drift and Mastery," 1914, and "A Preface to Morals," 1929, Mr. Lippmann offers as the hope of the modern world. It was in 1922 that the Lockwood Committee made its investigation of the steel interests. It was in 1923 that Senator Robert M. La Follette published his report, showing that the Rockefeller group so dominated the oil industry through transportation differentials and unfair competition, that:

Standard Oil today fixes the price which the producer of crude oil receives at the well, the price which the refiner receives for his gasoline and kerosene, as well as the retail price paid by the consumer.

In 1924, Senator Walsh of Montana investigated the oil scandals, which wound up in the conviction of Secretary Fall, the escape of Attorney-General Daugherty by means of a hung jury, and the disclosure that four of the enlightened administrators of the Standard Oil companies had, with Harry Sinclair, conspired to defraud their stockholders of \$8,000,000. It was in 1926 that the Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures surprised Insull in an attempt to buy for \$125,000 a seat in the Senate for his friend, Colonel Smith, the Chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission. On the whole, Mr. Lippmann could hardly have found a worse moment to denounce Congressional inquiries.

Coming now to "The Phantom Public," a sequel to "Public Opinion," we find in Mr. Lippmann's assaults on democracy a bolder tone. At this time, 1925, notwithstanding the efforts of the liberals in Congress, plutocracy seemed more firmly entrenched than ever, while big business stood at the gates of that paradise of privilege whose tranquillity was only to be shattered by the crash of 1929. As Mr. Lippmann himself points out in "Men of Destiny" the country had become bored with scandals, and Coolidge had managed public

opinion so adroitly that for "every yawp" he could "match a yawn." Democracy was at a low ebb when Mr. Lippmann wrote "The Phantom Public." And this may account for the unwonted vigor with which our publicist presses his attack.

The problems of democracy, says Mr. Lippmann, change so quickly that familiarity with them at any given time becomes useless a few years later. "That is why the usual appeal to education as the remedy for the incompetence of democracy is so barren." Democracy "has never developed an education for the public. . . . It has, in fact, aimed not at making good citizens but at making a mass of amateur executives." It produces "a bewildered public and a mass of insufficiently trained officials."

The force of public opinion is partisan, spasmodic, simple-minded, and external. It needs for its direction, as I have tried to show in these chapters, a new intellectual method which shall provide it with its own usable canons of judgment.

But for a description of this method and these canons, the reader waits in vain. With the reticence of a college student guarding the mysteries of his senior society, Mr. Lippmann leaves the matter in darkness, and moves sternly on.

So much for a few of the many objections raised against democracy in "Public Opinion" and in the first two parts of "The Phantom Public." But it is in Part III of the latter book that, exchanging the role of critic for that of judge, he dons his robe and wig and arraigns democracy in the dock:

A false ideal of democracy can lead only to disillusionment and to meddling tyranny. If democracy cannot direct affairs, then a philosophy which expects it to direct them will encourage the people to attempt the impossible; they will fail, but that will interfere outrageously with the productive liberties of the individual. The public must be put in its place, so that it may exercise its own powers, but no less and perhaps even more, so that each of us may live free of the trampling and the roar of a bewildered herd.

Whatever may be said of the foregoing as a confession of a social philosophy, it at least has the merit of candor. Had Mr. Lippmann written nothing else, this paragraph alone should go far toward making him immortal in the literature of politics. That some of Mr. Lippmann's objections to democracy are valid objections, no one will deny. The difficulty with his discussion, if it can be called a discussion, is not merely that he exaggerates and states unfairly the objections to democracy, but that he cites none of its advantages—and incidentally, none of the disadvantages inherent in other systems. And this an objective writer, dealing with a subject of importance, would hardly fail to do. That autocracy, fascism, plutocracy, and dictatorships of various descriptions have proved themselves shortsighted, ignorant, and uneducative, and, what is more, extremely selfish and cruel, is a truism which a fairer critic would cite by way of evening the account. To quote briefly from Henry Noel Brailsford, who summarizes the case for democracy far better than I can:

We do not desire the rule of the majority because we cherish any illusion about the intelligence or the virtues of the masses. Like average men in all classes, they are content to have their thinking done for them by their leaders and their newspapers. We do not count brains in a

DO NOT CUT. TEAR OFF REFACE
BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

modern state; we count interests. The ballot is a rough method of deciding the greatest good of the greatest number. If the greatest number is muddle-headed in perceiving its greatest good, it must learn its lesson by hard experience.

And yet, Mr. Lippmann, whose writings, stripped of their stylistic excellence, often reveal surprising immaturity, repeats again and again what is so obviously untrue, to wit, that democracy presupposes that men are equal in character, intelligence, and wisdom, and, in "Men of Destiny," denies that democracy permits what he calls "an order of values among men."

Incredible as it may seem, for all Mr. Lippmann's awareness of the disparity between the bewildered herd and the unbewildered few, his writings carry little evidence that he is even dimly aware of the part privilege plays in accentuating the disparities of American life. And in particular he takes no account of the fact that the failures of democracy have not been due to defects inherent in democracy, but to our having permitted vast concentrations of wealth and power in the hands of a small privileged class, which in itself would go far toward wrecking any form of government conceived by the mind of man. Indeed, in his writings on the failure of democracy, he emphasizes almost everything but the one salient condition that is responsible for its impaired functioning.

Strangely enough, though Mr. Lippmann still classes himself as a liberal in his promotional pamphlet, he has had few kind words to say for the men who are fighting the battles of liberalism in Congress, that is, with the exception of Senator Borah. And yet it has been the devoted and, I think, on the whole intelligent efforts of such men as the older and younger La Follette, Norris, Costigan, La Guardia, Wheeler, Wagner, Cutting, Walsh, and Couzens, and of other liberals outside the federal government, that have saved American politics from surrender to a materialism as gross as any the modern world has known.

As anyone versed in politics knows, the liberals, irrespective of their political and economic tenets, are simply men who are too innately decent to sit by complacently while big business makes the government its silent partner in exploiting the inhabitants of the country. It is true that the liberals have not been able to unite upon a constructive program. But this should not stultify them in the eyes of Mr. Lippmann, who repeatedly boasts that he has no program himself.

I have no legislative program to offer, no new institutions to propose. There are, I believe, immense confusions in the current theory of democracy which frustrate and pervert its action. I have attacked certain of the confusions with no conviction except that a false philosophy tends to stereotype thought against the lessons of experience. I do not know what the lessons will be when we have learned to think of public opinion as it is, and not of the fictitious power we have assumed it to be. It is enough if with Bentham we know that "the perplexity of ambiguous discourse . . . distracts and eludes the apprehension, stimulates and inflames the passions."

In this sad reflection upon the futility of his thinking which constitutes the final paragraph of "The Phantom Public," Mr. Lippmann garners the belated fruit of two reasonably fat volumes. Indeed, Mr. Lippmann keeps so far away

from the formulation of a program that, if one were to try to find a principle other than the further massing of power in the hands of plutocracy, upon which he relies for social or political improvement, one would have to adopt the method of the astronomer who, by analyzing the rays from distant stars, establishes their physical composition.

For his attack on the democratic theory, some of Mr. Lippmann's admirers urge in extenuation that, his point of view being generally cynical, he should not be expected to make an exception by believing in democracy. This argument does not bear examination. For when he discusses the benefits which are to accrue from the cancelation of war debts, or from big business under its enlightened administrators, he speaks with the simple faith of a Tennessee fundamentalist bishop. In justice to Mr. Lippmann, however, it must be noted that lately, indeed very lately, his attitude toward democracy has undergone an alteration. I refer in particular to his address on May 20, 1933, to the Associated Harvard Clubs at Cleveland. By this time, democracy, considering the variety of his attacks upon it, should, by every rule of nature, be as dead as Julius Caesar. Nevertheless, the Democratic Party having lately won an overwhelming victory, and the White House, together with the executive and legislative branches of the government, being filled to the eaves with an unprecedented horde of Jeffersonians, Mr. Lippmann, as a matter of courtesy to the new incumbents, saves democracy at the very brink of the grave.

We have heard quite enough of late about the glorious achievements of tyrannical governments and how freedom is an illusion and democracy a failure. The last word has not yet been said on the subject.

Admittedly Mr. Lippmann has done good things, things which others may cite in some discussion purporting, as this one does not, to catalogue his virtues. At times, the New York *World's* editorial page glowed with something more than literary style and intellectuality. But the glow was shortlived, and since then the bulk of his writings have been reactionary. Always the impulse to write humanly of men and affairs is quenched by an inveterate disbelief in the people. I imagine that Euripides's words,

The simple nameless herd of humanity
Hath deeds and faith that are truth enough for me!

would, in Mr. Lippmann's philosophy, seem crass sentimentalism. Yet they are nothing else than the poetic expression of the fact, proved by experience, that on questions of simple justice or broad policy, it is safer to trust the opinion of a ditch digger than that of a college president.

Mr. Lippmann has, I think, done an immense amount of harm. He has confused the thinking of his readers. He has confirmed them in unconscious Bourbonism. He has written persuasively against democracy, and persuasively for plutocracy, which, however, he has not described. He has soothed his readers to sleep where the public good required vigilance. He has advocated the leadership of big business as a wise, disinterested leadership. He has proclaimed his faith in monopoly. He has joined with plutocracy in its hue and cry against Congress and Congressional inquiries and has shared its distrust of the people. He has helped to put his country in a false position in the eyes of Europe. He has bemoaned the fact that there is in the United States "a dying down of the old popular fervor in attacking corruption."

Yet he has supported Tammany for political reasons, and has had no word to say about the Insull debacle, in which the corruption of the utility companies culminated in an unprecedented disaster for the investing public. He has ignored the fact of privilege and diverted attention from the struggle between privilege and justice. He has told his readers what they want to be told, offering complacency instead of truth.

And it is regrettable. For Walter Lippmann, with his active mind, his great talent, his industry, and his brilliant style, might have been a rain that would have helped freshen the streams of American thought.

Hero Balbo

By GEORGE SELDES

ITALO BALBO, hero, aviator, member of the cabinet, original member of the quadrumvirate which "captured" Rome, and former political boss of Ferrara, has arrived with his squadron. In Montreal, Chicago, and New York, extraordinary precautions were taken to safeguard his life. In London, Brazil, and New York, shouts of "assassin" greeted him. Why?

Despite ten years of censorship in which the entire history of the violence and bloodshed which marked political disputes in Italy has been either erased or altered to read more sweetly, a few persons outside of Italy still remember Signor Balbo's record. In his early twenties, he joined Benito Mussolini in Milan and became associated with a little group of household friends who were pledged to carry out the future Duce's secret orders. Two other intimate friends and workers were Amerigo Dumini, born in St. Louis, the son of Augustus and Jessie Williams Dumini, and Cesare Rossi, an ex-Socialist. These two, tried for murder in 1926, were later imprisoned for blackmailing the Duce.

In 1922 Mussolini appointed Balbo with three others to lead the "March on Rome" while he himself waited in his barricaded office. In 1923 Mussolini rewarded Balbo by appointing him at the ripe age of twenty-five commander-in-chief of the militia. Balbo was also "Ras" or boss of the Province of Ferrara. It was in the village of Argenta in Balbo's own province that a Catholic priest, the Abbe Minzoni, organized a Catholic Boy Scouts and other Catholic clubs which opposed the bloodshed and terrorism of contending rival political parties. At this time Mussolini, who had not yet begun negotiations with the Vatican, still publicly declared himself an anti-clerical and atheist. The "squadristi" or racketeers were still instructed to fight the Catholic organizations. Balbo organized a squadristi punitive expedition which invaded Argenta and sacked the clubs. In the fighting Father Minzoni was killed. So indignant was all Italy that a trial was held in November, 1925, as a result of which Mussolini removed Balbo from power. One of the pieces of evidence I have seen, a letter dated August 31, 1923, and signed "Balbo," ordered the beating and deportation from the province of witnesses and political enemies who had been found not guilty in another affair.

But shortly after the murder of Father Minzoni by Balbo's squadron the demoted militia leader discovered a plot among the Fascisti to replace Mussolini with a mon-

archist leader. Mussolini rewarded Balbo by naming him under-secretary of national economy. Eventually, Balbo became minister of aviation. In 1926, preparatory to visiting Bologna, the Duce had 2,000 persons arrested there "preventatively." Nevertheless, someone in the line of parade fired a shot. Just behind Mussolini rode the official nobility. Buonaccorsi, one of the nobility in the front rank, slit the throat of the would-be assassin, another stabbed him several times, and as the quivering body was hanged Italo Balbo fired two shots into it. Rarely has history recorded a lynching in which the leading members of a government participated. This case caused tremendous excitement in Bologna, where the masses looked on while the nobility and the law-givers delivered summary justice, but censorship suppressed almost all the facts for years.

A number of similar incidents of violence may be found in the secret history of this great hero. While millions cheer, a few remember.

In the Driftway

THE old ships pass. In the welter of other events several famous steamships have vanished from the transatlantic lanes in the present year almost without notice. Americans, of course, are brought up to look with indifference upon obsolescence—to regard it as a part of progress and therefore almost a blessing. The scrap pile is not a sacred burying ground in the churchyard but a showy mausoleum in the market place, which stands as a proof of our advancing civilization. But even Americans are not oblivious to the tragedy of age and discard when they overtake humanity or that almost human creation, a ship. So there will be those to feel a touch of melancholy at the thought that four such illustrious transatlantic liners as the Leviathan, the France, the Baltic, and the Adriatic should disappear from the scene all in the space of a few months.

* * * * *

PROBABLY the withdrawal from service of the Leviathan will not be greatly mourned. She is an American ship in name only, having been built in Germany and acquired by the United States as one of our spoils of war. She was gloriously useful in rushing over troops and getting them back again, but a commercial passenger carrier in subsequent years the Leviathan was a failure. The France stands in a different position. For a number of years the France was the fastest ship on the North Atlantic with the exception of the Mauretania. Like the latter, the France had four funnels, or smokestacks, which gave her an appearance of tremendous power when under way. She was the last four-funnel steamship built by the French Line and is one of the few survivors of that distinguished type to live through to our day. No recently built ship can quite match those four-stackers in the impression which they make on the eye as majestic floating machines. They are demoded today because the change from coal to oil fuel makes one funnel enough for practical purposes, although two or three smokestacks are usually installed for the sake of appearances and miscellaneous ventilation. It is worth recalling of this great ship that her name was simply France. She was never "La

France." The French Line had had a long string of ships before her named *La Provence*, *La Touraine*, *La Bretagne*, and the like, but with a sentiment delightfully Gallic it was agreed that there could be but one "*La France*"—the fatherland.

* * * * *

THE disappearance of the Adriatic and the Baltic from the transatlantic lanes marks the end of a special type of passenger vessel and a kind of traffic that is now gone probably never to reappear. The Baltic was sold to Japanese buyers lately for scrap. The Adriatic is still in use for cruises out of England but presumably will not survive long. Both ships belonged to the celebrated group of broad-beamed, high carrying-capacity craft in which the White Star Line began to specialize early in the century when it definitely gave up the pursuit of speed in favor of comfort and large-scale accommodation. The Baltic had a speed of seventeen knots an hour. She was under 24,000 tons gross, no great size in this day, but she was built to carry 2,744 passengers and had three quarters of a million cubic feet of cargo space besides. The recently launched United States liner *Washington*, with virtually the same tonnage as the Baltic, has passenger accommodations for only about 1,200 persons, and the mammoth *Normandie*, now under construction in France, is designed to carry no more than 3,490 passengers, although she is three times as large as the old White Star steamship. In the *Normandie*, intended to be the world's fastest transatlantic liner, passenger accommodation has had to be sacrificed, of course, to make space for engines, boilers, and fuel. Also it is to be remembered that ships like the Baltic and Adriatic thrived on the once enormous immigrant traffic and gave more space to third-class passengers—packed exceedingly close—than do vessels nowadays. It is a reasonable guess that liners like the Baltic and Adriatic had accommodations for more passengers by comparison with their size than any ships before them ever had or any craft after them are likely to have.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Tax-Free Cities Again

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your number of July 12, George W. Greene makes reference to my article on Tax-Free Cities and says: "The thesis so well set forth by Louis Bartlett in his article on Tax-Free Cities is unsound, it seems to me, and will hamper the future growth of municipal ownership."

He mistakenly assumes that because I have shown how cities *can* be made tax-free by using their profits from the operation of public utilities I am urging that they *should* do so. A rereading of the article will convince him that I am not urging this as a municipal policy.

In Ontario under the Hydro Commission, where there is no practical difficulty in finding new capital for additions and betterments to existing systems, it is possible to apply all of the profits from operation to a reduction of power rates. In the United States this is politically infeasible as the power companies during the last thirty years have made it extremely difficult for cities to obtain the necessary new capital except

from the profits of their systems, and it is necessary to divide the savings under municipal ownership into at least two parts, one devoted to reduction in rates and the second to new capital investments in the plant. "Tax-free cities" have devoted a large part of all of these savings to a reduction in the tax rate. How these savings should be applied is a matter of policy which I think cannot be decided a priori. Many cities now find a reduction in the tax rate or a subsidy to the unemployed from power profits to be a life saver.

San Francisco, July 14

LOUIS BARTLETT

Revised Election Figures

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I wish to call your attention to the election statistics used by Mr. Hays in his article, *La Guardia* for Mayor of New York. These figures evidently were taken from the 1932 annual report of the Board of Elections in the City of New York. They are not the revised figures issued some time later, which are as follows:

John P. O'Brien, Democrat	1,054,323
Lewis H. Pounds, Republican	443,520
Morris Hillquit, Socialist	251,656
Joseph V. McKee	264,836

This includes 22,937 variations of McKee's name. Of the unrecorded votes there are approximately 206,000.

New York, July 20

DAVE LAZAR

Housing Is a Social Problem

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Some time ago in a review of current development in pre-fabricated housing, by Douglas Haskell, reference was made to the Allied Construction Industries Standardized House Conference (of which the writer is chairman) with the statement that "their research attempts to save the contractor's form of enterprise. Our organization aims to go beyond, not to save, antiquated building procedure in the most urgent social construction problem now before the nation. Your reviewer must have been erroneously informed."

Practically all mass-production housing schemes have been the products of individual architects or manufacturers of special materials. This accounts in the first case for certain clever space arrangements but serious failure to achieve structural and mechanical simplicity and economy. In the second case the irrational bias is easily discernible for metal, or wood, or brick, or enamel, or cotton, or glass which are utilized without reference to their essential characteristics.

Designs result which fail to permit variation of appearance, fire resistance, structural unity, and economy. These metal or wood or cotton houses will be discarded when it is remembered that the safe shelter of human beings is the object. The metal houses cannot stand a simple cost analysis. Aesthetically there are violent objections to an appearance resembling that of filling station toilets rather than houses. Virtually all neglect the fundamental fact that housing is already a social, not an individual problem and that construction must be applicable to large communal buildings as well as small houses.

The Allied Construction Industries House Conference is unique in that it has, for the first time, assembled all related professions in its work, including architecture, structural engineering, mechanical engineering, standardization and production engineering, city planning, financing and cooperative and governmental social organization.

Without prejudice toward materials, utilizing their maximum possibilities by advanced structural design, providing extensive variation of appearance in form, texture, and color, requiring relatively simple fabricating apparatus, all economically controlled and adaptable for community development, results have been achieved which are not marked by the individual weaknesses here pointed out. Only through such a comprehensive organization can the problem be met.

Moscow, June 1

ZARA WITKIN

My Country 'Tis of Thee

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

America is the land of motion and emotion. By popular demand both must be cheap.

Baltimore, July 16

W. H. LOGUE, JR.

Inflated Books

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I wish to protest against a common habit of modern publishers. I refer to the practice of padding a very slight book (slight in total words, not necessarily in literary value) until the book appears large in size and, therefore, worth a considerable price. Several recent books have impressed me most unfavorably for that reason—for example, Katharine Anthony's "Marie Antoinette" and Hamilton Basso's "Beauregard."

But the worst example of physical inflation that I have seen is James Truslow Adams's biography of Henry Adams, a book which I intended to buy. I found a large, somewhat imposing volume, when viewed from the outside. Turning the leaves, I discovered also that the book had evidently been printed for the blind; the type was very large, the margins excessive, and the leaded spaces between the lines something to marvel at. Between two chapters were three pages that contained one line of print—not one line for each page, but one line in all. Evidently the publishers had decided that the text *must* run about 200 pages, and by clever manipulation they forced a short text to appear long.

It may be that such cleverness is in some degree responsible for the present plight of the publishers. This is no time to waste money, and most of us desire that 200 pages shall represent exactly that, and not the equivalent of 100 or 150 pages. I know that I, for one, shall not buy "Henry Adams," though I should like to own it; I refuse to pay \$2.50 for a book that should sell at the most for \$1.50. Any person who sees new books can name others that have been padded and over-priced in similar fashion.

I, for one, am tired of it. Personally, I prefer small books, if they are decently printed, for the housing of books, in this day, is no small problem in itself. When I do buy a large book, I want that book to justify its size and price in reading matter as well as in literary worth. This practice of padding books strikes me as similar to the business tactics that many of our clever bankers pursued until very recently. For the reader, such a practice rouses suspicion and restrains buying; for the publisher, it is not only questionable ethics, it is bad business.

EDD WINFIELD PARKS

Nashville, Tennessee, June 15

The article, *The Random Satire of George S. Kaufman* by Joseph Wood Krutch, announced for this issue, will appear next week.

What Is Happening to the Professions?

The depression has laid a heavy toll on professional workers. For many of them the outlook is desperate. How have they met the onslaught of hard times?

In the next issue *The Nation* will publish the first of a series of striking articles on the white collar worker and the depression. This one by Talbot Faulkner Hamlin deals with THE PLIGHT OF THE ARCHITECTS.

What has happened to the doctors, trained nurses, teachers in school and college, artists, clergymen, engineers and musicians will be set forth in subsequent articles.

Is the Home Loan Act a Fraud?

Also in next week's *Nation* Henry Goldey makes the startling assertion that:

"Debenture bonds of the Home Owners Loan Corporation are ineligible under State laws for investment by supervised financial institutions."

Therefore, "no relief under the bill can be expected by the vast majority of home owners of the country."

Professional workers will want to know what is happening in their own and other professions.

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Books and Films

Before the Storm

By C. DAY LEWIS

Now, in the hour of exhaustion,
When laburnums loll like tongues unslaked,
When mouths of prophets are dry and arable is cracked,
As though for the answer to the crucial question
Earth seems to wait:
The crisis of her heart betrayed
In the redder flush of tulips, ■ luster on all things laid.
We see our fate
Through her clairvoyant eyes,
And, as in crystal, near and dear,
Landmarks, old loves, features almost forgotten, appear.
But the air stirs with ■ faint surmise,
A hope of ease,
A sick man's sigh for water; and we know
Coming, is coming now
The flash, the thunder, the release.

Here, in the streets of desperation,
No beauty gives color to their hour of need;
Burnt out as an engine driven too hard, that seized,
Are the nerves of this nation:
Faces like dead ash fallen in,
Hearts their fires drawn,
Earth-fast eyes, cheated too often by false dawn.
Yet here, here shall storm begin,
And if he strikes your landmark, these will never miss it.
Already are beating faintly his drums
Below their hearts' horizon. Be sure, when he comes,
It is no flying visit:
Lightning is on his lips, power in his veins
That all who are wired to receive shall share;
They shall rise to find the air
Cleared, sunny with ■ fresh eloquence, ■■ after rains.

A Confession of Faith

All Men Are Enemies. By Richard Aldington. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

MR. ALDINGTON calls his new book "a romance," and so it is in the sense that its core is ■ love story, frankly lyrical and unabashed. He would, however, be the last to deny that it is also a confession of faith, and I fancy that many readers are going to judge it largely according to the extent of their sympathy with that explicit faith.

This, so it seems, is the extrovert's decade. At the moment our typical heroes turn outward upon the world, not inward upon themselves, and their concern is with society, which must be made different from what it is before any personal happiness is possible. But in this one sense at least Mr. Aldington's hero is not typical. He is a product of his time and acutely aware of its problems; but he is, primarily, an individualist, and his story is the story of a successful effort to achieve a meaningful life in the midst of a world whose whole spirit is antagonistic to the aims he pursues and the values he cherishes.

The form of the book is the familiar life story of a young

man, Antony Clarendon. Like one of Mr. Wells's heroes, he is born into the quiet English countryside, grows up under various intellectual influences, meets young Socialists and young worldlings, goes to war, and then emerges into a world where everything has been tested and most things destroyed. He differs from the Wellsian hero, however, in that the problems of society furnish only the background, not the substance, of his life. Faith in human institutions he has lost and, along with it, faith in most men as they now are. But the good things of life—love, peace, art, and beauty—are still good if only one can be wise enough or fortunate enough to find them, and the chief business of life is still to be sure that one does. The times are out of joint. The comfortable creed of the Tory is ■ fraud, and the equally comfortable faith of the utopian liberal who sees freedom slowly broadening down and "progress" automatically proceeding from triumph to triumph is no less ■ sham. But the danger is that those who revolt against that sham may forget what life is really for, that they may establish or try to establish an orderly and equitable world from which, nevertheless, the possibility of any rich or humanly valuable life has departed.

Accordingly, therefore, Antony rejects the efforts of a Communist acquaintance to bring him into the movement. He is even for a few days drawn unwillingly into the arms of "volunteer workers" organized to carry on during the period of the general strike, and drawn in just as he was into the great war—not because he believed in its aims but because there was no possible public attitude to which he could give ■ genuine allegiance. The revolutionists are as alien to him as the solid commercial citizens, for the simple reason that they are equally crass in their materialism, equally incapable of building ■ really good world because equally incapable of conceiving what such a good world would be. He is a lost soul in the midst of a lost society, but, unlike most of the others, he is still, he believes, at least a living one. He turns defiantly from the society he cannot save to that self which, perhaps, he can, and if a justification for that act is necessary he would find it by asserting that the individual can do nothing more useful than to keep alive the sense that the meaning of life lies in the experiences possible to it, and that, ultimately, it can be good only if the individual finds it so.

Mr. Aldington prefaces this quite long but swift, passionate, and eloquent novel with an "author's note," and with ■ sort of prologue in which the gods of Olympus discuss the fate of his hero. Neither is quite necessary, for one of the best things which can be said of the novel is just that its argument is kept so well in solution that it hardly needs any explicit statement. But the whole spirit of the thing is nevertheless tinged with what, if the word had not been so cheapened by misuse, one would like to call a pagan attitude, rather than either a Christian or a "modern" one. Mr. Aldington is no aesthete and no pessimist. Neither do his individualism and his introversion imply anything remotely resembling the exquisite but attenuated and finicky super-refinement of a Proust. Vigor, health, and a proper appreciation of the senses is the foundation of his philosophy and, for him, doing counts at least as much as contemplating can. The triumph of his hero comes when he is at last reunited with the woman from whom he has been separated, and love, rooted in the instincts of the flesh, is not merely a part but the symbol of life's meaning. But these are not the only things which suggest the pagan attitude, for even more fundamental is the whole assumption that success in life is something which must be wrung from a world whose tendency is against human happiness. We are always trying to conceive a society in which the good life would be universal and all but automatic. We resent, especially, the whole idea of a capricious fortune which gives opportunity to

one man and denies it to another. But the Greeks took Fate for granted. They saw no reason why a man should utterly reject its favors just because they were favors, and, in a sense, Mr. Aldington makes his hero—who recognizes that his life, hard as it is, is nevertheless a favored life—take somewhat the same attitude.

I have no doubt, as I suggested before, that some readers will resent the whole implied philosophy of "All Men Are Enemies." I do not see, however, how any can deny the unusual interest of the narrative or the eloquent fervor with which it is written. Like his hero, Mr. Aldington may be a lost soul but he is still a living one.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Socrates of Plato

Socrates. By A. E. Taylor. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.
The Socratic Problem. By Arthur Kenyon Rogers. Yale University Press. \$2.

SOCRATES is at once a historical fact and a historical legend, the legend itself being possibly one of the most influential facts in the course of Western civilization. For Socrates awakened Plato, and Plato as well as Jesus and Paul went into the making of Christianity. For most cultivated general readers, the picture of Socrates is that given by Plato in the "Dialogues," and there is good enough reason, as these two authors substantially agree, for accepting the Platonic portrait in essence and in many details as a likeness at once striking and authoritative. The portrait is, of course, "idealized," that is to say, it was drawn by a disciple who was a genius and by a philosopher who was a poet. Whatever ancillary detail may be contributed by other contemporaries, there is general agreement among such scholars in Greek philosophy as Taylor and Burnet that the Platonic Socrates is probably nearest the Socrates who lived and breathed, and questioned poets, generals, and statesmen in Athens. It is certainly the Socrates who has become the symbol of philosophical rectitude, humorous integrity, and intellectual martyrdom. The Socrates who is one of the saints of the world's spiritual history is not the cautious moralist whom Xenophon insisted upon and apologized for, nor the amalgam of playboy physicist and psychical researcher (a mixture of Eddington and Oliver Lodge) whom Aristophanes ridicules, nor yet the scandal-touched figure of the gossiping Diogenes Laertius. It is the ugly and hypnotic friend of youth, the skeptic mystical and ironic, the affectionate and just Socrates of Plato's pages. The scholars, including Taylor, in the volume before us, and Burnet, and Rogers who here reservedly follows their lead, agree on this point. If one were seriously to follow their conclusions, then, one ought to turn from the scholars themselves and read Plato himself in order to know Socrates *de tout près*.

None the less Professor A. E. Taylor, doubtless the dean of Platonic scholars, has written a useful little book. It will help to make clear to the unprofessional reader just what canons of credibility and insight are to be attached to the three chief sources, Xenophon, Plato, and Aristophanes. Relying chiefly on the "Dialogues," very skilfully but with corrective and amplifying material from cognate writers, it gives the main features of the "life of Socrates." It indicates the necessity for revision of certain notions widespread even among the supposedly well informed. Thus it is made clear that, despite the Alexandrian tradition that Socrates was a stonemason, there is very little evidence for the legend. Though it is intimated, and in no less a place than the "Theaetetus," that Socrates's mother was a midwife, she was not professionally such. Socrates

came of a "good" family socially and economically. He was not a "proletarian"; until the reverses he suffered in the general crisis after a disastrous war, he was a man of income. Again, though it is common to repeat that Socrates brought philosophy from heaven to earth, Professor Taylor makes it quite clear that he was versed in the science of his time, and, despite his predominant moral interest, for a considerable time much concerned with it. The book reminds us of the almost strictly political significance of the trial. Space does not permit Professor Taylor's evidence to be cited here; his conclusions are arresting:

Socrates was feared by certain prominent politicians as the supposed instigator of Alcibiades and Critias, and these politicians desired to get him out of Athens. But there was no wish to take his life, and he can never have been the mark of general hostility. Nearly 45 per cent of his judges were for acquitting him. . . . Socrates owes his immortality of fame to the martyr of philosophy not to any melodramatic outburst of popular sentiment on the part of an emotional democracy, but to the Providence which gave him as a younger friend and follower—Plato.

"The Socratic Problem" for Professor Rogers is, briefly: Which, in Plato, is Socrates and which is Plato? With his perhaps unduly schematized treatment of Socrates the Moral-ist, Socrates the Mystic, and Socrates the Scientist few readers will quarrel. One has only to read Plato to see that his hero was all three. But the thesis Mr. Rogers maintains seems to this reader, for all the careful (and dull) argument invoked to sustain it, unconvincing. "It has been my purpose," writes Mr. Rogers after one hundred and sixty-two pages, "to show that only by rendering to Plato the things that are Plato's and to Socrates the things that are Socrates's are we likely to get a consistent picture of either Plato, the scientist and metaphysician, or Socrates, the moralist and mystic." Despite all the detailed discussion, in the course of which the author seems to have forgotten Plato and Socrates in favor of their commentators, the book seems to me signally to fail to maintain the thesis whose proof was its *raison d'être*. It is too long a matter to argue here, and argument seems scarcely to the purpose. If the author of the "Symposium" and the "Phaedrus" was not something of a mystic, and the author of the "Republic" and "Philebus" not a moralist, then Plato must have had a ghost writer, and Bacon must have written Shakespeare. If the "Dialogues" of Plato are the best source for the life of Socrates, they are certainly the best source for the mind and spirit of Plato.

IRWIN EDMAN

Pastoral Fable, New Style

Stranger's Return. By Phil Stong. Harcourt, Brace and Company \$2.

WHEN "Turn to the Right" was touring Chautauqua boards, the idyl celebrating the well-known salubrity of rural life ticked itself off in scenes wherein immoral and life-weary New Yorkers rediscovered purity under sun-bonnets and wholesome love in gingham frocks; a gray-haired mother revived the ancient verities; gin fumes were washed away in air perfumed by climbing roses and browsing cows; the culture of chickens carried with it a life-giving elixir; and in return for these benefits, the grateful metropolitans did not fail to take care of the mortgage crisis when it came.

Phil Stong has varied the fable somewhat, to meet modern tastes. The rural salubrity is all there: Louise, the penitent New Yorker, watches the cider-pressing and "is enormously content," serves the threshing crew and feels "that she be-

longed to this robust and hearty life"; but in the new version, the sweet and Puritan virtues are not stressed. In fact, Stong's Iowa is pictured as combining all the wholesomeness of the farmyard with the amoral and even cultural possibilities of the penthouse. The hired man plays the role of a willing and lusty satyr; liaisons flourish in hay mow and oak grove. Corn whiskey and aged cider flow. A neighboring young farmer-hero, sculpted in lines of blonde liveness, writes scholarly monographs on agricultural science, quotes Whitman, and discusses Forbes-Robertson and Leiber's Hamlet. Grandpa Storr remarks nonchalantly on a "fine old-fashioned hangover," and announces his untrammelled philosophy in the assertion that people should "have the God-damned kindness to attend to their own lives" while he attends to his. Repartee at the threshing table and over a boundary fence is represented as having a subtlety superior to conversation in MacDougal Street.

But outside the new freedom and sophistication, Stong's rural fable does not differ much from "Turn to the Right." In a plot which creaks and groans, the New York girl with her shady past makes good according to rustic criterions; true love culminates; the farm is saved from scheming parasites; and the redoubtable Grandpa Storr, aged eighty-five, after being pictured sitting his saddle lithe as a young man, holding his own with the threshing crew, and consuming plates full of rich food at every meal, passes away overnight, happy in the knowledge that Storhaven will descend to the right hands.

Stong is not always happy in his details of Iowa life and idiom. "Damn your eyes!" is not very usual as an expletive from an Iowa patriarch, and the hired man has hardly yet picked up the wise-crack, "You old so-and-so." But such criticisms are not particularly relevant to a fiction for whose setting a bit of cardboard rural scenery labeled New Jersey, Maine, or Oregon would do equally well.

FERNER NUHN

Progress: the Bathtub Theory

A Century of Progress. Edited by Charles A. Beard. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

THIS symposium, like the Chicago fair, only in less portentous form, is a composite of curious detail, ambitious design, and fake splendor. It constitutes little more than a flatulent paean of praise to American achievement, past, present and future. But the voices of the authors are too high-pitched to convince or inspire. Most of them suffer from the bathtub complex, an all too familiar American affliction, which makes them view progress as a sanitary instead of a spiritual reality. No doubt the America which moved about on foot and on horseback a century ago was a less progressive country than the one which today whirls about in motor cars and airplanes. The more important question, however, is who has reaped the benefits from that progress, and to what degree. To that question the present symposium contributes nothing but a parade of empty words about "the spirit of humanity which is building institutions of welfare and providing security for worthy dependency" and a declaration that "for the single goal of private greed is being substituted a social objective—mass production for the people under favorable conditions of labor, a wide distribution of wealth through increased wages, the general diffusion of the benefits of civilization with a view to its stability." What does such rhetoric mean to the millions of men who cannot get work in America today? Why, in a volume of this kind, in which there are chapters on Labor, Industry, and Agriculture, is there no mention of those millions at a time when their suffering is crucial? Is it, perhaps, because "the century of

progress" was not really interested in them at all, but in the progress of machines at the expense of men?

"A Century of Progress" is composed of fifteen essays, two of which are written by the editor, Charles A. Beard. At least half of them are pathetically feeble. Henry Ford's essay on Industry (written in collaboration with Samuel Crowther) is typical. When it is not an elaboration of the obvious, it is a contribution to the absurd. "Industry now exists," states Mr. Ford through his ventriloquist, Mr. Crowther, "as a large public service and not as a private perquisite," and then adds that part of our great progress has come from "*the knowledge we are gaining of how to use everything in the public interest while preserving the full advantage of individual initiative.*" (Italics mine.) Frank O. Lowden's article on Agriculture is a rehash of old stuff without even the semblance of a new conclusion. William Green's essay on Labor is a combination of bad history and weak-kneed apologetics which illustrates just why the American Federation of Labor has developed into a "safe and sane" company union. Grace Abbott, Charles H. Judd, Fiske Kimball, John Erskine, and Jane Addams succeed, as if by special strategy, in saying not a single thing that is new, important, or challenging in their respective essays on Women, Education, the Arts, Literature, and The Process of Social Transformation. The only essays of any value in the symposium are Waldemar Kaempffert's on Invention as a Social Manifestation, which is by far the best contribution to the book, Fielding H. Garrison's on Medicine, and Charles Beard's on Government and Law.

V. F. CALVERTON

Too Much of a Good Thing

Pull Devil, Pull Baker. By Stella Benson. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

IT is one of the difficulties of this book, whether in praising or criticizing it, that its humor and effects rely chiefly on elaborate misspellings and mutilations of the English language which have to be seen to be understood. It is supposed to be a series of stories related in China to Miss Benson by an old humbug and adventurer, Count Nicolas de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine. The count writes and speaks a quaint English, of which this is a fair sample: "The most ones of our officers had sweethearts, but I was to yang and to inconstant to bound me with a gerl; prefair to flay from one to a other, as butterflay who flay from one flower to a other one." "Hyg," "sansation," "thogth," "smole and fin," "fecheneble," and "yahrs" are also favorites of his. When one reads a single chapter, the device is amusing; one does get a vivid, lifelike impression of a certain type of Russian English. But there is a large volume of it, and the effect becomes deadening.

Added to that drawback is the fact that the stories all harp on one string, the count's adventures with beautiful "gerls," "noty gerls," and the most fashionable society in every part of the world. Again, as in the device of the spelling, one's first impression is that Miss Benson has given an entertaining picture of a typical Russian fortune-hunter, gambler, and adventurer of the old regime. The stories of debts, usurers, drinking, hunting, love-making recur, however, so fatally, that it is hard to sustain one's interest beyond a chapter or two. Scattered in various periodicals, as they originally were, they concealed a defect which their collection between book covers only serves to emphasize.

There will, I suppose, always be differences of opinion as to the effectiveness in a lengthy work of freakish spelling and grammar, of excessive use of dialect. As one who has always admired Miss Benson's work, I find myself, in this instance,

disagreeing with a number of her reviewers in this country. It may be a radical defect in my early education which always prevented me from enjoying Mr. Dooley or any of the earlier comic characters which had such an enormous vogue with the American public. A literary device, especially when humorous, has always seemed to me appropriate only to short, occasional pieces. It not only loses its effect by repetition, when serially employed, but can become a perfect bore when used throughout the length of an entire book. People who do not feel that way about it will undoubtedly like Miss Benson's effort. Her count, whether real or imaginary, should serve as a diversion and a warning to American heiresses, who have been known to be captivated by types no more authentic of Russian noblesse.

ERNEST BOYD

The Generation That Made the War

Beginning the Twentieth Century. By Joseph Ward Swain. W. W. Norton and Company. \$4.75.

PROFESSOR SWAIN, we are told, spent ten years in preparing this "history of the generation that made the war." He has turned out a thorough, workmanlike job, one of the best of the many conventional studies of pre-war diplomacy and politics. It reveals an amazing amount of diligent and conscientious effort. It is painstakingly impartial, but its impartiality is never labored or obtrusive. In reading the book one does not feel, as is so often the case with the somewhat similar works of Gooch, Fay, Barnes, Schmitt, and other scholars, that the author is playing the role of special advocate. He comments, explains, and interprets, but rarely argues. Nor does Professor Swain place too much emphasis on the war-guilt question, though his work is essentially a study of that question. He seems to realize that the war-guilt controversy is today without practical importance except in so far as it enables students to measure and understand the significance of the present diplomatic struggle in Europe. Moreover, in the view of Professor Swain no single diplomat or set of diplomats was responsible for the war. A whole generation of men was guilty:

Inheritors of a great tradition, these men accomplished much that was fine and that will remain a possession forever. They realized the dreams of 1848 with greater splendor than the dreamers had dreamed of, and they did much besides. Perhaps their glory will grow with the passage of time. But for those of us who belong to the next generation this glory is always darkened by the tragedy which finally overwhelmed them. In the end they debauched everything that they had. They turned their boasted science to finding new methods of butchery. They used their marvelous economic system to maintain hosts for slaughter. They prostituted their noblest ideals as war propaganda. They made their sons cannon fodder. In the eyes of those of their children who escaped from this holocaust they must ever remain a generation which spoke eloquently and much of liberty and humanity and science and progress, and which drove millions of young men to their death in the most gigantic folly of all history.

Excellent as this work is from the technical point of view, it has a number of faults. The author has a strong dislike for the Marxian theory of economic determinism (though he does not openly say so), and apparently cannot even stomach such modern history-writing as that of Charles A. Beard. He labors under the absurd notion that men alone make history. This leads him into strange errors. It traps him when he seeks to reduce the activities of international bankers to a formula based on personal motives, and again when he attempts to define eco-

nomie imperialism. On Page 66, for example, he asserts that the *Welt-politik* of pre-war Germany was adopted "because it was a sign of greatness." He declares that the German expansionists had to "invent" economic arguments for colonialism. But on Page 78 he confesses that Germany was under great pressure to find new markets: "Because of the sluggish state of the German markets, manufacturers were forced to 'dump' large quantities of goods abroad, especially in Russia, selling their products at little or no profit in whatever markets they could find." Again, one gathers the impression through the first part of Chapter VII that the Balkan question and especially the controversy between Austria and Serbia consisted mainly in a conflict of personalities. Then suddenly on Page 154 one learns that the greed of the Magyar landlords, the Serbian pig trade, and other economic factors played a large part in the Balkan quarrels. For instance:

The ensuing tariff war between the two countries [1906] was so severe that for several years almost nothing was imported into Austria from Serbia. Since pork was the chief Serbian export, this quarrel was called the "pig war." Serbia having no access to the sea, other markets were difficult to find, and Austria's action was a disaster for the farmers who made up most of the population of Serbia. The popular outcry against Austria was great.

Despite this and much similar evidence that the author himself presents, he feels it necessary to speak slightly of "newspaper hacks or ponderous professors" who, after the war, "endeavored to rewrite all history in terms of a struggle for economic advantage—which was a popular sport during those chaotic days." Professor Swain's inadequate understanding of economic imperialism and economic determinism has also led him to miss completely the import of the Russian revolution. His chapter on this subject is by far the weakest in the book. He has performed a worthy task in summing up clearly and intelligently the diplomatic history of the pre-war period. If he had taken as much pains with the economic aspects of that period, he might have produced an enduring masterpiece.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Mildly French

Madame Maillart. By Claude Aveline. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.35.

ANNOUNCED as "the story of a strange human drama of the day and night life of a great hospital," this turns out to be merely another of those innumerable fluttery novels of young love shadowed by a *femme fatale* of sinister maturity that have cluttered French bookstalls for more decades than anyone cares to remember. The woman who gives her name to the novel is the thirty-nine-year-old wife of a diplomat implicated in an international financial scandal. Mme. Maillart is lonely and neurotic, hungry for a lover and frantic at the realization that she is no longer young. When the nineteen-year-old Philippe, whom the author tries to make engagingly naive and sparkling but who succeeds in being merely callow, comes to the hospital, Mme. Maillart lays a snare for him and tries to seduce him. But he, all unaware of her passion, becomes instead by degrees enamored of her protégée, Madeleine de Charmes, a spineless and colorless *jeune fille*. Most of the novel is given over to the intolerable account of this calf-love, which meanders through endless chaste encounters, touchings of garments and hands, sighs, sleepless nights, exchanges of notes, sled-rides in moonlight, stratagems to circumvent the vigilance of nurses, and so on *ad nauseam*. A few episodes have a touch of reality and occasional observations have sharpness. But as a whole the book is full of missed opportunities—for the material

is there. No depths are touched. One page of Colette's "Chéri" contains more perception and pathos and beauty in the evocation of a woman's autumn than this whole novel.

HAAKON M. CHEVALIER

Shorter Notices

History of Germany. By Hermann Pinnow. Translated from the German by Mabel Brailsford. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

A good short history of Germany would be valuable at this time. It is a pity to have a report that we cannot find it in this volume. Dr. Pinnow is only half-convinced of, or perhaps has only half mastered the materialistic interpretation of history. His treatment is a quite hopeless confusion of economics, mystical nationalism, and sentimental optimism.

The Geography of Strabo. Vol. VIII. Translated by H. L. Jones. *Pausanias: Description of Greece. Vol. III.* Translated by W. H. S. Jones. *Cicero: De Natura Deorum; Academica.* Translated by H. Rackham. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 per volume.

Of these new volumes in the Loeb Classical Library, the first brings Strabo to his conclusion with a most valuable index of three hundred pages; the second is a rendering of Books VI to VIII of Pausanias; and the third continues with Cicero's philosophical works, the two dialogues here given being translated by the same able hand which did the "De Finibus."

The Rash Act. By Ford Madox Ford. Ray Long and Richard Smith. \$2.50.

A study in exchanged identities, "The Rash Act" recalls Pirandello in theme and Norman Douglas in its mood and locale. In the fantastic Nepenthe-land of southern France, two veterans of the war, an Englishman and an American, set out to commit suicide. Though love and money are the precipitating causes, they are actually motivated by a deeply rooted neurosis—a sense of weariness with this world and nostalgia for a better way of living. In spite of the seriousness of his theme, Mr. Ford's handling of it is sophisticated rather than profound, and consists of a clever manipulation of the externalities of the contemporary scene. His characters do not emerge as autonomous, three-dimensional figures, nor do they involve us emotionally in their psychic impasse. But in the series of flashbacks that precede their attempts at suicide Mr. Ford gives us sufficient documentation of their lives, and enough evidence of the times, to convince us—intellectually, at least—that we are witnessing a typical modern instance.

Films Panorama

IT is natural enough that the success of "Cavalcade" should inspire various Hollywood producers to attempt similar chronicles of American life and history during the same period. Certainly the larger historical developments have been as exciting here as in England, the drama of change, in manners, morals, and public taste, at least as rich and full of contrasts. The only question is whether such full scale attempts as the screen version of Frederick Allen Lewis's "Only Yesterday," for example, will be able to achieve quite the same effectiveness of theme and pattern. Behind the rapid movement of national events and individual circumstance in "Cavalcade," always present or at least suggested, was something fixed and immutable, a way of living and thinking to which was attached the authority and accumulated sentiment of ages—something that might be called the English spirit or, more simply, England. It was on the contrast between what was and what has happened that the emotion depended from beginning to end. Without this continuous reference to the past, the changes it recorded would have been without meaning or power to affect us. The emotion may have been reducible to a kind of sentimental nostalgia, the substance of the closing lines to a pretty futile rhetoric. But without the strong notion of tradition at its base there would have been neither emotion nor meaning, in other words, nothing to justify, artistically or otherwise, its excavations out of the recent past. Now it is a commonplace that in America we have so many traditions that it sometimes seems as if we have none at all. It is also safe to say that in general the American public is pretty apathetic to the appeals of tradition, so much so that probably our strongest tradition has always been a turning from the realized past to the less definite and usually more comforting appeals of the unrealized future. If one did not abuse the word too much, one might say that our only nostalgia has been for the future. And nostalgia for the future is, for dramatic purposes at least, a weaker emotion even than nostalgia for the past. It is for this reason that one has such grave misgivings about the American "Cavalcades" on the way, many of which have already been confirmed by the current "This Is America" (Rivoli), which is of course not to be judged in the same way as a work of art, since it consists of a compilation of newsreels rather than a preconceived arrangement of its subject. Its subject is the zigzag course of American social and economic development since 1917 as recorded by the newsreel camera from week to week during the period. Many of its scenes—those of Woodrow Wilson's last tour, the Lindbergh parade, Calvin Coolidge in Indian feathers—we remember having seen before and are glad to see again. It is also interesting to trace the bizarre logic of time in the manner that certain of them are related—the Lindbergh parade followed by the kidnapping of his child, and so on. In such a film much depends on the cutting, and for the first two-thirds it must be admitted that events pass before our eyes with the break-neck speed that such recent material requires, and that the transitions are sharp and pictorially well managed. Not until the last portion does the montage, like everything else, begin to suffer from the absence of anything like a consistent point of view or reference. At the end we are unsure what the picture has been aiming at or for; the speaker who explains and comments throughout has been "pulling his punches" as if for some great final blow or message, but all that we are left with is the reiterated assurance that this is America, with perhaps an insinuation of fascist liberalism which

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may be taken or not as one wishes. Here again we are to forget the past in favor of a future in which a bright new light will shine over the White House. Hopefulness is substituted for nostalgia.

"The Strange Case of Tom Mooney" is also a collection of newsreels, still photographs, and documents. It is somewhat shorter than it should be for its purpose, which is to persuade the American public of the injustice surrounding Mooney's seventeen-year imprisonment. Unfortunately not very many pictures of the trial seem to have been available, and the warehouse shots of the Preparedness Day parade in San Francisco, the photographs of the judges and witnesses, communicate too little of the special drama involved in the case. Much the most moving thing in the film is Mooney's own direct address to the public, delivered from prison and with such obvious sincerity of tone and expression that it should be more effective than anything else with that section of the public which still doubts his innocence.

Although "Pilgrimage" (Gaiety) has opened to louder critical praise than any picture in months, it is hard to regard it as anything more important than a rather synthetic box-office attraction compounded of war, motherhood, and local color. Not only does it seem like a résumé of all the mother pictures from "Over the Hill" to "The Silver Cord," but it borrows heavily from "Sun Up" and "Tol'able David." It is true that the long prologue, dealing with the stern Arkansas farm woman who refuses to accept her son's fiancée or even his child after he is killed in France, has enough honesty in the acting and directing to set up hopes of something much better than what follows. The director, John Ford, has learned something about the use of light from the Russians, and appropriates the René Clair device of musically accompanied dialogue to advantage in several places. But the moment the main idea emerges, the acting, direction, and photography suffer alike from the rambling scenario. Hannah Jessop goes to Paris with the Gold Star mothers, has adventures on a bridge over the Seine, and ends up by begging her dead son's forgiveness over his grave on the battlefield. Some of the comedy and much of the pathos of the Gold Star expedition are brought

out, but when one considers the possibilities of the subject one cannot but regret the obvious manner in which it is handled. Even Lucille LaVerne's lusty repetition of her pipe-smoking act from "Sun Up" does not save this part of the picture. Before it is over, Henrietta Crosman's superbly austere mountain woman becomes a doddering, melodramatic old sentimental whom one is glad to see the last of. What is most regrettable about "Pilgrimage" is the waste of so much good material and competent talent through a stupidly developed scenario.

WILLIAM TROY

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BUTTRESSED by a wealth of facts supplied by her department and by her own observations in the mills, Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, challenged the steel code at its first hearing. She attacked the forty-hour and the seven-day week; she asked for a higher wage scale with two instead of twenty-one wage zones; she asked for the calculation of wages on a weekly basis, and for wages for Negroes high enough to enable them to raise their standard of living; she demanded the abolition of labor spies; she urged the building up of employment reserves out of income and a complete abolition of child labor in place of the unenforceable promise not "knowingly" to employ children; she asked for the inclusion in the code of white-collar workers. She said nothing about unions, presumably because just prior to her address the Board of Directors of the Steel Institute had on General Johnson's advice withdrawn the company-union provisions in the original code. Having made these specific and penetrating criticisms, she summed up their objective as "a new and lasting prosperity," based on friendly relations between government, management, and labor, achieved through "even production, steady wages, and steady

purchasing power." The spectacle of the first woman Cabinet member quietly launching this verbal thunderbolt at the very citadel of our industrial empire leads one to hope that Donald Richberg may be right in his assertion that a "revolution . . . not of violence . . . but of the pen and voice" has begun.

A STRUGGLE for control of the Treasury is going on behind the scenes in Washington. Ordinarily the Secretary of the Treasury is a thoroughgoing conservative who can be depended upon to defend the soundness of the currency at all costs. When Mr. Roosevelt selected William H. Woodin for the post, it was universally considered that the Administration would keep the dollar sound and stable. But when the country went off gold and the President began playing with the idea of a compensated or commodity dollar, Secretary Woodin was compelled to retire. Of course, he has not yet formally resigned, and Treasury operations are still undertaken in his name; but actually he no longer has anything to do with the shaping of Treasury policy and, indeed, he has been ill and absent from Washington for almost two months. At the moment, the White House and the "soft-money" experts brought in to advise the Administration on currency matters are guiding Treasury policy. But their control is being vigorously opposed by the few "hard-money" men in the Administration, who are led by Lewis H. Douglas, Director of the Budget, and are said to have the united support of the financial community in New York. The immediate goal is the secretaryship. If this goes to a conservative, it is certain that the dollar will soon be stabilized and restored to a gold basis. If the post goes to an inconsequential politician, as seems more likely, we shall doubtless be in for an extended period of currency experimentation.

BUSINESS REPORTS for July have proved more disturbing to the Administration than any published since it came into office. It is not because business activity has been falling off, but rather because factory output has mounted so rapidly. Preliminary estimates for July show factory production at 92 per cent of normal, the accepted normal being the average output for the years 1923-25. At the same time factory employment has gone up only to 67 per cent of normal and pay rolls no further than to 49 per cent. When we look at the unemployment figures, the contrast is even more striking. In April, according to the index of the American Federation of Labor, there were thirteen million unemployed. Since then hardly more than two million men and women have been put back to work. So here we have industry operating almost at normal and approximately eleven million workers still without jobs. True, many of these jobless are not factory mechanics, but that does not alter the fact that despite the industrial boom the unemployment problem is still grave. Current business reports show the amazing extent to which labor-saving machinery has been introduced and factory operations overhauled and rationalized during the depression. The reports likewise indicate that the thirty-five-hour week advocated by the National Recov-

ery Administration will not suffice to give employment to all who are now without jobs. Computed roughly, it seems more likely that the working week will have to be cut down to twenty-seven or twenty-eight hours if the available work is to be equitably distributed among the available workers.

WHAT is the State Department doing about the atrocities in Germany which affect American citizens? Two weeks ago in Leipzig one of them watching a parade of Nazis was set upon and, despite his declaration of American citizenship, was beaten and kicked into unconsciousness. Colonel Frank Knox, publisher of the *Chicago Daily News*, reported that while he was in Berlin recently two Americans of Jewish birth were subjected to Nazi cruelties and that the United States consul-general was awaiting a response to his vigorous protests. Were we dealing with a civilized regime, brutalities of the above kind would be followed by a prompt public apology, indemnity for the victim, and punishment for the assailants. But we face a government which exalts thuggery, which condones bestiality, which glorifies murder. And while Washington should act with far greater vigor than it has hitherto, the proper course is for Americans to stay away from Germany and not expose themselves to the indignities to which they are liable at the hands of the Nazis. That this practice is already being widely followed, not merely by Americans, but also by travelers from other countries, is evidenced in the sharp decline of the German tourist traffic.

BEYOND THAT, the disaffection in the outside world toward Germany and the boycott movement are making themselves strongly felt. This has severely hurt the Hamburg-American's business and is continuing to hurt it and German shipping generally. The volume of business is constantly falling back." Thus spoke Dr. Max von Schinkel, chairman of the board since 1910, at a stockholders' meeting of the Hamburg-American Line on July 26 at which Marius Boeger, the managing director and the entire board of managers resigned in order that the company might be "coordinated with" the Nazi regime. Dr. Schinkel said he did not wish to resign, but that he could not do otherwise. His going was softened by the fact that as chairman he had "not even been able to find out what the reorganization of the company aims at." Besides the chairman, seventeen other members of the board, including all the Jewish members, among them Max Warburg and Bernhard Demburg, were dropped, so that the line is now 100 per cent Aryan—except that it still has Jewish stockholders and a steamer named after a Jew. How much longer will the Swastika wave over the Albert Ballin? The next day the North German Lloyd meeting was similarly doleful. The anti-Nazi boycott is telling here, too. Not even the Bremen and the Europa are doing as well as formerly despite all sorts of concessions, including free tickets to Norway and Sweden. Even more significant is the *New York Times's* report that if the public agitation against German-made dry goods is subsiding, "the boycott on such goods is more effective now than it was a month or six weeks ago. Some retailers have stopped buying German goods entirely while others are restricting purchases to the lowest possible minimum. In one store buyers decline even to view German products." The report that German goods are being sent in without labels

fixing their origin has roused the customs officials to extra vigilance. And this is only the beginning of the price Germany will yet pay for Hitlerism.

REJECTING THE RECOMMENDATION of the faculty that military training be made optional, the trustees of Cornell University have decreed its continuation as a prescribed course "because of the present unsettled economic and social conditions of the country and of the world." What really should be made compulsory is a course in recent world history and economics for the financiers and business men who compose Cornell's trustees and, until his recent resignation, included Martin J. Insull, formerly of Chicago, now of somewhere in Canada. The "present unsettled economic and social conditions of the country and of the world" are due chiefly to the militarism which precipitated the World War. The Cornell trustees state further that "the abolition of compulsory drill would be misinterpreted, wrongly appraised, and accorded a significance and construction that would be harmful to the interests of the university and the country." The theory underlying this tender regard for an alleged public opinion would appear to be that because the military mind has taken possession of other countries, Mussolini's Italy, Japan, and now Hitler's Germany, we must likewise teach our young to rattle the saber. The fact is that over Americans and their homes hang the domestic perils of destitution and foreclosure—not the threat of a foreign enemy. This question has been before Cornell for over two years. The trustees' decision, rendered in vacation time when effective protest is impossible, represents the sentiment of neither the majority of the faculty nor of the student body. It represents the views of men whose hardened mentality and hardening arteries have played so large a part in bringing the world to its present pass. Unfortunately it is not an isolated case. In Wisconsin, the legislature has just voted to repeal the optional military training law at the State University, enacted in 1922 under the enlightened La Follette leadership, and to make "instruction and discipline in military tactics" mandatory for all first- and second-year men. Governor Schmedeman could veto this measure. It remains to be seen whether he too will line up with the forces that wish to transform our country into a fascist state.

THE LAST of thirteen persons convicted because of a so-called riot in Tampa, Florida, in 1931 have been released, and thus a case which the American Civil Liberties Union calls "unjustified from the start" has been closed. As told in *The Nation* of December 7, 1932, by Anita Brenner, Tampa cigar workers were holding an overflow meeting outside the Labor Temple. An attempt to disperse it resulted in a melee in which two policemen were injured. Of the thirteen prisoners taken some were in the hall at the time the trouble started, others were merely known to be members of the cigar-makers' union, and one was a traveling salesman who happened to be passing and protested against the treatment of a woman by a policeman. Of the thirteen persons convicted, three were deported. Six served terms of a year in prison, including a grandmother and a mother of an infant—both members of the Flores Magón family, illustrious in Mexican labor history. After much delay the conviction of the four other prisoners, serving longer terms, was set aside by the Florida Supreme Court on May 22, last,

on the ground that under State law there could be no crime of riot unless the riot act had first been read, which was not the case. Even after the decision of the Supreme Court, the trial judge, W. R. Petteway, refused to release the four victims until habeas corpus proceedings were brought, and three of the men were later rearrested and held for a time for "investigation." The whole prosecution grew out of a bitter offensive in the business community to crush organization and attempts at betterment among the cigar workers, largely Spaniards or Latin Americans. Special thanks are due to E. L. Bryan, attorney for the defense, who in pushing the case not only risked a law practice but violence at the hands of vigilantes who plastered the court doors with posters warning lawyers to "Beware of Defending Reds."

TRAMPS are an old phenomenon in the United States—indeed practically an institution—but hitherto they have been of masculine gender. No longer, it seems. The Women's Bureau in Washington, in summarizing a survey recently made in nearly 800 cities of the forty-eight States, by various social agencies, found 9,769 women moving from one place to another, unattached, jobless, and homeless. These women hoboes averaged much younger than men in similar circumstances. In the South and Southwest, regions especially favored by wanderers, almost a fourth of the women were under twenty-one years of age. Lone women past thirty were rarely encountered. On the night of the survey 1,956 women were found sleeping in hobo camps. While the number of lodgings given to homeless men in New York City decreased by 15 per cent in June as compared with May, those given to women increased by 12 per cent. The increase since June of last year was 91 per cent. The Women's Bureau estimates too that the 10,000 women tramps who were counted represent probably not more than a fifth or sixth of the total. Is the woman hobo a new manifestation of feminine rights or an evidence of old human wrongs? In any event, her advent after the revelation last winter of another new social group—homeless, jobless, wandering boys—is something to set beside the optimistic reports about industrial recovery and the passing of the depression.

IN SENDING detachments of the National Guard to Fayette County, Pennsylvania, and putting the region under modified martial law, Governor Pinchot was so clear in his instructions that we are confident the country is to have the novel and refreshing spectacle of State troops used to insure fair play in an industrial dispute. Workers in the soft-coal mines of Fayette County are on strike for recognition of the union and are opposed especially by the powerful H. C. Frick Coke Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation. Previous to the dispatch of State troops there had been serious clashes, in which Governor Pinchot felt the Sheriff of Fayette County had sided unduly with the mine owners. The Governor finally accused the Sheriff of "deliberately provoking strife and disorder" and demanded that he withdraw his deputies. The Sheriff's refusal to comply led to calling out the National Guard. Governor Pinchot informed the commander of the State troops that the mine owners had a legal right to operate their plants and should be protected in doing so, but he made it equally plain that the strikers were to be protected in their right to organize, picket, and hold public meetings.

AT LEAST there has been one compensation for the economic crisis; it has tended to drive out frivolous interests and to turn men's minds as never before to a reexamination of the economic system under which we live. The interest in economics is now intense. So, at least, we have been told by many professional feelers of the public pulse. It is interesting to turn for confirmation of this to the list of best-selling non-fiction books as compiled from the bookstores of seventy American cities by the *Publisher's Weekly*. Twenty such books in all are listed, and we set them down in the order of their sales: (1) Zweig's "Marie Antoinette"; (2) Waln's "The House of Exile"; (3) Pitkin's "Life Begins at Forty"; (4) Lockhart's "British Agent"; (5) Roosevelt's "Looking Forward"; (6) Kallet and Schlink's "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs"; (7) Alexander's "Always a Grand Duke"; (8) Culbertson's "Summary of 1933"; (9) James's "Andrew Jackson"; (10) Adams's "The March of Democracy," volume two; (11) "Julia Newberry's Diary"; (12) "Van Loon's Geography"; (13) Moats's "No Nice Girl Swears"; (14) Downes's "Contract Bridge Self-Teacher"; (15) "Tschiffely's Ride"; (16) Hill's "The American Scene"; (17) Tugwell's "*Industrial Discipline*"; (18) "Culbertson's Blue Book"; (19) Powys's "Philosophy of Solitude"; (20) Sutherland's "The Arches of the Years." We have put Mr. Tugwell's book, ranking seventeenth, in italics because it has the honor to be the only strictly economic book in the list. We should not like to think that even that position has been achieved largely because Mr. Tugwell is a member of the President's brain trust, and that business men are reading it because they are trying to learn not what economic arrangements would be wise but what the government expects to do to them.

THE INDUSTRIALIST and the worker, the employer and the employee—they are the prospective beneficiaries of the Administration's far-reaching program. Both capital and labor are already beginning to feel some quickening of industrial and commercial activity. But what about the professional man and woman? For them there is no newly established shorter week and minimum wage. Yet no Americans have been hit harder by the depression than they. Thousands have been reduced to penury, others forced to abandon the vocations for which they have painstakingly fitted themselves and to seek, often vainly, any kind of employment to keep body and soul together. And though the great public-works program brings a prospect of relief to workers in at least two professions—the architects and the engineers—the outlook is none too hopeful. The former—the architects—are the subject of the first article in a series beginning in this issue of *The Nation*. The teachers' dilemma, which will be discussed in the next two issues, is steadily becoming aggravated. Throughout the country municipalities, under the goad of various business organizations, are systematically curtailing school appropriations. In the universities the really drastic reduction in personnel and salaries is due in the coming academic year. Professional workers constitute a most valuable element in our civilization. The havoc the depression has wrought among them is reflected throughout our society, which is permanently injured as their function is impaired. The plight of the professions requires our active solicitude, and should come next on the Administration's agenda for reconstruction.

Labor Gets the Leavings

A POLITE fiction dominates the words and acts of the heads of the National Recovery Administration. They appear to believe that there is no such thing as the class struggle. They hate to admit the existence of even a conflict of interest. This attitude is understandable. It is the military attitude. Military similes are popular with the Recovery Administration. The depression is a "common enemy" to be conquered by a national army—a volunteer army, if possible; a drafted one, if necessary. Eagles, patriotic appeals, sharp commands become the economic methods of the day. Capital and labor?—unpatriotic nonsense; officers and privates, perhaps, but members of the same army. General Johnson (we think perhaps we had better refer to him by his military title) has summed up his position in words so simple and logical as to be utterly meaningless in the face of industrial realities:

It has been repeatedly said by the Administration that it is not the function of the National Recovery Act to organize either industry or labor. To obtain the benefits of this act, it is not necessary for workers to join either company unions or any particular labor union. Employers may bargain individually with their men. They cannot, however, refuse to bargain with the representatives chosen by labor.

But what does this appearance of bland impartiality really mean? It means that the collective bargaining clause in the National Recovery Act was an empty gesture. Labor in only a few industries is sufficiently organized, after nearly four years of unemployment and underpayment, to state its case or back its demands with any real power. Whatever the law may say, labor as a whole cannot bargain collectively. This fact must be known and deplored by such persons in the Administration as Secretary Perkins and Leo Wolman. But what can they do about it? Miss Perkins's fine statement at the hearing on the steel code may force certain modifications in that reactionary document, but the realities are against any effort to give labor an effective share in the organization of the New Deal. First, we have the patriotic appeal. "Is this the time, then," asks the *New York Herald Tribune* dramatically, "for a labor offensive conducted by gentlemen [the writer refers to those arch-revolutionists, Mr. Green and his associates] whose policy too frequently has been to lambast the employer?" Second, we have the unabashed opposition of employers' associations and the great industries. Third, we have the presence on the huge staff of the Recovery Administration of known opponents of organized labor, such as General Johnson's chief lieutenant, T. S. Hammond; and the number of these is growing. Fourth, we have the logic of events in the operation of an attempt to control industry under capitalism.

Grant that the Administration wants to increase pay rolls and restore purchasing power. That may be assumed; the Recovery Act means nothing if it doesn't mean that. Grant so much and then consider the question, What more does the Administration want? Does it want labor to have a say in the creation of the codes which so vitally affect its welfare? Not particularly. Let the labor representatives

present their ideas if they have any; but the Administration will settle the matter of hours and wages on the basis of codes submitted by the industry itself. Is labor to be encouraged to raise wages above the minimum by means of its power to bargain or to strike? Hardly. General Johnson has said: "There is no place in this program, either, for labor to act selfishly or locally. This is no time for strikes because of isolated difficulties."

In the light of this clear and revealing statement it is worth setting down a few items picked out of the newspapers and press services during the last few days which reveal graphically what is actually going on. Here is one worth pondering from the Federated Press:

Cotton-mill owners are flagrantly violating the letter of the act and the terms of the approved code for the industry in North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, Thomas F. McMahon, president of the United Textile Workers of America, told the Federated Press. Men who join the union are dismissed; men who have tended eight or twelve looms are made to tend forty in defiance of the clause in the code which forbids increase of the stretch-out. Minimum wage rates are not being paid in all cases where they are legally required. Men suspected of union activity are driven from the mill villages. . . . Armed with these facts . . . McMahon walks the corridors unable to reach Johnson or his subordinates. . . . Johnson has shelved the report and is off to Detroit. Hammond is inaccessible. It is found that Johnson has ordered that all complaints be referred to "the industry."

Leo Wolman has announced that he has definite evidence that workers in various industries have been dismissed for joining unions. In commenting upon this, General Johnson promised that he would withdraw the protection of the code from any employer who "so violates the labor section of the code after a code is applied to his industry." But, says the Federated Press, "Johnson offers no comfort to workers who are dismissed now." In several recent cases reported in the newspapers, strikes have been called off in response to the demands of members of the Administration. Prompt settlement has been ordered in other strikes. Every effort is being made to prevent or hush up or quickly end labor disputes despite General Johnson's announcement that strikes were not his affair.

The final indictment of the labor policy emerging from the Recovery Act appears in the codes themselves. The codes so far reported set wages at so low a level—so little above the lowest generally paid—that it seems likely that they will defeat even their single end of enlarging purchasing power. The blanket code leaves wages above the minimum to be determined by the employer, merely forbidding cuts and urging "equitable readjustments." In the face of swiftly increasing prices this may actually result in widespread reductions in real wages. Employers can raise prices without conference; labor cannot raise wages at all. The Administration fixes minimum wage rates in conference with employers except where a strong union exists and presents its demands. The Administration discourages strikes. It is not interested in whether unions are formed or not.

This is industrial planning under the profit system. In spite of the presence in the Administration of men and women of good intentions and liberal views, this apparently is the way the program must work. We feared as much and voiced our fears when the Recovery Act was first drafted. Those fears have been justified much sooner than we had expected.

Our Lawless Judges

NORMAN THOMAS has written a letter to the Association of the Bar of the City of New York asking it to use its influence to limit by law the power of "tyrannical and irremediable vengeance" exercised by judges in regard to contempt of court. Mr. Thomas bases his plea especially on the recent action against Louis Waldman, lawyer and chairman of the Socialist Party of New York State, who was held guilty of contempt of court while arguing for delay in a labor-union case. *The Nation* knows nothing of the facts regarding Mr. Waldman. Indeed nobody not present at the time can know anything of them, for as Mr. Thomas points out no stenographic record exists and Mr. Waldman was not later granted a hearing or any opportunity to present a defense on the issue of fact. He was condemned on the "unsupported word" of Justice T. W. Churchill acting as "plaintiff, judge, and jury."

That is the usual process, and in protesting against it Mr. Thomas is not calling attention to a new injustice but challenging a long-intrenched tyranny the more inexcusable because it is a survival of an age of despotism which otherwise we have left far behind. To some extent the contempt process exercised by American judges is based upon law, but in a large measure it is founded upon what judges call their "inherent power" to maintain the authority of the courts. When judges talk about "inherent power" they usually mean what the rest of us call usurped power. Probably the whole contempt process is to a large degree unconstitutional, but as the judges are the interpreters of the Constitution they naturally have construed it in their favor. Contempt proceedings are a heritage of medievalism—of the era of "divine right." Americans repudiated the divine right of kings years ago but we still have with us the divine right of judges.

Without question the courts should be able to protect their procedure and enforce their orders, but offenders should not be subject to the passion of the outraged judge. They should be prosecuted under established law, with the protection of a regularly conducted trial presided over by some judge other than the complaining one. The existing practice whereby a magistrate acts as prosecutor, judge, and jury in regard to his own accusations, and fixes the penalty according to his own sweet will, has no place in even a semi-civilized country. In one respect punishment for contempt of court ought to be completely abolished, that is for a criticism made out of court of a judge or a judgment. There is no reason why judges should not be subject to precisely the same criticism as is leveled against legislative or administrative officials. The latter have the protection of laws against libel and slander, and that is all that judges should have.

Much of our submissiveness in regard to existing contempt proceedings grows out of the carefully inculcated

theory of the "majesty of the law." The theory is poppycock. There is no majesty in the law, and judges are not sacred cows, although they may sometimes be egregious asses. The law is a painfully inadequate and often erroneous effort to express the public will, and judges are only a fallible and sometimes prejudiced agency in carrying it out. All the absurd liturgy and pomp of our judicial structure—our insistence upon the "dignity of the court"—are largely a defensive effort to cover up otherwise glaring insufficiencies and injustices. American judges are especially vulnerable in regard both to their intelligence and their integrity because of our naive habit of filling positions on the bench by popular election or political appointment. In France, for instance, where one prepares for the bench as a career by special training, and advances according to ability and length of service, it is hard for men to conceive how we tolerate a system in which any shyster lawyer or peanut politician may attain to the "judicial ermine." By chance rather than because we deserve it, the United States has been and still is blessed with a great many able and upright judges, especially on the federal bench. But against them must be set some crooks, a good many ignoramuses, and not a few pompous old fuddy-duddies chiefly occupied with maintaining their "dignity" and parading their "authority." One of the latter once thundered at a lawyer before him: "Counselor, are you trying to express your contempt of this court?" "No, your honor," was the reply, "I am trying to conceal it."

Judges cannot lessen contempt of court by exhibiting their spleen or exercising despotic powers. They can create respect for themselves and the bench by deserving it.

How the Movies Educate

A FEW weeks ago we commented upon the touching statement of Will H. Hays, czar of the movies, who has declared his intention to rule the celluloid empire not in the interest of those who have millions of dollars invested in the industry but in the interests of the fathers and mothers of America "who have millions of children invested in them." At the same time he professed to have toward "that virgin thing, the mind of a child," the same tender attitude which we expect on the part of "the best clergyman" or "the most inspired teacher of youth."

From this one might easily conclude that there was some danger of our raising up a race of young prigs, innocent of the world and handicapped by minds too long sheltered from any knowledge of the seamier side of life. We hasten, however, to assure our readers that Mr. Hays is actually rather more liberal than his words would lead one to expect. This happens to be the season when the loyal members of his empire are announcing the titles of the works with which they propose to educate the youth during the next few months, and an examination of the titles tends to dispel very effectively any fear that the producers are sticking too close to the tradition of Oliver Optic or the author of the Rollo books. Mr. Hays seems, indeed, to have rather odd ideas concerning what is appropriate to "that virgin thing, the mind of a child."

The curriculum for the summer is so varied that it is hard to make a choice. "My Lips Betray" is promising and

so, in a slightly different way, is "Moonlight and Pretzels." Then there is "Pilgrimage," described as a study in "flaming young love unafraid," and there is also "My Weakness," with Lillian Harvey and "a host of Hollywood's hand-picked beauties," to say nothing of "The Woman I Stole," "Gold Diggers of 1933," and "Storm at Daybreak"—which last is compactly described thus: "A young wife; a young man; and an old husband. Love caught them in a cyclone of emotion!" We think, however, that if we had a virgin mind which we were anxious to educate, we could classify all these as elective courses from which a choice might be made in order to round out the necessary number of hours, and that we should make compulsory only the two following works, whose titles we quote (with full catalogue description) from advertisements appearing in that well-known educational journal, *Variety*:

"The Worst Woman in Paris?" A beautiful butterfly hiding her heart and inviting the caresses of the world's best-dressed man and best-known lover.

"He Knew His Women." A full-blooded story of the wide-open Bowery in the Gay Nineties when ladies laced tight and men cut loose! Today's young folks may think they're pretty wild, but they never saw the match of the hell-raising "good old days."

This last item seems to us to be educational in the best sense. It shows how the movies tend to combat that ignorance of the past which has so often been charged against our young people, and how they show that our ancestors, too often thought of as merely old fogies, have much to teach us. Here is a salutary reaction against the spirit of the debunker, a return to that sound practice which holds up the heroes of the past as models for imitation. Young folks today may think they are pretty wild. But what does even the average college graduate really know about the days "when ladies laced tight and men cut loose"?

Still Starving

FOLLOWING the cue from Washington, the press of the country is engaged in a united effort to ballyhoo the country back to prosperity. By making a great to-do over slight gains in employment and increases in wages—by applying the mind cure to economic ills—an effort is being made to lift us out of the industrial depression by assurances that it no longer exists. The method may have some success in allaying groundless fear or dissipating imaginary difficulties, but it requires high powers of hypnotism to convince a man with an empty stomach that he isn't hungry or to persuade a family that has just been put into the street that prosperity has returned. And there is the danger that by lulling Americans into the belief that their troubles are over, or soon will be, the solvent majority will neglect the unfortunate minority. That, in fact, seems to be what is happening all over the country. A slight upturn in industrial conditions—and still more the advantage of summer weather and seasonal employment—is blinding people to the fact that millions of persons are in acute distress.

Meanwhile efforts toward relief were never so demoralized. Attempts to raise funds by voluntary contributions

are petering out. City governments are passing the responsibility to the States and the States are shifting it to Washington. The latter replies that it will help only on a contributory basis and where local units are doing their utmost. A less friendly spirit seems to be developing between relief agencies and their unfortunate dependents. Gradually the unemployed have been organizing and are rightly protesting against oppressive and inadequate methods of relief. Hunger marches have given way to strikes among the so-called beneficiaries of charity, and relief agencies seem to be meeting the situation with an increasing resort to force, not to say illegality. Men working on Buffalo Bayou in Texas for relief wages have protested against mosquitoes, poison ivy, and terrific heat, but have been told that unless they take what they are offered, all help will be cut off. In Prairie Township, Ohio, when men working at eighteen cents an hour on the roads struck for forty cents an hour, the State minimum, three of them were arrested for vagrancy and "riotous attempt." The Federated Press reports that at High Point, North Carolina, two women—former students at Brookwood Labor College—and one man were arrested lately, charged with inciting to riot and vagrancy because they induced workers to protest against eighty cents a day for relief work. Vagrancy laws, it appears, are increasingly invoked against the unemployed to club them into submission.

In New York, the nation's wealthiest city, relief for the needy has been on a reduced scale lately, and is in a most precarious and hand-to-mouth situation because the municipality can neither borrow more money nor devise acceptable taxes. The State legislature has been assembled in extra session and the city has been attempting to shift its burden to the whole commonwealth, but this has rightly been blocked by the Republican legislators and the Democratic governor in a common demand that New York solve its difficulties with its own immense resources. The collapse of New York's credit, and the prospect that it may follow Chicago on the road to bankruptcy, is commonly attributed to "Tammany corruption," but is a deeper ill than that suggests. What has happened in New York is the now familiar American spectacle of a plutocracy superimposed upon the old forms of democracy. For years a crew of political go-betweens, in return for a high commission, has kept the masses in line with bread and circuses while to the classes it has afforded privileges and immunities to accumulate incredible profits. In times of prosperity the system worked in its own crude fashion, but since the industrial depression it has been increasingly impossible to give the masses their usual ration of bread although, wise politicians that the Tammany leaders are, they have continued the circuses on a not greatly reduced scale. As to the classes, they are horrified that any substantial share of their wealth should be extracted in the form of taxes. When the city government proposed lately to lay a tax on automobiles using the city streets a roar went up from the down-trodden owners of those machines which compelled an immediate abandonment of the plan. It looks, therefore, as if the political racketeers would have to turn upon the more numerous but less powerful masses as a source of revenue, seeking new money by sales taxes and other levies falling most heavily upon the poor, not to speak of a possible increase in the fares of the underground railroads upon which the populace depends for transportation.

Issues and Men

Shall the Real Liberals Coalesce?

FROM a Texas reader of this weekly commentary come these questions: "Do you think the 'New Day' has finally dawned at Washington, and is the Administration, judging by its accomplishments since March 4, really sincere and honest in its purposes? Above all else, do you think there is reason to believe that leadership and courage have finally come to Washington after so long an absence?" Let me reply at once that the President, in my judgment, has demonstrated both leadership and courage, and that his Administration is really sincere and honest in its purposes. I do not see how anyone can question this, however much one may regret Mr. Roosevelt's errors, the worst of which is yielding without warrant of Congress to the jingo demand that we build our fleet up to the treaty limits—under the excuse of giving jobs to shipyards and their employees.

But to pass a final opinion on the Roosevelt Administration, or to prophesy that it has achieved the miracle of conquering the depression and putting all the unemployed back to work, is impossible now. No one can tell, not even Mr. Roosevelt. We only know that in contrast to the Hoover Administration there is not only great leadership, but tremendous courage; that the whole psychology of the people has been changed for the better; that there are remarkable evidences of industrial revival as most strikingly shown by the second-quarter reports of General Motors and United States Steel. This does not yet prove, however, that the changes under way are all wise and of genuine therapeutic value. Some may yet prove to be almost worse than the disease. The very haste with which these remedies have been compounded would seem to necessitate revision in due course. Too many men have drafted laws about matters with which they were not familiar through actual experience, and the multitude of enactments is so stupendous that a certain amount of redigestion seems absolutely essential.

Granting Mr. Roosevelt's courage, boldness, originality of attack, and the daring and comprehensiveness of his nationwide appeal to employers, big and little, voluntarily to submit themselves to the new doctrine of shorter hours, high wages, and decent business practices, I am still not yet convinced that the Democratic Party has been transformed by the President into the ideal liberal-progressive party for which so many of us have been sighing so long. He drove through Congress a host of measures which the bulk of the Democrats who voted for them had either not read or not understood, for which he had received no party authorization whatever. This procedure, I found in England, has especially amazed foreign observers. They cannot understand how a President elected on a platform written in July, 1932, could in March, 1933, inaugurate so radical a policy, differing so much from the spirit and letter of that platform, without even calling a party convention or a council of leaders to obtain their approval and consent. When Congress reconvenes in January the Democrats may or may not approve of what the President has done. If we are on a full flood-tide of economic resurgence there will be little caviling. But that does not

mean that his party will have become a radical reform party, just as nothing that the President has yet done has proved that he is understandingly interested in transferring the economic power from the hands of the privileged few to those of the masses. He is tinkering with the old economic system; he appears really bent, with certain changes, on restoring the old order. There is not even proof yet that he knows how far to the left he has gone, or realizes the significance of all that has been done. Certainly we have as yet no comprehensive, far-reaching program for the next three and one-half years, or seven and one-half years, no promise that the basic industries, through which the Wall Street powers maintain their stranglehold upon us all, shall be nationalized—not even the railroads or the banks. He has not laid a finger upon the great monopolies, nor upon the greatest stronghold of privilege of all—the tariff. And he has backed, body and soul, the big-navy vested interests and touched not at all the sinister army and navy lobbies.

So I find myself in hearty accord with the proposal to call a convention in Chicago at the beginning of September which is being sponsored by the League for Independent Political Action for the purpose of taking stock of the situation and seeing whether it is possible to consolidate the various farm and labor movements into a liberal-radical party. I am well aware that if the Congressional elections were to be held this fall, the Democrats would poll an amazingly large percentage of the votes; that there is much propaganda to the effect that it is unpatriotic now to say a word against, or express a doubt about, the Roosevelt program and policies; that we are very close to the war-time psychology of labeling traitorous anyone who dissents or questions.

Again, as long as the Republican Party is the only opposition the need for a fusion of liberal elements is obvious. And there is still another reason for establishing a clearing-house of liberal opinion. Let us not underestimate the drift toward fascism. One of the most striking figures in the Wilson Administration recently said very earnestly to me that if Roosevelt should fail there would come a coalition government probably headed by Al Smith, and after that fascism. Perhaps distinctly more serious is the danger of our drifting into the new form of state by the slower, less obvious process of being regimented and regulated, and dangerously restricted in our liberty of action. Unawares, we could go far in this direction, for if the Roosevelt measures should prove illusory people will care even less what is done or how it is done, if only relief is achieved somehow. Chains are very easily put on, as Germany shows; they are put off with extraordinary difficulty. A clearing-house of liberal, and radical, and Socialist opinion might prove to be a lighthouse and a warning-tower of great importance in letting the country know whither we are drifting and how fast.

August Garrison Villard

The Home-Loan Act—a Fraud?

By HENRY GOLDEY

THE Home Owners' Loan Act, which became a law on June 13, is designed to aid home owners who are in danger of losing their property. It applies to property "upon which there is located a dwelling for not more than four families used by the owner as a home, or held by him as a homestead, and having a value not exceeding \$20,000." The act provides for the creation of a new corporation to be known as the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. The capital stock of the corporation shall be subscribed by the government in such amounts from time to time as the Board of Directors (who, under the act, are the same as the Federal Home Loan Bank Board) may determine, but not to exceed in the aggregate \$200,000,000.

In addition, the corporation is authorized to issue \$2,000,000,000 in bonds maturing within eighteen years, bearing interest at a rate not to exceed 4 per cent. The interest but *not* the principal is guaranteed by the government. While the corporation is authorized both to sell these bonds or exchange them, Chairman Steagall of the House Banking Committee, during the debate on the bill, stated that the exchange and not the sale of the bonds was contemplated. With this financial structure, the corporation is authorized to deal in three different kinds of home mortgages, which for convenience may be designated as 80 per cent, 50 per cent, and 40 per cent mortgages.

Under the 80 per cent plan, the corporation will re-finance a mortgage indebtedness existing at the time of the passage of the act by exchanging its bonds for the mortgage; and will, in addition, advance cash to pay taxes and assessments and to provide for necessary maintenance and repairs, provided that the aggregate amount of bonds and cash does not exceed 80 per cent of the present value of the property, and does not exceed \$14,000.

The 50 per cent plan applies to the fortunate home owner who has no mortgage whatever on his property. In his case, the corporation will advance *in cash* not in excess of 50 per cent of the value of the property, but only for the purpose of paying taxes and assessments and providing for necessary maintenance and repairs.

Under the 40 per cent plan the corporation will advance *in cash* up to 40 per cent of the value of the property to liquidate an existing mortgage indebtedness, where the mortgagee refuses to exchange his mortgage for the bonds, and to pay taxes and assessments and provide for necessary maintenance and repairs.

In each case, the obligation of the home owner to the corporation shall be for the face amount of the bonds given in exchange for the mortgage, plus the cash advance, if any, and shall be secured by a first mortgage on the property, bearing interest of not more than 5 per cent for the 80 per cent and 50 per cent mortgages, and not exceeding 6 per cent for the 40 per cent mortgages. The principal of the mortgage is to be amortized within fifteen years; the owner, however, need not make any payments on account of principal during the period of three years from the effective date of the act, provided that he complies with all the other provisions of the

mortgage. In addition, "the corporation may at any time grant an extension of time to any home owner for the payment of any instalment of principal or interest—if in the judgment of the corporation, the circumstances of the owner and the condition of the security justify such extension."

I wish to emphasize at this point that the original bill introduced in the House by Chairman Steagall contained no provision whatsoever for the refinancing of home mortgages on a cash basis. This provision found its way into the act through later amendments.

In the authorized statement explaining the act, William F. Stevenson, Chairman of the Home Loan Bank Board, said:

But no large volume of mortgages can be liquidated in cash under this [40 per cent] clause; because most homes are mortgaged for more than 40 per cent, and also because sufficient funds are not available to take over any large percentage of home mortgages in the country.

While this statement referred to the 40 per cent mortgages, it must have been intended to apply with equal force to the 50 per cent mortgages as well, because for these also cash advances were provided. It is therefore clear that the *primary* purpose of the bill concerns the 80 per cent mortgages in which the mortgage holder exchanges his mortgage for the bonds of the corporation.

It seems to me that any distressed home owner with a large mortgage on his property, with taxes unpaid, and with a house in need of repairs, upon reading about this bill must have felt very grateful toward Uncle Sam, who was ready, able, and willing, through this corporation, to lend him up to 80 per cent of the present value of his property, and to give him fifteen to eighteen years in which to repay it.

Unfortunately, however, there seems to be a slight hitch in the 80 per cent plan. Suppose, for example, that the mortgagee refuses to exchange his mortgage for the bonds. What then? Is it possible that these bonds might not prove sufficiently attractive to mortgagees to warrant an exchange? Is it possible that some mortgagees would not be *legally* permitted to make the exchange? The facts, which I intend to prove, are (1) that the vast majority of mortgagees would not be legally permitted to exchange their mortgages for these bonds; (2) that Congress knew this to be the case; (3) that independent of legal restrictions, the bonds are of little worth and therefore unattractive, and that Congress knew this also.

The bonds which the Home Owners' Loan Corporation is authorized to issue in exchange for mortgages are what are ordinarily known as debentures, that is, they are the mere promises of the corporation to pay, unsecured by the pledge of any specific assets. Under the laws of the several States, life insurance companies, savings banks, building and loan associations, title companies, and executors and trustees of estates are prohibited from making investments except in specific securities, such as government bonds, State bonds, certain municipal and county bonds; first mortgage bonds of specified railroads and in some cases, of utilities; first mort-

gages on real estate not in excess (in most cases) of 60 per cent of the value of the property. They are not permitted to invest in the unsecured bonds of any corporation.

The debenture bonds of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation are therefore ineligible under State laws for investment by such supervised financial institutions. Since approximately 80 per cent of home mortgages are held by these financial institutions and an unknown, but undoubtedly substantial percentage of the remainder are held by executors and trustees, it is clear that no relief under the bill can be expected by the vast majority of the home owners in the country.

Of course, it could have been possible that Congress overlooked this legal barrier to the workability of the law, considering the tremendous amount of important legislation enacted by it, but the *Congressional Record* proves that it was not an oversight. On April 27, during the first day of debate on the bill in the House of Representatives, the following colloquy took place:

MR. COCHRAN (Dem., Mo.): Is this bill going to be another fraud like the one enacted at the last session of Congress?

MR. GOLDSBOROUGH (Dem., Md.): It is not a fraud.

MR. COCHRAN: Are we then going to be honest and tell the people that this bill is not a set-up through which the government will take over their mortgages?

MR. GOLDSBOROUGH: Only people coming within the privileges of this bill can get relief.

MR. COCHRAN: It depends on whether the mortgagee will accept bonds. Insurance companies and building and loan associations cannot accept bonds under State laws.

MR. BRENNER (Dem., Ill.): Of course, if the mortgagee doesn't want to do refinancing, he cannot be compelled to.

On the day following Mr. Cochran again obtained the floor.

Is there a man in this House [he asked] who will deny that the laws of the various States do not prohibit building and loan associations, savings banks, and insurance companies from purchasing securities of the character described in this bill? I pause for a reply. No one seems to contradict this statement, and if it be true, who is going to take the bonds and where is the relief coming to the home owners?

Mr. Steagall, chairman of the House committee, who sponsored this bill, was present at both sessions of Congress during this debate, yet during the entire two sessions, no one answered the criticism of the gentleman from Missouri. In other words, Congress, according to its own official record, passed a law offering to trade bonds for mortgages when Congress knew that the vast majority of the mortgagees would not legally be permitted to make the exchange.

Can the situation be rectified? It can, in two ways, neither of which is likely to receive serious attention. The bonds could be made eligible for exchange if the principal as well as the interest was guaranteed by the government. This question was repeatedly raised during the debate on the bill in both houses but the suggestion was rejected by sponsors of the bill as inviting a Presidential veto. It was indicated that if the government undertook to refinance home mortgages by an exchange of bonds of which both principal and interest were guaranteed by the government, every mortgagee would

call in his mortgage and force an exchange of the mortgage for the bonds, in which case the two billion dollars provided by the bill would be wholly inadequate. Turning to the *Congressional Record* we find two statements from Representative Steagall:

It would be a serious thing to undertake to guarantee principal and interest on bonds of home owners aggregating over \$21,000,000,000. There is an end to what can prudently be done.

Nobody contends that we should open up the Treasury of the United States for adequate relief for all home owners.

Somewhat later Representative Reilly (Democrat, Wisconsin), spoke as follows:

Where are you going to get the money from? If we should issue twenty billion dollars worth of bonds to take care of our city mortgages, we would be entering upon the most stupendous inflation this country has ever known, an inflation that would destroy and wreck the industrial life of our country. We all have sympathy with the home owner, but there is a limit beyond which the government cannot go.

The second way out is the passage of enabling acts by the several States to permit insurance companies, savings banks, and other agencies to invest in the debentures, of which only the interest is guaranteed by the government. But to let down the bars of safety, which for generations have guarded the investments of these financial institutions, would constitute a great legislative crime. I doubt whether any of these financial institutions, considering the trust and confidence reposed in them, would for a moment consider the exchange. It would certainly be a breach of faith toward every purchaser of a building and loan certificate, every savings bank depositor, and every life insurance policy holder who has heretofore felt secure in the knowledge that the investments of these institutions are rigidly restricted by law, if these organizations were permitted to invest in the unsecured bonds of a politically managed corporation dealing in 80 per cent mortgages.

Assuming that enabling acts were passed, what about the desirability of the bonds as an investment. If a private corporation were to attempt under the stress of emergency to start a nationwide business of investing in mortgages, a tremendous amount of administrative waste would of necessity result. When such work is performed by a politically organized corporation, even assuming 100 per cent honesty all along the line, the waste would be staggering in comparison.

The announcements of the Federal Home Loan Bank indicate that the Home Owners' Loan Corporation will be organized with branches in each State and representatives in each county. There are 3,000 counties in the United States. According to an announcement in the *New York Times* of July 9, about 500 new jobs will be created in New York State alone to carry out the purposes of the act. Since there are 62 counties in New York State, this would mean an average of over 8 employees per county. If this average is maintained throughout the country, approximately 25,000 worthy, hungry job-holders would be employed in the administration of the act. At an average salary of, say, \$50

■ week, the total annual administrative expense for salaries therefore would be \$62,500,000, exclusive of all other expenses. The *total* annual expense would probably reach \$75,000,000.

Nor is it likely that this annual expense would be limited to the first few years of the corporation's existence. If it ever begins to function it will necessarily be in the mortgage and real estate business for at least eighteen years and probably many times eighteen years. While the law provides that the making of these loans shall be limited to the first three years of the corporation's existence, the corporation will have to carry on until the last mortgage has been completely amortized and the last bond paid.

Going into the matter a little further, what would the corporation's income be? Let us assume that the corporation functions to its fullest extent and owns \$2,000,000,000 worth of home mortgages for which it has issued an equal amount of bonds. Let us also assume that each home owner pays his interest promptly and in full. The income of the corporation at an interest rate of 5 per cent would therefore be \$100,000,000.

If the administrative expenses are \$75,000,000 and the corporation's income is \$100,000,000, only \$25,000,000 would be left with which to pay the interest of 4 per cent on the outstanding bonds of the corporation, representing a deficit of \$55,000,000 which the government has guaranteed and which it will have to make good. This estimate, it must be remembered, is based on the assumption that all the distressed home owners throughout the country are going to pay their interest promptly and in full. Does anybody really believe that this will be the case?

If the distress of the home owners is as keen as it is claimed to be, refinancing their obligations will not put them in any better position. And since the corporation has the right under the law to extend the time of payment of any instalment of principal or interest, it can readily be seen that this politically sponsored institution, itself feeding at the public trough, will have little serious objection to sharing it with others. It is much more likely that instead of an income from interest of \$100,000,000 ■ year, the corporation will realize closer to \$20,000,000 or perhaps ■ maximum of \$40,000,000 on the \$2,000,000,000 outstanding. If so, income from interest will not even equal administrative expense. Even with the greatest economy in administration, the best that might be hoped for is that the income and expense will be equal. In that case, the annual deficit which the government would have to make good would be the total interest charge on the bonds, or \$80,000,000, entailing ■ burden on the general American public of something like \$1,500,000,000 during the eighteen-year period.

Let us now try to envisage the final liquidation of the corporation's business, assuming for the sake of the argument that it ends in eighteen years. Does anyone think that 100 per cent will be realized on the assets of the corporation? Once an owner's equity in the property is a mere 20 per cent, there is little incentive to continue to increase that equity, especially when the money is owed to good old Uncle Sam. Considering the rapid depreciation of this type of property, generally estimated at 4 per cent per year, it seems clear that when a final reckoning is made, the government

will be fortunate if it realizes more than 25 cents on the dollar.

Let us be more optimistic, however, and assume that 50 cents on the dollar will be finally realized. What then? Will the holders of the bonds get the 50 cents on the dollar and in the meantime the 4 per cent interest paid by the government? *No, because the interest guaranty has a catch in it too.* While the act says that the interest on the bonds shall be fully and unconditionally guaranteed by the government, and that "such guarantee shall be expressed on the face thereof," the further provision is made that any monies advanced by the government to make good the interest on these bonds "*shall become an obligation to the United States of the corporation, and shall bear interest at the same rate as that borne by the bonds.*"

If, for example, the government will have had to make good the entire annual interest charge during the eighteen-year period of \$80,000,000 per annum, the amount owing by the corporation to the government at the end of that time with interest will be close to \$2,000,000,000; the total indebtedness of the corporation at that time, therefore, will be \$2,000,000,000 in outstanding bonds and \$2,000,000,000 to the government—a total of \$4,000,000,000. If the corporation should then liquidate and realize 50 per cent on its assets, it will have \$1,000,000,000 in cash with which to satisfy \$4,000,000,000 in claims; the bondholders would receive a mere 25 per cent of the principal, and the government would lose \$1,500,000,000 on the transaction.

That Congress thoroughly understood the worthlessness of the bonds and nevertheless passed the bill is evident from the following excerpts from the *Congressional Record*:

MR. MCFADDEN (Rep., Pa.): I say to you that the government will get all the inferior mortgages of the country—those which the public want to unload.

MR. MCGUGIN (Rep., Kan.): We all know that these bonds are not going to be good as to principal 100 cents on the dollar, because the security back of them is bound to be mortgages which are in distress at the very time these are exchanged for the bonds.

MR. GLOVER (Dem., Ark.): I do not know, but I believe there is not a man on this floor who would pay hard cash to buy the bonds provided in this bill. If there is a man, let him stand up. I would not do it, and you would not do it.

MR. MARTIN (Dem., Ore.): I do not understand that it is good business venture to loan on property up to 80 per cent when it is notorious that appraisers overappraise in reference to government loans.

MR. CELLER (Dem., N.Y.): Suppose a man . . . cannot pay his interest or amortization. Will the corporation foreclose? What is he going to do? He is going to his Congressman . . . and tell his troubles. What will the Congressman do? He'll endeavor to get an extension. If the foreclosure is in process, will this corporation eject the owner? I am sure that you are not going to get any ejection . . . The prospective investors know what they will have. They will have just pieces of paper for security, empty rights with no worthwhile privileges to foreclose due to political pressure.

SENATOR GORE (Dem., Okla.): What is the difference [between a three-year and five-year moratorium]? Will not the moratorium be made perpetual? Senators . . . discuss the imaginary difference between 5 per cent and

8 per cent interest under this scheme. What is the difference? Neither will be paid.

Mr. Wheeler, Senator from Montana, stated another truth when he said that he would feel much safer if his loan were placed with the federal government rather than a private lending concern. He said he did not believe the federal government would foreclose the mortgage. Certainly it will not. Suppose we make loans to 1,000,000 or 2,000,000 farmers and they demand that extensions, reductions, cancelations be made. . . . What answer will the Senators make? . . . Mr. Wheeler says "Cancel," an echo answers "Cancel," a chorus answers "Cancel." There is no other course.

A peculiar feature of the act remains to be mentioned. At the beginning of this article, I gave a résumé of the provisions of the act with respect to the kinds of mortgages the corporation is permitted to deal in. A second part of the act covers the organization of new building and loan associations in sections of the country where such associations do not exist. The act provides that the government shall contribute capital, dollar for dollar, up to a certain amount, to such new building and loan associations, and also specifies the kind of securities such building and loan associations are permitted to invest in. *The bonds of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation are not included.*

The passage by Congress of the Home Owners' Loan Act when it knew that the measure could bring relief only to a small percentage of home owners, and in those cases only when individual mortgagees might not be able to make a thorough analysis of the value of the bond, was a deliberate fraud. The act should be repealed.

It happens that an effective substitute is available. I refer to the possibility of State action similar to the emergency rent legislation in New York of a few years ago, which was sustained by the United States Supreme Court as a proper exercise of the police power of the State. It will be recalled that during the hectic days of 1920 and 1921, when rents in New York City and other urban centers skyrocketed to dizzy heights, legislation was passed prohibiting landlords from dispossessing tenants during the emergency, the court in the meantime being given the right to fix the reasonable rental value of the premises.

According to an Associated Press dispatch of July 7 last, the Minnesota State Supreme Court in a 6 to 1 decision upheld as constitutional the two-year emergency foreclosure relief act passed by the 1933 legislature. This act, among other things, provides that during the two-year stay the owner must pay the rental value of the property. The court in that case, said:

There can be no doubt that in some degree our act impairs the obligations of the mortgage contract, and hence runs counter to Section X, Article 1 of the federal Constitution. But our conclusion is that the legislature, under the police power of the State, has authority to enact laws to relieve a public emergency even though such laws temporarily impair obligations of contract, provided the impairment is no more than reasonably necessary. To that extent, the police power is supreme.

If such legislation were enacted in all States, the Home Owners' Loan Act, with its 25,000 political jobs entailing a colossal loss to the American taxpayers, would be quite unnecessary. And if Congress were in a generous mood, it could in addition devote the \$200,000,000 intended to be wasted

in political patronage under the Home Owners' Loan Act to the relief of those who cannot even pay the reasonable rental value of the premises during the stay of the foreclosure action.

The Administration's Answer

Mr. Goldey's article was submitted by The Nation to William F. Stevenson, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation and of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board. His comments follow:

The article submitted by you is based upon a misconception of the scope and purpose of the Home Owners' Act of 1933.

The total of all the home mortgages of the country is in excess of \$20,000,000,000, over half of which are in default of one or more of their terms. Congress did not believe that it would be wise for the government to endeavor to take over so vast a portfolio of mortgages, and drive all private capital out of the mortgage lending field. But it did believe that some measure of relief should be offered, by taking off the market mortgages of distressed home owners, to the limits of the act, in the hope that by so doing it would tend to stabilize realty and mortgage values.

It is true that in some States, under the provisions of their laws, some types of mortgagees may not be permitted to exchange their mortgages for bonds of the corporation without the aid of enabling legislation. But it is also a fact that there is a total amount of mortgages available for exchange far in excess of the authorized amount of bonds that the corporation may issue.

The bonds are backed by the authorized capital of the corporation, which is \$200,000,000, and by the mortgages given to secure the primary obligations of home owners who have refinanced their indebtedness to the corporation. These mortgages will be carefully placed, upon adequate appraisal, examination of title, and inquiry as to the ability of the home owner to meet the obligation he incurs with the corporation. It is unthinkable to assume, as has been assumed by your writer, that any large number of American citizens owning their own homes will deliberately refrain from paying their mortgage indebtedness for the sole reason that a governmental instrumentality is the holder of the mortgage.

The figures quoted as to the expense of the operation of the corporation are so fantastic that they have the appearance of being deliberately exaggerated. The corporation will operate through a State manager with a small force of assistants, who are being paid a remuneration that is most reasonable for the services rendered; the county appraisers, as well as the attorneys in the respective counties, are to be paid upon a piece basis for the work they actually do, which fee will be paid by the borrower; and the large numbers of citizens who will act as advisory committees in the respective counties and States of the country are acting without compensation of any kind, undertaking their duty as a patriotic one for the good of the country as a whole.

In my opinion, the article is most unfair and does not truly represent either the purpose or the scope of the act nor the possible good that the corporation may do. In thirty days the board will be able to give definite figures as to the annual expense, which will largely cease at the end of three years, while the income will continue.

WILLIAM F. STEVENSON

The Architect and the Depression

By TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN, A.I.A.

IT is common knowledge that architecture has been hard hit during the last three years, but it is doubtful if there is any general realization of the terrific intensity of the blow it has received. Figures collected by the Dodge Corporation Reports for the thirty-seven States east of the Rockies (published in the *Architectural Record* for July, 1933) show that in 1932 architects had less than one-seventh the work they had in 1928. The figures for contracts let under architects' supervision in round numbers are as follows: 1928, \$3,600,000,000; 1932, \$500,000,000. The Pacific States were less drastically affected, but even there the falling off in business was severe. In other words, if architects were producing the same amount per capita in 1932 as in 1928, out of seven architects and draftsmen at work in 1928 only one would be busy today. Of course this is not the case; production per capita, and consequently income, has fallen off as the total of construction has diminished; thousands of architects and architectural firms still ostensibly in active practice are leading a precarious half-life, striving manfully to collect enough from the crumbs of work that fall their way to meet the office rent and some of the overhead expense.

The Dodge Corporation figures reveal another interesting fact. In 1928 the \$3,600,000,000 of work was shared by 9,000 offices; in 1932 the \$500,000,000 of work went to only 5,300—a falling off of roughly 4,000 offices or individuals. But this does not tell the whole story, for the figures for the four years from 1928 to 1932 show a total of 9,700 new architects; including these, the number who have given up the ghost since 1928 is another 13,000 and the number continuing in practice only 3,800.

In this tremendous shift it is noteworthy that the smaller offices have frequently fared better than the larger ones. The large office with its extravagant overhead is badly hit when income slumps or ceases; the smaller office, with lower charges, can continue to carry on. Moreover the large office is not likely to seek the small work on which the small office can still continue to make a meager living, for the training and experience necessary for designing, organizing, and superintending a large commercial building do not necessarily produce an efficient architect for a small house or for alterations in a tenement or shop.

During the depression, then, the small architectural office of one or two men has gained a new importance. And this fact may be more significant for future developments than it now appears. It is likely that in the years immediately ahead there will be little of that type of enormous work which alone justifies and makes necessary the "plan-factory" type of architectural office that was so characteristic of the boom years. Decentralization of industry is proceeding in many localities. May it not be that a similar decentralization of architectural practice will take place?

Even though the percentage rate of architects' fees on smaller work is greater than that on commercial and investment buildings, the total income from architectural practice in 1932 was at best less than a fifth of the income in 1928.

Behind these figures lie the poverty and the smashed hopes of a great part of the architectural profession. The drastic slash in income has had various effects. The architectural work of the country is largely done in offices employing from two to one hundred draftsmen, in addition to the necessary clerical and accounting force. The stenographers and clerks thrown out of work are merely added to the general mass of unemployed white-collar workers; some can, and do, find places in other fields. But the draftsmen—the "pencil pushers" who make by far the greater number of the actual working drawings and details of a modern building, the specification writers, and the superintendents of construction—face a hopeless and a cruel situation. They are highly trained specialists, most of them; they have given their lives to the profession. They have been accustomed to a high standard of living, to a weekly wage that varied from \$35 for a junior just out of architectural school to \$150 or even more for the more brilliant and experienced designer and executive. Six out of seven of them have lost their jobs.

Right here, perhaps, lies one explanation of the 9,700 new architects who appear on the Dodge Reports list for the depression years. The clever draftsman—the man with initiative and perhaps with connections—realized when he was fired that there was no more employment to be had in his field. But there were unimportant architectural jobs still—store alterations, little houses, modernizations, and so on, often too small to interest a large or prominent architectural firm. These he sought out, and sometimes obtained; and thus a new architect was added to the already overcrowded field.

Other draftsmen, disgusted with the result of a lifetime of effort in a chosen profession, have turned to other fields. Some have turned artists or interior decorators. One makes decorative maps. One, with a musical avocation, plays the piano for a radio circuit. Another is a taxi driver. And many have gone into commission selling—that last chaotic field which modern finance and industry have developed to absorb those technologically and otherwise unemployed—and hawk over the country everything from pencils to life insurance. Yet there remain countless more who have been unable to make these adjustments—men specially trained, sometimes brilliant, too long attached to the drafting board to fare easily or successfully in other fields. For them the outlook is desperate.

To this condition the architectural profession as a whole has been commendably alert. For, whatever their shilly-shallyings in other matters, architects have always been truly professional in cooperating for their common good. Always ready to help each other in normal times, in this emergency of unemployment, perhaps the worst that has ever overtaken a similar body of men, architects have done everything possible to ease the situation for unfortunate fellow-craftsmen.

Little material help could be expected from the American Institute of Architects, the central professional organization. It was always poor, and much of its limited capital was tied up for special purposes. Moreover, the emergency

itself still further impoverished it through non-payment of dues. Financial aid had to be organized locally; the best the institute could hope to do was to assist cooperation between groups in various localities, act as a clearing house for information as to what was being done, and be on the watch in Washington to see that architects received their just share of any federal building program.

Various localities have done different things. A Boston group was the earliest to be organized; a New York group was formed in November, 1930. The New York organization is typical; other local organizations have often followed its example. It is called the Architects' Emergency Committee for the Region of New York, which includes, roughly, the region within a radius of fifty miles and was originally made up of one member from each of the architectural societies in the area and two representing the architectural press. The Architectural League gave it free office space, and it has one salaried employee, its executive secretary. All other clerical and office work is done by unemployed architects and paid for at the regular relief rates of \$5 a day. Its money has come from personal and organization gifts; and much of it from a busy and imaginative Women's Auxiliary, which has raised substantial sums through fairs, expeditions to famous private houses, exhibitions, teas, and so on. Altogether some \$100,000 has been raised.

The office expense has been low. The money has been mainly spent in the following ways: Prizes for monthly competitions open only to the unemployed; direct relief—only in the most urgent cases, and for small sums of from \$25 to \$100; emergency salaries—the usual \$5 a day, three days a week, for men employed on "made work." Altogether, the committee has registered about 3,000 unemployed. It has found private employment for 522, in many cases of a non-architectural nature—chauffeur, tutoring, taking care of boys, and so on; it has cooperated closely with the Emergency Work Bureau (the Gibson Committee) and placed 663 men on their pay roll; and it has itself employed some 655. The "made work" done by these 1,300-odd men has been varied, often interesting, and much of it extremely valuable. They have worked on housing and traffic surveys for the State Housing Board. They have helped in the Columbia University Energy Survey of the United States. They have done research work and made drawings for articles in the architectural press. Some are making models of historic American buildings for museum use; and a staff is at work preparing measured drawings for a standard work on famous colonial houses, the proceeds of which will go to the committee. Some have even been employed in city departments, notably the Manhattan Bureau of Buildings and the Board of Standards and Appeals, to assist in repairing, rearranging, and checking valuable records.

All this is work of genuine public usefulness, and the committee deserves great credit for choosing its projects so wisely and for avoiding the real danger of having its men, who are paid at best a pittance, used for private gain. Yet, important as the work is, it has been possible to find employment only for slightly more than half of those registered. There are, moreover, in the committee's very achievements, necessary as they are, the seeds of future danger—the danger of the \$5 wage, and of a kind of pauperizing of such social bodies as the boards of trade, colleges and universities, and

housing boards, which have obtained this labor for nothing.

For three years this free labor has been available; the committee is only too glad to find places where it may "legitimately" be used. And three years is long enough to establish a habit. Even in private work the knowledge is getting about that trained draftsmen are being paid—by the architects' committee itself—\$5 a day and \$15 a week. A wealthy woman who wished some alterations in her house and applied to the committee was surprised and enraged to learn that she would have to pay more; that the \$5 wage applied to emergency work only. And when architects become busy again, will they be able to forget that draftsmen existed on \$15 a week? For the draftsman will be in no position to bargain for a long time to come, and the spirit of many is already broken.

Another interesting phase is worth consideration—the effect of the depression on architectural style and on professional standing. About the first it is difficult to generalize, but "playing safe" in design seems increasingly a phenomenon of the depression—witness the greater part of government work, especially in Washington. And where the work is consciously an innovation, as in the World's Fair buildings in Chicago, the style becomes often merely eccentric, extravagant, so entirely divorced from the great architectural problems of plan, material, use, and proportion as to be almost without architectural meaning. Now both of these developments—the joyless conservatism of, say, the Department of Commerce Building in Washington, and the mad and almost planless extravaganza of Chicago—are symptoms, at heart, of exhaustion and despair. They are both escape phenomena, flights from the realities of today. Out of neither can a living style develop. Is it far-fetched to find in the chaos of the depression, in the haunting and all-pervasive sense of insecurity and doubt, in the actual terror of destitution which these last three years have brought to the architects especially, at least a partial reason for this search for escape? Virginia Woolf, in "A Room of One's Own," was right—precious little great art has grown out of poverty and fear.

The other great effect of the depression on architects contains the only bright element in the situation. The depression has made many architects think with a new seriousness about their professional position and its relation to the whole sociological and economic present. During boom years, architects, particularly in the larger offices, became imbued with the psychology of their clients. All the Hooverian dogmas of individualism, salesmanship, profit-making, were swallowed unquestioningly. Architectural magazines were full of articles on the money-making side of the profession; the architect was often a promoter and a business man rather than a designer. As he became immersed in financial schemes and details, his professional position was weakened; the architect was merely one of several cogs in the machine of corporate and individual profit chasing. Then came the falling off in investment building between 1928 and 1929 and the stock-market crash; and one after another the great hotels and office buildings paraded into bankruptcy and foreclosure. The profit chasers sought other fields; the architect was forgotten. He learned bitterly of the gratitude of wealth, and all his grandiose promotion schemes vanished. Out of it all he found he had won only small pay, worry, and a loss of professional prestige.

In the enforced leisure of the depression, the architect has begun to think of the value of his training to society as a whole; he has begun to apply his creative talent to housing, to city planning, to the problems of social recreation. A vision is growing of the high destiny of the architectural profession; and after the fever of his plunge into high finance, the architect finds that vision healthy and sane. In many cases the architect is beginning to examine with a new interest and a new point of view the whole economic basis of life; he is beginning to realize how deeply the great dilemmas of poverty and wealth are implicated in his work. If, when he finds work again, he remembers the thoughts of these lean

years, we may look forward to a profession of great influence, high standards, greater professional dignity, and a more noble purpose.

[This is the first of a series of articles on the effects of the depression in the various professions. In the next issue, Eunice Langdon will deal with the school teacher, and in the issue thereafter W. B. Thomas will discuss the plight of the university and college instructor. The Nation will be glad to receive letters from professional people or their families telling how they have met the depression thus far, and what they consider the prospects for the coming winter.]

Russia's Last Hard Year

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, July 12

WHEN all the world was struggling in the throes of capitalism's worst depression, the Soviet Union was experiencing the construction boom of the first Five-Year Plan. That was its period of inflation. Now the Western nations are flirting with inflation. Russia, in contradiction, is entering upon her deflationist stage. This means that new building projects are fewer, money is scarcer, prices are lower, goods are more plentiful, and individual prosperity is "just around the corner." 1933, according to the official version, will be the U. S. S. R.'s "last difficult year." I hope so.

The first half of 1933 was very difficult indeed. Many people simply did not have sufficient nourishment. The 1932 harvest was bad, and to make matters worse, thousands of tons of grain rotted in the fields because the peasants refused to reap what they knew the government would confiscate under the polite guise of "collections." These circumstances and the necessity of maintaining a large military reserve for any eventuality in the Far East reduced food reserves to an uncomfortable minimum. Human resistance to disease is consequently very low. Passportization, designed to relieve woeful congestion in the cities, achieved some results but served chiefly to add mental anguish to material distress.

It is an interesting commentary on Russian psychology and a tremendous tribute to the Communist Party's talents for organization that these trying conditions were not permitted to ruin the spring sowing. The Bolsheviks, thanks to their vast energy, strict discipline, and centralized control, accomplished the incredible when they marched the peasantry through a successful planting season. The abolition of collections and the introduction of the grain tax revived some of the village's drooping faith and facilitated the Kremlin's drive. Today, accordingly, harvest prospects seem to be extremely bright. And a good crop in Russia covers a multitude of past mistakes. The peasantry has learned a terrible lesson and is not likely to refuse in the near future to gather in the last sheaf of grain. The experience of 1932 has probably also contributed to the government's education. It cannot with impunity kill the peasant's initiative by taking too much of his yield.

Harvesting has already commenced in the Northern Caucasus, the Central Volga district, and Southern Ukraine.

In one collective in the Odessa district, according to a press report, the crop is so big that each member of the artel may receive no less than 18,000 pounds of grain for his year's work and for disposal as he sees fit. "But how is it possible to distribute so much among the peasants?" the Communist leaders of the collective asked, and decided that they would "persuade" the happy mujiks to show their devotion by "offering" the state more than it requires them to pay in taxes. This demonstration of excessive zeal, *Pravda* states, has been rigorously suppressed. Last year it would have been lauded as an example for all others to follow. Now the authorities insist that the collectivists retain everything over and beyond the single grain tax. Should their share be large, the members of the kolhoz will grow rich. Did not Stalin promise recently that "the collectivized peasants must soon become well-to-do"?

If village administrators afflicted with "childish leftism" do not antagonize the peasants, if the peasants get enough help from the cities for the harvesting of the crop, if the weather does not play some cruel pranks, if the lifting of the British embargo does not stimulate the export of too much butter, poultry, eggs, and so on—these are big ifs—the Soviet food problem may be solved in a month or two. This will constitute a long step towards the stabilization, at least, of the peasant problem. No such stabilization was possible earlier. During the first Five-Year Plan the Bolsheviks had to rob the village in order to feed the growing city which was not paying its way. If they had allowed the collectives to keep more of their grain they could not have exchanged it for manufactured commodities anyway; those commodities were not available—the emphasis of 1929-32 was on new factories and not on shirts and shoes. Today, however, the supply of city goods has taken a sharp leap upwards. The investment of the first Piatiletka is beginning to yield dividends. This is the most striking change of the last six months. The trickle of consumers' goods which I noticed in Ukrainian villages in October, 1932, has now become a sizable stream. In Moscow, to a lesser extent in other cities, but to a considerable degree in rural districts, one can buy without any rationing or cards or special "pull," beds, other furniture, soap, underwear, shoes, cotton goods, stockings, thread, buttons, bottles, china ware, cooking utensils, and many other household articles. Their quality, need-

less to say, is bad, but a year ago they could scarcely be obtained at all.

This favorable development has ■■ adverse side. The new manufactured commodities go to those who can pay the high prices. Since ordinary cooperative stores are poorly stocked and good closed-factory cooperatives are few in number, those citizens who have gold or foreign currency or many rubles can buy most of what they need, and those not so fortunate do without. But this is not exactly socialism. When the pressing scarcity of necessities shall have been eliminated, the Bolsheviks will still be faced with the problem of devising ■ more equitable system of distribution. It is distribution, more even than production, that determines the character of a society.

Meanwhile, socialist industry is making great strides. In 1924, there were 24,000 automobiles and trucks in all of the Soviet Union. During the first six months of 1933, the Amo factory in Moscow, the new Nizhni Novgorod plant, and the Yaroslav plant for five-ton trucks together produced 21,101 passenger machines and trucks. In addition, Kharkov, Stalingrad, and Cheliabinsk turned out 33,031 tractors. The output of coal, steel, pig iron, agricultural combines, synthetic rubber, chemicals, and of dozens of machines not previously made in Russia has risen to unprecedented heights, although Magnitogorsk, the most gigantic "giant" of the Five-Year Plan, is not yet operating smoothly, and other big units are still suffering from "infantile diseases." Questions of quality and cost of production continue to worry the Kremlin, and the shortage of skilled labor has not been alleviated by deflation or passportization. Despite the drop in big-scale construction, many factories, railroads, homes, and roads are being built, and the use of youthful, unskilled peasants at tasks which I have observed, the difficulty of finding workers to put finishing touches on our new apartment, ■■ well as intensive inquiries among my friends and acquaintances, lead me to the conclusion that recent economic changes have not resulted in any unemployment. A person who wants ■ job can get it even in overcrowded Moscow, and certainly in the provinces.

With very little ado and practically no press comment, an edict has merged the Commissariat of Labor into the All-Soviet Trade Unions, so that control of the many-billion-ruble social-insurance fund, the sanatoria, rest homes, all workers' medical services, and the protection of labor passes from the hands of the government to the trade unions. Thus, formally at least, the process by which, under socialism, the state dies a slow death through attrition has advanced another step. Back in 1920, Trotsky advocated a reverse development: the suppression of the unions and the organization of official labor battalions. Nevertheless, as usual, some foreign observers have styled the recent Soviet decree a "Trotskyist move." Professional anti-Trotskyists, on the other hand, viewing the 1920 Lenin-Trotsky trade-union controversy in the new light of Italian and German fascism, find ideological points of contact between the Duce, Hitler, and the sage of Prinkipo. While these salon polemics rage, we shall wait to see whether the latest change which gives the unions broader functions also gives them greater independence.

Akulov, an old Bolshevik and former associate of Lenin, has been appointed Attorney-General of the Soviet Union. This is a new office. Previously, the separate Soviet republics

had procurators but the federal government did not. The attorney-general has been granted very wide prerogatives. He is to be responsible for the observance of laws, decrees, and the constitution by Soviet departments; he is to see that Soviet courts apply the law correctly and uniformly. He may enter a protest against any legal sentence and stop its execution. But the most surprising of Akulov's functions is his right to watch over the activities of the G. P. U. One of the attorney-general's duties is "the supervision . . . of the legality and regularity of the G. P. U.'s acts." Two years ago, Akulov was appointed vice-president of the G. P. U. As such he actually superseded Yagoda, the active head of that organization, and became the chief of the institution. Apparently, however, friction developed between him and the permanent officials, and before long the newcomer with ■ penchant for reform was removed and sent to ■ rather inferior post in the Donetz coal basin. In this light, Akulov's promotion and his new relationship vis-a-vis the G. P. U. take on special significance. They would seem to reflect a desire on the part of those responsible for the appointment to have a more direct check on the work of the G. P. U., and perhaps, also, to modify its psychology.

Somebody said to me the other day: "Stalin is like a mountain with ■ head on it. He cannot be moved. But he thinks." His power and influence are greater now than ever, which is saying ■ great deal. He inspires the party with his will power and calm. Individuals in contact with him admire his capacity to listen and his skill in improving on the suggestions and drafts of highly intelligent subordinates. There is no doubt that his determination and wisdom have been important assets in the struggles of the last few years. But this in no way justifies the daily reams of Oriental praise which the press and Soviet organizations lavish on him. Though it seemed scarcely possible, that adulation has grown even more sentimental and saccharine in the past year.

Strange as it may seem to one arriving in Moscow from the Western world, the Bolsheviks are still obsessed by the fear of imminent war on the Soviet Union. Sometimes I suspect that the agitation about intervention is either for home, or for foreign Communist, consumption. And yet I know that any number of important Bolsheviks sincerely believe the bourgeois states are preparing to invade the U. S. S. R. in the near future. Such thoughts, I am persuaded, are unrealistic. War in Eurasia, to be sure, is a daily possibility. Nor can one easily overestimate the anti-Soviet wishes of the German, British, Japanese, and other governments. Nevertheless, there is considerable guaranty of peace in the new and selfish friendship of Poland and France for Moscow and in Japan's preoccupation in China. I am disposed to think that the direction of Nipponese expansion will be southward toward the Yangtze rather than north and east into Siberia or Outer Mongolia. Of course, this may change any day, and one cannot, therefore, criticize the Kremlin for maintaining a tremendous military establishment in the Soviet east. I see no immediate war danger, however, and I believe the Bolsheviks should not allow themselves to live in eternal dread of foreign aggression. It is bad for the nerves and it distorts policy.

The very marked improvement of Russia's relations with Paris and Warsaw should have a sobering effect on

Japan. Litvinov has become a collector of pacts, and some of them are not mere scraps of paper, for they register real changes of feeling in bourgeois countries and in Moscow too. His latest convention with the Soviets' eight neighbors, significantly including Rumania, and with the other two states of the Little Entente, gives the world its first concrete and documented definition of an aggressor and should make the foreign commissar a powerful contender for the Nobel

Peace Prize. I should not be surprised if he got it and accepted it. Like Karl Radek's visit to Warsaw on the invitation of the editor of Pilsudski's party organ and like Litvinov's stay in Paris as guest of the French government, the conferring of such a prize would proclaim to all that the new era of peaceful coexistence between the capitalist and communist systems has become an established international fact which bodes no ill for the bourgeoisie.

The Random Satire of George S. Kaufman

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

DURING a period of fifteen years George S. Kaufman, the most indefatigable collaborator of our theater, has had a hand in more than twenty plays—from "Someone in the House," which he wrote with Jacques Duval in 1918, to "Dinner at Eight," which he and Miss Edna Ferber started on its triumphal career last fall. "Dulcy," the first of his outstanding successes, was written with Marc Connelly in 1921 and with Mr. Connelly he has since worked on other plays, but the list of his collaborators is almost as long as the list of his plays and it includes, besides those already mentioned, Ring Lardner, Moss Hart, Alexander Woollcott, and Morrie Ryskind.

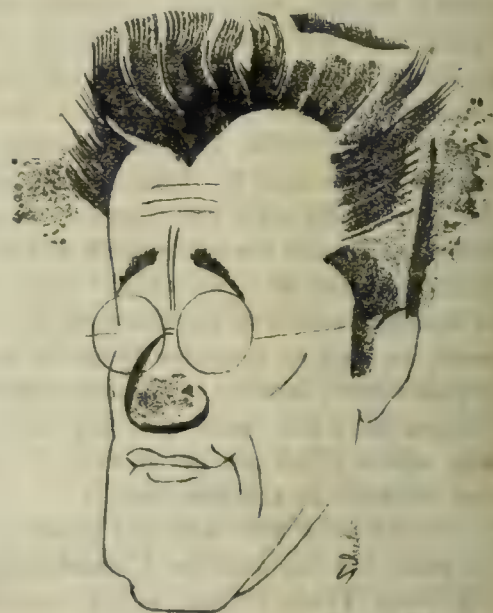
Even more striking than this persistent habit of collaboration is the fact that his fellow-worker often seems to set the tone of the piece. Thus "Beggars on Horseback," that delightful dream play of the composer who almost married into Big Business, is obviously dominated by the delicate fantasy of Marc Connelly. On the other hand the tone of "The Royal Family" and "Dinner at Eight" clearly results from the bravura touch of Miss Ferber, while "The Channel Road" is equally clearly the product of Mr. Woollcott's reminiscent sentiment.

Indeed, it is sometimes possible to separate out certain passages in some of the plays which seem to belong so wholly to the collaborator that Mr. Kaufman can have had little or nothing to do with the writing of them. Thus there can be, for example, little doubt that the fine prologue to "June Moon" belongs almost exclusively to Mr. Lardner whose flare for the grotesqueries of the urban clodhopper is evident in almost every speech. Only he could have written the curtain line which makes the embryo song writer say to the girl whom he has picked up on the train and invited to dinner, "Well I guess we can spare sixty cents apiece." Only he could have opened up the depths into which he invites us to peer when this same song writer remarks, "You don't need to be scared of me, girlie, I treat all women like they was my sister. Till I find out different." And only he could have written a passage like the following from the same scene:

And he said a man like I with the song-writing gift was a sucker not to go to New York, because that's where they have a Mecca for a man if you got the song-writing gift. So he give me a letter to the Friars Club, asking them to give me a two weeks card, they call it. The Friars Club is where they have the Mecca for song writers.

Under the circumstances it might seem that Mr. Kaufman had hardly earned the right to be considered an independent dramatist. He has, I believe, written only one play by himself and, if a biological metaphor be permitted, it appears that his own characteristics are "recessive" rather than "dominant." Yet the fact remains that no name carries more respect in theatrical circles than his and that he is, as a matter of fact, far better known as a dramatist than some of those with whom he has worked. His collaboration is believed to spell success and this fact is, no doubt, due in part to his skill in handling the conventional machinery of dramatic construction. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that he contributes nothing else or that his writing has no character of its own. Nearly every play upon which he has worked is studded with passages obviously his and they are all characterized by the same quality—namely a sparkling wit of a peculiarly local kind.

This wit is not, like that of S. N. Behrman, essentially literary and timeless. Neither is it, like the wit of Mr. Lardner, the result of an imaginative penetration into the psychology of a stratum of humanity definitely below his own. It is, on the contrary, always the comment of Mr. Kaufman himself upon some event in the play or some happening in the passing show of the moment. Most of his best lines might easily be transplanted from one play to another. Many of them have nothing except their unusual felicity to distinguish them from countless other lines of similar sort and one often recognizes them as his, not because they are different from, but simply because they are better than, those written by various other contributors to the current stage. Essentially they



Drawing by Georges Schreiber

George S. Kaufman

are what we have learned to call "wisecracks" and Mr. Kaufman is essentially the best wisecracker that Broadway has produced—the acknowledged master of its phraseology and attitude.

Long before the theater had ever heard of him, Mr. Kaufman was a newspaper columnist—first on the *Washington Times* and then on the *New York Mail* (1914-15). Then he passed on to the dramatic departments, first of the *New York Tribune*, then of the *Times*, and doubtless it was thus that he made the transition from journalism to the stage. But the significant fact is that he has remained essentially the "columnist"—one, that is to say, whose chief business it is to make brief random comments upon a thousand things. Members of the columnist's profession are not required to develop a philosophy or to have anything independent to say. They are supposed to sparkle a dozen times a day, not to throw the steady light of sustained criticism upon life or society as a whole, and it is the exception when one is found who has developed a consistent point of view. Certainly Mr. Kaufman, for all his brilliance, has not. He has said a hundred witty things; he is certainly on the side of good sense; yet it would be very difficult after reading his twenty-odd plays to say that they tend in any direction. One knows what Mr. Lardner or Mr. Behrman stands for. The quality of each is as definite almost as the quality of Eugene O'Neill. But in the case of Mr. Kaufman one cannot be sure of anything—except that one is almost certain to be amused.

Open almost any one of his plays at random and you are pretty sure to run across something like the following bit of dialogue from "Dulcy," which I quote, not because it is better than dozens of others, but because it is typical and especially because, having been timely when it was written during the depression of 1921, it has come around to being timely again. Gordon, a pompous business man, is greeting a flippant gentleman who happens to be called Bill but might very well be called George S. Kaufman instead:

GORDON: I say, how's business?

BILL: Haven't you heard?

GORDON (a bit cheery): Oh, I don't know. I have an idea it may pick up presently.

BILL: You've been reading Mr. Schwab. "Steel Man Sees Era of Profits."

GORDON: Well—I think he's right at that.

BILL: Yes. . . . Rockefeller expects to break even this year, too.

GORDON: Just the same I look for improvement. (Earnestly) Bill, if it could just be arranged that all the outstanding accounts could be absorbed by the banks, and then turn those accounts into payable—

BILL: I know. You mean—things would be better if we weren't all broke.

That is George Kaufman at his most typical.

Reviewers commonly greet Mr. Kaufman's plays with understandable enthusiasm. Occasionally, however, they temper their praise by complaining of a certain lack of substance. The play, they say, too often goes out like a spent sky-rocket, leaving nothing behind except the memory of an all too brief, not too significant splendor. Nor can there be any doubt that the complaint is well founded or that—especially in those plays where the general scheme has not obviously been contributed by a coauthor—the plot is both thin and conventional. Consider, for example, four of his most characteristic and successful pieces: "To the Ladies" (1922);

"The Butter and Egg Man" (1925); "June Moon" (1929); and "Once in a Lifetime" (1930). Such plot as each has is simply a variant of the same perversion of the Cinderella story. In each, that is to say, the hero is a grossly incompetent boob of one sort or another, and in each case he blunders into a not very credible success. In the first—and to my mind most wholly unconvincing—he is a small clerk whose clever wife helps him to make an impression on the boss. In the second he is an incredibly naive youth from the provinces who makes a miraculous hit as a theatrical "angel" despite all the wise guys preparing to fleece him; in the third, he is a simple-minded vulgarian who writes a song hit; in the fourth, he is a second-rate vaudeville actor who sells himself so successfully to the bewildered magnates of the new talking films that they make him a director only to discover that the film he has turned out is so bad that the critics all hail it as the work of a new and masterly technician. His passion for eating nuts has resulted in a constant tattoo accompanying the dialogue and his forgetfulness about ordering the lights to be turned on has had the natural result of enveloping many important scenes in an all but impenetrable obscurity. Nevertheless—while in full flight from the scene—he discovers from the reviews that all is well. The cracking of the nuts is interpreted as a technical invention comparable to the drum in "The Emperor Jones" and in the words of one reviewer: "The lighting of the picture is superb. Dr. Lewis has wisely seen the value of leaving the climaxes to the imagination of the audience. In the big scenes almost nothing is visible."

Despite the rather silly extravagance of such an incident as this and despite the plain sentimentality mixed in with "The Butter and Egg Man" and "To the Ladies," all these plays are rich with stretches of dialogue and touches of characterization which are amazingly shrewd and telling. Mr. Kaufman's comments are, in other words, on an entirely different level from that of the action itself and he displays in them an intelligence which the main outline would certainly offend if he considered that outline as more than a necessary evil. He can write a satire called "The Tangled Wildwood," of the John Golden-Winchell Smith school of popular drama, but he can descend to the same level himself, and in either "June Moon" or "The Butter and Egg Man" produce something which is perilously close to a simple-minded success story of the same sort.

The conventional explanation for this phenomenon is that Mr. Kaufman knows the weakness of the popular taste and has not had any scruples about giving his audience the sop it demands. Once when he was asked why he did not consistently write satire instead of mere popular entertainment with a satiric flavor, he is said to have replied: "Satire is what closes Saturday night." The remark is first-rate Broadway and has been accepted as a genuine explanation but I venture to say that it is not, at best, more than a witty rationalization. Mr. Kaufman does not write consistent satire chiefly because he has never taken the trouble to consider just what such satire would be.

Short flights of wit and shrewd touches of character are not enough to make a play. It has to be held together by a plot and a plot must tend somewhere. But Mr. Kaufman, being primarily a wit, does not know how to make a plot or even, perhaps, in just what direction he would want it to tend even if he could make one. Famous for his conversation, he is the author of half of the *obiter dicta* and bits of

repartee quoted on Broadway. But his forte is what is known in the language of the moment as "a good comeback" and the good comeback is something arising out of the moment for the moment. It implies, perhaps, a philosophy in solution, but it does not imply a consistently formulated attitude and it is quite compatible with a complete inability to expand any further the criticism which it suggests. Mr. Kaufman, therefore, must borrow his plots, and he naturally borrows those which are nearest to hand. He gives his plays a conventionally sentimental ending because that is the way these plots have always ended before, and also, perhaps, because he has never explored his own mind thoroughly enough to know what sort of ending would actually be consistent with the tone which the dialogue consistently implies.

Eight years ago Montrose Moses wrote in "The American Dramatist": "The flare of George Kaufman and Marc Connelly in 'Dulcy' and 'To the Ladies' has almost a Gilbertian value to it. They could give us an American libretto as fresh as 'Patience' and 'The Mikado'." This prophecy was fulfilled when Kaufman and Ryskind wrote "Of Thee I Sing"—certainly the best satiric extravaganza of its kind ever written here. Unfortunately, however, there is no convincing proof that Mr. Kaufman is determined to realize the potentialities suggested by his best work or that he is other than satisfied with the popular and financial success which comes to him so easily. His latest work, "Dinner at Eight," obviously belongs in its general conception to Miss Ferber.

Certainly nothing in its romantically melodramatic thesis bears any relation to the mocking spirit of his wit, and Mr. Kaufman's hand is apparent chiefly in a few epigrams which here and there brighten the scenes without having any organic relation to the whole.

Mr. Kaufman is forty-four years old and the discouraging thing is that the twelve years since "Dulcy" have seen little if any development in the direction one would like to see him take. He has learned, perhaps, how to adapt himself to the requirements of almost any style which his collaborator chooses to adopt and there has certainly been no diminution in the brightness of his lines. But there has been no tendency for his wit to evolve into a philosophy or for his satire to be other than a succession of potshots which bring down a good deal of miscellaneous game but continue to give the impression that they are too random to be very effective. The plays are fun for him and fun for his audience. They pay such large returns in money and popularity that it is, perhaps, too much to ask that he should run the risk of writing something which "closes Saturday night." Yet one cannot but fear that if he does not begin to take the risk the final result will be several scores of plays of which history will be able to say no more than that they show how a talent wasted itself in doing things which it found all too easy to do.

[This is the second of a series of four articles on American dramatists. The third will appear soon.]

Refugees from Oppression

By ROSIKA SCHWIMMER

AS a child I was once an unwilling witness of a horrible spectacle in the corridor of the inspector's house on my father's estate. Some peasant boys threw kerosene over a mouse in a trap and set a match to it as they opened the trap. The wretched creature scurried around in the closed corridor, insane with pain. That vile picture is haunting me again when I think of the hundreds of thousands of Germans—Jews, pacifists, liberals, Socialists, and Communists—trapped and kerosened by a Neroesque pervert who has usurped the power in a civilized land.

Of all the cruelties which sections of human society have inflicted on other sections the present German outrage seems the most intolerable. Unspeakable as it is, however, we must not forget that it has had its counterparts all through history. We are more excited about it because it crashed down on us when the world was so overburdened with trouble that it seemed impossible to endure any more. What we face now is Hitler's cold-blooded elaboration on the technique employed against non-conformists in the past by powerful religious, social, political, and economic bigots.

The world-wide demonstrations of sorrow and protest against Hitlerism have been directed chiefly at its anti-Semitic manifestations, and the far more numerous non-Jewish victims have not received their share of sympathy. International relief, too, has been chiefly planned to ease the ghastly situation of the Jews, little organized attempt having been made as yet to assist those persecuted for political rather than

racial reasons. To the outstanding individuals in their ranks help has been offered from official and private sources, but the tens of thousands of obscure sufferers are as neglected as the victims of other post-war dictatorships—the Russian, the Hungarian, the Italian, or the Latin American.

The acute suffering of the German victims throws a sharp light on a chronic international problem that cannot be ignored any longer. Present-day dictatorships, following the ancient custom of dealing with non-conformists, have sent hundreds of thousands of persons begging for shelter in foreign countries, at a time when no country can afford to be as hospitable as humane considerations would require. Other hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children, of many nationalities, were deprived of their citizenship rights in the country of their birth and ancestry by the World War. Still others, also numbering hundreds of thousands, lost their citizenship through the technical intricacies of the treaties which defamed the word peace. At the same time, national problems, the political and economic consequences of the World War, became so engrossing that people lost sight of the crushing burdens the exiled groups and individuals had to carry. Nationalism reached the point of insanity in many countries, and the stateless, fleeing for life, were regarded as a human pest wherever they turned up.

The problem of the stateless has been summarized in a pamphlet by Mrs. Anna Aszkanazy of Vienna, an indefatigable worker for world citizenship. She says:

To be stateless means death by starvation, for the stateless cannot secure work anywhere without permission of the authorities. The authorities rarely grant this permission on the ground that hundreds of thousands of their own subjects are without work. Nor can the stateless enjoy the government institutions for the unemployed. He has no consular protection anywhere. He cannot get a passport or visa, and on the other hand he may be expelled from a country at any time without reason.

Various futile attempts have been made to give to people without nationality a legal status, as the first requirement to enable these unfortunates to live a normal life. In 1922 a Congress of the Succession States (formerly the component parts of Austria-Hungary) was called at Rome to solve the question of the stateless. The League of Nations Union has held conferences, drawn resolutions, urged the League of Nations to act. The International Law Association, the Harvard Law School, the French and the German League for Human Rights, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the Quakers, and many other organizations have exerted themselves—all in vain. The League of Nations, satisfied with its Nansen committee, initiated by the great humanitarian scientist for the protection of Armenian and Russian political refugees, remained cold to every proposal going beyond the Nansen proteges. A disinterested worker referring to the League wrote in a report:

While they work for the Nansen proteges, they do not want to have anything to do with the political émigrés. As far as I could observe in Geneva, the League people are mostly of a reactionary mind and the political émigrés are for the greater part liberals and Socialists. The standpoint of the League of Nations is therefore easily to be understood.

It has been authoritatively stated that even timid attempts on the part of the League to deal with the question of broadening the scope of the Nansen passport have been opposed by Italy, Hungary, and Rumania. Equally sterile were the efforts made at the first Conference for the Codification of International Law held at The Hague in 1930.

Since Hitler's accession to power, organizations interested in world citizenship have renewed their efforts, but meanwhile the question has become more complicated. Conditions in Germany have aggravated an intolerable situation, not only by making hundreds of thousands of new victims, but also in another respect. It is at this point that the problem of the stateless merges in a larger general problem. There are very serious and growing indications that even the most civilized countries may not be safe against fascist outbreaks within their own boundaries. Denmark and Sweden have Socialist governments; Norway has a liberal, Holland a decent conservative regime. In all these countries we hear that reactionary parties may seize the power at the next elections if economic conditions do not improve. And in chorus the friends of civilization and reason ask desperately: "How can we improve conditions, how can we provide work for the unemployed millions?" In Austria, in Switzerland, in the Balkan countries, the same despair, the same dread. Chaos impends, with untold added suffering ahead of us, unless the situation is met internationally, radically, and at once.

The millions of stateless people deprived of their most elementary rights need a legal status. Hitherto the chief obstacle has been that countries which would receive them

could not provide economic security. But now the safety of those countries themselves depends on their ability to provide work and wages for their own population. That requires international economic planning, and its accomplishment will automatically solve the economic problem of the stateless. It will permit all human beings to consider the world their home again, wherever they may choose to settle.

In the Driftway

SOMEWHERE lately the Drifter found among those newspaper fillers that crop up on newsless Monday mornings an item from some Middle Western State which told how many millions of dollars are willed away each year by persons who have nothing, and named the sum of public money which has to be spent in executing these bequests and discovering their worthlessness. No doubt the story could be duplicated in every State in the Union, and every country in the world. Making a will is one of the simplest and most satisfying of all gestures. It costs nothing—a hobo in a box-car can write one provided he can find a scrap of paper, a pencil, and a smooth rail bed; it provides the opportunity for a last word, for a final assertion of power over life before death closes in; and the state cannot prosecute a dead man even if he gives away money he does not own. Will-making, in fact, is a pursuit which the penniless man will find even pleasanter than the rich. The rich man very likely has worked hard for his millions; to give them away is painful and to that pain must be added the responsibility of distributing his money wisely among people who will use it intelligently. To be sure, he can cut off with a dollar and some scathing remarks any relative he dislikes, and that is something. But for him, making a will is anything but a carefree, happy exercise.

* * * * *

THE poor man, a drifter, for instance, suffers no such limitations. He may have worked even harder than the rich man, but it causes him no pain to make a will, and he need not worry for fear the money will be used unwisely. Being completely disinterested, he can be creative, and his will is much more likely to be an expression of his essential self, which remains the dearest privilege of human beings. Again, his imagination is unstultified by figures in a bank book or the records of a corporation. He can afford to be more generous than the richest man in the world, and he can be sure that his gifts will never quench a young ambition, disfigure a public square, or cause a legal battle to be waged from one year's end to the other.

* * * * *

THE stipulations in a poor man's will seldom cause trouble. Those in the wills of rich men and women almost always cause trouble, and often turn what was a magnificent gesture into a ridiculous example of human fallibility. The Drifter is thinking particularly of a bequest of some \$50,000 which some kind lady made to the Art Institute in Chicago early in the present century. The will stipulated that the income from the \$50,000 should be used to build and maintain drinking fountains for horses. Such is the hu-

man faith in permanence that it had never crossed the lady's mind that horses, any more than skilled workers, would presently be discarded. But the horse as a form of motive power began slipping soon after the lady died. What was even more disturbing, as the need for horse troughs receded, the capital and income of the bequest, through wise investment, increased at a speed which would have appeared unseemly to both kind ladies and horses in the carriage days. By 1929 the \$50,000 had become a quarter of a million and Chicago had reached the saturation point for drinking fountains for horses. Meanwhile the Art Institute was pressed for funds with which to increase its collection. Conceivably, ingenious interpretation of the will might have allowed the purchase of pictures of horses by Rosa Bonheur, but it could scarcely be stretched to include still lifes by Picasso. This particular will has at last been broken, after several attempts, and the institute is free to use the money for other purposes, if it has any left after the crash of 1929 and the legal battles since. The public cost of executing worthless wills may be clear waste. But it is infinitesimal compared with the public cost of litigation over rich men's wills, and perhaps the joy of the populace in writing their last testaments is worth the price—one of those minor circuses that our rulers could abolish only at their own peril.

THE DRIFTER

Finance

Taking the Rock Island Investors for a Ride

ALL that has happened to date in the eight-weeks-old bankruptcy of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway has emitted the familiar dank odor of banking exploitation of a bankruptcy reorganization which Max Lowenthal reproduced so impressively in his study of the St. Paul receivership. How the interests of bondholders fare in the present setting of another Wall Street coup d'état will provide a real test of the safeguards for railroad security holders set forth in the amendment to the bankruptcy act passed early this year.

When the \$550,000,000 Rock Island road passed into bankruptcy on June 7, the direct reason for insolvency was the road's inability to raise \$2,259,000 to meet its semi-annual interest requirements. This deficiency occurred despite the fact that the road's net profits, after payment of all interest, amounted to \$57,000,000 during the five years ended with 1930, that it had raised \$30,000,000 in new funds in 1930, and had obtained loans of \$13,700,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in the subsequent years. With all these large additions to the road's resources, losses of \$10,300,000 in 1931 and 1932 were sufficient to exhaust its liquid funds.

The receivership placed in jeopardy a total funded debt with a face value of \$313,000,000. Of this, equipment obligations of \$34,000,000, the underlying general mortgage 4 per cent bonds amounting to \$61,500,000, and similar securities of about \$20,000,000 are in a preferred position to pass unscathed through reorganization. Here an interesting point arises. The largest of the Rock Island bond issues is the \$104,470,000 first and refunding mortgage 4 per cent bonds, certainly a name to roll impressively on the tongue of the average investor seeking a gilt-edged security. Furthermore, there has clearly been nothing to indicate to the average purchaser, unversed in financial matters, that these bonds, which fall due in April, 1934, are of inferior value to the general mortgage 4's. Yet the general

mortgage bonds are backed principally by a first lien on 3,130 miles of road while the first and refunding mortgage bonds have a direct first lien on only 753 miles and a first lien through pledge of capital stock or first mortgage bonds on 537 miles. In addition, the issue has a second lien on 4,482 miles, has a lien on 1,090 miles of leasehold interests and trackage rights, and is secured by deposit of securities with a face value of \$96,739,050. However, the real relative values are shown by the current selling price of about 32 for the first and refunding bonds compared with 67 for the general mortgage bonds. Although probably legal, certainly a delusion is successfully effected in selling a security under the paraphernalia of a name indicating a first mortgage which in reality is a secondary lien. As late as January 1931, the first and refunding bonds sold at 99½. In a similar situation are the \$40,000,000 secured 4½ per cent bonds while, at the bottom of the Rock Island debt structure, are the \$32,000,000 convertible 4½ per cent bonds which are unsecured by any mortgage. These last three bond issues, with a total par value of \$176,000,000, descended to a market valuation of \$29,000,000 in 1933.

In the face of these obvious testimonials to the financial bungling of the Rock Island management, the road's bankruptcy was barely one month old before machinery was openly under way for a reorganization designed without question to perpetuate the present management and stock control of the road as well as its past banking affiliations. On July 7 the venerable Charles Hayden, holder of seventy-nine directorships in addition to his posts as chairman of the board and chairman of the finance committee of the Rock Island, and veteran of as many operations as his fellow-surgeon, old "Doctor Kuhn, Loeb," announced that pursuant to a resolution of the directors his own firm of Hayden, Stone, and Company, together with the Chase National Bank and Dillon, Read, and Company had "agreed" to serve as joint readjustment managers in the Rock Island reorganization.

The record of the Hayden regime should be enough in itself to arouse skepticism on the part of Rock Island bondholders as to Hayden's preemptive qualifications for conducting the reorganization. But of more direct application to the bondholders' interests is the fact that Hayden and his colleagues while assuming the role of impartial negotiators between the various classes of Rock Island securities, are predominantly and personally interested in the common stock of the road. The Chase, through a nominee, and Hayden, Stone are the second and third largest stockholders, respectively. Dillon, Read has a large indirect interest in the stock through an investment trust under its sponsorship. The Chase also is the largest banking creditor of the Rock Island. The largest stockholder—the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway, also bankrupt—has always worked in closest cooperation with the Hayden regime. Hayden's reorganization group, together with its friendly allies in the 'Frisco, control roughly 40 per cent of the total common stock of the Rock Island.

If any real meaning attaches to the term "bond" as applied to railroad securities sold to investors seeking a safe and secure income in return for purchasing low-interest-bearing issues, then these "bonds" by any standards of financial justice should have full priority at the expense of the capital stock when insolvency necessitates a reorganization. But a direct inkling of how the Hayden group, with its affiliations and pocketbooks bound up in the common stock, would probably like to mete out justice to the Rock Island bondholders is presented by the plan of reorganization for the St. Louis-San Francisco recently propounded by Hayden's confrère, Edward N. Brown, chairman of the 'Frisco and also chairman of the executive committee of the Rock Island. Under this plan, the reorganization would take the form of a moratorium on the road's funded debt and obligations to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, with no

assessment or contribution by the stockholders and with a preferred position for the road's banking creditors. There would be no reduction in the interest and principal requirements responsible for the present bankruptcy, and no readjustment worthy of the name other than a renewed prayer that revenues will increase sufficiently to countenance a debt and capital structure which recent years have shown to be unsound.

The significance of this plan to the Rock Island bondholders is enhanced by the fact that the Hayden readjustment managers have already approached the Reconstruction Finance Corporation with a proposal that their plan of reorganization embodies a consolidation of the Rock Island with the 'Frisco. Rock Island bondholders would be entitled to apprehensive shivers at these familiar signs of interested insiders seizing control of the reorganization. However, stumbling blocks have already appeared which may interfere with a clear road to success for Hayden and his confrères. Their acceptance of the reorganization managership was followed within three days by the announcement of protective committees for the principal bond issues under the sponsorship of insurance companies and banks holding large interests in these securities. While the experience of the past has been that protective committees are all too often stalking horses, protective only of the interests of the banking reorganizers (as in the case of the St. Paul), the pecuniary interests of the institutional bondholders in this instance should strengthen the position of the public bondholders.

But the most vital potential safeguard inheres in the attitude the Interstate Commerce Commission can take towards a reorganization proposal by Hayden's group. Under the terms of the new bankruptcy amendment, the commission must approve any reorganization plan before it is confirmed by the court and, under certain conditions, is empowered to write its own plan of reorganization. In the light of these new powers, considerable significance attaches to the commission's opinion on the Rock Island and 'Frisco directors handed down last August in connection with its investigation of the deals whereby Edward N. Brown, without authority from the directors, committed the Rock Island to a purchase of 25,000 shares of 'Frisco for \$1,752,572 and the 'Frisco to a purchase of 25,000 shares of Gulf, Mobile, and Northern for \$965,340. The commission cited these transactions as indicative of "the easy manner in which the boards of directors of these railroads bore their responsibilities," and declared that "stockholders have a right to expect competent conduct of corporate affairs. Directors who merely ratify without investigating large transactions engaged in on their behalf without their knowledge, are likely to disappoint such an expectation." Furthermore, in the St. Paul receivership, Commissioner Joseph B. Eastman, now federal coordinator of railroads in addition to his post on the commission, remarked: "The reorganization managers should be wholly impartial and neutral, not affiliated with any group of security holders nor with any particular group of bankers."

In the light of these statements, the manner in which the Rock Island reorganization is worked out should demonstrate conclusively to security holders how much they can expect from the new deal in railroad bankruptcies. The contest will be a sharp one. The Rock Island readjustment managers are old hands at the game. Hayden himself is a veteran of the 1915-1917 bankruptcy of the road. But the Interstate Commerce Commission now has ample power to dictate a plan which will be in the true public interest and which will break the sordid succession of past reorganizations written for the enrichment of the reorganizers, and for the perpetuation and protection of the vested banking and management interests at the expense of innocent investors. The Rock Island bondholders, as well as the general public, have a right to expect that the commission will have the inclination to exercise this power.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

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Books

Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

The miracle said "I" and then was still,
lost in the wing-bright sphere of his own wonder:
as if the river paused to say a river,
or thunder to self said thunder.

As once the voice had spoken, now the mind
uttered itself, and gave itself a name;
and in the instant all was changed, the world
two separate worlds became—

The indivisible unalterably divided;
the rock forever sundered from the eye;
henceforth the lonely self, by self anointed,
hostile to earth and sky.

Alas, good angel, loneliest of heroes!
pity your coward grandsons who become
afraid of loneliness, and long for rock
as children long for home.

On American Literature

American Literature: An Introduction. By Carl Van Doren.
United States Library Association. 25 cents.

THIS little volume, barely ninety pages long, might well serve as a model of its kind. Probably no other scholar knows American literature as a whole so thoroughly as Mr. Van Doren does, and no other, therefore, would dare to be as brief as he is. Behind every generalization one feels the authority of an immense, detailed knowledge; behind every specific fact, the exercise of a judgment which has selected that fact, not because it is the one which has come to mind, but because, out of a thousand, it is the fact most significant for the understanding of a man, a book, or a tendency. In its brevity the booklet is an essay, but to call it such would be to carry the term far away from its original significance. There is nothing tentative, experimental, or merely suggestive about these ninety pages. What they contain is neither an impression nor a summary. It is a distillation.

Mr. Van Doren's extensive view sweeps over everything from the first writing done on this continent down to the literature of today. He divides the vast field into five sections called—in accordance with the nature of the influence dominant in each—Colonial, National, Continental, Imperial, and Critical. Yet he actually treats only slightly more than a score of individual writers because, as he says, "In literature the first writers are first and the rest, in the long run, nowhere but in anthologies." Reading him, one does not, therefore, get that sense so commonly conveyed by histories and treatises, that the author is huddling together lists of writers tagged with more or less appropriate epithets, merely because he is desperately afraid of leaving something out. What one does get is, on the contrary, the sense of a panorama in which every really salient figure stands out in its true significance and importance.

The remarkable thing is that for all its scope and brevity Mr. Van Doren's Introduction should remain so specific. It is able to do so because it is everywhere so brilliantly epigram-

matic—not always, even not usually, because it is paradoxical, but because so many significant aspects of a given subject are revealed in marvelously condensed but accurate phrases. Of Jonathan Edwards he says: "Whatever icy logic he had on his tongue, he had rapturous prophecy in his heart." And then, of the frenzy which he stirred up in Northampton, "Edwards, the last of the Puritan prophets, was the first of the revivalists." Emily Dickinson "did not so much cut her poems to the bone as leave them as they were without adding the customary flesh. Her work approaches poetry's irreducible minimum, which is poetry's immortal part." Of Sinclair Lewis: "Hating, he pays his villains back with exuberant satire. But his books with their black and white are also hot and cold . . . Arrowsmith, his chief hero, sums up an age. He is not a Faust, the intellectual and moral heir of accumulated centuries. He is an American technician, a bacteriologist who knows little but bacteriology . . . Arrowsmith is a hero for a scientific age . . . A hundred years before Arrowsmith an American hero turned his back on the settlements to live with nature. Leather Stocking repeats himself in Arrowsmith. They are the earliest and the latest heroes for America."

Mr. Van Doren's generalizations concerning traditions and movements are as brilliant as those concerning persons. One of them may be mentioned. It is that literature on this continent was first "news from America" and that Europe, still regarding American literature as that, still refuses to take seriously any American book which is not in some way or another a report on the strange customs of a distant frontier. But it is hardly worth while to go on. The whole of the book may be read in a time comparable to the time required to read a review of it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

War-Mad World

The First World War: A Photographic History. Edited by Laurence Stallings. Simon and Schuster. \$3.50.

MR. STALLINGS has done an immensely clever job in compressing his pictorial story of the World War into a single volume large in size, but not large in content. The pictures, and the clippings from the press of the various countries which tell this horrible story of a war-mad world, are extraordinarily well chosen, the captions unusually brilliant. It is, moreover, done with complete objectivity. Here we have a history which differentiates not at all between victors and vanquished, but establishes beyond all dispute that the experience of both sides was identical, that the slaughter was as horrible, as inexcusable, and as useless on one side as on the other. If anyone can look through these pages and not feel that the plain people of both sides were crucified needlessly and with fiendish torture, there must be something wrong with him.

Particularly effective is Mr. Stallings's presentation of the criminality of the church. His pictures of the war lords, the generals, and the soldiers invoking the same God in the field and at home, with complete certainty that the Almighty was on their side, is utterly devastating. Can anyone behold these pictures and wonder that the Christian church has steadily lost ground, that it merits in this respect the Russian denunciation of it as the opiate of the people? Similarly well done is his grouping together of our four leading dictators, Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, and Kemal, as proof of the success of our campaign to make the world safe for democracy.

In his foreword Mr. Stallings says that he will probably be denounced by pacifists for not putting in more horrors and

by the militarists for not putting in more military matter. That may be, though I doubt the former statement. The book is not nearly as gruesome as "The Horror of It," but it is immensely effective by reason of its restraint, its contrasts, and its telling captions and quotations from contemporary newspapers. It is extraordinarily moving and compelling, and it is literally a volume which should be placed in every household in the United States, certainly in every one in which there is oncoming cannon-fodder for the next wholesale slaughter of humanity, because our so-called statesmen have not the brains or the courage to keep us out of war.

I suppose that there will be violent protests from the army and navy and our patriotic societies against this publication. Only those will oppose it who defend the institution which has rightly been called the "sum of all villainies." We live in a conspiracy to blot out the horrors of the trenches, a conspiracy made possible because, incredible as it seems, men do forget even those horrors. This is demonstrated by the fact that veterans who came back from France swearing to oppose all further wars are now voting for larger armies and navies, and urging complete military preparations for the next struggle. The horrors have faded out of their minds. They find themselves basking in popular and political favor. Their war experience has become their best asset and their stock-in-trade. They are remembering the pleasanter experiences, minimizing the evils, and so helping to prepare the day for another wholesale slaughter. Only among portions of our youth do we find protest. That is the reason why this book ought to be in the hands of every young man. Especially should it be on display in every school, but I venture to prophesy that ninety-nine out of every one hundred of our boards of education will pronounce this volume unfit to be put before the youths who may be the next to pay for the bloodthirstiness of our capitalist civilization.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Brother to Dr. Munthe

The Arches of the Years. By Halliday Sutherland. William Morrow and Company. \$2.75.

THERE is a tradition behind such phenomena as "The Story of San Michele" and the book before me, a good old Victorian tradition now half-forgotten. Turn to the files of *Harper's* magazine, to the dates ranging from 1855 to 1870, and there, between instalments of "Bleak House" or "Little Dorrit," you will find anonymous articles signed by A Physician, A Lady, A Sea Captain. These were extraordinary stories, stories of ghosts, of insane patients, of strange sea-monsters that climbed the forecastle, apparently for no other purpose than to frighten the pious brave sea captain who told the yarn, not forgetting at the close to point a moral, a warning to young men who yearned for like adventure. Often I wondered who these poor hacks were, anonymous sea captains, ladies, doctors. Now I know; they were the ancestors of Dr. Axel Munthe and Halliday Sutherland, who dared not sign their names.

They wrote engaging trash, popular trash in anecdotal form, and the pronoun "I" was used for the conviction of the less sophisticated readers of the magazine. During the past seventy years somehow this type of story—no plot, a mere episode based on current superstition—dropped from the memory of even the brightest magazine editors. The stuff was too naive (thought they) for twentieth century consumption. Meanwhile a huge public starved, a public that went to movies, heard the radio, read the newspapers, went to war, came home again—the vast middle class of England and America. "San Michele" was published, and the flood dams broke. The publishers had been caught napping, had innocently misrepresented the book in their

advertisements. What? this collection of stale jokes, dubious yarns, and mild horror stories coated with mid-Victorian sentimentality selling out an entire edition? More editions sold, and more. The public had not read Baron Munchausen, nor the anonymous heroes of old *Harper's*; it was delighted with a flow of anecdote, each episode as causeless, as irresponsible as the stock smoking-car story, but "clean" and moral. All that could be said of Dr. Munthe can be repeated about Dr. Sutherland, his twin brother, a Baron Munchausen, this time in Tam O'Shanter, tweed jacket, and kilts; a dead shot, amateur whaler, bull fighter, attractive to ladies (even those who are insane), a stock-market gambler, naval officer, and, of course, a marvelous physician. Sometimes the stories he tells are too well known, and most of them are very old. The one about the newspaper man who was fired by Lord Northcliffe and then rehired is a classic, and in America its hero is Eugene Field. I for one am ready to bet that Dr. Sutherland has a rich and large practice, for the doctor tells such engaging stories, and if the handsome fellow smiles at a girl, his patient may be assured he means no harm.

HORACE GREGORY

Joseph Chamberlain

The Life of Joseph Chamberlain. Volume Two: 1885-1895. By J. L. Garvin. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

IN the first volume of this magniloquent biography Mr. Garvin carried his hero down to the eve of the break with Gladstone over Irish home rule. In 1885 Joseph Chamberlain was in his glory as leader of the new English radicalism, challenging the unique position of Gladstone. In this second volume we follow him through the series of events which culminated in the final defeat of the amazing old man in 1894, and Chamberlain's entry into a Tory cabinet the following year. These were ten years of incessant agitation and embittered conflict, lightened only by the fortunate marriage with Mary Endicott of Salem, who was at that time less than half his own age.

Mr. Garvin's ardent narrative makes clear how little truth there was in the once familiar saying that Chamberlain was a home-ruler before Gladstone. He never came within sight of agreeing with the Irish demand. What he believed in was a federal plan for the British Isles—full self-government for the four countries, and no more independence for Ireland than for Wales. There was, he held, no stopping-place between that kind of solution and the separation of Ireland from England, and nothing today seems more plainly demonstrable than that the virtual separation of 1922 came about mainly because of the refusal in 1886 of parliamentary home rule. Mr. Garvin admits that Chamberlain had no understanding of Irish nationality, and now, at a distance of half a century, we are able to form some estimate of the ruinous results to the British system wrought by the implacable resolve to maintain a union which was by its nature impossible in the modern world.

The feat accomplished by Chamberlain was a most extraordinary example of parliamentary opposition. By his conversion to home rule and his disastrous method of working alone and refusing confidence to his Cabinet, Gladstone outraged large sections of his party. But he set out to convert the electorate, and there can be little doubt that he would have accomplished this within four years but for the personal tragedy of Parnell. That humiliating business destroyed in advance the potential Liberal majority and immensely strengthened the position of Chamberlain, who after the election of 1892 drove hard toward the smashing of Gladstone's second home-rule bill. He was merciless in attack, matching the wonderful old man's defense with untiring persistence and resourcefulness. Needless

to say, Mr. Garvin makes a resounding story of the events and personalities of this crowded decade. He has a complete mastery of the documents. Every incident and every turn of the conflict is presented with an abundance of detail. No biographer could surpass Mr. Garvin in his special combination of knowledge and sustained enthusiasm. And yet one rises from the reading with a strong feeling that Chamberlain was exerting his remarkable powers for the arresting of a movement which could not fail to work out to an issue which he abhorred, and further, that even as regards the immediate aim of the Unionist Party his terrific energies were spent to little purpose. The Liberals at that time could not have carried home rule for Ireland. Their leader was far too old, their majority in the Commons was meager, and the House of Lords was implacable.

Mr. Garvin makes the entire political and personal tragedy impressively clear. Chamberlain was thoroughly and violently sincere in his hostility to Gladstone and Irish nationalism. He detested Parnell and his party; he loathed the Liberal alliance with them, and in consequence he gave up what looked like the certainty of the Liberal leadership and the premiership. For a short time he held to his radicalism in social policy, but surrender to the Tories could have been avoided only at the cost of giving up public life. Happiness in the Tory camp, however, was not for him. He lost his radical cronies, especially Charles Dilke and John Morley, and thereafter never made a friend in the political world. The facts compel Mr. Garvin to describe a continuous experience of anger and vengeance, of weariness and bitterness of soul. During the forty years of Chamberlain's prominence in the affairs of his country no English politician was more virulently attacked, and not one in the front rank, so far as we are able to tell from the record, gained so small a measure of satisfaction out of his labors and successes. Is it not a fair inference that, considering the issues at stake and the quality of the men opposed to him, he must himself have been in some degree to blame?

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Love Life of a Revolutionist

The Romantic Exiles. By Edward Hallett Carr. Frederick A. Stokes and Company. \$2.75.

CONTEMPORARY biography is frequently an outright exploitation of its subject. The chosen "hero" is martyred, baited through several hundred pages merely to displace one prejudice by another, or to entertain a generation that hates and suspects heroes. Why there is such suspicion of great men in our generation is worth thinking about. The reason, I believe, is that, living in a period of disintegration when men in high places are doomed to deceive and disappoint us, we project our experience into the past and feel that, to arrive at the truth, we must dig out the rotten matter in the hero's life.

In "The Romantic Exiles," which has Baron Herzen and his circle for its subject, Mr. Carr quite unscrupulously exploits his characters to make a point about a generation of earlier revolutionists and to amuse his readers. No single statement in the book may be inaccurate; but in his selection of incident, in his emphases, and in his general allusions Mr. Carr gives us falsified portraits of Herzen and his fellow-revolutionaries. That Mr. Carr should do this when Herzen's memoirs are so well known and still so widely read is strange, because one has only to read a dozen pages of Herzen's own words to find Mr. Carr's portraits misleading. Conceited and self-important Herzen certainly exhibits himself to be at times in his memoirs; but instead of the futile romantic that Mr. Carr paints, we face a manly figure, with a strong and capacious mind.

Any judgment of Mr. Carr's book, therefore, involves a careful calculation of values. It is adroitly and smoothly written; it is consistently entertaining; and it spectacularly illuminates the romantic temperament. Do these accomplishments overbalance the disfigurement of character which they cost? Furthermore, Herzen and his circle were revolutionaries and their lives as revolutionaries are especially interesting to us today because we are in a revolutionary era. To have chosen to present them in the role of frustrated lovers is to have chosen the irrelevant. Five years ago the book would have had a place. Today it seems an anachronism.

Had Mr. Carr written his book as a historical novel it would be more understandable, for the two situations upon which the book is mainly based draw in emotional complications that would tempt any novelist. Herzen's marriage was an elopement. The couple pitched their love on a high spiritual plane, a descent from which was in any event inevitable. For several years the marriage was ecstatic. Afterwards, when Herzen in his self-exile became absorbed in his revolutionary activities and the uprooted family was trying to adjust itself in a strange land, Natalie began to look for other interests and, without realizing it, for a new attachment. Very significant was her neurotic affection for a young girl, parting from whom was one of the great wrenches of her life. Later the German revolutionary poet Herwegh entered the household. An affair between Natalie and Herwegh developed. Natalie believed that her love for Herwegh subtracted nothing from her love for Herzen, and in that belief acted frankly. But the affair brought black misery into the lives of the two families. Despite their lofty principles the two men were driven by jealousy into a hatred that survived Natalie's death and kept them in pursuit of each other with attacks and calumnies for years afterwards. Herwegh suffered from jealousy as much as Herzen, and indicted the relations between husband and wife as "prostitution." Herwegh's wife was reduced to the pitiful role of his procuress. During the course of the affair she could hold him in no other way. The matter spread outside the complex family circles, and under the guise of discussions of revolutionary morality became the theme of articles in the radical press. Revolutionists took sides, and much energy was wasted by the partisans of each in devising elaborate provocations and insults.

After Natalie's death, Herzen underwent a painful readjustment. Then the situation, in reverse, reoccurred to him. Another Natalie, the wife of Ogarev, his fellow-editor on the revolutionary journal, the *Voice*, fell in love with Herzen. The love was consummated. Ogarev, a gentle spirit, resisted only in his obvious sufferings. He sickened; a latent epilepsy seized him; he retreated, and after some years found in a London prostitute the one woman who was faithful to him. The affair, however, brought happiness to neither Herzen nor Natalie. Herzen had become hardened by his first disaster, and gave only a minimum of his mind and emotions to the second Natalie, who exhausted herself in the attempt to involve him more deeply. The conflict drove her to neuroticism. In the end she became the butt of a sophisticated daughter, who despised her and committed suicide at eighteen as the outcome of another adulterous affair, leaving a note which intimated that life was so trivial that it was fitting to end it, as a morbid joke upon one's ineffectual friends and parents.

Other affairs and other characters appear in Mr. Carr's pages—among them the virile figure of Bakunin, who becomes in Mr. Carr's treatment the Falstaff of the revolution, and the flashing figures of the terrorists who become criminals rationalizing individual crimes into social necessities. Herzen's repudiation by the new generation of revolutionists is mentioned, but the reasons are not clearly given. An absorbing epoch of revolutionary activity that could be vitally informing to us is thus idly glanced at and ignored, while our attention is diverted

to trivial love affairs. The book, adroit and smooth and well constructed through it is—a book that some years ago incautious critics might have hailed as a minor classic—has therefore something of the untimely effect of an amusing story told on a grave occasion when a joke becomes an affront.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Mr. O'Flaherty's Development

The Martyr. By Liam O'Flaherty. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

TO SAY of Mr. O'Flaherty's new novel that it is the best he has given us in some time is not so much to praise it as to give some encouragement to those of his readers who, more recently, have given him up for lost. To them especially the extent of his productivity in the last five or six years has been a source of deep concern. As late as 1927 it was possible to write an estimate of Mr. O'Flaherty's work from "The Black Soul" to "The Assassin" on the assumption that he was one of the most gifted and serious of the younger British writers. But Mr. O'Flaherty's only response has been to increase the quantity of his output to an average of about two books a year and to decrease its quality, in such works as "Two Years" and "The House of Gold," to the level of the lowest journalism. If Mr. O'Flaherty had set out to betray his talents and the confidence of those who believed in them, he could not have better succeeded. But as this would amount to the worst sort of perversity one must seek a better explanation. And, ignoring possible material motives, one feels oneself on the right track in the reflection that the deterioration of Mr. O'Flaherty's writing has corresponded exactly to the rise of his intense hatred against Ireland and certain Irish institutions.

Over a Norman Irish gateway in Galway, across the bay from Mr. O'Flaherty's native Aran, there is an inscription: "From the Furious O'Flaherties Good Lord Deliver Us." In "The House of Gold" and the more recent "Skerrett" Mr. O'Flaherty chose to unleash the ancestral fury against what is the pivotal institution of Irish life and society, the Catholic church. His detestation of the priests has been so great that it has extended by degrees from the parish to the country as a whole. The result is that his versions of contemporary Ireland have had about as much reality as would be supplied by an English member of the A. P. A. society after a tour of the Irish lakes. The effect of his ferocity has been to distort every aspect of whatever subject he treats, even to the physical features of his characters, most of whom are incredibly ill-shapen, ugly, and mean. For this reason his Irish landscapes, human and otherwise, have had a certain nightmarish quality which has been recognizable only to London reviewers. One is reminded of Mr. Yeats's statement last winter, that to write out of hate alone is as bad as to write out of love alone, and that only out of a combination of the two do we get something like the truth.

If Mr. O'Flaherty's new book is so much better it is because the individual passion is subordinated to the dialectic representation of several different attitudes. Like "The Informer" and "The Assassin," it returns to the period of the "troubles," and once again the drama comes out of the clash of different points of view toward the ultimate motives and ends of revolution. In one character we have the revolutionist as pure opportunist, the gunman out of employment. In another, we have the familiar type of revolutionist as superman—out of Nietzsche and Dostoevski. And in his hero, Mr. O'Flaherty offers another treatment of the new type of revolutionist that Ireland seems to have thrown up—the mystical.

Despite many fluid pages, it must be granted that the type is here much more comprehensible than in Francis Stuart's "The Colored Dome." The struggle between the superman and the mystic ends in the last chapter in a scene which Rebecca West has compared with Goya's "Desastres de la Guerra." This scene cannot be divulged but it is very terrible, unusual, and incredible. It has been praised by William Faulkner and should therefore be pleasing to his admirers as well. But it comes so clearly out of an imagination that is captivated by the sinister and the evil that it leaves us with further and different doubts about Mr. O'Flaherty's development.

WILLIAM TROY

America's Forced Labor

Forced Labor in the United States. By Walter Wilson. International Publishers. \$1.50.

Machine Age in the Hills. By Malcolm Ross. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

MR. WILSON'S book is a survey of labor coercion in the various forms it assumes in the United States. It depicts the brutalities and the ruthless disregard of human life of the peonage and chain-gang systems of the Southern States; the exploitation of labor in our penal and reform institutions, under yellow-dog contracts, and on public works; and the virtual enslavement and expropriation of colonial labor by American imperialism. These deplorable conditions, especially those connected with the use of prison labor, have been exposed over and over again. Some of these exposures have resulted in significant improvement in the treatment of prisoners and their living conditions. These reforms Mr. Wilson discounts, or rather dismisses. He is not interested in reforming the penal structure of capitalist society. He views all forms of coerced labor in the perspective of Communist propaganda and concludes that they are products of capitalism and its necessary exploitation of human labor. "Wage labor," he tells us, "differs from forced labor not in content but only in form." It is therefore futile to attempt to reform the penal institutions of capitalism. Nothing short of the establishment of a workers' republic such as now exists in Russia will give us the basis for a real change in our methods of handling our prisoners humanely and for rehabilitating them.

The best proof of the futility of penal reform under capitalism Mr. Wilson finds in the persistence of the exceptional cruelties of the Southern chain-gang and peonage systems after repeated exposures and minor reforms. Now it may be good Communist propaganda to identify the exploitation of the black peons of the South as the product of capitalism as Mr. Wilson does, but that does not make his analysis correct. Every student of economic history knows, and Mr. Wilson tacitly admits, that peonage and the chain-gang are modern manifestations of habits nurtured by an agrarian slave economy. To argue otherwise is simply to spout historical nonsense.

Since, according to Mr. Wilson, wage labor and prison labor are but different methods for extracting surplus value from the working class, the only difference that he can find between them is that the latter is performed in a penal institution often under the lash while the former is sold under free contract for what it will fetch in the open market. This is a very big difference and one that no amount of scholastic twisting of Marxian terminologies can conceal. Under free contract the workers are not only free to starve, as Mr. Wilson contends, but also to mobilize their industrial and political power either for immediate economic advances or for the revolutionary objectives of the Communist Party. This freedom, whatever its limitations, makes all the difference between a free man and a

slave. Of course, Mr. Wilson sees no difference between slavery, serfdom, and the wage system, although Marx who is his authority for the identity between these various systems of labor exploitation saw important practical and theoretical differences between them. For example, Marx explained that

It is one of the civilizing sides of capital that it enforces this surplus labor in a manner and under conditions which promote the development of the productive forces, of social conditions, and the creation of the elements for a new and higher formation better than did the preceding forms of slavery, serfdom, etc. Thus it leads on the one hand to a stage in which the coercion and the monopolization of the social development (including its material and intellectual advantages) by a portion of society at the expense of the other portion are eliminated; on the other hand it creates the material requirements and the germ of conditions, which make it possible to combine this surplus labor in a higher form of society. . . .

This identity which Mr. Wilson posits between penal labor and wage labor just does not make practical sense, whether we view it from the standpoint of liberal prison reform or from that of revolutionary communism. It merely serves to buttress the real thesis of his book, which is the non-existence of forced labor in the Soviet Union and the superiority of its penal methods and institutions as compared with those of capitalist United States.

Turning now to Mr. Ross's "Machine Age in the Hills" we find that while his economics are not as romantic as Mr. Wilson's his underlying theoretical assumption is about as naive. He attempts to show the effect of improved techniques upon the original simplicity of the mountaineers of Tennessee, West Virginia, and Kentucky.

These people are the descendants of poor white farmers pushed back into the sterile hills and plains by unsuccessful competition with wealthy plantation masters during the days of slavery. Before 1910 most of these simple folk were pocketed in their native hills, content to eke out a crude but comfortable subsistence on their mountain patches. Then came the war-time demand for coal, followed by the penetration of northern capital into the rich coal fields of southern West Virginia and Kentucky. The farm hut disappeared to make room for the miner's shack; timber land and forests receded before the tippie; and self-sufficient peasant farmers were suddenly converted into a landless but high-waged proletariat. The new prosperity brought high pressure salesmen and their wares to be sold on the instalment plan—automobiles, washing machines, radios, and silk shirts. Good times were interrupted by the termination of the war but resumed upon the post-war demand for coal from Italy and France. When this ended, the coal-mining industry in this country, which had been for years in a state of chronic overproduction, was found to be highly overcapitalized. The inevitable collapse threw thousands out of work and reduced the wages of those who continued to work. Prosperity disappeared as suddenly as it had come. Unable to return to the land, since most of it had been leased for a long period or else had been none too scrupulously inclosed, and lacking financial reserves, the miners in the Southern hills have lived in poverty for over eight years. These years have seen the complete disintegration of the once powerful and militant United Mine Workers whose collapse is largely due to its failure to organize the Southern coal fields; and the sudden rise and disappearance of radical independent unions like Keeney's West Virginia Miners Union, and the Communists' National Miners Union. Even if these unions had lived, the chaos caused by cutthroat competition among the operators would have prevented them from functioning. What is needed is stabilization and reemployment. While the author thinks the former is possible he points out that the latter can

hardly take place on any considerable scale. There are already too many miners and too many mines not only in the Appalachian section but in the rest of the coal industry. Moreover, modern chemistry has already increased the power capacity of a single lump of coal, thereby reducing the amount necessary for industrial consumption. Industrial consumption has been further reduced by the use of oil and hydroelectricity. On the other hand, the productivity of the miner has been increased by the introduction of cutting and loading machines.

Like most of the diagnoses of present-day industrial problems, Mr. Ross's analysis leads him to the conclusion that the coal problem is the result of our inability or refusal to govern the machine. We are told that the problem of coal, while in many respects unique, gives us in microcosm the ills of machine civilization. As a way out he suggests the adoption of the British plan of placing a one-cent tax on every ton of coal mined, the proceeds to be used for discovering newer uses for coal, for settling surplus miners on small homesteads, and for unemployment insurance. This British scheme, it should be remembered, is still in the experimental stage. Whatever the future success of the plan, it will hardly bring about fundamental changes. What is needed in the coal industry is planned utilization along with that of our other natural resources. This is impossible without public ownership, a subject which Mr. Ross does not touch upon. He is much too occupied with the effects of modern technology upon our social habits to see that after all the cause of our discomfort is not the machine as such but the ends it serves under private ownership.

ABRAM L. HARRIS

Henry George Today

The Philosophy of Henry George. By George R. Geiger. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

THE persistent neglect of Henry George by American economists, publicists, and legislators has been due to a number of causes. The era of large scale operations in industry and finance was opening at the time when he was trying to center attention upon a proposal respecting the older problem of land. The different philosophy of socialism possessed a European breeding-ground from which a flood of immigrants transferred germs to America. As the West filled up, the particular transition stage from mere appropriation to a more complicated economy, which had excited George's analysis, tended to disappear, so that the object lesson was not so easily grasped. It is easy to understand a little of socialism, and so to become a convert to it; but one must grasp the whole theory of the single tax, or be slow to perceive any of it. The American academic economists of the thirty years following George's advent were mightily conscious of their university training, and to them the author of "Progress and Poverty" was a Philistine.

All of this has been true despite the fact that George's ideas were naturally fitted, if any could be, for reception by the American mind. He was rigidly orthodox in his premises and deductions. He was the apotheosis of laissez faire; Jefferson was his spiritual father, and he promised the slightest chastisement of the business enterprise. He was a native product who achieved worldwide fame. Further, he possessed the evangelical zeal which we so readily admire.

Our refusal of recognition has argued our own shortcomings. Our usual textbooks on economics, in shutting George out, have stultified themselves. There are many reasons for believing, however, that sentiment is changing, and that the specific proposal of Henry George to absorb economic rent in taxes is apt to be adopted widely in greater or less degree.

This will justify the loyal band of single-tax disciples in the eyes of the public, but not in their own eyes, for their theoretical system will not be embraced in its purity and exclusiveness.

The appearance of Dr. Geiger's appraisal is in itself evidence of the depth to which George's advocacy penetrated without our knowing it. A generation removed from George's death, the book is fuller, more scholarly, and sets its subject in truer perspective than any other. Encomium, unavoidable in those over whom Henry George's spell was personally cast, has been avoided, and the admiration for a man of genius, which has properly taken its place, is advanced with a simplicity which wins approval. Dr. Geiger has reviewed the wide literature of George's movement, and has selected and condensed from it with a skill which illumines the important phases of his subject's thought and work. The relation between the single tax and socialism, which has remained too obscure to the average reader, is admirably clarified. The influence of Henry George is estimated with good judgment, and the account comes down almost to the day of going to press. It was not an easy thing to present a critical account of a thinker who was his own severe critic and who knew so well how to express his considered ideas.

The author, however, has done more than substantiate the claims of Henry George to be considered among the first order of minds in economic inquiry. He has everywhere emphasized the ethical hopes that drove George onward. He has made a convincing plea for the return of ethical motives to economic scrutiny, for the reentry of idealism into economic method. This is a needed correction, which entitles Dr. Geiger to thanks not only as a skilful scholar, but as a constructive economist.

BROADUS MITCHELL

Shorter Notices

Maxim Gorky, Writer and Revolutionist. By Moissaye J. Olgin. International Publishers. 75 cents.

Coming from Mr. Olgin, this book is particularly disappointing. On the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of Gorki's literary birth a serious study of Gorki, critical and biographical, was very much in order, and Olgin is ideally qualified to write it. Instead he has chosen to give us this brochure, which is about as critical as an after-dinner panegyric. Gorki is stuffed willy-nilly into a ready-made suit of proletarian art clothes, though the measurements would fit Jack London or O. Henry quite as well. Mr. Olgin glosses over the religious recidivism of Gorki's "Confession" period, and fails to discuss his more serious political defection as editor of *Novaya Zhizn* in 1917.

Fifty Poets: An American Auto-Anthology. By William Rose Benét. Duffield and Green. \$2.50.

This is an anthology with a difference. Fifty poets were chosen by Mr. Benét and asked to contribute to the volume their favorite short poem. They were requested, moreover, to explain the mental background of the poem's composition. The poets included in the list of fifty ranged all the way from Edwin Markham to Marianne Moore. Obviously Mr. Benét's purpose was to discover what the poets themselves understood of the creative process. The reader finishes the "Auto-Anthology," however, convinced that poets are rather inarticulate about the working of their own minds. Personal moods, it seems, have brought most of these "favorite poems" into being, and that is as we should expect it to be. Just how these personal moods came to have a larger or more universal significance the poet seldom understands. Léonie Adams alone attempts an intellectual testing of her own poetic message, and sends Mr. Benét a poem "which seems to me to bear a

special relation to most of the other verses in [my] collection." Many of these poets in choosing a certain poem recall a scene, an action, a feeling which forced them to write the lines. Several of the poets chose poems because the words came to them almost as if dictated, poems over which they did not need to work. Such poems always seem to the poet the most surely perfect. Usually they are. Since the sources of any poem and its final artistic statement may have very little in common, Benét's "Auto-Anthology" is in truth more interesting for the light it throws on poets in character than for any illumination of the creative process.

Hitlers Kampf um die Macht. Der Nationalsozialismus und die Ereignisse des Jahres 1932. Von Edgar von Schmidt-Pauli. Berlin: Verlag von Georg Stilke. 1.80 and 3.80 marks.

Dr. Schmidt-Pauli is the Great Pacifier of contemporary Germany. He is hopeful that Hitler's remarkable abilities, his personal appeal, and his incredible energy, confidence, and stubbornness will prove equal to the task of saving Germany, but he is not blind to the dangerous sides of that sour and infallible patriot. He has a good word for Hindenburg, the Crown Prince, von Schleicher, Major von Stephani of the Stahlhelm, even for Brüning, and a great many good words for that much maligned old campaigner Von Papen, whom he describes as one of a type of Rhineland aristocrats who are given to "allerlei Schwänken" but whose Catholic convictions constitute "a fundamentally serious guide to life." All these leaders have had honorable and useful parts in the crusade against "Kultur-bolschewismus," and most of them have aided loyally in the sinking of differences from which, and from which only, can come Germany's salvation. The book is admirably written, with perfect simplicity and an air of judicial calmness; and although its tone of kindness for everybody but "die roten Mörder" will cause exasperation in various quarters, the book is indispensable for a clear understanding of exactly what happened in ministerial circles from Brüning to Hitler.

Whatever You Reap. By Anne Persov. Detroit: Schuman's.

These poems received the Avery and Julia Hopwood Major Poetry Award of \$2,500 at the University of Michigan. The young poet is introduced by Max Eastman, who has high praise for these verses and allows himself amusing comment on the state of poetry in the modern world. Anne Persov, whose first volume this is, has facility in the handling of many verse forms, some originality not yet entirely cleared of literary echoes in language, and now and then a rather striking individuality of poetic conception. She is young and her subjects are those of many another young woman poet—love, the beauty of certain aspects of nature, observations concerning human life. But she treats these subjects with a difference. There is a vein of ironical wit underlying the romantic mood which many of the poems portray, and this irony allows the young poet an artistic detachment from her theme. In other words, Anne Persov is likely to develop into a good poet not because of her almost too great ease in writing verse, not because of what Max Eastman calls "the load of emotion" which her lines carry, but because she has a sharp mind and the ability humorously to criticize life at the very time that she feels it passionately. In this first book the best poems present an upside-

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down world, where dragons are vegetarians, where human attitudes and problems change with the perspective. In these poems the poet's mind is very active, she disciplines her own verses, her rhythms, and her images. In the more usual romantic love sonnets and lyrics she is much less original.

Always a Grand Duke. By the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

At fifty-three it is not always so easy to live down the fact that one has been a Grand Duke of Russia. The Grand Duke Alexander, or if you prefer, Mr. Alexander Romanov, succeeded fairly well. Precipitated from power by the Soviets, he landed in the mad post-war Paris just as the Versailles treaty was being signed. Having escaped Russia with his life, he was also lucky enough to escape the various forms of melancholy and "Bolshevikophobia" that overwhelmed most of his living relatives and loyal compatriots in Paris. The past was indeed dead, and he realized it almost immediately. In the future he meant to live as an individual with as little strain as possible on dead titles and old friends. This volume of his memoirs tells of his experiences up to the time of his death in the early part of 1933. It is an exciting story and the grand duke knew how to tell it. Between circumventing the fantastic prides and prejudices of his royal relations and the equally difficult task of not being exploited—more than necessary—as a freak and social lion, he had a busy and interesting time. Readers of

"Always a Grand Duke" will see that he was not the person to miss the humorous sidelights.

Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City. By Archibald MacLeish. The John Day Pamphlets. 25 cents.

So far as the poetry in this pamphlet is concerned, it is Archibald MacLeish at his worst. The verses sound like collections of lines taken from a residue left when Mr. MacLeish completed "Conquistador." Each poem is a panel picture, as the poet would paint it, for Mr. Rockefeller's city—therefore the title. And how would Mr. MacLeish decorate these walls? Obviously, he would, in the first panel, paint the sprawling female America, nude. The second panel would picture Wild West history. Here, in particular, we find rinsings of the poet's original inspiration for "Conquistador." The third panel depicts immigration, the fourth shows the intelligent artist washing his hands of America and its problems, the fifth is a portrait of the empire builders, the sixth, a study of revolutionists. In all this political versifying, MacLeish can not be called a fascist. He may, however, be classified as a traditionalist, as one who holds dear the history and past glory of his country, now betrayed. His attitude is patrician and paternal: though he pats the heads of the hard-working slaves and hunkies who built the Union Pacific and died in the process, though he sneers at Harriman, Morgan, and Mellon who betrayed America by exploiting her for gain, he expresses an equally violent contempt for communism, a dislike for the foreigners who, knowing nothing of our tradition and of our glorious past, "Lenin-millennium" us in their bad English.

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THE DEFINITE STAND of the Administration against strikes, although expected, has come sooner than most persons had thought likely. It is put forward by Mr. Roosevelt as an "appeal" rather than as an order, and although eventually there is sure to be strong pressure to insure compliance with it, the fact remains that labor organizations are not required to accept the mediation of the new National Board of Arbitration, nor is there any authority in existing law for exercising compulsion upon them. The government's legal powers under the National Recovery Act are much greater over the employer than over the employee. Under a licensing system the former may be directed almost at will, but we believe that labor will and should use its discretion in accepting the services of the new board, never losing sight of its right to strike as a final recourse. It is true that with working hours and minimum wages settled by codes there will be less reason for strikes and less public sympathy with strikers than otherwise, but the workers will still be compelled to fight for wage scales above the minimums and will have to demand revision of the latter from time to time if prices rise according to expectations. Perhaps the greatest objection to the government's precipitance in trying to head off strikes by a media-

tion board is that it ought first to have clarified unmistakably its intention to support the right of labor to maintain its own organizations and treat with employers through them. Until the government definitely rejects company unions as representatives of labor, labor will and should refuse to sheath its one effective weapon—the strike.

THIS FAILURE of the Administration to rule against company unions was seized upon by Mary Van Kleeck in making an early and effective protest against the National Board of Arbitration. Miss Van Kleeck, who is the director of industrial study for the Russell Sage Foundation, had accepted membership on the Federal Advisory Board of the United States Employment Service, but sent her resignation to Secretary Perkins upon the appointment of the mediation board. Investigation and experience, said Miss Van Kleeck, "have led me to the conclusion that only genuine collective bargaining through trade unions, with the right to strike preserved and not discouraged, can insure the self-government in industry necessary to stabilize employment and raise wages." Miss Van Kleeck voiced justifiable objection also to the personnel of the mediation board. It is certainly unfortunate that two of the three employer members, Walter C. Teagle and Gerard Swope, should be known opponents of labor organization. With the exception of Leo Wolman, the labor members are no better. It was perhaps inevitable that William Green should be chosen, since he is the head of the American Federation of Labor, but there was no excuse for including John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers. Mr. Lewis is discredited with a large proportion of his own organization, and his loyalty to labor is so widely doubted that he will inspire no confidence whatever among workers as a dependable representative of their interests. The revealing test of the Administration's attitude toward labor will come in the steel and coal codes. Their terms will have more to do with precipitating or preventing strikes than the National Board of Arbitration.

FRANCES PERKINS'S VISIT to the steel mills was played up by the daily press for the excellent news it was, but the story of how she was denied her constitutional rights in the town of Homestead, Pennsylvania, was either ignored or reported obscurely. In the steel country Miss Perkins learned how hot a blast furnace can be. She also learned about something else that steel workers have to put up with. In Homestead the Secretary of Labor of the United States announced that she would hold a question hour in the Town Hall at which she would be glad to hear any comment on the steel code by any worker. But when President E. P. Cush of the Steel and Metal Workers Industrial Union tried to attend the meeting, he was ordered away by the Homestead police. A reporter from the Federated Press was also barred. Miss Perkins was informed of the discrimination and repeated that anyone who wished to come should be admitted. Again Mr. Cush was barred by the police. Miss Perkins was beginning to be annoyed. Deserting the Town Hall, she announced that she would

adjourn the meeting to a nearby park. But here again she met with difficulties; the mayor of the town informed her that she could not hold a meeting in the public park! The tale ends with Miss Perkins holding her meeting in the United States Post Office, having told the Homestead police to stay on their own territory outside the federal precincts. It should be added that once inside, Mr. Cush justified the worst fears of the police and the mayor. He asked for a thirty-hour week, unemployment insurance at company and government cost, and a minimum wage of 66 2/3 cents an hour.

THE labor racketeer is an American phenomenon, the product of our national desire for easy money and a ruthless individualism which has made of social conscience in this country the sickly plant it is. On another page of this issue we print an account of the methods by which corrupt labor leaders have used trade-union organizations for their own enrichment, sold out the rank and file to employers and politicians, and yet been able to intrench themselves so securely as to be removable only by court action and then only rarely. At the moment, American labor faces a crisis whose importance cannot be exaggerated. On the strength of the cohesion of its own ranks and the integrity of its leadership and aims, depends in part the answer to the question whether labor is to be the slave of an industrial fascism or the strong partner in an industrial democracy. The labor racketeer, though he is by no means typical of American labor leadership, is the epitome of the forces which have made the labor movement ineffectual in this country. It has been undemocratic; it has assumed no social responsibility; it has sought to perpetuate its own special set-up without regard to the needs of the great mass of workers who have looked in vain for disinterested leadership. The rank and file of labor must take matters into its own hands if it is to attain a decent way of life. The coal miners in Pennsylvania seem to have learned this lesson, but the tragic side of their situation is that while they have discovered that John L. Lewis is generally to be found on the same side of the fence as their employers, they are only now developing leaders of their own.

OF all the government's attempts to economize at the expense of tried and trusted civil servants, the dropping of a number of young, trained consuls and other foreign-service officers is especially depressing. For years the effort was made to establish a permanent diplomatic corps; at last Congress agreed, and it was announced that permanent careers were available for young men who could pass the tests set by the government. If they did, and their conduct in the service was good, they were assured of employment, steady promotion, and pensions on retirement, toward which they made contributions out of their pay. All went well until the present Administration came in, and then the axe fell ruthlessly. A number of these young officials stationed abroad were dismissed and turned adrift without any promise of reinstatement if times should improve, to find jobs where there were no jobs after having prepared themselves for a special career. If private employers behaved thus, we know how we should feel about such a violation of obligation. This case is, of course, no worse than the dismissal of thousands of other civil-service employees, but it is a shining example of false economy.

GANDHI HAS GONE BACK to prison. Amid all the screaming newspaper headlines of arriving and departing aviators, of strikes and riots, of industrial codes, of murder clues, of parleys and conferences and pacts, this announcement alone seems to be of permanent consequence. Rather than promise not to participate further in civil disobedience and so remain free on parole, the Mahatma has accepted a sentence of a year in jail, from which not improbably he will never emerge alive. We talk about this as the age of the machine and an era in which only organization can accomplish results. Yet where else is there a spectacle of power faintly comparable to that of this frail body opposing its lone personality, peaceably yet effectively, against the united land, sea, and air forces of the British Empire? Without any of the adjuncts which we regard as essential to power—without fortune, or family, or office, or armed supporters—this humble Indian is known and revered all over the world because almost alone among the so-called great of the day there is not a shadow of a doubt of his utter unselfishness, of his complete devotion to his cause. We may or may not believe in Gandhi's objectives, but unless all of man's supposed progress upward from the cave is fictitious, unless the idea that reason is destined to prevail over brute force is false, then the methods and spirit of the Mahatma are bound to survive his weak and ungainly body and become an increasing power on the earth.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME has been bringing changes to the Caribbean republics as well as to other parts of the world. As this issue of *The Nation* went to press the abdication, or ousting, of President Machado of Cuba appeared imminent, bringing to an end his unhappy administration of tyranny, repression, and corruption. Sumner Welles, the American Ambassador, has been working guardedly for such a solution since his arrival in Havana, but events seem to have outfooted the pace of his diplomacy. In the neighboring republic of Haiti an agreement has been reached between our minister and the insular government by which October 1 of next year has been set for the complete withdrawal of American marines. This will liquidate the unjustifiable occupation of Latin American soil authorized by Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge, but disapproved by Hoover and Roosevelt. The United States still holds a financial string to Haiti. This should be loosed next and Americans given to understand that they must take the same chances in investments abroad as they run at home.

MATHILDE VAERTING has been dismissed by the German government from the staff of the University of Jena where she has served since 1923 as professor of education. Friends who are seeking funds in order to make possible the continuation of Dr. Vaerting's work in some other country have issued a statement asserting that her dismissal was neither for political reasons nor for reasons of race; she is not a member of any party nor is she a Jew. The statement does not hazard a guess as to the actual cause of the government's action, but it is easy to do so even at this distance. Dr. Vaerting is famous the world over as a feminist. Although her activities have been educational rather than political or propagandist, she has expressed in many books and articles her belief in the equality of the sexes. She maintains that the political dominance of men is a socio-

logical rather than a biological factor—a dominance comparable to the dominance at various periods of various races and types of culture and subject, like them, to evolutionary or revolutionary change. She believes that the claims of the dominant group, be it class, or race, or sex, to inherent superiorities can be controverted by an impartial examination of the records of history. It is not hard to see how antipathetic the ideas of this educator must be to the present dominant group in Germany. Her teaching is a direct challenge to their basic claims—racial and national superiority, political autocracy, and, finally, the desirability of relegating women to political subservience and the primary function of breeding new Nazis. Apart from her views the very presence of this distinguished woman on the faculty of a great German university must have been distressing to the government. Her dismissal is the most striking overt act so far committed in the Nazi war against the freedom of women.

THE PEOPLE of New York City are fortunate in the chance to vote for Fiorello H. La Guardia for Mayor. If they elect him, they will secure more than "reform." They will be assured of a militant and enlightened effort to establish for the metropolis the equivalent of the New Deal which the progressives in Washington are earnestly seeking for the nation. Nor can national recovery percolate to the people of New York if it is largely nullified by local misgovernment. La Guardia can be elected. Not for twenty years has Tammany been so much on the defensive, so vulnerable. More than ever is it clear that the alternative between a Tammany victory and a La Guardia victory is bankruptcy or solvency for the city, corrupt or honest government. But that is stating the lowest common denominator of the issue. Fusion headed by La Guardia will demonstrate how much enlightened leadership and policy can achieve. It should mean not merely carrying on the numerous vital municipal services with an effectiveness previously unknown, but the creation of a new type of planned urban society, with housing, school, and playground facilities hitherto undreamed of, and other manifestations of how a socially minded administration may transform the character of the dwelling place of six million people. The prenomination skirmishing and the collapse of the early opposition to La Guardia have enormously strengthened him. It now remains to be seen whether the people of New York will rise to their great opportunity not merely in the minimum performance of their elementary duty of registering and voting—which so many thousands who should know better neglect—but in taking an active part in the campaign.

WHETHER it was a sincere desire for self-reform, the fear of action by Congress when it meets in December if self-reform was not initiated, or the result of a direct warning from the Administration which led the Stock Exchange to adopt its recent rulings to control speculation, we need not inquire too curiously. In any case the reforms must be welcomed as steps in the right direction. The exchange has ruled that in future customers having accounts of less than \$5,000 must have minimum margins of 50 per cent, while accounts over \$5,000 must have margins of 30 per cent. No margin is to be granted on stocks selling below \$5 a share or bonds selling at less than 10 per cent of their face value. Weekly reports are demanded from members of all pools and syndicates, giving the number of shares involved

and including copies of any written agreements. Various rulings are adopted through which it is hoped to reduce the high-pressure methods of "customers' men" in soliciting orders. These should be merely first steps toward more thoroughgoing reforms. The functions of speculation are to provide a constant flow of new capital funds for industry and a quick and fluid market for the purchase and sale of securities. These functions are currently performed at a disproportionate social cost. The volume and violence of speculation should be curbed. The next step, certainly, should be a raising of the margin requirements of the larger accounts to 50 per cent; and it may be well for the exchange to ask itself whether such devices as the so-called "stop-loss order," which always aggravates fluctuations, should not be prohibited.

WE COMMENTED last week on the backward step of the Wisconsin Legislature in voting to make military training in the State university compulsory instead of optional, and expressed the hope that Governor Schemedeman would veto the measure. We are glad to say that he has vetoed it.

OF ERUDITION, unlike most other forms of wealth amassed through effort, it is unfortunately true that it can be taken by its owner to the grave. The knowledge of the scholar, like the voice of the singer, the gesture of the actor, or the technique of the musical performer, is one of those possessions which the world enjoys only so long as it gives breath to the possessor. The death of a scholar in any field is therefore a very real and tangible loss to the world. And this loss is even greater when the particular field happens to be one to which too few have devoted themselves, in which the ground-work has scarcely been laid and authorities are rare. Just such a loss is represented in the recent death in New York, at the age of thirty-five, of Harry Alan Potamkin, who was perhaps more erudite in his particular field than anyone in the country. Although not well known to the great public which goes to the films, Potamkin revealed in his reviews and articles a familiarity with the motion-picture field, past and present, so complete as to inspire the same implicit confidence in his authority as a Bernard Berenson writing on Florentine painting or a T. S. Eliot writing on Elizabethan poetry. As a film correspondent in Europe for several years and as a member of the National Board of Review, Potamkin had opportunities of seeing more pictures, and a greater variety of them, than is the lot of very many people interested in the field anywhere in the world. The result was that he was in a position, just before his death, of becoming the first historian of the new art—its stumbling beginnings, transitions, experiments, and triumphs. In his essays on Pabst, Clair, Pudovkin, and Eisenstein, published during the last year, he showed an equipment for that task at least as complete as that of any Ph.D. in a university about to prepare a thesis in some more traditional field of learning. As a critic, it is true, he might have continued to suffer from what many people believed to be a too insistent application of the social point of view, as well as from his highly abstract and idiosyncratic style. But what distinguished his writing was the wealth of information it revealed in a field in which not many are yet well informed—and this is what makes it seem so irreplaceable.

The Death Penalty for Kidnapping

IN recent years kidnapping has been attracting unusual attention. The number of kidnappings perpetrated with a view to ransom seems to have increased considerably, and the publicity accorded to them has increased tremendously. The two circumstances have interacted. The increase in kidnappings has led the press to put extraordinary emphasis on such crimes, while this very emphasis has been the direct suggestion to many persons to attempt this method of getting money. A public demand to "do something about it" has been fanned by the newspapers, and as usual in such situations a good deal of hysteria and unwisdom has resulted. The counsel easiest to give, and therefore the most generally given, has been to stiffen the penalties for kidnapping. A thoughtless and uninformed campaign has been undertaken by a good many newspapers to make kidnapping an offense punishable by death. Several States have already taken such action. In Missouri one of the participants in the kidnapping of Mary McElroy is actually under sentence of death. In California recently Governor Rolph signed an act making kidnapping punishable by death, and almost at the same time Governor Lehman recommended to the Legislature of New York that it pass a law making possible a similar penalty.

Although this demand for a pound of flesh, this reversion to violence as a preventive of crime, is the easiest answer to the problem, it is, in the light of all experience, not only sure to be ineffective but certain to have disastrous consequences on our attitude toward and treatment of the entire subject of crime and the criminal. The all too prevalent belief that capital punishment lessens crime has little support either in history or in psychology. In the days when even in the most enlightened countries men and women were executed, frequently with torture, for a large number of offenses, such severity seems to have had no observable effect in checking crime. Rather than inspiring fear and horror in the hearts of potential criminals, it seared them with indifference and steeped them in contempt for human life—their own or another's. Relaxation in the severity and brutality of punishment has gone hand in hand with a reduction in crimes of violence. Perhaps it may be argued that a reduction in crime preceded a lessening in the brutality of punishment rather than the other way around. Probably each influence has reacted on the other, but nothing seems better established in psychology than that violence begets violence and respect for life on the part of the community engenders the same feeling on the part of the individual.

Our entire attitude toward crime has undergone profound modifications in recent years. Punishment as an act of vengeance no longer has any standing in civilized communities. The object is prevention and reform, and prevention is retarded, not furthered, by legalized butchery. So long as the state, acting in cold blood, destroys human life, it cannot expect its citizens to attain to high practices in the treatment of their fellows. All students of criminal psychology are united now in the belief that the criminal mind is abnormal and that crime should be treated as a disease as surely as insanity. The offender should be put where he can no longer offend, cured if possible, but in no circumstances

made the victim of legalized official violence, which can have no other effect than to make violence tolerable in the community.

Up to a few years ago the world was making good progress toward the abolition of capital punishment. Civilized nations had abolished it almost entirely except for murder, and a number of the most enlightened had done away with it altogether. In this country the movement had made such headway as to include a sixth of our States. It would be a tragedy if public hysteria, stimulated by thoughtless newspapers and clap-trap politicians, should set an enlightened movement back through an opportunist effort to deal with kidnapping.

Without question kidnapping is a difficult crime to contend with, because commonly no help can be had from the relatives of the victim, who are naturally more anxious to get their loved one back than to make him a possible victim in the interest of public justice. Last year a law was passed by Congress making kidnapping which involves interstate conspiracy or transportation of the victim a federal crime. Since then federal agents have assisted in the effort to unravel most of the important cases of kidnapping and only two such have gone unsolved.

Although the intervention of the federal government in kidnapping cases is probably a step in the right direction, it is not without considerable dangers. One of them is a tendency to permit, or encourage, the national government to intrude increasingly into the prosecution of crime, a field hitherto reserved almost exclusively to the States. There is some agitation at the moment, indeed, for the development of a kind of super police force by the national government—an American Scotland Yard. Under our Constitution federal police authority is exceedingly limited in scope, existing chiefly in connection with smuggling, counterfeiting, robbing the mails, violations of the income-tax, internal-revenue, narcotic, and prohibition laws, and the like. To change our Constitution so as to give the federal government wide control of crime would probably be repugnant to the instincts of a citizenry which has been accustomed to a more flexible and localized system. On the other hand, to allow the federal government to superimpose an illegal or extra legal police force upon our existing State authorities would be highly dangerous. We saw something of the possibilities of such action when A. Mitchell Palmer was at the head of the Department of Justice during the World War. Whereas we are in acute need of better State and municipal police, an enlargement of the federal field would inevitably tend to weaken the local services. In recent years the Bureau of Identification of the Department of Justice has done excellent work in the way of collecting and distributing criminal records and acting as a clearing house of information useful to State and municipal police. Such work is capable of further expansion with promise of good results, but the recent conference of State Governors was well advised in refusing to indorse the project of a super police directed by the United States Government.

It is safe to say that the most effective way to reduce kidnappings is to apprehend a high proportion of the culprits,

thus taking the profit out of the crime. So far as kidnapping for ransom is concerned—and that is the kind that is giving trouble nowadays—the crime will stop automatically the moment that it begins to result generally in financial failure, no matter whether the punishment provided is great or small. On the other hand, no punishment however severe, holds much terror if the perpetrator knows that the chance that he will be caught is slight. It is a question if fear of punishment ever weighs much in the mind of a prospective criminal anyhow. Either he believes that his lucky star is going to save him from capture and conviction, or else he envisages the future with indifference and a refusal to consider in any reasoning way the possibilities of his contemplated action.

The Assault on the Schoolhouse

THE plight of the teacher is discussed elsewhere in this issue in one of a series of articles dealing with the effect of the depression on the various professions. Even since this article was put into type, the distress of the school teacher—and of the college teacher, which will be treated next week—has become markedly aggravated. Chicago, flaunting its Century of Progress exhibition along the waterfront, has, through its political Board of Education, leveled the most destructive blow at primary and secondary education in the annals of any American city. It has voted to abolish all junior high schools, the Crane Junior College, swimming pools, the vocational guidance bureau, orchestral music, physical education in elementary schools, manual training and household arts in all elementary schools, and has dismissed 1,000 teachers.

The leading support for this campaign comes from the *Chicago Tribune*, long the most jingoistic, sinister force in the life of Chicago. Bellowing at all times for defense against every fancied foreign enemy and against "reds"—in which category it includes the most high-minded citizens who do not share the *Tribune's* reactionary views—it was complacent during the assaults against life, law, and order from the underworld gangsterism for which its own police reporter was the go-between. It was complacent too toward the Insulls, and the corruption which they fostered in the Mid-Western metropolis. Gangsters and banksters have seldom drawn the fire of the "World's Greatest Newspaper," but the hounded and harried school teachers, and that most truly American institution, that potential bulwark against the tyrannies of the right and left, the schoolhouse—these have been the objects of the *Tribune's* vicious attack.

Against this obscurantism, a higher type of Americanism has sought expression through the *Chicago Daily News* and the Hearst papers, and through mass meetings. Robert Maynard Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, has publicly demanded that the school board be driven out. Jane Addams and scores of other enlightened citizens have protested with utmost vigor against the closing of Crane Junior College with its 3,500 students—girls and boys who cannot afford the tuition fees of other institutions—and against the elimination of other indispensable adjuncts of modern education which the *Tribune* denounces as "frills and furbelows."

It should be noted further that it is under the leadership of Silas Strawn, Chicago corporation lawyer, that the United States Chamber of Commerce and other "business" groups, have with the declared objective of reducing taxation been conducting a campaign against our public educational system. Their recommendations include the reduction of high-school and elementary-school curricula by one year each, the shortening of the school year by a month, the shortening of the school day by one hour, the discontinuance of evening classes and kindergartens, increase in the size of classes (as if they were not already far too large), lengthening of teachers' hours, further reduction in teachers' salaries, and numerous other drastic "economies."

Of all the disastrous consequences of the depression, this assault on the coming generation's chance to secure a modicum of education is the most damnable. These would-be tax-slackers are public enemies who, while patrioteering at every opportunity, are themselves as unpatriotic a brood as exist in our society. They should be scourged from their positions of authority and influence by a wrathful public opinion, and education should not only be restored to its former place, but lifted to a new level of efficiency, dignity, and freedom.

Mortgage Relief

GOVERNOR LEHMAN'S special message to the New York legislature on mortgage relief advocated measures most of which are desirable as far as they go. His chief recommendation was the enactment of a law establishing a moratorium on foreclosure proceedings for a period ending May 1, 1934, providing that tax payments and mortgage-interest payments are made in the meanwhile and that there is a default only on account of principal. The Governor also asked for a limitation on the amount of any deficiency judgment against defaulting mortgagors, the limitation being determined in accordance with a "fair value" of the properties involved as determined by a court. He recommended in addition that securities of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation be made legal investments for banks and insurance companies and for trust funds, and that banks, insurance companies, and trustees be authorized to exchange mortgages in their possession for bonds of the corporation.

As Henry Goldey pointed out in our issue of last week, the bonds of this corporation are so dubious in some respects that it is doubtful whether holders of mortgages more than covered by the value of the property would prefer to accept them rather than foreclose, even if granted the legal power to acquire them. Again, it may be asked—in view of the present great desire of all holders of mortgages "to get out from under" at the earliest opportunity, because of the general decline in real-estate values—whether a moratorium on principal payments of eight or nine months would be long enough to do a great deal of good. Governor Lehman, it is true, recommends that the moratorium run "at least" till May 1, 1934, and remarks that before the end of that time the legislature may determine whether a continuation of the moratorium is necessary and advisable. But as conditions in the real-estate field seem unlikely to change radically for the better in a mere nine months, it would add greatly to the

present peace of mind of home owners if the moratorium were immediately made to run until May 1, 1935, or at least until January 1 of that year. This extension could be granted at very little risk, particularly as it would merely cover the repayment of principal and would not affect the income of mortgages from interest payments.

Finally, one may question the Governor's conclusion that a moratorium on interest payments themselves could only be harmful. Certainly this argument would apply against a moratorium permitting a general and total suspension of interest payments, but not against one permitting home owners in certain circumstances to pay somewhat less than the full interest due—especially as such a moratorium would not relieve them of their obligation to remit the unpaid balance at the end of the partial moratorium period.

Editors As Teachers

CHESTER S. LORD was his name, but "Boss" Lord was what they called him in the office of the *New York Sun* where he was for thirty-three years managing editor, and his men adored him. Although he was a master craftsman, when the news of his death came, the survivors among his disciples thought, we are sure, far more of the man, their friend and inspirer, than of his skill in the technique of his profession. One of them, long dead, once wrote of him that he was "calm, dispassionate, without the slightest atom of impulse, as wise as a serpent, as gentle as a dove," and that in all his years of authority he was never known "to utter an unkind word to any man on the paper, no matter how humble his station." If it seems strange to some that it should be necessary to say that a *New York* managing editor was both that and a gentleman, be it remembered that Mr. Lord labored in the days when many newspaper offices prided themselves on their utterly conscienceless and hard-boiled character and were not considered the real thing unless they were desolate, dirty, and generally devoid of manners and morals, with editors who considered cursing and rowdyism a necessary part of their trade.

But Mr. Lord was far more than a kindly newspaper executive. He had a rare gift for recognizing other men's talents and bringing out the best that was in them. He taught them a love of their work and of its tools. He nurtured in them a great pride in the daily which they helped to make, and together they created a newspaper which beyond question was the best written, the most brilliantly edited, and the liveliest news-sheet in its palmy days. Its staff was the envy of many competitors, who constantly sought to draw away from it "men trained by Lord." In most newspaper offices its arrival was more eagerly awaited than that of any other journal. Its stories were imitated, copied, stolen, "lifted." There was endless enjoyment of its sarcasm, its frequent bitterness, its all-pervading cynicism, its brilliance, its mastery of style, its extraordinarily intelligent and accurate reporting—when it wanted to be accurate. But the truth must also be told that it was anything but an ideal newspaper. It could be guilty of the most vindictive vendettas, the most flagrant misrepresentations. It stabbed men and women freely and then knew how to turn the dagger in their wounds in the most diabolical way.

The *Sun* of Charles A. Dana never was actuated by principle. It scoffed at many a verity, as it defied the moralities. It made vice attractive, as was often said, and naturally did little to advance its times or to improve the standards of its day. That it punctured humbugs and exposed many a bogus pretension is true, and that must be remembered to its credit. But when it was obsessed by a mortal antipathy toward any individual there was no length to which it would not go. It then seemed impossible that there could be even one man upon its staff in whom the milk of human kindness had not curdled. For these characteristics the credit and discredit belong, of course, to Charles A. Dana. But Chester S. Lord was not one to dissociate himself from his chief. However much the daily whose make-up he directed might appear to be in complete contrast to those high traits of character for which he was beloved by all who knew him well, Mr. Lord exalted his association with Mr. Dana, recalling with pride that "for seventeen years of my thirty-three years as managing editor I was Dana's right-hand man."

Of the powerful newspaper these men directed there is today not a trace. It cannot, however, be said that its lack of conscience and of morals killed it, for there is likewise nothing but tradition left of dailies whose standards were far superior. But we would not stress the question today of the relation of newspaper morality to longevity. It is a pleasanter task to point out the great opportunities for great teachers within newspaper offices profoundly to affect the growth and direct the education of the younger men who come under their influence. Mr. Lord achieved wonders in a bad school. In others such as the *Manchester Guardian* and, on this side of the Atlantic, the *Springfield Republican* and the *Boston Herald*—of earlier days—men were profoundly molded, and not merely as brilliant writers and technicians, by the great personalities at the head of the staff.

Not even the professor in his class room has such opportunities as has an editor to form and develop the men around him. That is not merely due to the close daily association year in and year out; the making of a great journal is a daily grappling with life, with every phase of the world's activity, with all its triumphs and all its sorrows and disasters. It is a joint enterprise for all concerned, in which few can take part, even as office boys, without a sense of comradeship in adventure. If then there are leaders in the shop, whether with or without scruple, it is a fact that they have extraordinary chances to rally to themselves those about them. There is a joint sense of being on the firing-line, even one of being on the defensive as well as the offensive, since the newspaper, whenever it leaves the press, is subject to the critical barrage of its readers. This again makes for the closest ties among its workers as well as affording endless opportunities for the best of generalship.

It is pleasant to record that in the case of Mr. Lord his obituaries have stressed the kindly human side; not the evil that he helped to do has lived after him but the good. So in England men mourn today C. P. Scott and Henry W. Massingham, whose journalistic standards were so high and beyond reproach that men consider it their proudest boast to say that they worked for Scott's "*M. G.*" and "H. W. M.'s *Nation*." Fortunately, the list of similar American editors who have placed conscience and courage above success is not small.

Issues and Men

Why Do Public Men Rationalize?

I AM moved to ask this question by the extraordinary expression of opinions by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister MacDonald apropos the end of the World Economic Conference. MacDonald would not only not admit failure, he declared that the conference was not even adjourned; it had merely ended one session without specifying when it would meet again! As for our President, he had not a doubt. "I do not regard the economic conference as a failure," he telegraphed to London. "Results are not always measured in terms of formal agreements," he also said. "They can come equally from a free presentation of each nation's difficulties and each nation's methods to meet its individual needs." In other words, he assured the world that those wasted weeks, which his own acts doomed to futility, were really not wasted at all but had accomplished something worth while, expecting that everyone who read the press of the world would have forgotten his own fervent assertions that the conference must accomplish a great deal in order to save the world from complete disaster, as well as Ramsay MacDonald's and Cordell Hull's almost hysterical appeals to the conference to save our civilization. I very much prefer the brutal truth of a man I have no use for at all—Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, the Nazi head of the German Reichsbank. Speaking over the radio from Berlin, he flatly called the conference a complete failure and answered MacDonald by declaring that Germany would not again participate in a world conference, but only in smaller gatherings devoted to specific purposes.

Now I well know all the stock excuses that will be offered for Mr. Roosevelt's performance—that he could not publicly admit failure; that he wisely kept alive the hope that there was still some life in the conference; that in view of the preconference prophecies of world disaster if it failed, it was necessary for him to head off any feeling of complete despair. But when all is said and done, his statement boils down to complete deceit and such obvious and silly deceit that it is bound to do far more harm to his standing and reputation than any good that might be achieved by his telegram. The conference was in session too short a time for people to forget the words with which it was ushered in; certainly nobody in public life in any part of Europe can have read that telegram from Washington without ribald laughter. But it is true that what Roosevelt did is precisely what most heads of governments, at least those of Anglo-Saxon stock, would have done in his place. Herbert Hoover was certainly a master in the art of misleading public statements and there is no more striking example of this kind of self-deceit—when it is that—and rationalizing than President Wilson's assurance to the American people, on his return from Paris, that the bastard peace treaty he brought back with him embodied each and every point that he had gone to Paris to achieve.

If in the case of Woodrow Wilson it was self-deceit to keep up his own fervent belief that he was beyond the possibility of error or failure, in other cases in recent years this

rationalizing by our Presidents is due primarily to the fact that when men take high office they feel themselves freed from the ordinary moralities and decencies. They find that the diplomatic game is largely one of bluff, lying, and deceit, of stealing secrets and private dispatches, and they assume too readily the same attitude toward their other relations with the public. I am told that to one who in the Belgian relief days charged Herbert Hoover to his face with lying, Hoover with admirable frankness replied that he would never think of doing so to his own advantage or that of any other member of his family, but that the cause in which they were engaged warranted a disregard of truth. Nothing could put the case more clearly. Soon after that we were in the war, and lying became the chief activity of the United States Government on the quite defensible ground that you could not win the war in any other way, especially since every other government was devoting its best energies to just that thing.

Is it any wonder that statesmen in peace time continue to think that the Commandments do not apply to them when they are working for the welfare of great masses of human beings, when they know so perfectly just how high-minded and altruistic they, the statesmen, are? Here we have one of the pitfalls of men in high office, especially to be illustrated by Mr. Hoover and Mr. Wilson—this dreadful certainty that they cannot be wrong, that they cannot make mistakes, that they alone know what is right and what is best for the people of whom they are so properly and justly the guardians. Here is where the deadly, character-wrecking influence of high office and vast authority over millions of one's fellow-men does its most effective work—in the swelling of the ego until we sometimes get a pathological case. It does not take long for the king, crowned or uncrowned, to believe, with all his heart and with complete sincerity, that he can do no wrong. There are exceptions—Harding, for instance. He knew too well his own limitations and shortcomings and his feet were much too solidly on earth for him to be able to persuade himself that he was anything but a very ordinary politician washed up into the White House by a fortunate series of political deals. But in the main, given the type of man who now usually finds his way to high office it is just a matter of calculation how long it will be before the symptoms will appear.

None the less I am sorry to see them appearing so early in Franklin Roosevelt. It seems to me that he would today stand much better with the American people and the world if he had issued a statement that read something like this:

Fellow-Citizens, I am profoundly sorry that the World Conference for which we had such high hopes, has come to nothing, especially as I am charged in many quarters at home and abroad with responsibility for the failure. I can see now that it was a mistake to have it meet without previous agreement upon an exact agenda and finding out in advance some measures upon which all the participants could agree. I must admit guilt, too, in that after the con-

ference met, our own circumstances, and the conditions of our recovery changed so much that I had to alter my opinion as to what the conference should do in the matter of currency stabilization. I am also sorry that I did it with so much heat and feeling. But while the failure of the conference is a disaster and very much jeopardizes the world's recovery, I have not lost hope, so successful is our plan for recovery and so evident are the signs in other countries of rapid improvement.

But a simple, honest, gentlemanly gesture like this is not to be expected of a president or a prime minister; it does not go with the job. Indeed I am not a bit surprised to read that the President is more pleased by his abominably rude, unjust, and inconsistent attack upon the conference for undertaking to do just what he asked it to do than by anything else he has done. The press reports that he is convinced that the American people, or the majority of them, are delighted with the swift kick that he administered to the conference. They rejoice that he told those European welchers "where they got

off," so he is entirely content. Why not? The king, I repeat, can do no wrong.

It is just because of this danger that I worry so much over the indications that we are in for a "stand-by-the-President" hysteria, with everybody being denounced as unpatriotic who does not throw up his hat for the N.R.A. and get a blue eagle into his front window instantly. That isn't kindness to the President. His friends can do him no better service than to criticize quietly and efficiently and earnestly, when there is something to criticize. No Administration is safe without criticism; the best man in the world will go wrong if there are no checks upon him, and the best check remains that of honest dissent publicly expressed. If Mr. Roosevelt does not encounter that he is going to fall into a lot of errors besides the Home Loan Act.

Quoted Garrison Village

Mine War in Pennsylvania

By DANIEL ALLEN

Fayette County, Pa., August 6

FROM the H. C. Frick mines in Fayette County the coal strike has spread swiftly and spontaneously into Washington, Westmoreland, Greene, and Alleghany Counties. The entire soft-coal and coke region has been affected; 70,000 miners have struck and as many as 150 mines have shut down. Passing up and down the Monongahela River, one sees the unsmoking shafts, the huge steam shovels drawn up, the coalwagons and trains bunched motionless, and along the highways into the mine country the long lines of the pickets. There they sit and stand and walk in small compact groups at the entrances to the mines, or trail for long stretches on the road, sticking to the narrow dirt side-ways. This is a rank-and-file strike, a picket strike, and the haggling of their leaders seem here spurious and irrelevant.

This strike is like the war in China: it has never been declared. John L. Lewis had agreed to wait till the code was issued. Local leaders have been discouraging the walk-outs. "But we just had to walk out," they tell you all along the line. The H. C. Frick mines have always been anti-union. Men who attended union meetings found themselves on an unsought furlough. In the past few years the miners here and elsewhere have been so ill paid that many who were working had to be put on relief. They got nothing for dead time—for work, that is, other than the actual loading of the wagons—and they could be put to such work for entire days. There was this business of slack wagon and dirty coal, where they didn't overload or "hump" their wagons enough and were docked, or where some of the dust still clung to the coals and they got nothing for the mining and loading. Men known for their union activity were assigned to posts where, crowded together and jammed close to the wagons, they couldn't help having slack wagons. When, lately, operations in idle mines were being resumed, the men were still being docked for one thing or another, with money off for insurance, for back rent, for back relief, and back taxes. Store-

keepers in Brownsville tell me of sixty-nine-cent pay envelopes. The union then became a bread-and-butter necessity. It was no matter of propaganda and organization. The men were driven together. It had to be the union or nothing. The checkweighman grievance, however keenly the men feel about it, is subordinated to the recognition of the union, and they resent the efforts of John L. Lewis to make this grievance the big issue on which alone to settle the strike. "We'll take one dollar a day if once we've got union recognition."

I was in the lines with the strikers when they received the news of the Washington agreement. The Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* of the next day, Saturday, speaks of the "lusty cheers from the throats of the tired pickets for Roosevelt, Pinchot, and the New Deal." I didn't hear any cheers. "It's funny they know all about the strike being over, and we don't," was what they said. It would not be over till they had union recognition. Lewis's signature was of no account.

They find the unaccustomed words difficult—recognition, code, recovery. They are slow of speech. But they do not resent my questioning them sharply, insistently. Among the younger men, some no more than boys, there are those who speak freely and brightly. "What right has Lewis to settle a strike he refuses to call?" A sign bears the words, "This is 1933, not 1922," harking back to the time when Lewis is said to have sold them out. "For how much?" is the grim question. But this time it is different. It is their strike. Much has been made of their patriotism. They do look to Roosevelt and the New Deal. The idea of an Administration favorable to organized labor has won them over. In their own immediate neighborhood they know the impossibility of a partnership of capital and labor. There in Washington it may be. But Roosevelt is on probation. He will have to show himself a labor man.

It is easy to see how a corrupt and reactionary leadership has been able to gain the support of these men and to keep it. Most of them have a strong feeling of inferiority.

When I question them, it is hard getting past their inevitable, "I don' know nothin' 'bout that." For intricate dealings with the companies and representations to the outside world they feel a glibber speech and a more worldly experience are needed. A divergence of interests is even taken for granted. They can tolerate a great deal. But they are learning. There is a desire stirring in the ranks now to oust their present leadership when they have succeeded in establishing the union. They will in one breath speak of loyalty to their leaders, local and national, and in the next ask what sort of leadership it can be which disclaims responsibility for a rank-and-file strike. The strike has produced its own leaders, strong, close, cautious, bitter men; such a one is Martin Ryan at Colonial No. 3 and 4. A sense of solidarity with their fellow-workers in other fields is developing among the men. The Leith miners helped call out on strike the girls at the Berkowitz Shirt Company in Uniontown. A word about the dairymen's strike in New York State sets them tingling. They have been able to catch a glimpse of insidious interrelationships about them. Certain newspapers are banned as company sheets. Over at the Mellon-controlled Pittsburgh Coal mine at Crescent, the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* had distributed gratis its headline celebrations of the formation of a company, or "Amos-and-Andy," union. At Colonial No. 3 where Padorsky had been murdered by deputies, cameramen were present when deputies sneaked up over the mound above the road and pelted the pickets with stones. This picture was not taken. The men remember these things and have begun to resent newspapermen. They are quick to detect a hostile or a patronizing attitude. They refused indignantly to pose with beer jugs for a New York Daily News

correspondent. "This is no goddam beer party," they said. "We'll give you a strikers' picture, that's all we'll give you."

Louis Padorsky's funeral came the day after Lewis agreed to call the strike off. The roads to Brownsville are long lines of cars and demonstrating marchers. The talk in the procession is all of the strike settlement. There are the timid and the militant. I ask a young miner from a Hillman Coal mine what would be the result of another Lewis sell-out. "The National Miners," he answers shortly. "We'll go back," somebody else says, "if the President of the United States tells us to go back." And a third, "We ain't goin' back till we got recognition of the union." "We aren't Bolsheviks," the first miner tells me, and he points to the wooden houses on their brick bases, the porches with their inevitable swings and rocking chairs, and he points to the rolling brown and blue and green of the hills and valleys and the pinkish mist of the mountain ridge on the horizon, and he asks me, "Do we look like Bolsheviks? Does this look like Bolshevik country?" And he sets his jaws stubbornly, "But we want the right to live like human beings."

The operators, the Administration, and the labor leaders are plenty worried over the mood of the men. They have reason to be. In the towns the people tell you the miners mean business as never before. The left-wing National Miners Union is everywhere urging the men not to quit till the strike has been genuinely won. Will the men go back? They may, they may already have gone back by the time this is published. But all around me I hear, "This strike is just beginning." If they do not go back what will happen to President Roosevelt's merry partnership of capital and labor? The class struggle has not yet been exorcised.

Labor Racketeering

By HAROLD SEIDMAN

THE National Industrial Recovery Act forces employers to be fair in their dealings with labor, but what is going to protect labor from the tyranny of corrupt leaders who have long ruled over many unions? A Tammany sachem could not do a more thorough job than the labor bosses who reign supreme by means of gangsters, graft, machine-made constitutions, and judiciously distributed patronage. Under the leadership of these unscrupulous officials both local and international, every known type of racketeering flourishes. Most of the union czars have risen from the ranks. Once in power they are confronted by numerous temptations. They have the characteristic American love for easy money, and politicians and equally corrupt employers are willing to supply them with plenty of it in return for "favours." Unfortunately, union leadership in this country is for the most part notoriously lacking in social conscience, and more often than not union officials use their position to further their own interests.

Tribute exacted from both the employers and union members swells the already oversized incomes of labor racketeers who, according to federal estimates, are entrenched in forty-seven trades. Protesting victims are soon silenced by strong-arm squads, and the czar's political influence is usually sufficient to quash any court action. To date only two of

these racketeers have been brought to justice. Sam Kaplan, president of Local 306 of the Motion Picture Operators, was found guilty of coercion, and Patrick J. Commerford of the Union of Operating Engineers, a Tammany leader, ran afoul of that bugaboo of all racketeers—the income-tax law.

The salaries paid to the union officials are out of all proportion to the service they perform. Sam Kaplan, who spent one or two days a week in the union office, received \$21,800 a year, and his successor, Harry Sherman, was granted a salary of \$18,000. No previous president of Local 306 had ever received more than \$250 a year. P. J. Morrin, president of the International Association of Bridge, Structural, and Ornamental Iron Workers is paid \$15,000 a year, all necessary expenses, and \$12 a day for daily expenses. Louis Kaufmann, business agent of Local 244 of the Motion Picture Operators, is said to receive \$14,000 a year. Although the majority of the union members are now unemployed, the salaries have not been reduced during the depression.

In addition to their salaries, the czars receive other monetary benefits from the union. Over a five-year period Kaplan was "voted gifts" amounting to \$55,000 by the union. Three weeks after his last "gift" of \$25,000, Kaplan announced to the startled brotherhood that the union was broke. Officials of unions are also usually allowed from \$30

to \$50 a month for the upkeep of luxurious automobiles presented to them by the union. In one New Jersey local the president had \$300 worth of dental work done at the union's expense. Yet the labor racketeer has not been satisfied with his seemingly adequate stipend and has found other lucrative sources of income.

Incomes of the large unions run into huge sums. The boss has complete charge of this money and rarely accounts for expenditures. Members of Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Engineers brought a suit against the local officials to account for \$7,500,000 of union funds, much of which they claimed had been used illegitimately. This is the same union which contrary to all union principles entered into an agreement with the New York Edison Company not to organize its employees. Jacob S. Solomon, secretary of the organizing committee of Local 3, admitted that he had secretly destroyed the vouchers and records of the expenditures of close to \$1,500,000 between 1926 and 1930 because he feared that "spies" would gain access to the records, and Wilson, the president, agreed that considerably more than \$1,000,000 had been spent without authorization. In 1926 before H. H. Broach, who has just resigned as head of the International, took office, the union spent \$2,130 in legal fees; between 1927 and 1930, Broach spent \$532,000 for legal services. The case for an accounting was suddenly settled last fall. According to a letter sent to Police Commissioner Mulrooney by a committee of the union, "the accounting case was settled by guaranteeing the men who brought the action one year's work in addition to a cash settlement."

Sam Kaplan made no accounting during his entire term of office. He was held in contempt of court by Judge May for failure to produce the books of the union. In a case now pending trial, members of suspended Local 52 of the Iron Workers charge that John M. Schilling financial secretary of the local for twenty-four years, never gave an accounting during all this time. They found the auditor's report he presented this year unsatisfactory, and allege that Schilling refuses to account for \$100,000 of the union's money.

To enrich the treasury of Local 306 further, Kaplan introduced the permit system by which non-union men are allowed to work on union jobs. This was done without the consent or knowledge of the members of the union. Under his rule there were 600 permit men who paid initiation fees ranging from \$500 to \$1,000 and 20 per cent of their salaries to the union. Permit men receive much lower wages than the regular card holders, and have absolutely no voice in union councils. They are not recognized as union members, but they are liable for certain levies and assessments. Harry Sherman, the new president, is now making an effort to reform this system which is still maintained in Local 306.

Tom Maloy employed the same system in Local 110 of the Motion Picture Operators of Chicago. Non-union men claimed that they could obtain jobs by paying Maloy or his representative, Pete Kitcheos, sums ranging from \$450 to \$1,000. However, they soon found themselves out of work again if they did not continue to pay tribute to Maloy after the initial instalment. If the permit man lost his job, he had to give Maloy another huge "gift" to obtain work. In addition to this, the permit men gave 10 per cent of all their earnings to Local 110. Permit men occupy jobs which ordinarily would go to the regular members of the union.

Many unemployed card men are willing to take a permit man's job, but they cannot get them. In Chicago men who had been members of the union since 1910 were without work while permit men held good jobs. Pleas to the local officials were unavailing.

Another racket practiced by union officials is to send a man out on a job paying, say, \$100 a week. The employers pay this money not to the worker, but to an official of the local who gives the worker a salary of \$50 a week and pockets the other \$50. The employee pays 10 per cent of his \$50 into the union treasury. Even workers who receive starvation wages must pay part of their pittance to the union for protection. Thirteen complainants, seven of whom were women, brought charges against the Teamsters and Chauffeurs Union in Hudson County, New Jersey. The affidavits alleged that the women, who were cleaners and pressers, were forced to pay from one dollar to two dollars as weekly fees to what was termed a cleaners' branch of the union for the privilege of working unmolested. Some of the women's salaries amounted in all to only five or six dollars a week.

Employers also contribute their share to the labor czar's revenue. Kaplan, Brandle, and Fay, in addition to being representatives of the workers, were also big business men. Sam Kaplan was head of a non-union company which manufactured projection machines. Brandle, fourth vice-president of the International Union of Iron Workers, was president of the Labor National Bank of Jersey City and an officer of the Branleygran Company, dealers in insurance and bonds. The Branleygran Company, which was the second largest holding company in the State, wrote bonds for construction work. Joseph Fay, head of Local 825 of the Union of Operating Engineers, was part owner of the International Excavating Company which rented out ten dump trucks and several steam shovels to building contractors. The wise employer patronized these firms. John Springer of the Springer-Cocalis theater circuit stated that

although the prices of Sam Kaplan's company were higher than the prices of his competitors, we thought it a wise policy to pay much higher prices to Sam Kaplan's company and insure freedom from labor troubles in our theaters. Our records further show that when we gave all of our business to Sam Kaplan's company, no attempts to unionize our theaters were made, but that when we ceased to patronize Sam Kaplan's company, the attempts of Local 306 to unionize our theaters became aggressive and were marked by violence.

An amusing story is told of how one of the trucks from Sam Kaplan's company drove up to instal equipment in the Ward theater in the Bronx when that theater was being picketed by Kaplan's own union. Union theaters which patronized Kaplan's firm were allowed to employ one card man at \$85 a week and four permit men at \$45 to \$50 a week. Others had to use five regular men at \$85 a week.

"Gifts" to the union boss usually prevent all labor difficulties. Patrick J. Commerford, vice-president of the Building Trades Council and delegate at large of the International Union of Operating Engineers, was on the pay roll of several non-union companies. The Carlton Hoisting Company paid him \$25 a week in 1927 and \$50 a week in 1928 and 1929 to keep it free of labor trouble. The cash was kept in a safe until a sizable amount accumulated and then Commerford would call for it. The United Hoisting Company

paid Commerford \$75 a week for the same services. These gifts were for protection against Commerford's own union.

Strike breaking was another of Commerford's specialties. He received \$7,000 from the W. R. Gahagan Company to call off a strike, and \$5,000 from R. J. Murphy Company to break up a strike at Jones Beach. Theodore Brandle and officials of other New Jersey locals of the Iron Workers split a \$10,000 "gift" from the Iron League of New Jersey. Brandle was also director general of the Iron League, an employers' organization. He said he was going "to serve both sides."

The czar, who exercises absolute control of the distribution of jobs, preserves his power by giving the best ones to his supporters. Members of the opposition soon find themselves unemployed. Local 11 of the Newark Iron Workers used the "card-index" system for the purpose of discrimination. Under the "card-index" system a worker may receive a job only when the card bearing his name appears at the head of the file. When he receives work his card is moved to the end of the file. A job given to a favorite might last for several months, while a member not in the good graces of the officials of the union might receive work only lasting a day and yet have to wait his turn before receiving another job. Chancellor Berry said that workers in this union were oppressed almost to the point of serfdom. Sam Kaplan appointed the business agents of Local 306, and the business agents distributed the jobs. No member of Local 3 of the Electrical Workers was permitted to accept employment without permission of the local officials. Other bosses use the same methods.

If a member persists in his attacks on the administration, he is soon suspended or expelled from the union and loses his means of livelihood. Many union constitutions are so written that the czar can always find a pretext for suspending or expelling a member. A member can be fined hundreds of dollars, suspended, or expelled for "improper conduct," "committing a nuisance," "using his own automobile in a manner considered unfair to other members or against the best interests of the local," "creating or attempting to create dissatisfaction or dissension," "disturbing the harmony of meetings," "using profane language in the property of the local union," "revealing the business of the union to outsiders," and "attending any meetings or conferences having for their purpose the criticism of any officers or representatives of the district council." The Iron Workers must also take the following oath: "I will at all times be respectful in word and action to every woman, and be considerate to the widow and orphan, the weak and the defenseless." The constitutions are often drawn up by hand-picked committees selected by the czar.

Joseph Blek was suspended from Local 3 of the Electrical Workers on the charge of working with non-union men. The men were actually members of his own union, and Judge Martin stated in his opinion that "the alleged charges were merely a pretext to discipline the plaintiff." Fourteen members of the same union who attended a meeting for "the restoration of union rights of Local 3" were suspended for a year and fined \$300 each. Alexander Polin was beaten up and expelled from Kaplan's union for asking for an accounting.

Although Judge Peter Schmuck declared that unions which expelled their members for taking their grievances to

court were not only "ridiculous" but were "assuming governmental authority which would not be tolerated by the government," yet most unions still provide for the immediate expulsion of members who go to court before exhausting their resources within the union. Union trials (and often the conviction is had without any) are notorious farces. The highest authority to which a member can appeal is the international convention which is held every two, three, or four years, provided it is not postponed to save expenses. The convicted member may wait as long as eight years before being heard, and then there is little likelihood of the original decision being reversed. In the Carpenters Union during the last eight years 102 appeals were taken to the executive board from the rulings of the international president. In every case the decision of the international head was confirmed.

If the opposition does succeed in wresting the power from the czar, the international often steps in and suspends the local; and another union is established in the same territory with the ousted officials in power. The constitution of the Iron Workers contains the following clause:

The general president shall, whenever in his judgment subordinate bodies or the members thereof are working against the best interest of the International Association, have the power to order said body to disband or cease such practices under penalty of revocation of charter. He may personally, or by deputy take possession of, for examination, all books, papers, and financial accounts of all subordinate bodies.

The president of the Electrical Workers has the same power.

Patrick J. Commerford was appointed supervisor of Local 125 of the International Union of Operating Engineers by President Possehl to "eliminate graft and corruption." The same system was installed in eighteen other locals. Commerford appointed all the officers and there were no elections. When the union rebelled and removed Commerford, Local 125 was suspended and a new Local 130 was formed with Commerford as its supervisor. He informed contractors that they must deal with the new local. A similar procedure has apparently been followed in the case of Local 52 of the Iron Workers. When John M. Schilling, a vice president of the International, was not reelected financial secretary, Local 52 was suspended and a new Local 447 was formed with Schilling as financial secretary.

Gangsters and strong-arm men are employed by the racketeers to intimidate the members of the union. Kaplan had four bodyguards whose salaries were paid out of the union treasury. Men who became too obstreperous at meetings were silenced by these thugs. One of them, Teddy Greenberg, was sentenced to six months for assaulting Cecil Woods, Jr., a member of the opposition party of Local 306, but Kaplan saw to it that the union continued to pay Greenberg his salary of \$125 a week during his term of imprisonment. Henry Godel, an active critic of the officers of Local 3 of the Electrical Workers, was recently murdered. Sternburg, Young, Clohessy, Martin, Terry, and Malone were all severely beaten up, and Sorenson and Dooner were shot in the union offices. A member of the union who testified in court against Van Arsdale, who was accused of shooting Sorenson, had acid thrown in his face and lost the sight of his right eye. Dissenters in Local 110 of the Motion Picture operators met similar fates.

A fight between the Touhys gangsters and the Humphreys gangsters to gain control of the teamsters union in Chicago provided even more spectacular displays of violence. Eighty-three-year-old Steve Summer, an officer of the union for more than thirty years, had bullet-proof glass windows in his home, steel mesh on the windows, and a porthole for a rifle in the door to protect him against invaders. One mob drove up to the union headquarters with a battery of machine guns, automatic shotguns, and revolvers and announced "we are taking over the place for the day." They were driven out a few days later in a counter revolution. Sass and Goldberg, officers of the union, were abducted, and the home of Arthur Metzger, a business agent, was bombed when he refused "a fabulous salary to retire and revoke the union's membership in the American Federation of Labor." There were seven bombings in forty-eight hours at the height of the guerrilla warfare.

Union treasuries are milked by the czars not only to defend themselves, but their gangsters. Greenberg was defended on numerous occasions by high-priced union lawyers. Each member of Local 306 was assessed \$21 to provide a \$25,000 fee for Max Steuer who defended Sam Kaplan against an indictment based on charges made by members of the union. Kaplan also spent \$3,000 a week for an intensive advertising campaign to "maintain the reputation of Local 306." The administration of Local 3 of the Electrical Workers requested \$1,500 for the legal defense of Constantino who was accused of shooting Sorenson and Dooner. When a member moved to use the \$1,500 for the medical expenses of Sorenson, he was ruled out of order.

International officers have done little to remedy the situation. Instead, they often give aid and comfort to unscrupulous officials by laying all dissension within the unions to "radicals" and "labor spies." At the convention in 1932, P. J. Morrin, International President of the Iron Workers, said that

in the Eastern section of the country, especially the Newark [Brandle] district, our organization has been cursed with a lot of radical activities which have kept that organization embroiled in internal conflict for the past two years. They have kept up constant wrangling and dissension within the ranks of their local union accompanied by radical bulldozing tactics seeking either to rule or ruin. I myself visited our Newark local union and pointed out to them the dangers of permitting their internal dissension to continue, and the dangers of permitting these dissensionists to lurk within their ranks. I urged them to forget their differences and disregard the wild, radical propaganda made to them by radical members within their own ranks.

Morrin apparently changed his mind about the source of the troubles in the Newark unions this June when he removed Brandle, Sherlock, and the other officials for misuse of powers.

H. H. Broach attributed the trouble in Local 3 to the work of "labor spies." The June, 1932, issue of the *Journal of Electrical Workers* bore on its cover the legend, "Union Destroyers Exposed." A series of obviously faked letters from one "G. Edgar Applegate" of the "American Financiers Protective and Investigation Bureau" to his agent "Bartly" were published in this issue. No record of the concern or of Applegate has ever been found. Broach asserted that he had several investigating organizations working, and promised further "startling results."

When anyone discloses the rotten conditions within a union, he is immediately branded as a union destroyer and enemy of labor. The *Electrical Workers Journal* launched a vicious attack against Louis Budenz, one of the most conscientious and highly respected workers in the American labor movement, because he criticized the administration of Local 3 in an article for *Labor Age*. Bugniatet, the editor of the *Journal*, claimed among other things that "Budenz almost ruined the Hosiery Workers financially, and was forming an outlaw group in Philadelphia known as Hosiery Workers Branch No. 1." Budenz's suit for libel is now pending trial. Many people have hesitated to expose the labor racketeers because they feared that they would be accused of attempting to undermine the structure of the trade-union movement in the United States.

Complaints by members of labor unions have received little sympathy from authorities representing a corrupt political machine in New York. District Attorney Crain was very slow to act on the Kaplan case. Waiters of Local 1 who complained that they were being forced to pay from \$100 to \$300 for jobs which lasted only six weeks were turned away from Crain's office. One of them, Ben Glast, embarrassed the District Attorney's office by taking the law into his own hands and shooting two agents of the union. Daly, head of the complaint bureau, gave the lame excuse that "he had not gone into the matter to protect the union members, and it was considered wiser to let the complaining waiters handle the early stages of the prosecution themselves."

All union czars have powerful political connections which probably explains in some degree the reluctance of the public prosecutors to act. Tom Farley of tin-box fame, the sheriff ousted by former Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, was dictator of the Cleaning and Dyeing Industry at a salary of \$50,000 a year, and was an honorary member of Kaplan's union. Kaplan instructed his men to vote the straight Democratic ticket, and purchased five motion-picture sound trucks with union funds to aid the Democratic Party in its 1930 campaign. Former Senator Baird said that Brandle and Hague were the "owners" of the Democratic Party in New Jersey. It was Brandle's certified check for \$60,000 that settled Hague's income-tax difficulties. Tom Farley, former sheriff Charles W. Culkin, and District Leader James Hines were reported to be the political angels of Local 3 of the Electrical Workers. Pat Commerford was himself a Tammany leader.

Organization of workers has been greatly stimulated by the National Industrial Recovery Act, and the labor racketeer is looking forward to even more lucrative pickings in the future. The American Federation of Labor, a fundamentally weak organization, has not the power to act. All President Green can do is issue proclamations and make recommendations. He has been doing this during the past two years with negligible results. It is extremely difficult to amend the present constitutions of the unions, and this precludes all possibility that the unions will be able to do their own housecleaning.

If labor is to be properly represented in drawing up the codes of fair practice and in collective bargaining, the federal government must find the means of driving out the labor racketeer. One may doubt that the committee to investigate racketeering headed by Senator Copeland of Tammany Hall will be capable of finding the solution.

The NRA Speeds Up

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, August 5

THE recovery program is very definitely under way. Despite the sullen and bitter opposition of the steel, oil, coal, and lumber barons, and the financiers who actually control them; despite the idle sniping of lily-fingered "liberals" who will be satisfied with nothing less than paradise by high noon; despite poisoned arrows from without and monkey wrenches from within, it is moving with astonishing speed. I say astonishing, although no one is astonished who is familiar with the terrific labor and devotion back of the program and the dire suffering which it aims to end. If I were a prophet instead of a humble reporter of events, I should not only say that it will succeed, but that it will serve as a transition stage to an early socialization of industry on a scale which no living adult could reasonably have hoped, twelve months ago, to witness. Such a statement may seem optimistic to those who are still thinking in the outworn, conventional, standard political terms of 1932, but I question whether anyone who is not a first-hand observer can appreciate the changes which have taken place here. Perhaps it is all a gigantic fraud, or a fantastic dream, but the persons in it appear to be very real, and extremely familiar.

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IT would be cruel to describe in detail the holy show which Frances Perkins and Donald Richberg made of the steel magnates. It has been common knowledge for a good many years that the industry was not oversupplied with brains, but why it should have chosen poor old Bob Lamont to give an example of what one NRA official described as "the complicated stupidity which characterized the Hoover Administration," must forever remain a mystery. As an eye-witness of the spectacle, I can testify to its ghastliness. Even the lame drama of renouncing its claim for government sanction of company unions was spoiled in advance for the industry. Lamont's halting plea for the steel code was simply ripped to pieces by Miss Perkins, and Richberg completed Lamont's humiliation by asking a series of schoolboy questions which he lacked either the knowledge or the authority to answer. The decorum of the procedure was almost destroyed by a succession of volcanic guffaws which resounded along the press tables. The fact is that the code submitted by the steel industry was regarded from the beginning by recovery officials as an insult or a very poor joke. For the steel men to have supposed that they could obtain government sanction of company unions, reinstatement of a modified "Pittsburg-plus" price-basing system, and prohibition of any equipment reducing the cost of production, was simply another evidence of "the complicated stupidity" which seems to characterize most large business undertakings in this country. The fact is that the steel industry is in very bad grace with the recovery administration. It will be given one more opportunity—and a brief one—to show signs of repentance. Very few informed persons in this vicinity expect it to take advantage of that opportunity, in view of the United States Steel Corporation's responsibility for the recent bloodshed in Penn-

sylvania. What will happen then? Johnson and Roosevelt will simply prescribe a new steel code—and the industry will be confronted with the choice of accepting it or declaring a revolution against the New Deal.

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AS I have possibly intimated, there are many phases of this situation which entertain and satisfy. Consider, for example, the spectacle of the power trust rushing to Washington to plead for the protection of a code. The power trust, of course, is one of the few industries which has not been hurt by the depression. In some mysterious way it has managed to maintain rates, while cutting wages. But suddenly it is afraid. Whether this is conscience or a consciousness of guilt, I cannot say, but the result is the same. The oil people, with their eternal—and internal—bickering, have just about succeeded in making out a good case for the nationalization of that industry. It is my guess that Johnson, after listening to them for several days, will let them stew in their own juice for a week, and then prescribe a code for them. The oil industry is almost impossible. The big producers cannot agree with the "independents," the States cannot agree with each other, and State officials cannot agree among themselves. At this time it looks as if Johnson and Roosevelt eventually will be compelled to tell them how to run their business.

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THE big hurdle which has always confronted the recovery program was the possibility of a court injunction. Johnson dodged this very cleverly by devising the "voluntary" blanket agreement, an alternative to the licensing system authorized by the act. However, Secretary Wallace and Administrator Peek of the Department of Agriculture elected to meet the problem head on—as if to prove, perhaps, that the administration of agriculture is a little bit tougher than the administration of industry. As a result, the whole program is now confronted with the possibility of an injunction by the most reactionary federal judge in the United States—Wilkerson, of Chicago, the man Harry Daugherty put on the bench. Whether Wilkerson will have the nerve to issue such an order is questionable. It can hardly be doubted that he is very bitter against the recovery administration. Richberg was mainly responsible for blocking his promotion by Hoover to the Circuit Court of Appeals. It will be interesting to see whether he is moved more by vindictiveness or fear. I am of the opinion that Wallace and Peek acted somewhat obstinately and injudiciously. The milk racketeers of Chicago afforded a serious problem, but the matter could have been handled in smoother fashion.

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AFTER listening to the representatives of the steel and oil industries I thought I had heard from the most benighted and reactionary elements of American industry. But that was a mistake. The Honorable Harry New, Post-

master-General under Warren Harding and Calvin Coolidge, who was no saint himself, once remarked bitterly in private that of all the greedy, selfish, grasping crew with which he had been compelled to deal, nobody could touch the newspaper publishers. They were not satisfied to have the government transport their product at cost—it must be transported at a loss to the government. They were always looking for the “chiseler’s percentage.” In the present situation they have run true to type. They have whined, threatened, and attempted something close to blackmail. The agreement submitted to Johnson by a committee of the American Newspaper Publishers Association was a joke. It would have prolonged child labor on the ground that a boy should be permitted to keep his newspaper route; would have exempted editorial workers on the ground that they are “professional men” (although they are not required to undergo technical training, have no freedom as to hours of labor, do not charge

fees for their services, and have no organization or code of ethics), and would have excepted mechanical workers under contract. Recovery officials have hesitated to use the big stick on newspaper owners for fear that they would sabotage the whole program. I consider this fear to be entirely groundless. In one five-minute speech on the radio Roosevelt could break the back of every newspaper slacker in the country. As a matter of fact, their situation has already become extremely delicate. Their pages are filled with advertisements which flaunt the Blue Eagle, but it is missing from their mastheads. I recognize the existence of an honorable minority. But for every Patterson, Pulitzer, or Stern, for every *Milwaukee Journal*, there are a dozen like Harry Chandler, Howard Davis, and Frank B. Noyes. In the end Johnson may be compelled to bring the newspapers under a code designed for a profession at least more ancient and possibly as honorable as journalism.

The Teacher Faces the Depression

By EUNICE LANGDON

ON April 27, according to the *New York Times*, Paul Schneider, aged forty-four, a sick and crippled Chicago school teacher, shot himself to death. His widow, left with three children, stated that he had not been paid for eight months, that his property had depreciated, groceries which his family needed could be bought only on wage assignment, and worry had aggravated his illness. Less than a month after Paul Schneider’s discouragement drove him to suicide, the militant action of the Chicago teachers—patient no longer—in invading the banks and refusing to be distracted or amused by the picturesque profanity of Mr. Dawes resulted in the payment of \$12,000,000 due them for the last months of 1932. Their pay for the five months of 1933 is still owed them. Four hundred of them are reported to be in asylums and sanitariums as a result of the strain, and are possibly beyond help by this very belated and partial payment. Replies to a questionnaire reveal, according to William G. Carr, director of the Research Division of the National Education Association, that 2,278 teachers in 263 schools have been unable to meet payments on \$7,800,567 of life insurance, and 759 have been unable to meet payments on their homes. Large numbers of teachers have borrowed to the limit of their insurance policies and in some cases from loan sharks at exorbitant rates of interest. More than 500, only a part of those who applied, have been assisted by one teachers’ charitable foundation. In short, all the horrors of prolonged unemployment are incidents of employment in the public-school system of the second largest city in the country, which is conducting a “Century of Progress” exposition.

But the situation of the Chicago teachers, distressing as it is, is far from unique. Because of certain incongruous and sensational angles in the situation which habitually make Chicago “news,” the plight of Chicago’s teachers has received a relatively large amount of publicity, whereas the equally desperate, perhaps more hopeless condition of teachers in rural schools throughout the South and in many sections of the West and Middle West has gone almost unnoticed. Public education is threatened with something

little short of an absolute breakdown in vast areas of the country. Alabama owes its teachers \$7,000,000. Eighty-five per cent of its elementary and secondary schools were reported as closed in April of this year and the rest as running on part time. Many schools, according to a statement made by Dr. A. F. Harmon, State Superintendent of Education, closed before January 1 of this year not to open again until October if they do then. Some counties have gone back to a three months’ term such as was maintained thirty years ago. Few teachers of elementary, high-school, or college rank in State institutions have been paid their full salaries, and most of them are from three to eight months behind. Even these unpaid salaries had previously been cut from 10 to 40 per cent, as they have in other States. Where they have been paid, it has been only partly in cash and partly in scrip, which merchants in some places are no longer willing to accept. In Georgia, teachers in rural counties have gone unpaid for months and in many places their credit is exhausted. Some of them have met the situation by camping in schoolhouses, cooking their meals in the domestic-science rooms. In some rural communities farmers have helped by taking turns in boarding teachers, but in many instances this has proved too great a burden for the impoverished families. These statements, like many official reports, investigations, and surveys, apply almost wholly to white teachers in white schools. But it is a safe assumption that in those States and counties which normally spend from three to sixty times as much on their white as on their colored schools, the sufferings of the Negro school teachers and of the Negro school population have been proportionately heavier. Here as elsewhere complete breakdown has been averted largely by the devotion of the teachers, who have not only gone on working without pay, but have often out of their depleted means helped needy school children.

And as if this crippled condition of the schools were not sufficiently serious, in every locality cries for further retrenchment from taxpayers’ committees, citizens’ budget commissions, the bankers, the power interests, the merchants’

associations, and the real-estate associations are being heard. To a large extent these have already been heeded, and at a time when unprecedentedly heavy demands are being made on our public schools they have been forced almost everywhere to run on reduced budgets, to cut teachers' salaries, to increase the size of classes, and to drop such "fads and frills" as the teaching of music, child-guidance work, playground work, school gardens, vacation schools—in short, all the myriad developments of the school system which are intelligent responses to the complex needs of the community, the very features which make the public-school system, with all its weaknesses and shortcomings, an asset to democracy.

And what are the results? In Michigan, says George E. Carrothers of the University of Michigan, "a 7 per cent increase in the number of students in Michigan high schools has been accompanied by a 3 per cent decrease in the number of teachers, salary cuts of from 10 to 40 per cent, and the elimination of courses, which is putting an unparalleled burden on teachers and school systems to keep State educational standards up to normal." Detroit has cut its night-school service in half, increased the size of classes, and eliminated free summer schools; Indianapolis has eliminated its department of curriculum revision, eliminated night schools, summer schools, and teachers' colleges, and greatly reduced its appropriations for kindergartens. In Chicago nearly all evening schools have been closed, summer schools have been discontinued, community centers abolished, playgrounds reduced. To quote again from William Carr's recent summary of the situation in the *New York Herald Tribune*:

One or more phases of school service have been eliminated or curtailed in more than half of the city school systems of the nation. Conservative estimates indicate that by the end of the school year kindergartens will be reduced or eliminated in at least 170 cities, night schools in 120 cities, schools for handicapped children in 170 cities, art instruction in 100 cities, music instruction in 160 cities, school nurses in 135 cities, home economics or manual training or both in 145 cities, and physical education in 160 cities.

A short-sighted "economy" has insisted in all these cases on the elimination or the curtailment especially of those services which even in normal times are the strongest forces against disintegration, demoralization, and gangsterism, and which become acutely necessary in the face of the problems raised by the depression. Professor Paul Mort, of Teachers College in New York, announced last winter after a nationwide survey of educational financing that approximately 9,500,000 American boys and girls were being deprived of their educational birthright because of the depression. As large portions of the survey on which this conclusion was based dealt exclusively with white teachers and white schools it seems safe to regard these figures as highly conservative.

"Education is not sacred," said Mayor McKee at a meeting of the New York City Board of Estimate last October. For this and similar courtesies some 200,000 voters wrote in his name on their ballots in November and many more were prevented from expressing their appreciation only by the "fixing" of Tammany's voting machines. McKee's soul, however, goes marching on. According to an analysis by the Public Education Association, the educational budget for New York City for 1933 suffered the following reductions: First, the budget presented by the Board of Education for 1933 was \$2,800,000 less than that for 1932. And since

there is normally an annual increase in the budget of \$5,000,000 on account of the increased number of pupils, the budget request for 1933 was lower than it normally would have been by approximately \$7,800,000. This reduction was accomplished in the main by increasing the size of classes, restricting the number of sessions of evening schools, suspending the summer schools and other summer activities, reducing personnel, using substitutes instead of regular teachers to fill vacancies, and making large cuts in supplies and equipment.

Secondly, this budget request was reduced by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment by \$1,500,000, which left it approximately \$141,000,000. This reduction was accomplished by the elimination of after-school athletic centers and school gardens, a reduction in the appropriation for baths and pools*, the elimination of certain vacant positions, by transferring from the tax-levy budget inspectors and draftsmen for new building work, and by increasing anticipated accruals.

Thirdly, the budget was further diminished by an act of the extraordinary session of the legislature reducing salaries by \$8,800,000 and then, after the reopening of the city budget, by an additional \$2,500,000, leaving a net total budget for 1933 of \$129,700,000, as compared with \$145,300,000 in 1932. This last reduction was accomplished by abolishing training schools, withdrawing sick pay from teachers, filling vacancies with substitute teachers, postponing repairs, improvements, and replacements, and making further reductions in the amounts spent for school supplies. All of these reductions amounted to a total cut of \$20,600,000.

There is every reason to fear similar and even more drastic economies for next year as well as a possible reduction in State aid. The teachers who took a straight pay cut last winter of from 6 to 10 per cent, as well as various disguised pay cuts in the form of reduced sick pay, larger classes, increased work, and fewer free periods, and still contributed more than \$3,000,000 to the School Relief Fund—a contribution which compares rather favorably with that of bankers, power-company officials, realtors, and other citizens' budget commissioners—are again facing the threat of a pay cut in the Budget Commission's recommendation of a moratorium on all mandatory salary increases and increments. The threat, indeed, to the teachers' security, to their peace of mind, to their efficiency is constant. It is undermining not only their standard of living and tending to nullify the hard-won and justified salary increases of recent years, but also, by the strain and hardship it imposes on teachers, the efficiency of the schools. A harassed, underpaid, overworked, and bullied teaching body is inevitably harmful to the schools.

As Dr. Abraham Lefkowitz of the Teachers' Union recently pointed out in his pamphlet, "Teachers and the Economic Situation," teachers who were public employees were among the last to profit by rising wages in the boom years following 1914. Their salaries were established by law and could not readily be adjusted. The maximum salary for high-school teachers in New York at that time was \$2,650, and this was reached only after fourteen years of service. (Again a comparison of the service rendered the community by the teachers and their remuneration with that of some of the members of the Citizens' Budget Commission is sugges-

* The service to the city rendered by these baths and pools can be gauged by the following figures: In the spring of 1931 there were, according to the Association of Day School Teachers of Swimming, 84,396 boys and girls enrolled for attendance at shower baths, and 62,185 enrolled for swimming. Children were examined every week for signs of contagious or other diseases.

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tive.) With rising prices, however, the purchasing power of the dollar shrank so rapidly that by June, 1920, with the price index at 216.5, the purchasing power of this maximum salary was \$1,219. In August, 1920, as a result of an active campaign by the teachers, the Legislature of the State of New York raised salaries so that the maximum reached \$3,700. But the purchasing power of even this maximum was still below that of the maximum of 1913. In 1928-29 a further adjustment raised the maximum salary to \$4,500, at which level it remained until the salary cut passed by the extraordinary session of the legislature this winter. In the face of rising prices, however, even the teacher obtaining the present *maximum* salary may soon find himself worse off than he was before his salary was raised—and this even without further wage cuts. The suggested moratorium on increments, while not affecting holders of these maximum salaries would hit all those on the lower salary levels—in itself a very gross injustice.

These are the conditions facing teachers fortunate enough to be employed. What of the unemployed? Their number in New York City alone has been variously estimated at from 5,000 to 15,000. The Teachers' Union, which gives the lower figure, makes a distinction between those actually on eligible lists and those who for some reason have failed or had no opportunity to take the regular license examinations.) The Unemployment Relief Committee was recently said to be supporting 954 of them. Probably very few of the others have had the good luck to reach the stage of destitution at which they will be eligible for relief from the Home Relief Bureau or will be given "made work" by the Emergency Work Bureau. Many are known to have applied unsuccessfully to these and similar organizations. One such teacher, a young girl, according to a letter in the possession of the Unemployed Teachers Association was ineligible because in her family of five people, one, a brother, was working and making \$17 a week.

"I passed the oral and written parts of an examination to teach English to foreigners," this girl wrote, "and had to have a postponement in my physical because my teeth are in bad shape and I cannot afford dental care. I've had to stop my work toward a high-school license because I had no money for tuition."

"We are always hungry," wrote another, also one of a family of five, only one of whom had any sort of employment. "We owe six months' rent. . . . We live every hour in fear of eviction. . . . My sister, a typist, and I, a teacher, have been out of work for two years. . . . We feel discouraged . . . and embittered. We are drifting, with no help from anyone." Two other teachers known to the Unemployed Teachers Association were declared "ineligible" because they had been making \$5 a week by substitute work. The policy of the Board of Education in letting some permanent vacancies go unfilled and filling others with substitutes at substitutes' per diem pay is largely responsible for the high rate of teacher unemployment. It is a policy disastrous in many ways both to the teachers and to the schools. For the young and hopeful graduates of the training schools and the city colleges who passed their license examinations as far back as 1928 and 1929 and still have not received regular appointments, the situation is tragic. The board has not only decided to hold no further License No. 1 examination, at least until 1934 (to do so would, indeed, be a futile ges-

ture with some 5,000 teachers on eligible lists to be appointed in order of merit) but is filling vacancies as they occur not by making regular appointments from the lists, but very largely by assigning substitutes. Even when these substitutes are taken from the eligible lists with a high ranking they receive only substitutes' per diem pay instead of the regular rate of compensation. They may thus be made to fill regular positions for years as permanent substitutes, doing regular teachers' work at substitutes' pay *without salary increments and without permanent tenure*, which last a regular teacher achieves automatically after three years of teaching in the city system. The consolidation of classes, the dropping of courses, and the closing of the three city training schools has also thrown upon the system a great number of teachers in excess who must be taken care of, still further reducing the chance of appointment from the lists. The appointment of substitutes has in fact reached a point where principals are protesting against it and against the continual shifting of teachers from school to school. (It was estimated last winter that one teacher in five in the high-school system was a substitute and in some schools the proportion is even higher.)

There is another real though insidious danger in manning our schools in so large a measure with teachers who have no secure tenure and are consequently defenseless against political injustice and favoritism, against the infraction of standards which the Teachers' Union and other teachers' associations have labored for years to build up, and against constantly increasing demands on their time and services, without additional compensation. The lack of security is an effective check upon any political or spiritual independence on the part of teachers, and it is particularly to the credit of the Unemployed Teachers Association, the majority of whose members have only a substitute's status, that they have repeatedly championed teachers who they feel had been unjustly treated. Particularly notable were their protests in the case of Ralph Fagin and Helen Weinstein, substitutes, transferred "for the good of the system" after taking part in a parade of a parent-teacher-student association against overcrowded conditions in Public School 225 at Brighton Beach; their demand for an open hearing of the charges against Isidore Blumberg, a dismissed probationary teacher; and their stand against the "tragic case" policy of Superintendent O'Shea, by which the merit system was abandoned and assignments given to teachers alleged to be in distressed circumstances. In the last case the Unemployed Teachers Association pointed out that many teachers thus assigned did not appear on any eligible list, that appointment on grounds of destitution rather than of efficiency was detrimental to the schools, and that unless *all* the tragic cases among the 5,000 eligibles were examined their relative destitution could not be fairly established anyway. It is significant that this "tragic case" list has not been open to inspection like other lists.

In the very tone of the announcements given out by the Board of Education in New York the new and lowered status of the teachers in New York schools is reflected. It was reflected, for instance, in Superintendent O'Shea's announcement that he intended to "draft" teachers for summer-school work without pay, and in the contemplated by-law of the Board of Education compelling them to give extra hours after school without additional remuneration for the purpose of coaching backward students. It was reflected also in the marvelous "share-the-work" plan, suggested but, happily, not

as yet put into execution. Under this plan two substitutes, through "voluntary cooperation," would alternate in teaching a class, each substitute teaching one week for pay, the next week "voluntarily" assisting her alternate without remuneration. It is also an open secret in the teaching body that the "dear, wonderful, generous teachers," as Mayor O'Brien recently called them, were not wholly free from coercion in the matter of contributions to the School Relief Fund. It is significant too that teachers who have ventured to protest against this and other injustices have frequently drawn the unfavorable attention of their superiors and the whip of impermanent tenure has been held over them explicitly even at open meetings of the Board of Education.

Members of the New York Board of Education and of such boards throughout the country face no easy task. The pressure on them to reduce expenses, even by such disastrous

economies as those described above, from all the reactionary elements in the community has been tremendous and is still going on. It is unfortunate that such boards are usually composed of people who are primarily politicians rather than educators and hence overresponsive to pressure of this kind. In the present emergency, moreover, there has been added to the usual reactionary business interests, the voice of the bewildered and overburdened small taxpayer, who may actually be bearing a disproportionate share of the cost of education. The equalization of the tax burden by a form of taxation placing this load where it belongs, State and federal aid to education throughout the nation, the strengthening of teachers' associations everywhere, and determined action against false "economies" by all who realize what is at stake will be needed if the schools and the teaching profession are to be saved from disaster.

Liberia in Shackles

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, August 7

LIBERIA, having already been reduced to helplessness through the financial dictatorship of the Firestone rubber interests, is now, with the aid of the League of Nations and consent of the American State Department, about to be placed in complete servitude. The Liberian government lost its financial autonomy through the 1926 loan agreement, which the State Department compelled it to accept against its will. Within another month it is to be stripped of its administrative independence and cultural autonomy as well. And this is all to be done ostensibly in the name of charity, but really to give the Firestone interests and the National City Bank absolute control of the country so that they may the better "protect" the 1926 loan and the extensive Firestone rubber concession. A "Plan of Assistance for Liberia," upon which a League commission had been working for two years, has been completed, and the Liberians have been informed that they must accept this plan before the League Council meets in September.

The League plan, which the Firestone people helped to write and which they have accepted with certain strings attached, provides for appointment by the League Council of a "chief adviser" to the Liberian government. According to Article 13, Paragraph 1, of the plan, this official "shall be attached to the central government in order to give it the benefit of his advice, to supervise the execution of the plan of assistance, and to coordinate the work of the foreign experts." The third paragraph requires the government "to collaborate with the chief adviser" and "to act in accordance with his advice and recommendations." It also agrees to grant him "ample and sufficient authority" to carry out the plan of assistance.

Liberia is arbitrarily divided "for administrative purposes" into three provinces, and each is to have a provincial commissioner. These commissioners, who will be responsible to the chief adviser, must be "foreign specialists." Technically, according to the plan, they will also be responsible to the President of Liberia, but only on the understanding that the

President or his Secretary of the Interior shall issue "no instructions, regulations or orders . . . to the provincial commissioner except after consultation with and approval of the chief adviser." Nor shall this meaningless concession to the executive authority of the republic "be interpreted as intended to limit in any way the authority of the chief adviser as to this or any other department of the government." Moreover, "it shall be his duty to see that the laws and regulations are carried out, and he shall be responsible for public peace and order." To this end a "corps of messengers" is to be organized, it being left to the chief adviser to decide, "in collaboration with the government of Liberia, whether the messengers are to be armed or not." There surely can be no doubt that the chief adviser will be the real ruler of the country.

It is a curious fact that the draft protocol of the plan of assistance does not define or even mention the nature of the help to be extended to Liberia. However, the supplementary financial report suggests that \$72,000 may be spent annually on "roads, bridges, public health, etc." At the same time it provides that the foreign "experts" engaged for this work are to be paid \$78,000 a year for "salaries and travel-expenses to Europe." In addition, the 7 per cent interest rate on the 1926 loan is to be reduced to 5 per cent, and in the event that the interest charges for any year cannot be met out of current revenue the Finance Corporation of America (Firestone) agrees to renounce the interest payment for that year.

Standing alone these provisions would appear to be to Liberia's advantage. The reduction in the interest rate, which has long been sought, will mean a theoretical saving of \$62,000 a year, although actually the saving will be less than \$50,000 a year, for new bonds must be issued to cover arrears in past interest payments. Moreover, the interest renounced in any year because of inadequate revenues must also be covered by new bonds to be issued by the government to the Finance Corporation. (This provision appears neither in the draft protocol of the plan or the financial report but in a

third document—a supplementary loan contract to be entered into between the Liberian government on the one hand and the Finance Corporation and National City Bank on the other.) So Liberia is to be helped, in part at least, by piling new debts on top of its already unbearable obligations!

While the cost of the plan of assistance, estimated at \$150,000 annually, is to be borne in the first instance by the Finance Corporation, this expense must eventually come out of the Liberian budget. If this proves impossible, the Finance Corporation is obligated to issue bonds to cover the salaries and traveling expenses of the imported specialists—this it must guarantee in any event—but it need not issue bonds to cover the cost of the new roads and sanitary system. In brief, unless the government can stand the additional strain, the only part of the plan of assistance that can possibly benefit Liberia may be dispensed with at the pleasure of the Firestone interests!

The government had cut its current budget to about \$400,000, below which, it declared, it could not go without completely undermining the essential public services. The financial adviser, a Firestone man, insisted that it could be cut to \$281,500. The financial rapporteur for the League commission, M. Lighthart, a Frenchman, "compromised" by fixing the figure at \$300,000. It is interesting to note that in his report M. Lighthart acknowledges the help he received from L. T. Lyle, representing the Finance Corporation; Harvey Firestone, Jr., representing the Firestone Plantations Company; and General Blanton Winship, representing the United States Government. Here, however, we come upon another discrepancy. The Lighthart report assigns the first \$300,000 of revenue to the government for its "ordinary operating expenses." The report definitely states that salaries and expenses of the loan officials and the cost of the plan of assistance must come out of subsequent revenues. But Section XV of the supplementary loan contract mentioned above just as flatly states: "It is understood and agreed that in any fiscal year, after the payment each month of the cost and expenses of the collection, application, audit, and administration of the revenues and receipts, as provided in Section XIII hereof [which section provides for payment of salaries and expenses of loan officials and for maintenance of a frontier guard], any balance of assigned revenues may be applied to the ordinary expenditures of the government until such time as the total revenues and receipts of the government shall exceed \$350,000." Again, Section II, paragraph (b), mentions the sum of \$350,000 as the amount "required for the operating expenses of the government, including salaries and allowance of the fiscal officials." In a case of this sort is it likely that a recommendation of a League rapporteur will have more force than a contract with the National City Bank?

Incidentally—though incidental only in the sense that it seems less important than some of the more outrageous provisions of the League plan—while the total of the government expenses, salaries, and allowances of the loan officials, loan charges, and cost of the plan of assistance comes to \$733,000 a year, estimated revenues for the current year amount only to \$456,500. Who is to make up the difference? The Firestone interests? They have gone into Liberia to make money for themselves, not to dispense charity. M. Lighthart believes the problem will solve itself in time. "I am confident that this amount will be increased consider-

ably," he said, "by the application of the plan and by a proper administration, as this will lead to a speedy development of the country and its resources." Quite apart from the difficulty of perceiving how any country can be helped which has dozens of high-salaried, parasitic officials foisted upon it, it is rather hard to follow M. Lighthart's logic. According to the League plan, \$72,000 a year *may* be spent on roads, bridges, and public health. It need not be spent unless the government budget can stand the extra burden. M. Lighthart clearly suggests that the budget cannot stand the strain until the country and its resources are developed, that is to say, unless the money is spent!

The League commission is anxious to help Liberia economize. For example, it has recommended that the government stop appropriating funds for educational purposes and leave all education in the hands of missionaries. In short, Liberia is asked to abandon its cultural autonomy as well as its financial and administrative independence. It is obvious that the missionaries must be financed from abroad, primarily by Americans, by such churchly people as the Firestones, for example. The implications of this are too plain to need further discussion.

There remains the question of whether the chief adviser selected by the League Council shall be an American or a person of some other nationality. The Firestone people are insisting on the appointment of an American. General Winship has said that they will have his support. The State Department has pointedly declared that only an American can properly watch out for our interests in Liberia. And it is certain that the League has neither the courage nor the desire to cross the United States Government on this score. An American will be selected—unless Providence intervenes—and it is a foregone conclusion that in as much as "our interests" in Liberia are really Firestone's, the chief adviser will be another Firestone man. Then his control of this republic, which was created as a haven for free Negroes, will be complete. Nor need the Liberians look for help to the State Department, which has shown time and again that it sides with Firestone and the National City Bank as against the people of Liberia.

Despite the League commission's virtual ultimatum, Liberia has thus far refused to accept the plan of assistance. Secretary of State Grimes, the Liberian delegate, appended twelve reservations to the commission's report. Somewhat earlier in the deliberations he had submitted a lengthy memorandum, upon which the subsequent reservations were based. This memorandum was not only a complete presentation of the case for Liberia, but revealed the manner in which the State Department had cooperated with Firestone in saddling the loan contract and financial dictatorship upon the country.

In 1924 the Liberian government agreed to lease to Firestone "a large area of land upon which to plant rubber." Although Firestone's agent, W. D. Hines, approved the terms offered, they were not acceptable to Firestone. Hines was compelled to return the agreement to the government in a "considerably amended" form. The amendments, in brief, required Liberia to accept a loan from Firestone and a "financial adviser" to supervise the administration and collection of the loan. The government informed Hines that "in no circumstance" would it "place itself under financial obligation to your company." It declared subsequently that "it would be politically inadvisable . . . to place the republic under

financial obligation to any private concern operating in this country under grants from the government." However, it would be willing, as the Liberian Secretary of State informed the American Minister in Monrovia, to accept "any benevolent assistance in this direction," provided that the money was obtained "from sources other than a corporation or individual operating commercially in Liberia."

Firestone's purpose was obvious. He clearly did not trust the Liberian government. In order to protect the rubber monopoly he determined to put the government under a binding obligation to himself—with the approval and assistance of the State Department. He argued that the planting and loan agreements had to be accepted together, because, "first, it establishes confidence in American investments not only for loans, but for the much larger investment for rubber development; second, *the United States Government could not agree to assist a loan on unknown terms and conditions.*" He suggested that he would "raise capital from the American public for Liberia." The Liberian government, he cabled President King, "must have confidence in America and myself." In a cablegram sent to the American Minister in Monrovia a few days later, Secretary of State Kellogg supported Firestone with the declaration that the State Department "awaits with sympathetic interest the conclusion of the contracts now under consideration. . . . *It would seem most unfortunate should a disagreement as to the exact terms of the loan prevent or delay the conclusion of a contract which, from every standpoint, is of immense advantage to Liberia.*" Later Secretary Kellogg stated in another cablegram:

The department appreciates the reluctance of the Liberian government to assume obligations toward private interests operating in Liberia identical with those which it might willingly assume toward the American government. *Mr. Firestone assures the department that there is no thought of the money for a loan being advanced by the corporation which will be formed to promote rubber development in Liberia. . . .* the department has already stated that it would, at the request of the Liberian government and American interests advancing the loan, cooperate in the selection of the loan officers. It would appear to this government that these provisions would thoroughly safeguard Liberian interests.

Subsequently the Liberian Secretary of State visited Washington, where he discussed the question of a loan with William R. Castle, Jr., then chief of the Western Europe division of the State Department. He informed Castle that Liberia was not particularly anxious to obtain a loan of any sort, but if the State Department recommended it "as essential and desirable, we were prepared to act upon that advice." But "the department agreed with my views that the money should not come from Firestone." These repeated assurances from the State Department were accepted in good faith by Liberia, and the loan agreement, despite continued and vigorous opposition at home, was finally approved by President King, who conducted the last-minute negotiations in Paris. Under the terms of the agreement a group of American officials took charge directly and indirectly of the whole of Liberia's finances.

At the ninth meeting of the League Committee, held on January 28, 1932, it was disclosed that "notwithstanding the objections of the Government of Liberia, and assurances received in the replies above quoted . . . the loan had been

floated by Mr. Firestone, and . . . none of the bonds upon which the money was raised had been put upon the open market. It has since been established that Mr. Firestone is the leading director, if not the sole owner, of the Firestone Company, the Finance Corporation [the dummy company through which the loan was "floated"], and the United States Trading Company. . . ."

Of course, the State Department may have been perfectly sincere in stating that the Liberian government would not be delivered into Firestone's hands under the terms of the 1926 agreement. But if so, why did it insist upon having the contract rushed through, and why did it request the Liberian government not to quibble over the "exact terms" of the contract? And when it discovered that Firestone was putting up the loan himself, why did it not hasten to denounce him for having violated the spirit, if not the letter, of the agreement, and why did it not immediately inform the Liberian government that Firestone had tricked it into accepting the financial dictatorship? Lastly, if the State Department was sincere in the position it took in 1926, why did it later, through the American member of the League Committee, demand that Liberia observe the terms of the agreement to the least insignificant clause, though it must have known, that this course was driving Liberia into bankruptcy?

More than half of the Liberian memorandum was devoted to a detailed description of the efforts of the government to economize in order to comply with the requirements of the Financial Adviser. When the Firestone agents insisted that the government reduce expenditures to protect revenues earmarked for the loan, an investigation was undertaken and it was found that virtually every branch of the government was understaffed. Nevertheless, personnel was still further reduced and salaries were generally slashed, the latter being cut upon one occasion as much as 50 per cent. But this did not suffice and other revenues were diverted to meet payments on the loan and to pay the salaries and expenses of the loan officials, which of course were not affected by the economy drive. Indeed, the salaries of some of these men (though the memorandum does not mention it) have actually been increased. By April, 1930, the government found that it did not have enough free revenue to carry its floating debt or meet its current expenses. It sought to arrange temporary credits with the Bank of British West Afrika, Ltd., in Monrovia, but the bank refused to extend credits without the consent of the Financial Adviser, "which approval the Financial Adviser consistently refused to give." The Fiscal Agent and the Finance Corporation were appealed to in this connection, but their reply consisted "mainly in a series of indictments over questions of procedure and other matters, which in fact were traceable as much to the conduct of the fiscal officers as to others in the employ of the public service," and concluded "with an implied denial to cooperate, suggest, or give any assistance."

Finally, in September, 1932, the Liberian Secretary of the Treasury wrote to the Finance Corporation and to the National City Bank of New York proposing that the agreement be temporarily modified for the fiscal year 1933 by reducing the rate of interest from 7 to 4 per cent, declaring a moratorium on the sinking fund, eliminating two American officers of the Liberian Frontier Force and the American Assistant Auditor, equalizing the salary of the Supervisor of Customs with that of the Auditor and the Supervisor of

Internal Revenue, reducing by 25 per cent the salaries of the Finance Adviser and other fiscal officers, and by agreeing to the government's plan to float a \$500,000 internal loan for the purpose of funding the current floating debt. These proposals, while not rejected outright, met with many delays.

Finally, on June 27 of this year after a series of conferences in London, the League plan was drawn up. It was approved by all of the delegates "with the exception of the Liberian representative." He was told that his government must accept the plan "as a whole if it desires the assistance of the League," and must do so before September 1. There can be no doubt that copies of the report were received by the State Department soon after June 27. Yet the report has at no time been made available to the public through the department. Officials of the department were plainly disturbed when they learned that copies, sent from Liberian sources abroad, had reached this country. Apparently it had been hoped to keep the details of the plan from the American public until the League Council had had opportunity to compel Liberia to accept it.

When the full extent of the betrayal of Liberia at the hands of the League became known, a delegation of prominent Negroes, including Dr. Mordecai W. Johnson, president of Howard University; W. E. B. DuBois, editor of the *Crisis*, and Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, went to the State Department to protest against American acquiescence in the plan. They were received by Acting Secretary Phillips, who pointedly though politely informed them that the State Department had no intention of changing its policy with regard to Liberia. The delegates, except Dr. Johnson, insisted that if a "chief adviser" had to be sent to Liberia, he should be a non-American, preferably a Scandinavian. They expressed the fear that if he were an American, he would inevitably be a Firestone agent. Phillips, however, declared that he "favored an American expert." "Otherwise," he said, "we would lose our traditional interest in Liberia, which would be unwise." At another point he asked: "What would happen if the Firestone interests were taken out of Liberia? It would mean complete starvation in Liberia." He insisted that in as much as the League had taken up the matter of "helping" Liberia, there was nothing that the State Department could do. If the League appointed an American as "chief adviser," the department would have to accept him. Phillips also defended the high salaries paid to foreign experts on the ground "that we've got to get the very finest men we can find." When the objection was raised that this should not be done at the expense of the Liberian school system, he declared that many States in this country have had to cut down their school budgets. He finally promised to bring the school question to the attention of General Winship, who is now in Monrovia as an official "observer" for the American government.

It seems evident that Firestone will have his way in all things in Liberia. For example, among his many recommendations, M. Lighthart has suggested that the Liberian government grant no "further concessions or monopolies to foreigners, except after consultation with the chief adviser." Thus Firestone need have no fear of competition. And it appears certain that he can depend upon the complete support of the American State Department. Only an aroused public can prevent this new imperialist grab.

In the Driftway

THE attention of the Drifter has been directed to a new organization calling itself the Society for the Advancement of Better Living, with headquarters in the Hotel Astor, New York. Twenty-eight million young Americans have grown into adulthood in the last few years, so an announcement says, "with the most meager knowledge of the civilized pleasures of the table, with no design for dining. Their gastronomic experiences have been marked by heedless dash or mere indifference, and steeped—shall we say?—in juniper." The new society will be devoted, it is said, to the "epicurean arts." Certainly the epicurean arts need somebody's devotion, preferably that of a large, strong man with a tomahawk, who will devote his long winter evenings to a massacre of restaurant proprietors and cooks. For the restaurateur of the present century has pretty well driven out of public places that once matchless creation, American cooking, forcing it to take refuge in a select number of private homes. Foreign immigration has been partly responsible for this. Pathetically eager to become "Americanized," the newcomers—with the honorable exception of the Italians—have tended to cast aside their own sound traditions in regard to food and embrace our own before they had any but the shoddiest conception of what the latter were. The result has been the evolution of eating places which fabricate food with no technique except the least work, the most speed, and the greatest possible show.

* * * * *

THE new organization will arrange monthly dinners and luncheons, each one of which will feature some regional American dish or a specialty of some foreign country. The Drifter hopes that the first dinner will be one without spinach. He isn't particular what the menu includes just so it excludes a generous portion of this sickly looking, savorless weed. He would, in fact, like to head a committee to inaugurate an "Eat-Less-Spinach Week," or lead a march on Washington to demand a processing tax of \$100 a peck and a reduction in acreage devoted to the crop in 1934 of at least 101 per cent. The Drifter can recall a time many years ago when he liked spinach, but that was before he had had it dished up in restaurants after it had been boiled a couple of hours by the cook and then allowed to stand half a day before serving. Even in the days when the Drifter still consented to eat spinach, he remembers it as inferior in flavor to greens of beet or turnip tops, young dandelion leaves, or pig weed, but he thinks what finally set him irretrievably and irrevocably against it was the campaign in its favor by "health experts" and the insistence of his friends that the stuff was "good" for him. The Drifter is in complete accord with the man who was accustomed to say that he owed all his good health to spinach. "Yes," he would add, "I haven't eaten any in ten years."

* * * * *

PROBABLY this insistence that spinach is "good" for one has been a potent influence in making it disliked by most of those now in childhood. Had it been doled out sparingly as a reward for exemplary behavior, it might still

be acceptable to the new generation. As it is, the Drifter foresees vengeance when those now in the nursery arrive at an age to go to the polls. An Anti-Spinach Amendment will be offered by Congress and unanimously ratified by the States within a year, which will prohibit the raising, selling, cooking, or serving of spinach anywhere in the United States or its territories. A Volstead Law will be enacted establishing fines and imprisonment for any person serving, providing, or otherwise dispensing a meal containing more than one-half of 1 per cent spinach content, except in prisons as a punishment for crime. Of course some of the older generation will still demand their spinach tippie. The weed will be grown illicitly in moonshine gardens and smuggled into our cities in fast cars or by water in long, low, rakish craft painted gray. There may be spinach chasers and a Spinach Row off Sandy Hook. Certainly there will be spinach speakeasies where Flaming Age will have its fling. Into them will totter bleary-eyed grandfathers and shameless grandmothers with a thirsty shout to the bartender: "George, mix us up a spinach highball quick! And make it old-fashioned style, flavorless, and watery, and weak!"

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Pinchot versus Lippmann

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

If the Roosevelt program fails, it will probably fail because a dogmatic, deductive-minded people fail to adjust to an evolutionary, inductive age. This is nicely illustrated in the criticism of Walter Lippmann by Amos Pinchot in *The Nation* of July 19. Space forbids more than the discussion of one or two paragraphs. The crux of the controversy is whether social and economic life is made of material like the potter's clay to be molded at human will; or whether it is a part of the great biological world and therefore develops from inner urges which produce variations and mutations that selection lays hold of to insure progress.

From the evolutionary point of view Mr. Pinchot is wrong when he writes his dogma that "history repeats itself." History never repeats itself any more than nature produces two individuals just alike. The only way history can be made to repeat itself is for a clever literary writer to take two events much alike and describe them by selecting those phases in which they resemble each other most, thereby ignoring the variations.

From the standpoint of an evolutionist, the three sentences criticized by Mr. Pinchot make very good sense. "Life is [a biological and therefore] an irreversible process. . . . This insight we owe to Bergson [or to some other evolutionist]. The application of it to politics is not difficult [for those who understand the impact of Darwinism], because politics is one of the interests of [human and therefore biological] life." Lippmann's book would have been somewhat voluminous had he put into every sentence the required qualifying phrases necessary to interpret the matter fully to one who does not accept the pragmatic philosophy forced upon us by the wide acceptance of evolutionary and experimental inductive thinking.

"We are homeless in a jungle of machines," means, of course, that we find it very difficult to adjust to our complex age of exact science and modern business and industrial technology. If you grant that there was sufficient cause for the emotion to justify the use of the figure of speech, Lippmann's

sentence is better than mine and again much shorter.

Young people in America are fairly familiar with the claim that capitalism as developed under the "philosophy of Alexander Hamilton" is coming to the natural end of an overspecialized biological organism and, like the dinosaur, is passing to its place among the fossils with feudalism and other outgrown culture patterns. This we heard especially from Norman Thomas and others during the recent Presidential campaign.

Lippmann's straddling in the Sacco-Vanzetti case is a common sin of newspaper writers. They have to be sheep who conform. As Ross says: "The damnable thing about the newspapers is that they will not print the news." Any writer who tries to force them will probably find himself a rebel freak out of a job.

ARTHUR D. CROMWELL

West Chester, Pennsylvania, July 21

Mr. Moley at London

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

An editorial paragraph in your issue of July 26 says that only the intervention of President Roosevelt saved Raymond Moley from making "an utter fool of himself" at the London conference by attempting a grand-stand play, and adds: "It is reported that he first had the notion of going incognito to London, arriving unannounced at the conference hall. His unexpected appearance would take the delegates by storm and the conference would be saved."

Are you sure of the accuracy of the "report" on which you based your stinging paragraph? Was there no reason to doubt its reliability when it was seen to differ so widely from the known facts regarding Mr. Moley's modest and tactful course in discharging the mission on which he was sent to London by the President? Sharpshooters like Drew Pearson may and do indulge in stupid fabrications at Mr. Moley's expense and it doesn't seem to matter. One expects more fairness from a responsible journal like *The Nation*.

Southbridge, Massachusetts, July 27 V. V. McNITT

Who Will Send Books?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

As we begin the second year's work at Highlander Folk School, Monteagle, Tennessee, we find ourselves greatly in need of more books.

This is the only school in the South devoted to the training of native leadership for labor and rural cooperative movements. This year we have furnished leadership in the South's most important mining strike at Wilder, Tennessee; uncovering new facts, furnishing relief, and preventing open warfare. Our students and teachers are giving full-time service to the labor cause in the South, all without salaries. We charge no tuition or other fees. Our living comes from a small farm.

So we must look to interested friends for books. Just now we need the best works on economics, sociology, religion, labor history, and tactics, and the important political and social movements of our day. Also for our community classes and library we need many more books of general literature, from the classics to the latest fiction and juveniles. Books placed in our school will be used constantly and creatively. Reinhold Niebuhr said in a recent editorial: "No worthier cause exists to claim the support of those who believe in labor education."

MYLES HORTON, Director

Monteagle, Tennessee, June 30

Books and Films

Flight of Fish

By KAY BOYLE

Throughout the tropical and temperate seas flora and fish
Ladies might wear as ornament drift deep in company:
The hermit-crab clasped mouth to mouth with his anemone,
Wax sea-pens floating upright, anchored in the sands,
Or ten-armed squids, clear as glass bugles sounding the dark
forests under sea,

Alight with phosphorescence in their cloaks, and eyes
Like opals given sight to stud the foam.

The flight of squids is brief but powerful,
Wreathed by the boneless arms that weave, weaving in
marriage water with air

Throughout the spasms of their flight; or fish with fins in
motion like an icy fan

Leap in their armor to the saddle of the atmosphere
And before strangling on its gasping flanks, return
To the fresh valleys under water; there lie low
Flickering in ambush until the menace passes, or in fear
Mount the dry steeds again, the parched winds that gallop
Neck to neck, towards shore.

(If flight of fish be fear of enemy
Then how must man and reptile be
Opposed in courage utterly
And no association be.)

There is a time of year, a change of season under water,
A tide of spring and floods, a wide up-rooting
When sea anemones lift their throats and, thirsting, drink
deeply of the wave.

Made buoyant thus they soar above the boughs of coral,
Drifting from windward, like wondrous flowers blowing,
Or ferns with feathered tentacles unfolded by the sea.
Great pliant river fish with metal sides and ventral keels
Embark upon the glassy water in their season,
Carving its surface with the keel's edge sharpened
For strong haunchless leaping from the stream:
Glib ice-eyed fish of Southern continents go winging
In true if unending flight for hunting.
(There is a time when the Medusae drift
In languor, opening and closing their parasols.)

Rio Grande

Rio Grande. By Harvey Fergusson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

ONE certain morning in the year 1820 or thereabout a
coon-skin-capped trapper, pushing farther than his fel-
lows into the forest coverts of the Rockies in search of
beavers for the beaver-hat trade, came unexpectedly upon an
old and established civilization. He may have had warning
that this civilization was there; he may have had none. To the
trapper and hunter the Western mountains were his own so
far as he could traverse them. Aside from nomadic Indians,
he had met no opposition. To stumble upon a highly organized
state, with its churches, aristocrats, peasants, and settled cus-
toms, must have been a distinct shock to him. It could not
be, yet there it was, and he must have reconnoitered carefully.

What he saw was Taos, New Mexico, a farming and
ranching community in the valley of the upper Rio Grande. It
had not fallen there by accident, but had been left stranded by
the now receding tide of Spanish exploration and settlement.
It was the farthest reach north of the long arm of Spain on
this continent, and as that arm grew powerless and the grasp
relaxed in nerveless fingers Taos struck deeper roots into the
soil, became as much as necessary sufficient to itself and looked
carefully to its weakening defenses.

The trapper, looking out and down, saw the pueblos and
corn patches of the Indians along the river, but saw also the
white-crossed missions and the great houses of the ricos on the
hills. Obviously the place was of no use to a beaver-hunter
except as a possible source of supplies. He may have gone away
with a faint resentment that his hunting ended at that point.
Later, perhaps, he returned with companions to bargain with
the Indians or the ricos for food, or to buy a night's lodging
under a roof not much more satisfactory to him than the stars.
He was a tough fellow, ready with his gun and speaking no
Spanish. He would have been doubtfully welcome, if at all.
To the ricos he was a vagabond, a man of low caste, a drinker
of raw spirits, an alien with no music in his soul. To the In-
dians he was a swaggering new monster, perhaps a marauder, a
vague threat to their peace.

The Indians had learned by long and hard experience to
endure the Spaniards, who had come north before the mem-
ory of the oldest inhabitants—parties of warriors, delegations
of priests, hunting for gold, offering salvation and slaying when
resisted, after the fashion of Spanish colonists. They had mas-
sacred and been massacred in turn; they had still come on, in-
satiably, teaching their Christ, enslaving with superior weapons,
taking over native customs, inter-breeding, driving out the war-
like Comanches, requiring service from the Pueblos by means
of an economic machine which the Indians failed to understand
but must obey.

Now a new set of explorers had struggled down from the
north. At first they came as single spies, but before long there
were many of them, and a trail was beaten and blazed between
Nebraska and New Mexico. Traders came along that trail
with goods to sell in Taos. An annual fair was inaugurated
for the exchange of goods. Two arms of conquest had met in
the valley, one reaching west and south from the Northeastern
seaboard, one reaching north from Mexico and Spain. Yankee
traders began to settle in New Mexico, and in Taos itself. A
quarrel began for the possession of the country, a quarrel of
which the ultimate outcome was never in doubt, for one power
was dying, the other just finding its strength. The Yankees
set up a government in New Mexico. The Spaniards, in a
desperate mood, murdered the governor and some of his en-
tourage. There was a brief war and the Spaniards were beaten.

This story, told brilliantly with a synthesis of little-known
facts and in a style peculiarly gracious, is the central theme of
Harvey Fergusson's "Rio Grande." He goes back further
into origins and takes the tale on into later times, but the es-
sence of this tragic history is in this touching of two civilizations
at a vital point in a vital time. The Spaniards who lived on
the hills were a race of aristocrats, cultured in their way,
proud as hidalgos, and of an undiminished courage. They might
have built up a sovereign state, might have extended their in-
fluence and ruled an empire. But democracy drifted out that
far, represented by a race of hard-bitten, uneducated Natty
Bumpus, trappers of the hills, soldiers of meager fortune, and
the old order went down as if under a blight. Some of the
descendants of the ricos still keep to the old ways, still hold
lands and inhabit their adobe castles, but not now so proudly.
If they wish a voice in the government they must go to the polls,

choose who will rule them, help to send Representatives to Congress and Senators to the Senate. Something was lost here that will never be regained. Something is always lost when young barbarians trample the temples and relics of an older race, but since it was our culture that won we cannot bring ourselves to take the matter too much to heart. The lands of the earth, whether we like the code or not, belong to those who can take them.

Mr. Fergusson has written a fascinating book in "Rio Grande," enriched with extraordinary characters, elsewhere untouched, and exciting both to lovers of romance and to students of American history. For original research alone it will stand as a contribution to that history. One reason for its fascination is the perfection of the historical episode which it rehearses. Here, in little, is an epitome of history. An ancient order, laboriously built up on blood and conquest, settles down to a brief period of flower. The rabble of another race overruns it and sets up another system of living. Taos is now the haunt of artists, and the United States, we hope, will sometime achieve a culture comparable to that of Spain in the time of Calderon. But when we reach that point we cannot expect to balance there for ever. It will be time then for the barbarians to look enviously across our borders.

MAXWELL ANDERSON

Jews and Minority Rights

The Jews and Minority Rights (1898-1919). By Oscar I. Janowsky. With a Foreword by Judge Julian W. Mack. Columbia University Press. \$3.75.

THE minority peoples of Europe—perhaps thirty millions in all—constitute, as ever, a thorny problem. And if it is allowed to go unsolved, it will remain as great a menace to peace as it proved to be in 1914, when the champion of a discontented minority threw the world into flames. Yet, despite its importance, English works on the problem are few; and Americans can be considered well-informed if they so much as know what a "minority people" means.

Mr. Janowsky's able study is therefore welcome. And because it deals almost exclusively with the Jewish minorities, it is doubly so—for the Jews present, if not a dangerous, at least a widespread, varied, and virulent case of the sufferings undergone by oppressed nationalities, and a case much in the public eye. Moreover, because of their singularly exposed position and, at the same time, of their wide connections in the Allied and victorious nations, the Jews were largely instrumental in securing "minority rights" not only for themselves, but for most of their fellow-victims in Central and Eastern Europe at the close of the war.

The Jewish fight for cultural freedom is told with great care and full detail by the author, who draws upon many unpublished sources from the files of the American Jewish Congress, the American Jewish Committee, the diary of Cyrus Adler, and so on. The views and the efforts of nationalists and anti-nationalists, in Europe and among American Jewry, are presented with calm impartiality. For an imaginative reader, the whole takes on the spirit of a drama.

It is no doubt ungrateful to complain of so painstaking a work; but one misses concrete and telling examples of what the Jews (and others) hoped to preserve or gain by the rights they fought for—of what, in living detail, nationalism and cultural freedom mean to a European minority. But this can be supplied in the story of what has happened to the minorities since the conclusion of the treaties supposedly guaranteeing their rights—a story which we join with Judge Mack in hoping that Mr. Janowsky will soon give us.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

World Without End

Livingstones. By Derrick Leon. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

MR. LEON, to draw his first novel together, has adopted as cunning a device as was Jane Austen's when she deliberately took the occupants of two or three houses and drew upon the complicated interrelationships of their lives. *Livingstones* is the name of a London firm of interior decorators, and every character in the novel touches somehow the fortunes of the house. The head of the firm is a gentleman who has dared to go into trade, but who cannot resist pretty young girls, even when they are in his own office; his son is an amiable good-for-nothing who occupies himself with the lady customers—after hours; the various employees are variously concerned with the Livingstone family, the customers, and with each other. And the shuttle that weaves back and forth among these people reaches even as far as poor Ernie Telling, whose sister's husband worked for Livingstones, but who, when times got bad and the husband's salary was cut, found the river his only refuge from a life wherein jobs were simply not to be found.

Anyone who has spent several years of his life working with the same group in the same business will recognize the truth of Mr. Leon's portrayal. No partisanship is so fierce as loyalty to one's business associates; no envy can be so bitter as envy of them; no curiosity can be sharper than that which will not quite discover everything about them. The ties which bind the members of a family together hold with obscurer but no stronger links. Indeed, often enough to leave home for the office is in fact to escape from the vague, chafing bonds of the family circle into the warm reality of the life outside, that makes every week-day interesting or actively hateful and leaves Sunday a boring interlude when there is little to do but sleep and eat.

Mr. Leon has understood this very well, and his pattern of relationships is intricately woven and refreshingly realistic. His characters, on the whole, speak with authentic everyday speech, and undergo credible mental processes which lead to equally credible acts. A better than average novel, therefore, which would be better still if Mr. Leon had not been quite afraid of taking sides, of indulging occasionally in the luxury of emphasis.

One assumes that his aim has been to show that men and women affect other men and women in strange and often unexpected ways. If A had not made such-and-such a decision, then so-and-so would not have happened to B. This, of course, is not a new idea, but it is an effective novelistic device. One need not even quarrel with Mr. Leon's point that because we see here and there a faint pattern in life, we may deduce that an omniscient vision would see the whole pattern and believe it good.

But with all the virtues of his novel, what Mr. Leon needs most is a hero and a denouement. For the first he has wavered among several of his characters, settling at last on none of them; for the second he has allowed himself to be content with his thoughts about the ultimate pattern of life. I am convinced that for these reasons his novel leaves me—although I was pleased with most of the episodes and recognize him as an accomplished writer of fiction—curiously unsatisfied. This, I tell myself, is not really the end. Nothing has happened. With the exception of poor Ernie, drowned in the Thames, all of the members of the firm and their families and acquaintances are left more or less hanging in the air. Realistic enough, perhaps, but art must have its periods. It cannot be put off with a mere semicolon.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Both Ends of the Microscope

Seven Psychologies. By Edna Heidbreder. The Century Company. \$3.

The Story of Scientific Psychology. By Adelbert Ford. Sears Publishing Company. \$3.

Habits: Their Making and Unmaking. By Knight Dunlap. Liveright. \$3.

The Energies of Men. By William McDougall. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

General Principles of Human Reflexology. By Vladimir M. Bechterev. International Publishers. \$5.

IT was more than forty years ago, as Dr. Heidbreder reminds us, that William James in writing his "Principles" foresaw the "spying and scraping" of his young countrymen robbing psychology of that chivalrous "grand style" with which the British philosophers had endowed it. The first three of these books, all written by American professors, prove how canny his prophecy was.

After a brief review of psychology in its pre-scientific and embryo-scientific stages, Dr. Heidbreder analyzes the seven psychological systems which are, or have been, most influential in America. They are, besides James's theory of the on-flowing consciousness, Titchener's structuralism, the functionalism evolved at the University of Chicago, the dynamic psychology of Columbia, behaviorism, *Gestalt Psychologie*, and the psycho-analytic movement. Despite Dr. Heidbreder's competence, her facility in making the jargon of the laboratory intelligible, and the freshness and pertinency of her incidental criticisms, her book remains curiously boring. A hint as to why it does can be gathered from the very headings of her chapters. Except when she is discussing the imported theories of Freud and the Gestaltists, she connects each of her psychologies with a particular university. This, indeed, is the only way their development could have been comprehensively traced. But that very fact forms a cogent criticism of "scientific" psychology itself. In contrast to all other sciences, the experimental "data" of the psychological laboratories do not become the common property of all other investigators, but remain the jealously guarded, almost secret, possession of the special small group of professors whose theories had foreshadowed them.

Dr. Heidbreder makes a brave effort toward a "justification" of this condition. She maintains that "without the systems few facts would be forthcoming." In this we must admire her courage, but we are more inclined to believe her when she tells us that "the psychologists themselves . . . see with the eyes of familiar association not only the undeniable poverty of their science, but the flimsiness and shoddiness of much of the material they are asked to accept as genuine fact."

If our academic psychology is from its very nature torpid, it can scarcely be brought to stirring life by Dr. Ford's deliberate injections of professorial pep. "The Story of Scientific Psychology" turns out to be hardly a story at all and, if we accept as criteria recurrent inconsistencies and the wilful misuse of such fundamental terms as "cause" and "teleological," only questionably scientific. The whole "narrative account of a very important science," from the time of Plato until today, is rammed into a single chapter of thirty-five pages, which bears the strange heading "The Age of Alchemy." After this the volume falls into the familiar pattern of the regulation textbook, with its standardized discussions of sensation, action, learning, etc., tricked out in appropriately cute terminology.

"Habits," from its title, its preface, and the specific directions it gives for curing stammering, finger-nail biting, and homosexuality, may be no more than a popular guide to practical living. Toward this end the book is startling enough in

its assertions that the best way to remember is "to dismiss at once the attempt to remember," and the most effective aid to forgetting is "the deliberate repetition of the motor performance which is to be disintegrated or unlearned." But when we find Dr. Dunlap declaring that "habits, in their totality, make up the character of the individual," we know we are here dealing with his entire concept of psychology. For him even the crying and sucking of a new-born babe are habits, acquired, if you please, "in utero." Thus all life, from conception till death, becomes nothing but a process of "learning and unlearning," which is most adequately understood through observing rats run mazes and college students throw darts.

"The Energies of Men" is not a new work but a condensation of Dr. McDougall's earlier "Outline of Psychology" and "Outline of Abnormal Psychology" into one small volume, which affords "the answer to the great question—'What is man that Thou art mindful of him?'" Its only striking innovations are the emphasis this once prudish author now places on sexual perversion and the "concession" he makes to his critics in calling instincts, of which he now recognizes eighteen, by "the good old word 'propensities.'" In spite of these concessions, and even though he never subscribed to the associationism of his native Britain, McDougall remains the last of those philosophic psychologists whose passing James so sincerely regretted.

Bechterev's book persuades us, however, that given the right man in the right country, a grand style can be evolved even from spying and scraping. "Human Reflexology" has become "the dominant note in Russian psychology today," because back in the eighties its author scraped and spied, not figuratively, but literally into the cerebral cortex of a dog. Though he taught in Russia from then until his death in 1927, it was not until the realization of the October Revolution that Bechterev came into his own. Then the Institute for the Study of the Brain, which he had founded in 1907 and which the tzarists had vigorously persecuted, was merged with the University of Petrograd and became the "GIMZ"—State Institute of Medical Science. Subsequently Bechterev established more than a dozen similar institutes, each one committed to applying "reflexological principles" to a specific problem of the Soviet state, ranging from the taming of anti-social children to the curing of alcoholism.

The appearance in English of the "General Principles" is, as the translators suggest, of special interest to Americans because, like behaviorism, reflexology rejects introspection from the methods of natural science, and studies humanity, individually and collectively, by completely objective methods. But this striking similarity must not be taken as identity. Reflexology is more than the rewriting of the old subjective psychology. It is "a new doctrine," which assumes a "bio-social standpoint" and "draws its general premises from the final generalizations of natural science." Accordingly, Bechterev cuts through the whole mind-body problem by reducing all psychic activity, however recorded, to the "molecular energy" of theoretical physics.

Because of its "premises" reflexology must be judged by the standards not of psychology but of general science. And in this connection it should be noted that the negative results given by recent American experiments on cerebral localization make Bechterev's neurological diagrams of such "orientation reflexes" as speaking and reading appear almost as antiquated as, and very like, phrenological charts. Yet because Bechterev has become "the guiding light in humanistic science in U.S.S.R.," because his reflexology is avowedly a "doctrine" and as such must serve the Soviets not only as psychology but as philosophy as well, it must also be judged by standards broader than those of pure science. Regarded in this light, Bechterev's accomplishment does become rather stupendous. He has provided the Russians with a concept of humanity which, whether or not it agrees with every recent detail of Western science, is com-

pletely deterministic. His doctrine rejects traditional metaphysics knowingly and positively and yet is broad enough to include such diverse hypotheses as Lamarckian evolution, Helmholtz's conservation of energy, Einstein's relativity, and Freud's unconscious. It encompasses the whole of Marx's economic history and yet, because Bechtereve recognizes urges other than economic, provides for the highest "creative activities"—art and science.

GRACE ADAMS

Down Under

The Cambridge History of the British Empire. Volume VII: Part I: *Australia*. Part II: *New Zealand*. General Editors: J. H. Rose, A. P. Newton, and E. A. Benians. Adviser for Australia, Ernest Scott. For New Zealand, J. Hight. By various hands. The Macmillan Company. \$10.50.

THE authority which will automatically attach itself to these imposing volumes makes them of high importance even though, in an absolute sense, they lack any visible originality in interpretation and little literary brilliance in the statement of the facts assembled with such commendable diligence. As reference works they have no superiors or, for that matter, equals. The bibliographies attached are, while not exhaustive by intent, extraordinarily valuable; they are the best guides to the sources of Australian and New Zealand history available anywhere.

The very inclusiveness of the volumes makes it possible for students of whatever bias to use them advantageously. The facts are assembled, and the present writers have nothing to offer by way of interpretation beyond the conventional and entirely empirical categories of "good" and "bad," but students with a more sharply defined set of values can place an illuminating interpretation on the story with a minimum of effort. What sticks out with quite unusual plainness is the material for a consistently economic interpretation of Australian and New Zealand development. There is a minimum of complicating and obfuscating rationalizations; the pattern does not become at all complex until the latter part of the last century, when the interests of the different groups in the population began to conflict, and compromise and accommodation became common. To this day the Australians and New Zealanders are poor hands at rationalizing their conduct, and it is no trick at all to trace to its British roots what they do have to say in extenuation or justification of their social activity. The inner logic of the inherited structures of thought like the law has been very successfully accommodated to the economic necessities of the two nations, and only an occasional conflict is visible. The chief confusion is one which could be predicted by any perceptive student of human affairs in the present era: the Australian and New Zealand publics have a poor conception of the consequences of supporting capitalism, and they are prone to object to capitalistic logic in public affairs. The result is that they are occasionally (as during the present depression) hard put to it to maintain the imposing structure of governmental solicitude for the masses without attacking the strongholds of the capitalist masters—particularly the masters of money. For it should never be forgotten that what we have in Australia and New Zealand is a highly modified version of nineteenth-century English capitalism with an unusually potent agrarian base, and not in any sense socialism.

Selection of particular authors for special praise would be unnecessarily invidious; the chapters are of an unusual uniformity of excellence; and a comprehensive tribute is best. Certain points, however, seem to call for a special mention. First, both Australia and New Zealand were settled accident-

ally, so to speak. Australia for many years was regarded solely as a prison colony, and there was an extended fight for freedom; New Zealand, the most British of British colonies, got settled in spite of the reluctance of the Colonial Office to ratify and assist the colonists' efforts. The settlement of both nations was complicated by theoretical paternalism, public and private, which took many guises but all of which worked out to a heavy emphasis on the part of the government in social enterprise. There was thus implanted a tradition of governmental control which has continued to the present day, and which has been utilized by all parties, conservative and radical, to preserve and extend their influence. Both nations, again, were given extraordinary stimulation through the discovery of gold in their dominions. Both were able to profit by the export of capital during the heyday of British capitalism, and so became deeply involved in the fortunes of the mother country. Both have experienced periods of tremendous boom and corresponding periods of depression in response not so much to the nature of their internal activities as in response to the world economy in which they were intimately involved. Both today are almost entirely at the mercy of the world market for primary products. Both have, turning to the future, vast possibilities for expansion, but whether expansion can be made without some readjustment of their economies in the direction of less stimulation from without seems to me doubtful.

My emphasis has been random. Material for the study of Australia and New Zealand is so plentifully supplied in these volumes that the temptation is to develop an extended rationale of their development and probable futures. Perhaps this is as good a sign of their usefulness as any I could indicate.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Health Can Be Bought

Health and Environment. By Edgar Sydenstricker. McGraw-Hill Book Company. \$2.50.

THE sick person invariably asks his physician, either complainingly or inquisitively: "Why has this illness come to me?" The answer to this question is the problem of Mr. Sydenstricker's book. Health, as a biological characteristic of the human being, is the resultant of two forces, heredity and environment. This fundamental conception, ignored alike by extreme eugenicists and environmentalists, is clearly recognized by Mr. Sydenstricker. To determine for each disease the relative value of these two forces is one of medicine's major problems, to which this monograph is a contribution of great importance.

The book was prepared under the direction of Herbert Hoover's Research Committee on Social Trends. In the Foreword by the committee it is emphasized that the effort was made to keep the investigation as free as possible of "emotional coloring and unverifiable conjectures." This aim Mr. Sydenstricker has eminently achieved in his valuable work.

The author, who is chief statistician of the United States Public Health Service, presents a statistical study based on data from numerous sources, including government reports, life-insurance tables, and technical theses. He points out the limitations of the methods but at the same time rightfully emphasizes the validity of the data. Environmental factors are arbitrarily taken up as follows: geographic; urban and rural; economic and social status; and occupational.

There emerges first a group of diseases which clearly are the result of environmental factors, for example, simple goiter following insufficient iodine intake in food. At the other extreme are the "hereditary" diseases such as family bleeding or hemophilia, made famous by the former ruling families of Spain

and Russia. Most impressive are the data regarding economic and social status. There is a striking inverse relation between the amount of income and the incidence of sickness and death. Infant mortality, where the father has no earnings, is 217.8 per 1,000; where earnings are \$1250 or more per year it is 49.2 per 1,000. Deaths from tuberculosis follow the same direction as factors indicating poverty. Good health apparently has its price, out of the reach of a great mass of our people.

The average age at death has been postponed many years in the last century, due mostly to the decrease of mortality in childhood and early adult life. This has raised the question whether the effect is not that of allowing the survival of weaker individuals and thus lowering the vitality of the American people. Mr. Sydenstricker analyzes this problem with great care, and concludes that there is no convincing evidence of such a trend toward lowered vitality.

There has been a remarkable decrease in recent decades in the mortality from such diseases as typhoid fever, malaria, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and the diarrheas of infancy, the old dreaded summer complaint. This has been due to the change in such environmental factors as sewage disposal, mass immunizations, increased knowledge of the biology of etiological parasites, allowing means for their extermination, and also to a less definable but equally important group of factors that come under the head of improved living conditions. Mr. Sydenstricker has restricted himself to the objective presentation of the data, but it would be interesting to know what forces effected these changes, to find out especially how far labor conditions would have been improved without the militant efforts of unionism. The lives of many philanthropists who endow hospitals and medical institutes appear strangely paradoxical when their activities in labor controversies are viewed. The miner in a tuberculosis sanatorium supported by his employer might still be in good health if his earnings had been adequate for his fundamental needs. The funds for this study were supplied by the Rockefeller Foundation, a fact that is, at the least, ironical, if we recall the labor policy of the Standard Oil interests.

DAVID BERES

Counter-Revolution in Russia

The White Armies of Russia. By George Stewart. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

COUNTER-REVOLUTION in any country is apt at first to take the form of blind and senseless military aggression. As Malaparte has indicated, no modern state is prepared either temperamentally or physically to overcome a successful insurrection—except by resort to police or military methods and mass slaughter. In Germany the revolutionists came to terms with the counter-revolutionists. Noske hired officers of the old imperial army to help protect the new republic. Thus Germany was spared some of the bloodiest and most extreme features of civil war—if we overlook such events as the “incidental” shooting of fifteen thousand workers by Noske’s reactionary troops—but at the same time the German rebels were sealing their own eventual doom. In Russia the revolutionists elected instead to fight the reactionaries, and not only to fight them but to destroy them if that were possible. For the Bolsheviks saw that so long as a counter-revolutionary force of any size remained in being, the revolution and their own lives would be in constant danger.

The Bolsheviks, moreover, had captured all the essential lines of communication in the country as well as the state machinery. This they had done not by military attack but by insurrection. There were only two ways to overthrow them—by invasion undertaken on a gigantic scale by a foreign army

supplied from abroad, or by counter-insurrection. It was impossible for the white armies to defeat the Bolsheviks by purely military measures without adequate outside help. A military campaign based almost entirely on the scanty sources of supply and inadequate lines of communication available to the whites was bound to fail. The author, apparently a military man himself, seems to have understood this, but the white leaders quite obviously did not. Had they spent as much energy in preparing a counter-insurrection in Moscow and Petrograd as they did in trying to recruit armies in the Don, Kuban, Murmansk, and other regions not yet under Bolshevik control, the subsequent history of Russia might have been different. Some of the white leaders realized that they could not win without help from the Allies, but the latter intervened solely with a view to aggrandizing themselves and then only sparingly. The help they actually extended to the white armies was just sufficient to lead some of the reactionary generals into reckless, futile campaigns that cost hundreds of thousands of lives.

The author reviews, from the standpoint of military tactics, the campaigns of Denikin in South Russia, Miller and his associates in the Archangel region, Yudenich in the Baltic country, Kolchak and his murderous subordinates in Siberia, and Wrangel in South Russia (after the retreat of Denikin). He necessarily gives some space to the Allied intervention and the attitude of the Allied countries. But he deals only briefly with the political aspects of the counter-revolution. As a military study his work is commendable. As “a chronicle of counter-revolution” it falls far short of the mark, for while it depicts the weaknesses of the white armies, it fails to analyze or to explain the strength of the numerically small Bolshevik Party which managed not only to resist the military onslaught of the numerically superior whites but ultimately to defeat and demolish them.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

The Frontier of Today

The Land of Feast and Famine. By Helge Ingstad. Translated from the Norwegian by Eugene Gay-Tift. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

THE frontier has not yet vanished from modern life, but it demands hardihood to venture into the frozen Barren Lands. For a thousand miles they stretch across the interior of Canada, and over them roam probably five million Barren Ground caribou and a handful of Indians and trappers. Helge Ingstad had just begun the practice of law in Norway when he exchanged it for four years’ solitary adventure in this northern wilderness. His experiences he has put down chronologically in a straightforward account which is neither propaganda for pioneer adventure nor execration of its hardships. It was a life like any other, and the author sets it down as such.

There were months when he and a companion followed an uncharted course up rapids and over portages, burdened by their outfit and harassed by mosquitoes, without being able to win through to the Barren Lands. There were weeks when he accompanied a band of Indian hunters on the trail of the caribou and found none, when, starving and frozen, they pressed on hopelessly with no sight of game. Always in winter there were frozen noses and frost-bitten feet and fingers, and worst of all in summer the clouds of mosquitoes. They were a black mask on one’s face while one’s hands were busy with the paddle or the pack or managing the unruly dogs. One blew a scum of them off one’s tea before one could tip the cup.

But it was a good life. The winter the young Norwegian spent alone with his dog team in the midst of game of every sort, sharing his little sheltered hollow in peace with caribou, ptarmigan, polar hares, and squirrels, was a season to remem-

ber. The most vividly described moments in the book always have to do with the dogs. Young Ingstad is not a very observant person, and his accounts of life with the Indian tribe of Caribou Eaters or of his association with the trappers of the Barrens are lifeless and without detail, but in his pages the dogs are living beings. The success of a winter in the Barren Lands depends upon a hunter's dog team, and he must know every twist of their behavior. But the relationship between them is more than this necessary cooperation. In a snow-bound winter when one never comes across the track of another human being, the dogs are comrades and friends. When food is gone it is the dogs one must think of. When one is prostrated by illness, one must crawl out at all costs to feed the dogs. And when night comes after a successful day, it is still the dogs who make a home of the solitary cabin. They are individuals all of whose idiosyncracies are known and loved.

RUTH BENEDICT

Shorter Notices

When Adam Wept. By A. R. Craig. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

Starting out to write a problem novel—the study of a marriage in which the male partner plays an inferior role economically—Miss Craig strays from her original purpose midway in the narrative, and continues with a study of clashing temperaments, pure and simple. In proportion as she abandons the artificial padding of a thesis, and clarifies the conflict between Peter and Clair as a conflict of temperament, her writing gains in power and insight; and in detailing the final solution of their marriage, she is unrelentingly loyal to the logic of character. Miss Craig writes with unusual skilfulness. In a day when so many first novels appear with such a precocious and dreary “expertness” about them that one wonders if an astral Sears-Roebuck is not purveying standardized parts to young writers, the work of this young Englishwoman stands out for its insight and superior craftsmanship.

Monsoon. By Wilfrid David. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

Wilfrid David has written in the form of fiction a stinging indictment of the Englishman's rule in India. His book is youthful, uneven, sometimes naively melodramatic, but impressive in its passionate arraignment of complacency, cruelty, and exploitation. The protagonist, Dorian Fence, goes to school in Paris and then to Cambridge; he drinks, gambles, graduates; refuses to fall in line with his family's die-hard traditions; turns to debauchery for a time, and when that fails him goes to India as a journalist. At this point the book widens enormously. We meet imperialists who become rhetorical about the white man's burden while they sell the Indians “Yuvo” pills for “Frail Nerves and Vitiating Manhood”; Indian liberals, national congressists, Marxists, and the millions of nameless Gandhi followers. As a picture of modern India Mr. David's novel is very successful. There are in it no “holy men,” no tales of primitive midwifery, no descriptions of obscene temples, and no sexual aberration. Instead it gives us an impressive and vivid portrayal of the deeper social forces at work in India today.

Thomas Eakins. By Lloyd Goodrich. Published for the Whitney Museum of American Art by the Studio Publications. \$10.

Here is a faithfully documented, luxuriously illustrated “critical biography” containing all one may wish to know about the Courbet of American art: his training under Gérôme and Bonnat; his travels in Italy, France, and Spain; his interest in higher mathematics, anatomy, perspective, motion photography

(Eakins is said to have invented the “zoetrope,” one of the first motion-picture cameras), and the relation of these activities to his painting; his break with the Pennsylvania Academy over the use of nude models of both sexes in his art classes; his association with the Art Students' League; and a concluding chapter which examines the aesthetic and structural content of Eakins's work. Lloyd Goodrich wisely argues that Eakins's “concern was less with beauty than with the truth of life around him.” It is only within the last couple of years that Eakins's realistically painted plein-air landscapes and his more numerous single and group character portraits have begun to be appreciated widely. Unfortunately, at least part of this recent enthusiasm for his work can be traced to an indiscriminate chauvinism for things American, the result perhaps of our economic nationalism. It is to be hoped that this book will secure a place for Eakins's paintings that is neither more nor less exalted than they deserve.

The German Jew: His Share in Modern Culture. By Abraham Myerson and Isaac Goldberg. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.

In the last century the Jews of Germany had the effrontery to play a larger part in the cultural life of Germany than their numerical proportion could justify. It is this perhaps that set the self-appreciative Nazis so much against them. In this book the careful presentation of the Jewish contribution to German culture is so persuasive that it may lead some of its readers to the conclusion that the Jews are a superior race. The presence of so many Jewish names in the honor rolls of science, industry, and the arts has, however, satisfactory social and economic explanations which do not need the help of a hypothesis of race superiority.

Local Government in the United States. By Murray Seashengood. Harvard University Press. \$1.50.

These Godkin Lectures by the former mayor of Cincinnati constitute a declaration of faith in the possibilities of municipal democracy by one of America's most successful civic leaders. There is a quaint charm and humor in them together with an abundant practical wisdom. Mr. Seashengood states the case for trained minds and remodeled machinery in America's local governments. Discussing the obstacles to efficient administration in boss-ridden cities, the author outlines the reforms in city and county government—the city-manager plan, proportional representation, economy measures—which changed Cincinnati from one of the worst to one of the best governed of our cities. He shows some insight into the economic sources of city misgovernment, but not enough; for the most part the book is written from the point of view of the “best citizens,” a phrase which expresses both the strength and weakness of American civic reform.

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Films

American Exhibit

IT is not often that one encounters a Hollywood film that can give one the feeling that here, despite certain minor slips and infidelities, is an honest attempt to interpret something fundamental in the American life or character. A test to which more Hollywood pictures might be submitted is the following: Is there in the film just made something so essentially, so unmistakably American that it might be sent abroad as truly representative of what we are and what we think as a nation? According to such a test, "Little Giant," "Call Her Savage," and the Farrell-Gaynor idylls might be found, each in its way, to offer too special or superficial or romanticized a version of what we are as a nation really like. A very little reflection would prove that there are actually few pictures which could pass such a test. It is a memorable week, therefore, in which the local cinema palaces throw up two such distinguished candidates for the American exhibit at the international cinema fair as "Stranger's Return" (Capitol) and "Mama Loves Papa" (Paramount).

Directed by King Vidor, the screen version of Phil Stong's second novel is a much more successful treatment of Middle Western farm life than the same author's "State Fair" viewed earlier in the season. The comparison is made because "State Fair" was, for cinema purposes at least, the better book, and because the superiority of "Stranger's Return" illustrates once again the difference that direction and acting can make in dealing with almost identical material. In the first place, Vidor is one of the most imaginative of Hollywood directors—imaginative in the sense of knowing how to relate the particular situation to the general background. His "The Crowd" remains, in this respect, one of the best of the silent pictures. The task involves a nice equipoise of cinematic appeals, a careful distribution of stress between the characters and the backgrounds to which they are being related. In Russian films, for example, the background is more often than not overdeveloped for the sake of a thesis which places little importance on the individual or his situations. In the average sentimental Hollywood picture, on the other hand, the background is either effaced or totally distorted for the sake of what may be called "character." A good example would be the grotesque Parisian sequence in the current "Pilgrimage." In his attempt to reproduce the quality of life and living on an Iowa farm, Vidor follows what we have hoped will be the new trend in Hollywood productions—an intensive exploitation of specific terrains of American experience. And to this he has added his own special talent of extracting the maximum intensity from the individual situation without losing sight of the frame in which it is placed. If he does not perfectly succeed it is because he has in Lionel Barrymore and Miriam Hopkins extremely histrionic performers who cannot be trusted too long at a stretch. With Beulah Bondi and Franchot Tone the task is less difficult. Lionel Barrymore, provided with a long beard and a stoop, gives a rather too theatrical glow to his patriarchal Iowa farmer who drives out the grasping heirs by simulating madness. But he is properly effective for that reason in those scenes in which he is required to exaggerate—the feigned rages and the abusive interviews with Franchot Tone, with whose flat restraint he is set in contrast. To Miriam Hopkins is assigned the burden of the theme, which is sophisticated urban disillusionment finding solace and release in the purer air of the barnyard. While it is true that Miss Hopkins has neither the glamor nor the fatigue that is demanded in her role she brings to it her own quality, which is exotic

enough for the purpose. Whatever one feels about the theme of Mr. Stong's story, which has reminded some people of that of "Turn to the Right," one must be glad of the opportunities it gives a director like Vidor to turn the camera on authentic native material.

From the farmyard to the suburban bungalow is a sharp enough transition, but the second is quite as American as the first, and despite its atrocious title, "Mama Loves Papa" is one of the best screen satires of American life that has yet been ventured. It is as American as the Sunday comic strip, and its hero seems like a composite of Caspar Milquetoast, Rea Irvin's Smythe, and the anonymous Mr. of "Mr. and Mrs." As played by Charles Ruggles with all the detailed perception of a trained stage comedian, the small clerk living contentedly in the suburbs under the thrall of his devoted wife (Mary Boland), enduring the insults of his temperamental employer, and expressing himself only by occasional bad puns, is a vivid incarnation of Mr. Roosevelt's "forgotten man." Nunnally Johnson and Arthur Kober have concocted a hilarious and ingenious scenario to illustrate the encroachments on such a type of the American ideal of success, imposed by the wife who listens to the women's club lecturer, and of civic and business corruption, as represented by the playground-equipment manufacturer who tries to make him his stool-pigeon. Incidental satirical elements are plentiful, and, with the exception of a monument unveiling out of "City Lights," freshly handled. Norman Macleod, the director, does his finest work to date and proves himself among the best of the Hollywood directors who have recently turned to satire.

Although "Midnight Club," which is another Oppenheim society-mystery routine, has an English setting, it manages to capture a little American atmosphere in the person of George Raft, who plays the role of a New York policeman who comes to London to clean up a band of thieves. The picture will offer little reward for anyone not already committed to Mr. Raft's charms. Despite good photography in places and some fair direction at the beginning, it fails to be very effective even in its own genre.

WILLIAM TROY

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WITH THE EXIT OF MACHADO the greatest need of the Cuban people is economic recovery. This cannot be had without American help—or perhaps it would be better to say, without a cessation of the economic war that America has been conducting against Cuba. In 1928, when raw sugar without duty was selling at $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound, the duty of $1\frac{3}{4}$ cents on sugar from Cuba, our greatest source of supply, meant a duty in terms of value of about 70 per cent. The Smoot-Hawley tariff raised the duty to 2 cents a pound, and as the price of sugar fell this became, in effect, by May of 1932 a duty in terms of value of 350 per cent. Not content with striking this blow against the Cuban sugar grower, we are now considering the adoption of import allotments which would permit the entrance from Cuba of only 1,700,000 tons of sugar in the coming marketing year, though the average imports of Cuban sugar during the past five years have been only a little short of 2,500,000 tons. While we have helped to bring ruin to Cuba, we have not helped ourselves in the slightest. We have taxed the American consumer about \$300,000,000 a year. But our beet-sugar industry, even with this heavy protection, even with the use of imported Mexican labor and of child labor,

has not grown. The growth, instead, has been in the industries of Hawaii, the Philippines, and Porto Rico. By reducing our imports from Cuba we have hurt our export trade by almost exactly the same proportion. By a curious irony we have even directly hurt our capitalists, for the American capital invested in Cuba—mainly in sugar—is estimated at from \$1,225,000,000 to \$1,500,000,000, against less than \$300,000,000 invested in the domestic beet- and cane-sugar industries combined.

IN THE HALCYON DAYS of our republic it was a popular boast that one American, even with his right arm tied behind him, could lick two Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, or nationals of any other country on earth. It may not have been true, but it was brave, red-blooded doctrine which helped lots of youngsters to grow up into hard-fisted business men who, having made sacks of money, were invited to address the local Young Men's Christian Association on "The Spirit of Service." Alas, the depression, old age, or the debunkers have broken our pride, and now the State Department doubts if 120,000,000 Americans can lick one seventy-six year old Communist. At least that seems to be the only possible reason why our consular officers in London should deny a visa to visit the United States to Tom Mann. Apparently our government, our institutions, and our business system are shakier than even the most pessimistic supposed if they would be so seriously endangered by the speeches of this veteran British radical that he has to be excluded from our shores. It may be, of course, that the State Department, or its representatives in London, have misjudged their fellow Americans. Perhaps all of us are not such perfect prototypes of the Timid Soul (and rather an ignoble one too) as it assumes. But unless our diplomatic service is in error, General Johnson made an ornithological and psychological mistake in choosing a Blue Eagle as our modern emblem. He ought to have chosen a yellow eagle with a white feather in its tail.

WE ARE GLAD to note that official Washington is waking up to the need of an unrelenting campaign for unemployment relief and is trying to prevent newspaper ballyhoo about improving conditions from jeopardizing the work of raising funds for the distressed. Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, estimates that a billion dollars will be needed in the country for next winter and that the States must match the \$500,000,000 appropriated by the national government. He is insisting that in order to receive federal aid a State must first do its part. President Roosevelt has gone even further, declaring the other day that the chief cities of a State must also show adequate action before federal funds would be forthcoming. More than 1,000,000 families in forty-three cities were supported from federal, State, and municipal relief funds in July at a cost of \$25,000,000. Although for the nation as a whole there was a slight decrease in the number of families on relief in July as compared with June, the condition was by no means general. In New York City the number of families that had

to be assisted increased by 10 per cent from June to July, although expenditures decreased by 13 per cent owing to exhaustion of funds and the necessity in consequence of a more niggardly distribution. A sharp protest against inadequate relief has just been made by a committee of prominent New Yorkers organized by the Federal Council of Churches.

Whatever may be the underlying facts about the city administration in its political aspects, or in its relation to the State, the federal government, the bankers, and the taxpayers, we desire to protest in the name of humanity against this continued victimizing of our most defenseless citizens [says the committee]. The unemployed should not longer be tortured on the altar of inadequate management of the affairs of government.

OHIO is one of the States to which federal assistance has been refused on the ground that it was not doing enough on its own account toward unemployment relief. In consequence the situation in the commonwealth is exceedingly bad. In Cleveland the number of families on the relief lists dropped by 3 per cent in June from the number for May, but the cost rose 4 per cent owing to increases in the price of food. The Federated Press quotes the chairman of the county relief administration as saying:

The fact that prosperity seems to be on the way back has created a serious situation, because thousands of people still without jobs are becoming restive and discontented as they read every day of others getting jobs. When they come to the Associated Charities and can't get enough to eat, that doesn't help. I think you gentlemen must realize what it would be like in Cleveland if 180,000 men, women, and children were told they must obtain their food as best they could.

The county budget commissioner struck a similar note in discussing the delay in getting relief for disabled veterans. "I have had committees of soldiers coming to my office in increasing numbers in the last few days, and they are not in any mood to be played with," he said. The Catholic Charities states that since February only emergency cases have been received in the charity wards, which means that there are now hundreds of sick people who have no way of obtaining medical care. Some 3,000 homeless children who are boarded in foster homes will be turned out in the streets if money is not provided shortly for their care.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT made no statement regarding his intentions after calling his new monetary experts into conference, so it seems probable that he has decided to let the currency question drift for the present. It is to be hoped, however, that he will consult a few more monetary experts before going further with Professor George Warren's plan for a "commodity" dollar. Whatever may be said about the merits of a so-called "managed currency"—and all currency must of course be managed to some extent—the overwhelming opinion among monetary experts has for decades been against the plan now urged by Professor Warren. While the ideal of a stable price level should not be lost sight of, the immediate need is to give American business men and the world generally a prompt knowledge of the exact level in terms of gold at which the dollar will in future be fixed. As soon as possible—and without waiting for the resumption of the World Economic Conference, if that dismal conference ever is resumed—negotiations should

be begun quietly with Great Britain with the purpose of having both countries return to gold at the same time. Each country should be free to pick its own level of devaluation, although for the convenience of foreign traders and tourists it must be hoped that an even relationship between the two currencies can be agreed upon. When the United States and Great Britain have achieved an agreement, other nations might be invited to participate, but whether they choose to do so or not the two countries should go through with their program.

AS WE ALL KNOW, agreements under the NRA are voluntary. Employers of labor the country over are of their own free will hurrying to cooperate in a general endeavor to increase pay rolls and employment. There is nothing coercive about this plan; it is just a grand, nationwide, volunteer effort. And so, boys and girls, let's all get together and crucify anybody who holds back. Not legally; we really don't dare test the thing in the courts. Perhaps we couldn't get away with it. We'll simply boycott the dirty slackers—though their number, you understand, is negligible—and we'll hire private detectives to spy on them, and committees of housewives and unemployed society ladies will intimidate and report on them, and we'll print their names in the newspapers. And meanwhile good patriots will follow their political leaders blindly, for doing things blindly is the only way to get things done. This is *The Nation's* abbreviated translation of Hugh S. Johnson's speech on national recovery delivered the other day at the opening of the St. Louis NRA drive.

IN CASE ANYONE THINKS we have altered the sense, if we may dignify it with that term, of the General's words, we confidently refer him to the text of the address printed on Monday, August 14, and meanwhile we quote a few of his phrases in support of our version:

If you see a place where there is none [no Blue Eagle] and you do any kind of business there, you have a right to ask: "Brother, where is your Blue Eagle?" and, if the answer does not seem fair, to take your business elsewhere. . . . A woman in defense of the support of her home is about as safe for triflers as a lioness at the door of a den full of cubs. Whenever an American housewife understands that the Blue Eagle on everything that she permits to come into her home is a symbol of its restoration to security, may God have mercy on the man or group of men who attempt to trifle with this bird. . . .

At this time we ask only that you visualize the rare case of a man who has betrayed the confidence of the President and the people of this nation. . . . What should be done with such a man? As happened to Danny Deever . . . NRA will have to remove from him his badge of public faith and business honor and "tykin of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away" and break the bright sword of his commercial honor in the eyes of his neighbors—and throw the fragments—in scorn—in the dust at his feet. It is a sentence of economic death. It will never happen. The threat of it transcends any puny penal provisions in this law. . . .

This single thing I know—that we are effecting the deliberate plan and judgment of one of the greatest champions of the mass of men that ever walked this earth—that where he leads I, for one, am proud to follow and, in this great crisis in the world's affairs, to follow blindly, for thus—and not otherwise—are human ends attained.

THE ADMINISTRATION is still faced with a wheat-surplus problem. Despite the drought, which lowered the volume of the current crop to the lowest point in forty years, and despite the acreage-reduction plan, by which it is hoped to cut production in 1934 and 1935 by approximately 20 per cent, there will still be a fairly large carry-over of wheat in the country. On July 1 the carry-over stood at 350,000,000 bushels. It may be somewhat smaller by the end of the year. Nevertheless, it will be large enough to continue to depress prices in the domestic market. For this reason the Administration is giving much thought to plans for disposing of the surplus abroad. It has to decide whether it shall or can market the extra grain in an orderly manner or simply dump it. That it may not hesitate to resort to dumping was suggested by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace in a speech in Chicago a few weeks ago. He declared that the United States might elect to "dump its surplus into the world market at a price as low as twenty cents a bushel while holding the domestic price at around \$1. It would be deplorable if that had to be done, but I think it is conceivable if necessary to bring down our wheat surplus." Mr. Wallace said this would depend in part on the ability of the international wheat conference to bring about a worldwide crop-reduction agreement. The conference recently adjourned until August 21, but perhaps it never will be any nearer definitive agreement than it was after several weeks of deliberation in June and July. Ultimate failure of the conference might precipitate an international wheat war similar to that which shook the world market in the autumn of 1930.

IN THAT EVENT the United States may have to bear the brunt of the criticism that will surely follow, especially because of its processing tax on wheat. This tax is applied only to grain earmarked for domestic consumption. Wheat destined for export is tax-free. Technically, of course, this tax does not enter into the cost of producing the wheat itself. Nor does it figure in the prices quoted on the grain exchanges. Yet it can and doubtless will be argued that the domestic price is actually thirty cents higher than the quoted price, or the world price, because the processors who buy the wheat to prepare it for domestic consumption are in fact paying thirty cents more for it. Hence the tax-free export wheat is being sold in the world market at a price below the domestic level, and that, in the opinion of many, constitutes dumping. Looked at another way, critics may argue that the subsidies being paid the wheat growers under the allotment plan have the effect of relieving them of a part of their production costs, so that any of their wheat entering the export trade may conceivably be sold at a price below the cost of production. Here again the charge of dumping can be raised. Lastly, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration is now considering ways and means of financing wheat sales abroad. If these financing projects follow the lines of the recent cotton deal with the Soviet Union, or the sale of wheat to the Chinese Nationalist Government, there can be no real objection. But if the transactions are so devised as to reduce the cost of the grain to the buyer, the United States must expect to be accused of dumping. When the Farm Board developed a scheme of this sort in February, 1931, Europe and the Argentine were furious. Their protests caused the board to drop its plan.

Cuba and the Future

MACHADO has fled. But not before his ruthlessness exacted a further toll in the massacre of twenty-one persons prematurely cheering reports of his resignation. Moreover, the chief criminal goes scot-free to enjoy the spoils of his dictatorship, while in two thousand Cuban homes there is mourning for the death at his hands of a husband, father, son, or brother. And beyond these individual tragedies, the damage which his eight years' tyranny wrought on the political, economic, social, and spiritual fabric of Cuba is incalculable. Machado's removal was the prerequisite to any new deal for Cuba and the working out of a new and better relationship between the two neighbor nations. Violent revolution, held in leash only by a well-equipped army—paid by the dollars lent by Broad Street—nearly overtook the evolutionary solution which Ambassador Welles was wisely seeking to bring about. His efforts, otherwise successful, fell short to the extent of the violence which occurred both before and after Machado's flight.

But Machado was after all but the symbol and culminating proof of failure. The task is to work out—on the basis of thirty-five years' experience—an entirely new program for the United States and Cuba. It is impossible to disassociate the two countries; impossible not to recognize that there is a common and overlapping interest involved in their propinquity and in their need for each other's products. And it is necessary for official America to recognize our large share of responsibility for what has happened to Cuba. The United States forced the Platt Amendment on the Cubans against their will. Our various types of interference—however well-intentioned—have neither achieved the objectives specified in the amendment nor promoted the welfare of the Cuban people or of the great body of Americans who have a material interest in Cuba both as consumers and as producers. As for the crowning infamy of Machado, let it be well understood that, despite our recent avowed "hands-off" policy, Machado derived from the United States the support which kept him in office. It was none other than President Calvin Coolidge who at the sixth Pan-American Congress at Havana in 1928 declared that Cuba's people were "independent, free, prosperous" and that they had "reached a position . . . in the genuine expression of their public opinion at the ballot-box . . . that has commanded universal respect and admiration." This was two years after Machado's terrorism had become notorious, after protests against it had been voiced on the floor of our Congress, and when only his suppression of public opinion and of free elections was enabling him to perpetuate himself in power.

Machado has been the servant of American banking and power interests. Between them, with a complacent State Department, they have maintained a government "adequate for the destruction of life, property, and individual liberty" (to paraphrase Article III of the Platt Amendment), have exploited the Cuban people, and have betrayed the good name, faith, and interest of the American people. No program that does not leave the Cubans free to liquidate these long-standing abuses—as Washington is seeking to liquidate corresponding abuses at home—can succeed in making "Cuba libre" other than an empty phrase.

Sacco-Vanzetti—Six Years After

SINCE the execution of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti on August 22, 1927, it has been the custom of *The Nation* to recall the event annually not in a spirit of recrimination but as a reminder of the fallibility of our judicial system and in the hope of preventing certain current legal injustices from ending in such a ghastly tragedy as that perpetrated in Massachusetts six years ago. We are aware of no way in which Sacco and Vanzetti can more fittingly be remembered than by making an appeal in behalf of some of the present-day victims of legal oppression.

As we survey the national scene, we are glad to note that all but two of the victims of the Centralia hysteria have been released, and according to a recent announcement another was expected to be freed soon. On the other hand, California's long persecution of Tom Mooney still continues, and in other parts of the country more recent victims of mass fear and hatred call for our assistance. In New York City an Italian, Athos Terzani, has apparently been made the target of the enmity of a fascist organization known as the Khaki Shirts. Terzani was present at a meeting at which his friend Anthony Fierro was shot. The police, it is said, ignored plain evidence of the guilt of another man, and the Italian Assistant District Attorney in charge of the case obtained an indictment for murder against Terzani. Fierro's father has denounced the indictment, and a Terzani Defense Committee, headed by Norman Thomas, has established headquarters at 94 Fifth Avenue with a view to collecting funds and heading off another such miscarriage of justice as that which overtook Sacco and Vanzetti.

But perhaps the most outstanding example of judicial injustice in the country today is that of the continued imprisonment of the Scottsboro boys in the face of the complete demolition of the case against them by Judge Horton, Alabama's own chief participant in the legal proceedings. Nine youthful Negroes have been in jail for rape for more than two years upon evidence which Judge Horton has characterized as improbable and insufficient. It will be recalled that the boys were first convicted and sentenced to death at Scottsboro, Alabama, on the word of two white girls of poor reputation who claimed to have been the victims. The first convictions were set aside by the United States Supreme Court on the ground that the boys had not had proper representation by counsel. One of the prisoners was then retried at Decatur and again convicted, but the verdict was set aside last June by the presiding justice, Judge Horton. At the second trial one of the two girls, Ruby Bates, repudiated her previous testimony, leaving the State's case practically dependent upon the word of one girl contradicted by that of the other. It is worth recalling that in his decision Judge Horton did not refer to Ruby Bates's evidence. He found the story of the other girl, Victoria Price, in itself unconvincing.

Her manner of testifying and demeanor on the stand militate against her [he said]. Her testimony was contradictory, often evasive, and time and again she refused to answer pertinent questions. The gravity of the offense and the importance of her testimony demanded candor and

sincerity. In addition to this the proof tends strongly to show that she knowingly testified falsely in many material aspects of the case.

Of other evidence offered by the prosecution Judge Horton said:

It corroborates Victoria Price slightly, if at all, and her evidence is so contradictory to the evidence of the doctors who examined her that it has been impossible for the Court to reconcile their evidence with hers.

In the face of this devastating analysis of the case against the Scottsboro boys, it would be a clear waste of money and an obvious injustice to continue the prosecution, and yet the very judge who made the ruling has so far refused to release the defendant on bail. The least that Alabama justice can do in behalf of the Scottsboro boys is promptly to release them on bail. The people of the State may then decide at a later date whether to go through the travesty of further trials or to dismiss the indictments.

Alabamans have been exceedingly touchy in regard to the intrusion of Northerners in the Scottsboro case. They ought to remember that even greater pressure has been brought to bear on Massachusetts, Washington, and California in regard to the Sacco-Vanzetti, Centralia, and Mooney-Billings cases, respectively, so that no issue of sectionalism is involved. It may be added also that no one of these cases was ever so blasted by its own judiciary as that of the Scottsboro boys has been by Judge Horton in his recent decision.

Also the longer release is denied to the Scottsboro victims the more intent will be the eyes of the rest of the country upon other prosecutions of a similar sort within the State. Indeed the shocking outburst of passion which has just led to a lynching had its origin in the Scottsboro case. Lawyers of the International Labor Defense, believing that three Negro prisoners at Tuscaloosa were about to become victims of a legal injustice similar to that visited upon the Scottsboro boys, attempted to take part in the trial, maintaining that they had an authorization to represent one of the defendants. The parents of the defendant in question denied this in court, but the lawyers say this action was forced upon them. Later the lawyers were "escorted" from the town for their own "safety" by National Guardsmen. Probably the feeling stirred up by the visit of the lawyers was responsible for the subsequent lynching. Tuscaloosa, therefore, is blaming the International Labor Defense for the tragedy. Actually, Alabama justice is to blame, especially the Scottsboro trial, which excited wide fear in the United States—later confirmed by Judge Horton's decision—that Negroes accused of rape or murder of white persons were likely to be convicted by passion rather than by evidence.

We hope Governor Miller is serious in his announced intention to prosecute those responsible for the lynching by the Tuscaloosa mob. The indications are that the officials who released the three Negro prisoners to the lynchers were guilty either of an intentional or a cowardly betrayal of their trust.

Is Internationalism Doomed?

THE outcome of the World Economic Conference was a sad blow to those liberal spirits everywhere who had entertained even moderate hopes of witnessing some measure of international cooperation. It is perhaps wise, therefore, to ask ourselves at this time whether even these moderate hopes were and still are illusory. An increasing chorus seems to be assuring us that they are. John Strachey, in "The Coming Struggle for Power," sounds the death-knell of internationalism writing from the Marxist standpoint; Clark Foreman, in the *New Republic*, sounds it writing from a fascist standpoint; and J. M. Keynes, in the *Yale Review*, sounds it writing from a liberal standpoint.

Before resigning ourselves to an era of complete nationalism, however, we might examine the arguments of these prophets more closely. Let us start with Mr. Keynes, the converted liberal. He begins by telling us that he was brought up, like most Englishmen, to respect free trade not only as an economic doctrine which a rational and instructed person could not doubt, but almost as a part of the moral law. What has now converted him appears to be not any belief that his previous logic was false but merely that it was incomplete. First, for example, he considers the question of peace. "It does not now seem obvious that a great concentration of national effort on the capture of foreign trade, that the penetration of a country's economic structure by the resources and the influence of foreign capitalists, and that a close dependence of our own economic life on the fluctuating economic policies of foreign countries are safeguards and assurances of international peace." He is convinced, further, that the growing divorce between ownership and management, serious enough within a country, becomes much more serious when capital moves across foreign boundaries. He has come to believe, again, that under our modern methods of mass production the economic advantages of the international division of labor today are not at all comparable with what they were. At any event, it may be worth paying a certain price to secure the advantages of "gradually bringing the product and the consumer within the ambit of the same national, economic, and financial organization." Finally, one by one the great nations of the world, Russia, Italy, Ireland, Germany, the United States, are turning towards new modes of political economy, and each wishes to try its own special form of national planning. While it is doing this, it cannot afford to leave itself at the mercy of the unrestricted play of world economic forces. Thus, "the policy of an increased national self-sufficiency is to be considered not as an ideal in itself but as directed to the creation of an environment in which other ideals can be safely and conveniently pursued."

This argument cannot be lightly dismissed. Certainly we do not want to return to the kind of "internationalism" represented by our reckless foreign loans in the twenties, nor to a resumption of economic imperialism. Certainly we must learn to work out some direct control of new foreign long-term lending, not merely with the purpose of passing on the nature and quality of specific loans and their possible con-

sequences, but with the purpose of limiting the total volume of such loans. But it is one thing to resolve to avoid new entanglements; it is another to attempt to sever suddenly those that we already have. Americans still own billions of dollars worth of foreign securities, and have sunk hundreds of millions in establishing factories abroad. A sudden policy of "nationalism" now, which would refuse to accept interest or principal on these loans, or would refuse to allow the profits of the factories to be remitted back home, would amount to a free gift of all these billions to foreigners. If we are to follow the genuinely nationalistic policy of making no new loans, and withdrawing from Europe by getting our old ones paid back, or even of trying to get interest on our present loans, then we must let down our tariff barriers and consent to take such payment in its only possible form, an excess of imports. The fears of our pseudo-nationalists that such an excess of imports would ruin American manufacturers are misplaced. For Americans who had invested their money abroad would not be buying these added foreign goods *instead* of American goods; they would be buying them *in addition* to American goods and other imports. For Europe in that case would not merely send us the goods; it would send these investors the money to buy them with.

Mr. Keynes does not advocate nationalism without qualification. He still believes that "a considerable degree of international specialization is necessary in a rational world in all cases where it is dictated by wide differences of climate, natural resources, native aptitudes, level of culture, and density of population." He does not wish it to be supposed that he indorses everything done today in the name of economic nationalism. He even wishes that the World Economic Conference had achieved a mutual reduction of tariffs. And he makes this proviso: "Those who seek to disembarass a country of its entanglements should be very slow and wary. It should not be a matter of tearing up roots but of slowly training a plant to grow in a different direction."

Unfortunately, this qualification of four lines will probably attract little attention in an article of fifteen pages. It happens, however, to be of the utmost importance, and this importance Mr. Keynes does not remotely indicate. This "training" is not a matter of months or years but of decades. Fifty-five per cent of the cotton growers of the South, to take but one example, are raising cotton solely for the foreign market; if that market disappears, they must go out of business. Can we continue to support them indefinitely out of subsidies? The same problem arises in different degree in regard to our tobacco and wheat growers, our copper and oil industries, our equipment for turning out automobiles, agricultural machinery, printing machinery, sewing machines, typewriters, locomotives.

And national planning is certainly not in itself a reason for barring imports. To begin with, it is the business of a national plan, certainly at the beginning, to adjust itself to the existing balance of industry within the country rather than to expect the latter to adjust itself suddenly to an arbi-

trary plan. So far the National Recovery Administration has not attempted to dictate the exact size, absolute or relative, of any industry. It is true that the NRA has somewhat raised our costs of production, but our tariff is already as high that even after a substantial reduction it might not let in enough foreign goods to pay the full interest on our foreign loans.

John Strachey's argument differs from Keynes's in that while Keynes argues that a moderate nationalism is desirable, Strachey merely holds that an increasingly violent nationalism is inevitable. He maintains that under capitalism monopoly tends constantly to increase, and that monopoly and nationalism are closely related, because national monopolies seek and get protection. But even if we grant this argument, the time element is still important, and it may be not unreasonable to hope that even in capitalistic countries tariffs may be reduced below their present preposterous levels during the next decade or two. After all, it is well to remind ourselves that the tariffs of the seventeenth century were worse than those of the nineteenth, and that Adam Smith himself in his day was not much more sanguine over the prospects of free trade than Mr. Strachey is now. "Not only the prejudices of the public," wrote Smith, "but what is much more unconquerable, the private interests of many individuals, irresistibly oppose it." Finally, it must be said that none of the intellectual defenses of nationalism so far written by any economist of standing bear any relation to the insane policies actually prevailing. For it is not national self-containment that most of the statesmen now in power want; it is high-pressure exports without imports. And for this Mr. Strachey has suggested the only solution: the creation of an international dump for commodities somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic.

What to Do with Germany

THE joint French and English offensive against Hitler on behalf of Austria has met with an indignant protest from the Nazi government that this "mixing in the German-Austrian impasse was inadmissible"; that it "failed to see any reason for the application of the Four-Power Treaty in this instance." According to the dispatches, the French and English governments are not dismayed by this rebuff and there is good reason to believe that if the Hitlerite offensive against Austria continues, it will be taken to the League of Nations. At any moment the menace of Hitlerism may force a grave international crisis.

There are, for example, the recurring reports that the French have definite facts as to the secret arming of Germany. Much damaging information, it is stated, has been received from German exiles in France, Austria, and Switzerland. On July 25 the British Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office declared in Parliament that the German Air Minister (the notorious Captain Göring) had expressed to the British air-attaché his ministry's desire to purchase twenty-five to fifty British-built aircraft for police purposes. The British Charge d'Affaires in reply officially notified the German government that "his Majesty's government could

not countenance the sale of British aircraft to the German government for purposes forbidden by the Paris air agreement." That the Hitler government intends to arm Germany as rapidly as possible permits of no doubt. The whole Nazi teaching is based upon the principle of an armed Germany for whose military forces the women are being urged and financially aided to bear as many children as possible. What the Allies face is the simple question whether or not they shall sit quietly by while Germany arms in violation of the peace treaty.

If it is a simple question, the answer is extraordinarily difficult, especially for those who are convinced of the futility of force. How, it is asked, can people who opposed the foolish policy of encircling Russia by bayonets evolved at the Peace Conference in 1919, contemplate joint action against Germany in 1933 because of the form and the conduct of its internal affairs by its de facto government? To this the answer is made that Germany is today a far greater menace to the stability, peace, and order of Europe than the Soviets have been at any time. More important than that, it is stressed that Germany has not only given her word in the Treaty of Versailles but is bound by the Locarno treaties and now by the Four-Power Pact, and that, therefore, the case of Germany is far different from that of the Soviets at the time of the encirclement projected by Versailles, when all treaties between Russia and the rest of the world had been abrogated by the revolution.

When all is said and done, however, it comes down to the fact that Germany has a government which is officially teaching its people that it was victorious in the World War and that it must seek by force to regain the German colonies, to seize additional Russian territory, to reconquer the Polish Corridor, and to win back the lost Danish territory, as well as Eupen Malmedy and Alsace-Lorraine. Were Hitler to succeed in adding Austria to Germany, he would be emboldened to attempt other aggressions; he would be able to assure his deluded people that he had bluffed the Allies into yielding on the political union of Austria with Berlin or its control from there, whereas only a few years ago England, France, and Italy had forbidden the economic union of the two countries. Again, should Hitler successfully breach the peace treaties in one place, he would certainly find plenty of excuses for defying or violating them elsewhere.

Facing all these facts, we are inclined to believe that the nations are justified in going far to enforce the disarmament clauses of the Peace Treaty in an effort to stave off the final catastrophe which another world war would spell. No one nation should, however, act alone as France did in the Ruhr. It must be a joint move by all the countries of Europe—whether Italy will go along is one of the vital parts of the problem—together with the United States, acting through the League or under the Pact of Paris, and it should be based upon the provision of the Versailles treaty which prohibits the rearming of Germany. It should and could be enforced, not by marching troops into Germany, but by the use of the economic boycott, the breaking-off of intercourse, and the sending of Germany to Coventry. Such a course offers the only peaceful method of preventing the madmen now in control of the German people from threatening, not only personal and intellectual liberty everywhere, but another worldwide war.



SACCO AND VANZETTI

THE SCOTTSBORO BOYS

TOM MOONEY

Given Under These Our Seals . . .

A Drawing by Prentiss Taylor

Issues and Men

On Making Fun of Oswald G. Villard

SOMEBODY on the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*—I suspect that it is a brilliant young Irishman, Ralph Coghlan by name—has been making fun of Oswald G. Villard, “grizzled and battle-worn ex-editor of *The Nation*.” Perhaps some of the readers of this journal remember who he is? At any rate, it appears that this ex-editor wrote a piece, on returning to this country recently, in which he gave thanks for some of the good things accomplished by the Roosevelt Administration, such as the abolition of child labor, the altered popular attitude toward radical social changes, and so on. So this somebody in the St. Louis office, in search of a topic on a very hot day, dwelt with joy upon the ex-editor’s “bursting into cheers,” “blessing his stars,” and salaaming “respectfully three times to the East” in gratitude to Mr. Roosevelt. This, the *Post-Dispatch* editor thinks, is an event “comparable with such historical wonders as the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, the fall of the Bastille, and the surrender of Cornwallis.” Why? Because this man Villard usually surveys “the political scene with undisguised unhappiness, contempt, and, on occasion, something approaching despair.” According to his friends, says the “*P-D.*,” he is “the greatest crusading journalist in this country,” but they have “often privately lamented what they consider his constitutional inability to be satisfied.”

Well, this is delightful and kindly fooling—and complimentary at that. As one who may claim to being deeper in the confidence of the aforesaid Mr. Villard than any one else, I happen to know that he is greatly flattered at being considered an editorial dog-days topic. Furthermore he happens to be one of those men who like a joke on themselves better than one on anybody else. Nevertheless, his laughter having subsided, and his pleased smile faded, he could not help indulging in some serious musings and reflections. Here they are—with the ex-editor’s leave to print.

First, the most flattering part of the charge that he is never satisfied and is always and ever finding fault is that this charge was brought against each and every one of his predecessors in the editorship of *The Nation* and will be brought against every one of his successors—if they do their job well and live up to this journal’s traditions. It was first heard in 1865, the year *The Nation* was founded, and it was brought against its first editor, another brilliant Irishman, Edwin L. Godkin by name, during every year of his editorship and never ceased to be heard after he graduated from *The Nation* to the editorship of the New York *Evening Post*.

Mr. Godkin was so little satisfied with what he beheld in the American scene that this convinced and confirmed democrat was constantly being admonished “to go back where he came from if he could not find anything more to praise.” “The chronic scold” was one of his usual designations. It was asserted that he “made virtue odious” every evening; that he upheld impossible standards and expected of politicians more than frail human nature in office could possibly give. Widely it was said that he was the despair of his friends who

privately thought him a modern Jeremiah and also “constantly lamented what they considered his constitutional inability to be satisfied.” Never did any other editor earn so great a chorus of editorials in this strain. That he never laughed, that he was utterly destitute of humor and never, never praised anyone was also asserted by those who did not know him and read him but superficially. Faith and hope and confidence in the success of the great American experiment were always denied to him in the editorial sanctums of other newspapers.

Yet the facts were that he criticized only commensurately with the extent of his love for the country of his adoption; that he had a superabundance of humor and was forever seeing the humorous side of things: that his nature was essentially cheerful and that he had an abiding faith in the triumph of his ideals without which he could not have carried on for nearly forty years; and that he praised warmly and freely whenever he could. The truth is that he disturbed those people who do not like any criticism of the status quo and irked those who like only a little faultfinding and then only when it pleases them. Finally, people who had few or alterable standards disliked Mr. Godkin because his principles were fixed and immutable and because he set his standards for men in public life as high as possible and kept to them without any compromises or yielding whatsoever. Mr. Villard recalled all this of the man at whose feet he once sat, and wondered, with gratitude to the *Post-Dispatch*, whether he might by some stretch of the imagination attribute to himself a tithe of the steadfastness of his teacher and predecessor. He could not. He could only “thank his stars” again—this time that the St. Louis paper possessed so kindly a sense of humor.

Next a curious thought came to this “grizzled and battle-worn ex-editor.” It was that of all the long list of his journalistic sins of omission and commission he is nowhere more vulnerable than in the enthusiasms he once showed for certain public men and the praise he then showered upon them—Charles E. Hughes and Woodrow Wilson, for example, the one a Republican and the other a Democrat. To them he once gave a devotion and faith which make curious and rather deadly reading today. And he stumbled not without warning. There was Frank H. Simonds. When he was Albany correspondent of the *Evening Post* and the ex-editor was its manager and Mr. Hughes was Governor of New York, Frank Simonds constantly warned his chief that the Governor was not the true liberal and reformer he appeared to be and that he would yet prove this. And the second editor of *The Nation*, Wendell P. Garrison, used to point to Mr. Wilson’s third-rate and unreliable history of the United States, its faulty logic, his lack of detachment on sectional issues, and his often uneven mental processes as proof that he could never be a great and trustworthy leader of the people.

And this is only part of a considerable list in regard to which the ex-editor’s enthusiasms, his eager desire for men

whom he could praise whole-heartedly and follow without reserve, have led him astray. He did not forget that the *Post-Dispatch* was merely joking, but if only people knew how hard it is to be so seldom able to praise honestly!

Some of the ex-editor's critics have attributed these errors to a certain "childish faith in the usefulness of good men"; others to unquenchable optimism, and undaunted faith in the final triumph of his lost causes. Perhaps. But

whatever the real reason, it was not a predisposition to dissent and to find fault, but the very reverse! And so, still musing, the ex-editor signs himself once more

Oswald Garrison Villard

Strike Truce in Pennsylvania

By DANIEL ALLEN

Fayette County, August 12

WELL, it looks like it's all over now," people down here are saying. The newspapermen are leaving. The girls are looking around for their regular boy friends now that the departure of the National Guardsmen is imminent. The union leaders are beginning to settle back a bit; they have had a close shave.

It seemed for a moment that the men would go right on striking in defiance of their leaders and even the government. The agreement was no agreement without union recognition. Of course, the Administration got busy and McGrady, a local business man had it, gave the boys song-and-dance. Come back for Roosevelt, the man who'll do right by little labor. When before had a President of the United States sent his personal representative down to talk to striking workers? William Feeney, president of District No. 4 of the United Mine Workers of America, whom the men had a moment before disregarded, was able now to speak of them as having "misunderstood" the agreement. After all, you couldn't blame poor coal miners for misunderstanding official language. The Hearst Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph* correspondent was expansively sympathetic. "Hell," he said to a puzzled-looking fellow, "even a lawyer'd have a job making it all out, so where do we newspapermen and coal miners come in?" Newspapermen and coal miners, McGrady and the soot-faced hunk loading the next wagon, Judge Musmano who is running for reelection in Pittsburgh posing in miners' grays "enjoying a snack in the pit," Doc

Springer on the radio who "never lies to miners," and that "honest-to-God man, Franklin D. Roosevelt," me, and J. P. Morgan partnership! The men no longer misunderstand, they have been hurrahed into as nice an understanding as anybody could wish.

They have gone back to the mines. Where they have

not yet gone back they are meeting to vote the question. Curiously, the H. C. Frick miners who were the first to strike were among the first to go back. The Vesta mines, the Clyde



"Company Men"

mines, in Washington County, have not, as I write, resumed operations. There are also stray mines in Greene County and certain of the Pittsburgh Coal (Mellon) mines where proper arrangements have not been made for scales and checkweighmen. Last week it was all a matter of the union and union recognition; now, where the men are still out the large issue has simmered down to a pathetically stubborn insistence on small things. Give us those scales, we want those scales, maybe we're crazy to be making such a fuss over scales, but that's how we are, so give them to us. It is not that the checkweighmen and the scales are unimportant, but that the companies have shown in the past that they can get around them. What is needed is a big victory on an all-inclusive issue like that of the union. In 1922 the H. C. Frick Company actually equipped itself with scales, but as soon as the strike had fizzled out on account of Lewis's separate agreement with the closed-shop mines, the scales were put aside. The men know this and they know also how easily scales and checkweighmen can be tampered with. They are making this fuss less because they think the particular cause warrants it than because they have an intense need to be making some sort of a fuss.

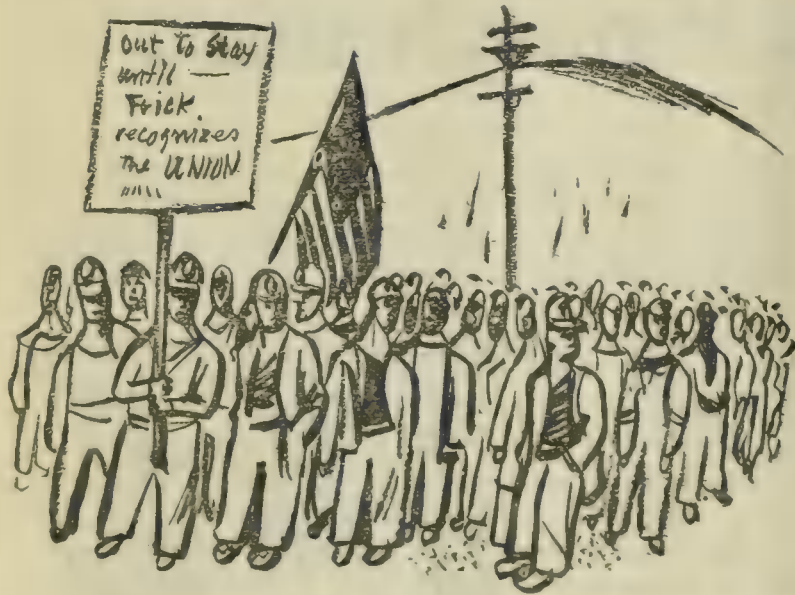
This strike has had a tremendous force back of it. A clerk in a company office put it this way: "In 1922, the men came out for the union. It was something ahead of them which they wanted which brought them out. Now it's not



Drawings by William Gropper

Striking Miners

what they want which has brought them out, it's not what's ahead of them. It's what's behind them, 1922 and these last miserable years. That's why it's going to be impossible to bulldoze them for very long this time." All of this emotional pressure has gone into the demand for the union. But the President and General Johnson will be taking care of that now. So, grumbling, many go back, saying, "Wait, we'll see" to their upwelling indignation. And others, unable to put the lid on quite so readily, pick on the smaller



Picket Line

grievances to let off steam. For after all, if you're taking the government's word and are willing to wait for union recognition, you should also take the government's word and be willing to wait for scales. The trouble is, of course, that the men are in no mood to do any waiting at all.

Everyone I have spoken to, with very few exceptions, has admitted that there was nothing particularly cogent in Mr. McGrady's argument, that there was nothing, in fact, in it which when their leaders presented it they hadn't rejected. Why have the men gone back? It was a playing on the mob and a mob response. Corner them individually and all you will get out of them is that there's no use staying out when everybody's going back. Get them together and stick a rah-rah boy from Washington on a box and you can almost get them to agree to Joe Grundy on the arbitration board. I attended a meeting at Colonial No. 4 after the



Pickers Looking for Scabs

return to work at most mines. Here, too, they had gone back, but Martin Ryan, their leader and elected checkweighman, had not been accepted by the superintendent of the H. C. Frick Company. So they had walked

right out again. But three very important gentlemen, rushed down here by Pinchot, had only to pout and the few nays could hardly be heard for the ayes to go back. Were the men going to show Roosevelt that they were as hard to deal with as the companies? That was exactly what the companies wanted him to believe. Striking is good for the companies. Striking is terribly bad for you miners. Just give the Administration a chance.

The men are giving Roosevelt a chance. That is what lies back of what seems to be their easy credulity. But only a chance, is what I hear everywhere. "We come right out again if code no good. This time when we come out we stay out." The operators are proving recalcitrant in Washington. The men are following the news closely, edition by edition. They are giving Roosevelt a chance because they want to make sure of all possibilities. It is a mistake to think of them as simple men, the easy prey of demagoguery. Men around here who have been accustomed to think of them as dumb hunkies are changing their minds. The big hurrah is to be understood in its time setting. The men had that one hurrah left in their systems. As soon as the immediate intoxication was over, and with many while it was on, critical reservations found expression. Why were two big capitalists like Swope and Kirstein put on the arbitration board? Why should it be necessary to read between the lines when what they want can very well be written in the lines?

The atmosphere is still grim and tense. Official eyes are open for agitators. The National Guardsmen patrol the streets and roads against pickets from mines yet closed. H. C. Frick has again shown its hand in engineering the



State Troopers on Guard

arrest of Martin Ryan who up to the last minute insisted that the strike continue. The men are waiting for the code, but the discrepancy between the spoken and the written word of the steel operators has taught them cynicism. A new walk-out may occur on almost any provocation. It is sure to follow the adoption of the kind of code which now seems likely.

Mary Van Kleeck has charged the Administration with being anti-strike. Not the strike but the conference table is to be labor's instrument. Labor, of course, may not see the point right away. It may have to be shown. The rod has never quite lost its place in pedagogy.

Exit Machado

By HUBERT HERRING

Havana, August 11

THERE are lines of men and women on the roofs of the houses along the Malecon. With opera glasses, field glasses, hour after hour they watch the horizon. They are waiting for the gunboats, for the marines who are surely coming from Washington, from the land which forced the Platt Amendment upon the Cuban people, with its solemn pledge that Cuba shall have a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty. . . . A boat appears and a cry goes up. It is only a freighter. All day long, all week, this has kept up. One question is passed from mouth to mouth: When will the gunboats come?

"Tell me something, anything, now," says the wife of an A. B. C. leader who is in hiding. Her face is white, there is terror in her eyes. "Tell me something that will help me to wait through the night. When are the Americans coming?"

Two impressions Cuba makes on me this week—of ineffable dignity and of utter terror. The dignity of Cuba is revealed in the general strike which has been gathering momentum each day for a week. The economic life of Havana and all Cuba is at a standstill. Nominally it is a strike of the bus operators, who refused longer to tolerate the exactions of Machado's straw-boss mayor, José Izquierdo. Actually all of their demands were granted last week, but the strike goes on. No railroads, no automobiles (except the private cars of the intrepid), no street cars, no newspapers, no mails, no telegraph. All shops are closed, save a few drug stores and an occasional bodega where a policeman has kicked open the door and forced the shopkeeper to do business at the point of a gun. Restaurants and hotels serve no meals—with a few solitary and clandestine exceptions. There is no ice, garbage is not collected, even the physicians are on strike. Food supplies are rapidly being exhausted, but the people are quiet. There is elation in the air. The people in their doorways wear a new dignity, for Cuba has asserted itself, Cuba has recovered her soul. The Cuban general strike is a national strike against the intolerable Machado, nothing more nor less, and in the unanimity and faithfulness of the strike Cuba has found new dignity.

Terror walks the streets. Monday afternoon at five, a voice was heard over the radio, "The monster has resigned. Get out into the streets and shout." It was a government agent pretending to speak for the A. B. C. The crowds streamed out, up the Prado, through the Central Park, out before the Capitol, four or five thousand, all shouting under the release of the news. They were met by the police and the Porra. Machine-gun fire was turned upon the crowds. They ran down the side streets. I saw some hundreds turn down past the National Palace headed for the American Embassy. At the palace more soldiers opened fire. I saw this with my own eyes. It was sheer wanton unprovoked murder. At least twenty were killed and a hundred wounded. These are conservative figures. Double them and they may still be within the truth.

For a week the terror has continued. The streets are practically deserted. Each morning one hears of new murders. The deposed but undaunted chief of police Aincart, drunk most of the time, ranges about in an armed car. The Porra adds daily to its toll. The murders are not political. The dead are the common people of the streets, the bystanders, shopkeepers, women who were standing in doorways, children.

Two men occupy the spotlight. General Gerardo Machado y Morales hides on his farm outside the city, heavily guarded. He is a mad man tracked to his last refuge. Angrily he lashes out against the politicians who show signs of abandoning him, and against the American Ambassador. Through the actions of the police and the Porra he is having his last mad vengeance on his opponents. Over the radio he pronounces a panegyric on Cuba's threatened sovereignty, and makes himself the symbol of Cuba's hopes. Chief target for his scorn is the Ambassador.

In the American Embassy, unguarded save by two Cuban police, Sumner Welles is working day and night. Welles has a tenacious faith in the power of conciliation. "There have been no ultimata," he repeats again and again. He has not lost his temper in the face of the president's abuse and double dealing. He has consulted and conferred. The party leaders have come to him as a friendly arbiter. He has refused to give up faith in the possibility of a just and generous solution. At the same time, he has been readily accessible to every appeal for help. At all hours of the day and night he has been called up to intercede for some one whose life was threatened.

The terror of today is Machado's answer to Sumner Welles. Mr. Welles reached Cuba something over three months ago. The situation was desperate. But the new Ambassador did not come with a big stick; he came rather in the role of a mediator. The President of Cuba was given his chance to save his face, to retire gracefully and safely, and to save Cuba from further agony. His mediatorial services were accepted by all sectors of the opposition, save the students and the Menocalistas: they were accepted by the government parties. Machado seemed honest in his willingness to cooperate. A plan was evolved which respected Cuba's sovereignty, which provided a calm adjustment of all issues, which made way for participation by all sectors, and which promised to Machado and his associates a reasonably dignified exit from the stage upon which they had performed so badly. During two months this plan has been developed. Representatives of the various sectors have drafted the constitutional reforms. These were to have gone to Congress this week. Had it not been for the events of this week, the work of mediation would have proceeded without break, the necessary constitutional changes would have been voted, the constituent assembly would have met, a vice-president would have been elected, and by February Machado could have retired to more friendly shores, while the torn fabric of Cuban politics was slowly mended.

The sober counsels of Mr. Welles are for the moment

defeated. It is a tragedy, and the responsibility rests squarely upon Machado. Machado has blocked and double-crossed the mediation at every turn. He announced to Congress that the Ambassador was acting on his own initiative, that he did not represent Washington. He boasted that he could rid Cuba of the Ambassador within five days if he so chose. He has deliberately encouraged violence in order to discredit the opposition forces. To the credit of the A. B. C. it should be added that they have refused to be stampeded and have loyally worked for a pacific solution. Machado pledged safety for the returned exiles, but has allowed the Porra to hound them and molest them. Four of the outstanding leaders of the A. B. C. are today in hiding.

Machado is responsible for the strike. He has kept the men in power who provoked the disputes. Machado has broken faith, and the sufferings of the Island are to be assessed against him. He was given his last chance to regain the reputation which he once held of a patriot who honored his country above himself. The last chapter is his final act of treason.

As these words are written, it is impossible to say what the next twenty-four hours will bring. Anarchy is imminent. The food shortage is serious. A solution must be quickly reached. Acting on this conviction, Mr. Welles went into conference with the leaders of the three major parties—the

popular, the conservative, and the liberal. With the practically unanimous backing of the first two, and substantial backing from the third, he proposed a plan for the breaking of the deadlock. According to the terms of this plan the mediation will proceed upon the agreement that half of the House and all of the Senate retire next year, allowing almost a clean sweep for a new political deal. Needless to say, the plan provides for the stepping down of Machado.

Machado's going has its sobering aspect. Not that there is reason to regret the inglorious end of a man who has made a shambles of an island where nature ordained so much of loveliness. Not that. But after all what business have we to tell the president of a sovereign neighbor to get out? We are helping Cuba clean house, because the mess is partly of our making. Machado's presidency was made in American counting houses. He was kept in power by the willingness of the Chase bank to pay his bad debts. We Americans must confess our share of responsibility for the bitter years of Machado's tyranny. But that is not enough. Having lent a hand in ousting Machado, we cannot rest nor cry all's well until we have lent Cuba a hand in clipping the wings of those American financial interests which have created an effective slave state in a Cuba which seeks to be free. That is next week's task. Sufficient unto this week is the satisfaction that mad Machado is going.

The Drive for Spoils

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, August 11

IT is a little more than five months since the Democratic Party came into power. At that time the stage was set for a spoils carnival of unprecedented proportions. The Democrats had been out of office since 1921. They saw before them an opportunity to take care of those who had faithfully supported them through the twelve lean years, and they looked upon the vast federal patronage as material with which to create a national machine that would go a long way toward keeping them in office. Under the authority of a resolution sponsored by Senator McKellar of Tennessee, the Civil Service Commission undertook a "federal patronage census." It found that no fewer than 81,000 jobs were at the disposal of the President. Only once before in recent years had a similar census been made. That was in the first Wilson Administration, but then only a few copies were printed and these were privately distributed to Senators. On the other hand, thousands of copies of the McKellar census were printed and broadcast through the country. They were hawked about the streets of Washington at ten to twenty-five cents a copy.

Even 81,000 jobs were not enough for the Democrats. At the recent special session they added another 35,000 to 40,000 by exempting from the civil-service requirements all positions created under the Roosevelt emergency program. There were many protests against this raw exhibition of spoils politics, especially from the federal employees' unions and the National Civil Service Reform League. The latter warned that this policy would lead "to greater waste, corruption, and extravagance." But the Democrats paid no

heed. Not only were they under obligations to regular party workers who were hungry for office, not only was each Democratic Senator and Representative anxious to strengthen himself politically, but the party as a whole was under unbelievable pressure to find jobs for Democratic voters because of the nationwide unemployment situation. Since November Washington had been overrun with unemployed men and women who had voted for Roosevelt. Some were taken care of on March 4 by appointment to minor positions, but there were not nearly enough such jobs to go around, and these unemployed Democrats continued to haunt, and have since been haunting, the corridors of the Senate and House office buildings and the several department buildings. Other tens of thousands, lacking the fare to Washington, have been sending their appeals for jobs by mail and telegraph.

Postmaster-General Farley, as chief patronage dispenser for the Administration, has been bearing the brunt of the drive for spoils, a task he clearly enjoys. He has been disarmingly frank in his attitude. In a recent magazine article he declared that he was interested mainly in fortifying the President's political position. He said Republicans would be retained only in those jobs for which no qualified Democrats were available, and that among the qualified Democrats preference would be given to those who had supported Roosevelt before the Chicago convention. He paid his compliments to the merit system by adding that "loyalty is an aspect of merit. One of my chief duties is to pass on the loyalty of the applicants. Politics, the editorial writers hint, enters into my consideration. Of course it does."

The Farley program has alarmed many good people,

and surely not without justification. There have been whisperers that the Postmaster-General is overreaching himself and will wreck the party. In other quarters it is charged that the spoils campaign has already doomed the Roosevelt recovery experiment. Too many party hacks, it is said, have been put in charge of vital sections of the recovery program. There can be no denying that there is some truth in these charges. The drive for spoils has been terrific, relentless. A number of incompetents and other persons of questionable integrity have been worked into key positions in the government. It is true, moreover, that many Democrats, particularly those from the Southern States, would like to make political pie out of the whole government from top to bottom. They have certainly been working frantically to realize that end, using every kind of political coercion at their command. And in this they have been going to ridiculous lengths. Their demand that they be given the eight hundred jobs in the Library of Congress, which has always been kept out of spoils politics, offers a case in point.

Yet without in the least apologizing for the Democrats, one must, for the sake of accuracy, point out that the spoilsmen have not had anything like the success the rumor-mongers credit them with. One need only look back to 1921 to obtain a fair comparison. In that year the Ohio Gang took Washington by storm. There was hardly a single government department or bureau that did not fall prey to Daugherty and his henchmen. If any set of spoilsmen ever came close to wrecking the government, it was this plunderbund that invaded Washington after the election of Warren Harding. On the other hand, Farley and his lieutenants, ambitious though they certainly are, have been effectively blocked in all but a handful of government offices by two nominal Republicans, Secretaries Ickes and Wallace. It is possible, of course, as the pressure of the spoilsmen has not relaxed for a moment, that the Ickes-Wallace opposition may yet break down. If that happens, we shall most likely see a repetition of the follies of 1921, and perhaps on a more extravagant scale, for the political jobs and other spoils available today are more numerous and attractive than twelve years ago.

I have no desire to minimize the gains the spoilsmen have scored to date. They have found the situation much to their taste in such branches of the government as the Department of Justice, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. The Department of Justice under Attorney General Cummings will certainly bear watching. The solicitor-generalship, after having been offered to Felix Frankfurter, was given to J. Crawford Biggs, who was one of A. Mitchell Palmer's lieutenants and whose name was associated with the oil scandals when it was brought up for confirmation in the Senate at the recent special session. Pat Malloy, a party worker for whom Farley felt a place had to be found and who had nothing else to recommend him, has been appointed Assistant Attorney General. At least one other Cabinet member refused to accept him. J. Edgar Hoover, formerly chief investigator for the department, has been named chief of the newly formed division of investigations. Hoover was originally appointed under Palmer, but found no difficulty in working for Harry Daugherty and his successors. His office was instrumental in preparing the charges, later proved false, against Senator Wheeler of Montana because of the part Wheeler played in exposing the scandals of the Harding Administration.

Cummings himself is an unaggressive and politically minded office-holder.

Jesse Jones, former Democratic national treasurer, is chairman of the R.F.C., which has made room for a number of the party faithful. Among them is Clem Shaver, former Democratic national chairman, for whom a minor post was especially created. Most forward of the lot, however, is William F. Stevenson, chairman of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, who has surrounded himself with political friends from South Carolina. He was asked at a press conference whether appointments in his organization would be based on the merit system. His confused reply suggested that he had never heard of anyone being appointed to a political job because of his individual competence or merit. Later he explained: "Naturally we are not choosing Republicans to carry out the policies of a Democratic Administration." Stevenson has 8,000 to 10,000 jobs at his disposal, or almost one-fourth of those created under the emergency program. I am betraying no secrets, however, when I report that the Administration is showing no little anxiety over the carefree manner in which Stevenson is handing out jobs.

Farley has, of course, tried many ways of keeping his finger on all appointments. He has placed personal representatives in several departments and bureaus. His agent in the Department of Justice is William Stanley, while Emil Hurja represents him in the offices of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and Julien N. Friant in the Department of Agriculture. These men report all prospective appointments to the Postmaster-General. If the men proposed have been good Democrats in the past, meaning primarily good Roosevelt Democrats prior to June, 1932, Farley indorses the appointees. Otherwise he says no—as firmly as possible. His disapproval carries weight with the R.F.C. and the Department of Justice, for example, but not always with other departments or emergency services. In the early months of the Administration the patronage-dealers were confident that they had the Department of Commerce in their grasp, but this, too, seems now to have slipped from them. Senator McAdoo of California had apparently marked out the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce as his special province. H. Russell Amory of California, a McAdoo man, was temporarily put in charge of this office. The bureau was to be reorganized, which meant that a lot of new help would be brought in. With Amory in charge, most of the new officials would very likely have been members of the personal machine McAdoo has been getting together. But before the reorganization took place Amory was removed and Willard L. Thorp, professor of economics at Amherst, was named chief of the bureau. It is understood that he took the job on the condition that his subordinates would be selected on a basis of merit.

Farley was blocked at the outset by the President's policy of holding up appointments until his legislative program had been safely guided through Congress. It was no mean chore for the Postmaster-General to stand off the horde of Democratic Congressmen clamoring for jobs for their constituents, especially when he himself so clearly perceived the necessity of getting as many deserving Democrats into the Administration as quickly as possible. Then the President went away on vacation and once more Farley had to stem the rising discontent among the Democrats. He promised that the delay would be ended as soon as the President re-

turned to town. But in the meantime he began to encounter unexpectedly stiff opposition in the Cabinet.

Secretaries Ickes and Wallace, ably supported by other officials such as Secretary Perkins, Recovery Administrator Johnson, and Relief Administrator Hopkins, refused to bow before the onslaught of the spoilsmen. They accepted a few political appointees, but these appointees, with one or two exceptions, they managed to shift to inconsequential positions where they could do little or no harm. Secretary Wallace even went to the extent of allowing a Farley agent to sit in his office. However, the arrangement he has worked out with this agent is such that he gets the experts he wants upon the single condition that they are Roosevelt supporters. On the other hand, Secretary Ickes did not take kindly to the idea of having a Farley representative anywhere near him. When the man reported for work, Ickes found him a desk far down the corridor, in the office of Louis R. Glavis, chief investigator for the Department of the Interior. He left after a few days, having found the environment just a bit too cold. The spoilsmen seem to have gained a temporary foothold in one of the minor divisions of the National Recovery Administration. Thirty-three clerks were furloughed and told not to report back for work until they had provided themselves with adequate political indorsements. That situation has since been cleared up, partly through the President's order requiring all posts in the emergency services, except those of an executive nature, to be filled from the list of civil-service employees recently dismissed from other departments on the ground of economy.

I mention the few incidents given in the preceding paragraph because they are exceptions rather than the rule. Despite the presence of the Farley agent, Wallace has managed to bring in a number of good men to whom the Democratic Party owes nothing whatever. Among them is Jerome Frank, solicitor for the Department of Agriculture. Moreover, he did not wait upon the White House, but took the initiative in issuing a departmental order requiring all clerical and routine jobs in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration to be filled from the civil-service lists. This has saved his department and the agricultural administration from being loaded down with precinct captains and ward heelers. Policy matters and executive decisions in the Interior Department and Public Works Administration are in the hands of men of Secretary Ickes's own choosing. Ickes and his trusted subordinates also keep a careful watch on the routine workers in the department. The same is true of the Department of Labor, the National Recovery Administration, the Relief Administration, and a majority of the other offices. While the heads of these departments have accepted a few political appointees, they have done so for strategic reasons. Their apparent willingness to compromise where unimportant posts were concerned has enabled them to insist upon naming their own people to the jobs they consider important. For example, the Commissionership of Labor Statistics is looked upon as a fat plum—it normally draws a salary of \$8,500—and any number of party hacks were angling for it. But Miss Perkins said that she wanted an expert and that her candidate was Dr. Isador Lubin of the Brookings Institution. Dr. Lubin got the job. Farley had to give in here as he has had to give in upon every occasion when a member of the Ickes-Wallace-Perkins group has shown any inclination to oppose his demands.

The richest political pie in the entire government is safely in the hands of Secretary Ickes. Not only has he the normal complement of Interior Department jobs in his charge, to which have been added many others through his appointment as "oil dictator" and Public Works Administrator, but in the latter capacity he has \$3,300,000,000 of the taxpayers' money to spend. This is more than the Roosevelt Administration contemplates spending on all other government activities, including salaries, during the current fiscal year. Great was the consternation of the political contractors, as Paul Y. Anderson recently suggested in these columns, when Ickes was named to administer the fund. This was undoubtedly the most severe defeat the political spoilsmen have suffered to date.

Only a few patronage jobs are available in the military and diplomatic branches, and these, of course, have been filled with politicians for political reasons. One need only name Secretary Swanson in the Navy Department, Secretary Dern and Assistant Secretary Woodring in the War Department, and Assistant Secretary Payer in the State Department, and the dozen or so campaign contributors who have been given ambassadorships or ministerial posts abroad. The colonial service, too, is rather limited, but there the spoilsmen have also gotten in several good licks. Puerto Rico especially has suffered. First, Robert Hayes Gore was named governor of the territory, and on top of this the insular school system was turned over to the spoils-hunters. Competent native educators working patiently over a period of years were succeeding in developing a modern school system. The system has been entirely in native hands and has been kept out of politics whether insular or national. Now Farley proposes to undo this work by his designation of the Democratic national committeewoman of the island to be Commissioner of Education for no valid reason except that she supported Roosevelt at the Chicago convention.

One might also condemn the Democrats for attempting to have 4,600 government employees removed from the civil-service rolls in order to make room for deserving party workers. None of these clerks, however, was selected by competitive test. Presidents Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover "covered" them with civil-service rating by executive order. Just before he left office, for example, Herbert Hoover placed in the civil service, incumbents and all, about 150 positions in the Department of Justice then held by political appointees who had been trained by the Ohio Gang. I doubt very much that the substitution of Democratic Party workers for the Republican "merit men" in the Departments of Justice and Commerce or in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation would appreciably affect the efficiency of those branches of the government.

Still to be considered are the thousands of minor posts spread over the country, the postmasterships, revenue collectors' jobs, and district attorneyships. These also must be considered spoils. Indeed, they make up the bulk of the appointive positions at the disposal of the President. And they are being filled with Democrats today just as they were filled with Republicans in 1921 and with other Democrats in 1913. One may argue with complete justice that all of these jobs should be placed under civil service for the sake of more honest and efficient government. But in taking that position one must frankly indict the party system and not merely the Democratic organization.

The Utility Crisis in New York

By JEROME COUNT

THE universal demand of 25,000,000 electric consumers for relief from excessive rates lends special significance to the widely advertised proceedings now pending before the New York Public Service Commission. Technically initiated by the commission itself, the proceedings resulted from widespread dissatisfaction which that body admittedly could no longer ignore. After an impressive display of gubernatorial conferences and a wholesale summons to all gas and electric companies in the State, rate hearings began again in May, 1933. The case was concluded three months later, after volumes of testimony and scores of exhibits had been recorded, and an expectant public now awaits the commission's decision. A collapse of this nationally publicized attempt to lower rates under most favorable conditions, it is believed, may finally place the seal of failure upon the commission form of regulation.

"After careful consideration, the commission has determined to establish temporary emergency rates wherever the facts relating to a company as set forth in the sworn reports to the commission seem to justify action. It is not contemplated in the establishment of such rates that a valuation of the property as required by the courts for a final determination will be made," said Chairman Maltbie, reading from a prepared statement, at the opening of the hearings. "My Gawd! That's *confiscation!*" said a horrified utility official who promptly recognized the desperate measure of a desperate commission.

With utility regulation in wide disrepute, the commission suddenly cast off its judicial robes and became the people's advocate. There was something of the bravado in Chairman Maltbie's manner as he read his opening statement—something of the adventurous young advocate, bravely adopting a new theory against an old grievance, for which his seasoned brethren could find no remedy. Significantly, the most active member of the commission's staff that day was the genial Secretary Tanner, a former newspaper man, whose function it is to supervise press contacts for the commission. The daily press hailed the dramatic move and looked forward hopefully to a new era for the consumer.

Undoubtedly, the commission is bent on relieving itself of responsibility for high rates. From the outset it was evident that new schedules were to be fixed, if only on paper, while the commission's theory is tested in the courts. By then, it is hoped, the storm of criticism may have blown over and the responsibility will seem to rest elsewhere. "There is belief," said Chairman Maltbie in his opening statement, "that the utilities have not borne their fair burden of the depression. . . . The commission intends in its investigation to ascertain to what extent the various companies have been affected by the depression, their dividends curtailed, and surplus earnings used up. We shall consider to what extent utilities may fairly be required through reduced rates to assist in escaping from the present depression, unequalled in the history of this country."

Now, considering the generation of rigid orthodoxy behind it, this was rank heresy, coming from the New York

commission. To the companies, it was open revolt. But more to the point, will the "left phrases" result in rate relief or is this the final collapse of a regulatory form that has floundered in a morass of failure? If, as the chairman said in his opening statement, the utilities have not borne their fair burden of the depression, what did the commission do about it for almost four years? One of the most enlightening exhibits, introduced in these hearings by the commission itself, shows the rate of return received by the various electric companies of New York City on their net worth since 1922. Profits of 10 to 20 per cent recur frequently in this tabulation. It is ironic for the commission to expect to divert criticism from itself by informing the exploited consumer at this late date that back in 1925, for instance, the commission allowed the Bronx Gas and Electric Company to receive a profit of 21.3 per cent on the year's operations. Other evidence received by the commission showed dividends running as high as 42 per cent as late as 1932—permitted by the same commission which now triumphantly exposes them.

Still another exhibit, which was submitted by the commission itself, was a chart which, using the year 1929 as an index of 100, compares the cash dividends paid on common stock by five national groups of corporations and by the electric utilities of New York. While railroad dividends sank to a low of 13.6 in September, 1932, the New York electric utilities had risen to a high of 123.4 at the end of the previous quarter. A marked rise of almost 25 per cent took place in 1929 in the dividends paid by the New York electric companies. A constant plateau of dividend payments follows and extends well into 1932. The commission now opens its belated blast of publicity just as the curve has started a downward trend and the companies are able to point to declining profits as a bar to rate reductions.

The consumer who had his electric bill increased in 1930—and more than 50 per cent of New York City consumers are found in this class—charges the commission, on its own evidence, with neglect of duty since 1929. Were he to prove this charge, the consumer would proceed in exactly the manner in which the commission is now indicting the utilities. Another item the consumer would charge against the commission is that the National City Company, in the year 1932, was allowed a profit of \$3,000,000 on bond issues at the expense of three major electric companies. This means, of course, that in the end the public pays the bill. The bonds immediately thereafter sold above par in the open market and \$47,000,000 was realized by the companies on these bonds. A large part of the proceeds were then paid back to the bank in liquidation of debts held by the bank itself against these companies and their affiliates. This is typical of a score of deals not only permitted but authorized by the commission between companies having interlocking directorates with the National City Company and the National City Bank.

While the bankers found regulation so well suited to their needs, the officers and directors of the utilities did not neglect their own nests. It is not without point to observe

that the chief plea for the utilities was made before the commission at the first rate hearing by none other than Floyd L. Carlisle, chairman of the board of Consolidated Gas. Just the day before, he had been exposed as one of J. P. Morgan's "favored customers." It is easy to infer that the bankers must find the utilities highly cooperative in allowing liberal discounts on their bond sales. Matthew S. Sloan, until last year president of three electric companies, was also named in each of Mr. Morgan's favored lists. Upon Mr. Sloan's resignation, the directors of these companies, representing the banking interests, undoubtedly voted him his \$155,000 bonuses with genuine enthusiasm. Since 1928 the electric companies have paid honoraria of more than \$700,000 to officials and their families.

The hearings brought to light the fact that officials of the companies under investigation had also increased their pay by \$130,000 in 1932 alone and that during the depression official salaries had increased by 17 to 77 per cent. Salaries of \$25,000 to \$40,000 appear frequently in the list, the high spot being the salary of Frank W. Smith who netted \$75,000 by holding three jobs with three different companies. Fourteen officials receive pay from more than one company. Their combined salaries amount to \$418,000 per annum. This sort of chicanery has been countenanced by the commission for decades and only now is used as a device to divert public criticism from the commission to the companies alone. The commission was officially informed of the salary increases year after year, beginning in 1927. It did nothing about them and is now making capital of its own neglect.

While bankers, stockholders, and officials fattened on the spoils of this monopoly, rank-and-file employees were rewarded only with wage cuts and loss of jobs. Some 8,000 New York utility employees have been laid off and the companies under investigation have effected wage cuts that will net them approximately \$5,000,000 in labor savings during the year. It is known that many employees have received wage cuts as high as 50 per cent through the device of transfer from one department to another. Regulation, as administered by the commission, however, can find no principle under which these matters can be controlled unless the consumers' service has actually broken down by means of such policies. The commission deliberately rules, in effect, that it will not lock the barn until after the horse is out.

Chairman Maltbie, romantic and optimistic though he is, knows utilities. "If they do not see fit to cooperate," he said, as the hearings opened, "the efforts of the commission for temporary relief may be fruitless." There is, in fact, little doubt that any substantial reduction ordered by the Public Service Commission will be taken to the courts by the utilities. At the close of the hearing, counsel for the companies made it clear that the legality of the whole proceeding would be challenged. There is faint hope that the courts will uphold the emergency theory upon which the commission has built its case, although they were ready enough to permit emergency rate increases when prices rose during the World War. It is generally believed, however, that the "My Gawd-that's-confiscation" boys will have the better of the argument in the United States Supreme Court.

The Edison Electric Institute, dominated by the New York utilities, recently threatened that electric companies which are 'victimized' by regulatory bodies would appeal to the courts for redress against rate reductions. This threat

has special emphasis for the New York proceedings. The president of the Edison Institute, George B. Cortelyou, is a high official of the New York companies and the pronouncement of one is regarded as the policy of the other. With court proceedings imminent, little comfort can be found in the commission's theory of emergency reduction. To the recent special session of the New York legislature, Governor Lehman recommended an amendment to the public-service law which, it is hoped, may fill up the legal hole in the commission's temporary rate case. Unfortunately, it appears that the consumer will again be blocked and the amendment declared unconstitutional if it is tested in the courts. Under prevailing legal concepts, utilities are entitled to their euphemistic "fair return" at all times, temporary or otherwise.

While economic stress was acute and widespread, the commission sat back and permitted these companies to build up gigantic reserves and surpluses of \$300,000,000. They were allowed to increase their stock and bond issues to over a billion dollars and their dividends by tens of millions. Meanwhile the purchasing power of the people declined 50 per cent, commodity prices 40 per cent, and employment 50 per cent. While the great monopoly profited with a free hand, the commission pursued a complacent policy of agreeable negotiations for voluntary reductions. After four critical years the commission takes action just at a time when its neat little charts and exhibits are ruined theoretically when their curves are plotted down to date. When we remember some of the successful claims the utilities have made in past rate cases, it seems probable that they will convince the Supreme Court that the emergency is over and rates should stay up.

Assuming that the courts sustain the commission's emergency theory, it is doubtful that this could be finally determined before the late fall or early winter of this year—incidentally, just after the October electioneering is over. The commission will then find itself left with a faded chimera. The companies will maliciously inquire whether the emergency found in June still exists in December. Their logic will doubtless impress the commission—and the consumer find himself back where he started ten months earlier.

After a generation of the commission form of regulation, the people of New York protest in vain against the insatiable utilities. Shifting theories of utility valuation, intended to locate the elusive rate base, have offered the people only a pathetic mirage. With a Statewide gas, electric and telephone bill of \$750,000,000, it is positive effrontery for a commission to boast of \$12,000,000 in alleged rate reductions obtained by negotiation. Yet the commission intends this as a crushing reply to all criticism. With the consumer of New York State paying for dividends of these three utilities at the appalling rate of \$40,000 an hour—\$300,000 per annum in critical depression years—the dismal record of utility "control" may have reached its final chapter. Obviously, the pretense of cajoling the utilities into voluntary reductions has failed completely. Frustration also awaits Maltbie's naive attempt to threaten these seasoned privateers into co-operative rate slashes. New York can then complete the cycle of futility by a return to the hopeless valuation procedure or consider some form of public ownership—the answer to the consumers' prayer.

Whether the consumers' prayer will be answered rests with political gods. The Dunnigan bill, introduced in the

last regular session of the legislature of New York, proposed to grant municipalities broad powers for the establishment of publicly owned utilities. It failed to pass the State Senate because of a bi-party utility block. To the recent special session, Governor Lehman recommended several innocuous and futile amendments to the public-service law, but refused to recommend the municipal ownership bill which, in the previous session, failed of passage by only seven votes—six of them Democratic and with three Democratic Senators not voting. The necessary votes to insure public ownership will be found, however, when the consumers' prayer becomes an articulate demand. But it is not to be assumed that the utilities' last card will have been played. When public ownership is made feasible by New York legislators, the utilities will hound, harrass, and intimidate every public official or municipality attempting to benefit by the enabling legislation. These tactics are familiar to every town and city throughout the nation which has attempted public operation

of utilities. Millions of dollars will be lavished on campaigns to defeat bond-issue referenda required to finance public-ownership projects. Vast utility funds will be placed at the disposal of candidates who oppose public ownership in election campaigns. A municipality lucky enough to run this gauntlet safely will then find itself deluged with so-called taxpayers' suits to enjoin the sale of bonds and later to prevent the letting of contracts to construct utility plants. Finally, suit will be brought to restrain the performance of the contracts after they are let out. At just about this point the disheartened consumer, having declared that "you can't fight a billion dollars," will find his electric bill reduced some 20 per cent by the threat of municipal competition against private utilities.

Confess, Chairman Maltbie. Commission regulation has failed!

[This is the ninth of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer. The tenth will appear soon.]

The Educator and the Depression

II. The College Instructor

By WILLIAM BURL THOMAS

UNTIL a little more than a year ago the tenure of a position on the faculty of an American university was, generally speaking, indefinite. Although many institutions offered no contract to the lower ranking members of their staffs, and a man might be dismissed for too conspicuously radical utterances or "conduct prejudicial to the interests of the university," a teacher who rendered satisfactory service felt his place secure, and even though his rank were no higher than that of instructor he might, in the absence of definite understanding to the contrary, reasonably expect reappointment. Likewise he had reasonable expectancy of promotion or of bettering his situation by securing a higher ranking or a better paid position elsewhere. But within the last year and a half the economic crisis has blighted any such prospect completely. In 1932 the depression caught up with the universities, and they will be suffering from the depression long after business has attained what the swivel-chair economists call recovery.

The tax-supported institutions of the Mid-West, West, and South were the first to feel the effects of adversity, and although most of the Eastern schools managed to maintain their status unaffected or with comparatively little retrenchment until this year, now they are suffering quite as badly. Early in the winter of 1932 portents were to be observed in many legislatures, and subsequently most of the important State universities suffered reductions in appropriations for 1932-33—although a year ago the general calamity which was to overtake them this last spring was only vaguely foreseen. The following table gives an idea of what has happened.* Since this table was prepared, it has been announced that Ohio State University and the University of Michigan, both of which disregarded the author's requests for figures on decreased funds and personnel, are taking

heavy cuts in their 1933-34 budgets. The appropriation for Ohio State has been cut \$652,057, that of Michigan, \$896,414. In both cases, the cuts entailed wholesale dismissals.

Institutions	Amount of funds provided for general operation and maintenance			Percentage decrease 1933-34 under 1931-32
	1931-32	1932-33	1933-34	
Maine	\$757,289	\$707,289	\$522,466	31.1
New Hampshire	661,443	661,443	447,600	32.3
Maryland	330,000	330,000	198,000	40.0
Rutgers	1,613,660	1,203,384	1,196,685	26.0
Cornell	2,784,140	2,720,661	2,344,141	15.8
Princeton	2,879,755	2,711,042	2,681,937	6.9
Northwestern	4,716,437	4,061,000	3,788,000	19.7
Illinois	4,934,000	4,934,000	3,905,000	20.9
Indiana	1,800,000	1,530,000	1,490,000	17.2
Purdue	1,825,000	1,530,000	1,450,000	20.6
Minnesota	3,275,000	3,275,000	2,800,000	14.6
Kansas	1,410,500	1,299,500	1,038,750	26.4
Oklahoma	1,418,159	1,418,159	1,066,000	24.8
Texas	1,149,025	1,149,025	923,393	19.6
Wyoming	192,500	192,500	90,500	53.0
Utah	514,500	340,000	340,000	33.9
Montana	376,500	328,500	235,500	37.5
Oregon	1,165,335	900,000	775,000	33.5
Washington	1,767,950	1,767,950	1,168,080	33.9
Stanford	2,478,636	2,356,259	2,135,721	15.8
Kentucky	1,344,517	1,052,306	1,000,000	25.6
Tennessee	749,250	700,000	450,000	38.6
Virginia	2,199,957	1,910,686	1,742,947	20.8
North Carolina	721,000	721,000	420,000	41.7
South Carolina	375,000	312,000	200,000	46.7
Mississippi	200,000	120,000	120,000	40.0

*A part of these data are taken from a tabulation prepared by John H. McNeely of the United States Office of Education. The remainder have been collected by the author.

From this sectional grouping it will be seen that the Eastern institutions which suffered not at all last year have since had greater reductions than those of the Mid-Western schools for the two years together. Two of the State universities of the West, while the average of their appropriation cuts is greater than that of the New England schools, have had the reduction apportioned over the two-year period. On the other hand, Wyoming, the only institution in the whole list with a reduction of more than 50 per cent, is taking its entire cut within the 1933-35 biennium. In general, the disaster has fallen most heavily upon the schools of the West and the South. The plight of the University of North Carolina, which has been widely publicized, is exceeded, it will be noticed, by that of her sister institution. It is difficult to see how Mississippi, with \$120,000, and Wyoming, with \$90,500, can keep going. Virginia, which has had the least reduction in the Southern group, receives only about one-fifth of its money from the State.

A large proportion of the necessary economy in operating expenses inevitably has had to fall upon the salaries of university employees. Be it justly said that many administrations tried earnestly last year to effect the saving wholly or principally in other ways, and several institutions which reduced salaries 6 per cent or more did so on a graduated scale; but some made a flat cut, which naturally affected more severely teachers in the lower rank—who likewise were first to be dismissed when dismissal was deemed necessary. Both salary cuts and dismissal were employed at certain schools to maintain an approximate ratio between reduction in salary budget and reduction in funds available: the University of Pittsburgh, a privately controlled institution, made a 9 per cent salary cut and dismissed fifty-five members of its faculty, more than one-eighth of the total number.

The schools here tabulated followed various policies. None of the first three Eastern institutions dismissed staff members; and of these three, only Maine reduced salaries—2½ per cent. South Carolina, which made an 11 to 14 per cent salary cut, kept its staff intact, as did North Carolina, Minnesota, and Kentucky. Tennessee made a flat cut of 8 per cent and dismissed four. Oregon cut salaries 5 to 15 per cent and dismissed seven instructors and six members of higher rank. Illinois began its retrenchment policy early; though its funds available were equivalent to those of the preceding year, twenty-seven of its faculty were not re-appointed. However, where salary reductions were made in 1932 they were generally considered temporary. At the University of Kansas, for example, the 10 per cent flat cut was called a "moratorium" measure, and little was said about the seventeen staff members dismissed.

Now, a year later, all pretense at optimism has vanished. At Kansas salaries for 1933-34 are reduced on a graduated scale 5 to 15 per cent and made "contingent on enrollment." But, though many full-time instructors are relegated to a half-time teaching schedule with an annual remuneration of \$665 to \$735, the number of dismissals at Kansas is insignificant in comparison to the wholesale discharge of teachers from Ohio State and Michigan only a few weeks ago—an event of delectable irony in coincidence with a national recovery campaign. At Michigan sixty-six staff members (including four full professors) were dismissed and 122 others put on a part-time basis. At Ohio those discharged from the academic staff number 184—fifty-seven of the rank of

instructor and above and 127 fellows and assistants. Seventy-three were put on part time.

In Michigan also the salaries of all State employees depend upon the amount of money in the treasury next spring. And the faculty of the University of Iowa and the State College at Ames are wondering not how much of a salary cut they will have to take but whether they will get any salary at all next year. Yet the larger schools in general are not so badly off as the small colleges; at the North Dakota Agricultural College deans and department heads will get \$1,920 a year and the president \$3,000.

These facts demonstrate the tragedy that has overtaken institutions of learning in America; and they do not take specifically into account the notorious examples of political interference in Mississippi and Oklahoma which has utterly crippled the higher educational systems of those States. The present situation is so chaotic that as yet it is impossible to secure complete information about salary reductions and dismissals generally for 1933-34.* The data so far obtainable are tabulated as follows.

Institutions	Per cent salary cut 1932-33 under 1931-32 scale ¹	Dismissals 1932-33 from staff of preceding year ²	Per cent salary cut 1933-34 under 1931-32 scale ¹	Dismissals 1933-34 from staff of preceding year ²
Colorado	8	10	15	8
Cornell	0	0	10	44
Columbia	0	0	0	—
Illinois	—	27	5-15	—
Indiana	8-12½	—	8-12½	—
Kansas	10	17	15-35	14
Kentucky	10	0	15	0
Maine	2½	0	12½	0
Maryland	0	0	10-15	0
Minnesota	2.08-4.16	0	0-20	0
Mississippi	25-45	—	25-45	—
Montana	5-6	—	20-22	—
Nevada	0	0	0-35	0
New Hampshire	0	0	0-10	0
Northwestern	10	31	19	19
Oklahoma	0-7½	—	5-20	—
Oregon	5-15	19	5-30	36
Princeton	0	0	0	0
Rutgers	4-18	—	7-20	47
Stanford	0	0	10	0
Texas	0	0	25	0
Utah	10	1	9-19	7
Virginia	10-12½	0	15-20	1
Washington	0	0	10-46	0
Wyoming	0	15	12-37	20

*By a graduated scale the maximum percentage is applied to none but the highest salaries and usually only to the fifth or sixth thousand dollars and beyond. Therefore the actual reduction would in no case be as great as the maximum percentage shown. A minimum of zero means that the lowest salaries (\$1,500 or \$1,200 and under) are exempt from reduction.

²These figures, particularly the higher ones, are difficult of interpretation. In general, they include part-time assistants. But in some instances it is likely that the figure is simply the number of faculty less than that of the preceding year, and thus would include assistants whose appointments have expired upon their receiving degrees and whose places have simply been left unfilled. Another means of curtailment is the reduction in teaching load of full-time instructors to a three-quarter or a half-time schedule, which is not indicated at all.

*The author requested pertinent facts from 46 institutions. Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin, and Chicago either were unable or declined to give the information. Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Ohio State, Nebraska, California, and others did not reply.

In a table such as the foregoing it is not possible to show the rank of staff members dismissed; but by far the greater number of those who have lost their jobs are instructors and part-time assistants—although a startling number of assistant and associate professors have been discharged from institutions which had expanded unwisely and unduly and whose administrations have seized upon the most obvious means of effecting economy. A large proportion of the academic unemployed are Ph.D.'s who have not attained professorial rank or graduate assistants whose employment was terminated with their receiving the degree. And distinctly a problem in itself is the plight of the hundreds of Ph. D.'s who have spent time and money to prepare for teaching and, never having had the opportunity to teach, now find themselves just so much excess baggage in the pedagogical caravan. Approximately 2,000 doctors, it is estimated, were graduated in 1932. If graduate enrollment is a trustworthy index, the number awarded the degree during the spring and summer of this year will be only slightly lower.

In nearly every case the people most severely affected by the retrenchment are those least able to stand it. A professor can readjust his scale of living to 80 per cent of his former salary much more easily than an instructor can get along on the absolute minimum or without any salary at all. But the University of Nebraska last year, reversing the usual scale of gradation, gave its staff members above the rank of instructor a 7 to 8 per cent cut, while it reduced instructors' salaries 14 per cent—and dismissed fifteen. To show conclusively how those in the higher ranks have remained relatively secure at the expense of the "small fry" I quote from the report on "The Economic Condition of the Profession" in 1932 to the American Association of University Professors of Committee Z: ". . . ■ shrinkage of 191 places out of a possible shrinkage of 211 in the thirty-eight institutions reporting to your Committee occurred in the grades of instructor or part-time assistant. Indeed, among professors and associate professors there was no decrease at all, but an increase of two and a half places."

A policy in striking contrast to the "share-the-work" principle so much touted in industry! But it appears likely that with one more spring there will no longer be assistants or instructors left anywhere; and then the professorial nobility will be next to the guillotine. Certainly the brain trust dispensing the New Deal is not distributing any straight flushes to its academic colleagues. From the most conservative outlook it is only sane to say that amid all the present ballyhoo about "recovery" there is absolutely no reason or justification for optimism among the teaching profession. On the contrary, the gravity of the situation cannot be overemphasized or overestimated.

The Universities of Maine, New Hampshire, Maryland, Kentucky, and Washington are conspicuous among institutions which have greatly reduced appropriations and yet have not made inordinate dismissals. But their expedient is in exception to the policy generally prevailing. So college administrations, instead of declaring an emergency salary scale and keeping their staffs intact, continue in the name of economy to destroy what has been laboriously achieved by a generation of educators during many years.

[This is the third of a series of articles on the effects of the economic crisis and the professions. *The Lawyer and the Depression* by James Gifford will appear next week.

In the Driftway

WHEN Arnold Bennett was twenty-nine years old he confided to his diary that he was seriously behind with his reading. Since the age of twenty he had been devoted to books, and he felt that, except for the current literature which he had been compelled to review, he had confined himself almost exclusively to the best books. Yet he was appalled to realize how many of the works which "everybody has read" were still unknown to him.

I cannot recall ■ single author of whom I have read everything—even Jane Austen. . . . Then there are large tracts of Shakespeare, Bacon, Spenser, nearly all of Chaucer, Congreve, Dryden, Pope, Swift, Sterne, Johnson, Scott, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Edgeworth, Ferrier, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth (nearly all), Tennyson, Swinburne, the Brontës, George Eliot, W. Morris, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Savage Landor, Thackeray, Carlyle—in fact, every classical author and most good modern authors, which I have never even overlooked. A list of the masterpieces I have not read would fill ■ volume.

He tried to reassure himself with a little calculation which proved that only ■ very old man who had read steadily for sixteen hours ■ day since infancy could possibly have read even approximately all "that the person of average culture is supposed to have read, and that not to have read is a social sin." But he was obviously not satisfied, and was a little ashamed of himself. The truth of the matter is, of course, that few scholars know as much as Macaulay's impossibly erudite schoolboy, and it might have comforted Bennett to know that Matthew Arnold's criticism of Spenser contains irrefutable evidence that Arnold had not himself read "The Faery Queen."

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

BENNETT'S confession emboldens the Drifter to make ■ suggestion which he has long had in mind, namely, that during the next year literary editors be forbidden by one of Mr. Roosevelt's new commissions to publish any more lists of the hundred best books, or the ten volumes recommended for a desert island, and that they be encouraged instead to draw up lists of the world-famous and indispensable books which they have managed somehow to dispense with. Such lists would be instructive and startling, but they would be shocking only to those who refused to consider how easy it would be for them to compile an even more dreadful one. We think also that it would be a good plan for each person making the confession to distinguish with a star those books which he not only has never read but has resolved never to read. Books which have been praised too much or by the wrong people go into a class by themselves. One would resist them on a desert island and, in solitary confinement, one would rather watch spiders than turn their pages.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

JUST to start the ball rolling the Drifter appends a list which he finds it difficult to confine to merely ten titles:

Plato, "The Symposium."

Dante, "The Paradiso."

Anonymous, "The Song of Roland."

Bacon, "The Novum Organum."
 Scott, "Ivanhoe."
 Cooper, "The Last of the Mohicans."
 Eliot, "The Mill on the Floss."
 Hardy, "Jude the Obscure."
 Wells, "The New Machiavelli."
 Buck, "The Good Earth."

Though short and inadequate, this list is, the Drifter thinks, varied and representative. If he were to extend it as he easily could, it would do very well as the "required reading" for a college course, and if he decided to expand it still further it might be made the basis of a decent public library. Even as it stands, it proves that he is ignorant of many things which every schoolboy knows and unfamiliar with at least ten books which every person of average culture has read. Indeed, the Drifter is beginning to be a little sorry he brought the subject up.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Cry from China

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The International Labor Defense has received the following among several letters from victims of the Kuomintang reaction now held in Chinese jails. We ask you to print this letter in the hope that your readers will protest against this inhuman treatment. New arrests are constantly being made and new murders committed. We have just received word that Yang Chen, an eminent scientist, founder of the Academia Sinica and general secretary of the China League of Civil Rights, was assassinated by the Kuomintang murder squad June 18. Madame Sun Yat Sen, founder of the league, is under constant threat of assassination.

This letter of blood and tears suddenly meeting your eyes may shock you a good deal. We entreat your patient attention; hear us, then expose our sufferings to the world, and seek human help on our behalf. You cannot possibly view our sufferings as unimportant. You cannot carelessly throw our plea into the wastepaper basket. Deprived of our liberty, we have been thrown into the so-called Second Model Prison of Kiangsu of Tsaochoching, and here we have found the depths of a very earthly hell. Half-men, half-ghosts, we sit here drinking our tears. The cavities of still deeper hells yawn before us, and without life we enter them, one after the other.

There is no such thing as a fixed set of regulations in this prison. Everything depends on the temperament of the jailers. When once prisoners are brought here, they are like victims brought to the guillotine, or fish and pork brought into kitchens. We know only shackles and beatings. We hear only the hoarse shouts of the jailer and the sobs of the sick. It is a common sight to see corpses being carried off. We look on enviously.

Cells about ten feet by nine, less than a hundred square feet, often hold as many as seven prisoners. When the sun shines the stink spreads everywhere. When it rains we are all drenched and everything around us is damp and sodden. We eat rice mixed with fine gravel, or just rice, old and rotten, weighing about sixteen ounces, or 30 per cent less than the required allowance. The only vegetables are some yellow cabbage leaves. Oil and salt are infrequent luxuries. Drinking water is served out three times a day—two little cups to each cell! It is supposed to be boiled. Actually it is only slightly warmed.

All prisoners that come here from the military headquarters, that is, prisoners sentenced by the military courts, virtually all political cases, are immediately shackled upon entry, no matter how long their sentence. If the prisoner happens to have some money he can buy himself out of the shackles. If he has none, he wears them until he dies or until by some chance he goes free. Practically nine-tenths of the prisoners are sick. Most of the prisoners suffer from dysentery, beri-beri, skin ailments, and the various diseases that recur each year. Of course the basic cause of all the disease is the insufficiency and filthiness of the food, the shackles, and the impossibility of bathing. A doctor is hard to get. If an alleged "doctor" does come, he looks around awhile and then gives the same kind of medicine to everybody regardless of the different diseases. The "medicine" is cooked in one big filthy pot and a cup is ladled out to each man. This medicine really does have the same effect, whatever the disease. That is why the death rate here is higher than in any other prison in the world. Physical exercise is allowed only once a month, sometimes only once in three or four months. The time allowed is only ten minutes, and even that is at the pleasure of the jailers. As for baths, we can get them perhaps ten times a year. When bath time does come, the prisoners are lined up and await turns at one small pool of water which remains unchanged all day.

Only a few have enough covering. Even the skimpy cotton robes and blankets handed over by the military for use by the military prisoners are not given to them. Sometimes, to deceive an occasional investigator, clothing and bedding are distributed in the morning and taken away at night. The prison factory is supposed to be a place where we are to develop some handicraft talent so that afterward we might do something for ourselves. Actually, it is a source of income for the prison authorities. Long-term prisoners are generally not allowed to work because the authorities are afraid they might not obey orders and be instead indifferent to any punishment. But short-term prisoners must work hard for more than ten hours daily. Otherwise they are harshly beaten. Their only remuneration is a possible few ounces extra food. If they happen to produce less than the fixed quota, they are either fined by having their food ration cut down, or else are beaten or made to kneel on screws.

When this opportunity to write you passes away, another will not come for a long time. Therefore, we must put down here all we can of the brutality which fills our daily lives. We can only hope to bring it to the notice of people outside. We have lost our freedom but we still have the right to exist. We want to live. We want help from human beings!

S. C. B.

In the name of the 1,700 prisoners of the Second Model Prison of Kiangsu at Tsaochoching

Protests against this murder and terror should be sent to Marshal Chiang-Kai Shek at Shanghai, China; to Marshal Chang Hsueh Liang, Peking; and to the Chinese Embassy at Washington.

New York, August 10

LOUIS COLMAN

The Other Way Round

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I had not noticed until recently your article of June 28, entitled Chicago: Two Exhibits by Margaret Marshall. We are very flattered indeed by her comments on the Chrysler Building but may I beg to set right one statement which she makes. The Chrysler Building erected is exactly as the original competitive drawings showed it. When the General Motors found that the Chrysler Building design would attain the height contemplated, they increased the height of their tower.

Chicago, July 25

JOHN W. ROOT

Finance

The Exchange "Reforms"

THE self-righteous program of regulation recently laid down by the New York Stock Exchange has indicated significantly what can be expected in the true public interest when Wall Street lifts up the torch of reform. Announced with all the solemnity of which the exchange is capable and ballyhooed in the press with all the fervor which the exchange commands from advertising-minded publishers, the new program promises little more from the standpoint of fundamental self-correction than a somewhat grandiose whitewashing of the status quo in stock gambling.

As a supposed means of restricting excessive speculation, the new rules requiring a minimum margin of 50 per cent on trading accounts of less than \$5,000 and 30 per cent on accounts above \$5,000 have received chief attention. The first point to be noted is that these minimum requirements are percentages of the debit balance of accounts rather than of their total market value and thus represent in reality minimum margins of 33 per cent for small traders and of 23 per cent for large traders. It is true that in the wild gambling which went on in the recent inflation bull market, many speculators were trading on thinner margins than these by virtue of the simple art of dangling alluring business under the noses of commission-hungry brokers. But restrictions which still permit speculators to carry stocks with a value of from three to four times their own equity can by no stretch of the imagination be profoundly embarrassing to the gambling fraternity, whether on the inside or outside of Wall Street. Furthermore, a sharp break in the market, such as occurred in July, could easily flood the exchange with forced selling from accounts fully protected by what the exchange has now officially designated as ample margin.

These are among the reforms which the *New York Times* heralded as the exchange's "most extensive and drastic action in its history to curb speculation in securities."

If any possible dynamite is contained in the exchange's new rules, it lies in the requirement for weekly reports from all members disclosing full information on all pools, syndicates, or option agreements in which they are interested or for which they act as brokers. Here the exchange is approaching the bed-rock of Wall Street's exploitation of the stock-minded public. Even if the doubtful assumption could be made that the exchange is contemplating a serious restriction of the time-honored Wall Street technique of letting the public hold the bag for the large pools, this performance would fall into the old category of closing the barn door after the horse is stolen or, as is the case in this instance, after Wall Street has skimmed the cream from the best bull market since 1929. For during all of the frenzied speculation in May and June, the exchange complacently shut its eyes to pool operations which, for sheer blatancy, rivaled anything from the halcyon pages of the Coolidge and early Hoover regimes.

Nevertheless, these regulations, by penetrating the veil of secrecy which is the prime essential for successful pool operations, give the exchange full power to play havoc with Wall Street's most characteristic come-on game. Richard Whitney, president and chief alibi artist of the exchange, has pronounced that this power will be exercised "whenever such activities . . . may be unsound or likely to create prices which will not fairly reflect market values." Whitney's stubborn refusal, while testifying last year before Congress, to admit the possibility of widespread price manipulation on the exchange, and his defense of "legitimate" pools on the same occasion, are both typical of

Wall Street's official attitude on this subject and perhaps indicate how rigidly these new rules will be applied.

The point is too self-evident to require much elaboration. Stock Exchange policies are predominately controlled by the large wire houses. These houses require a heavy volume of business to cover the expenses of their large overhead and their branch offices scattered throughout the country. Pools, both because of their own transactions and because of the large public following which they must entice in order to be successful, are the best sources of large-scale business in stocks, entirely aside from the opportunities for handsome side profits which they offer when brokerage houses themselves participate in the operations.

If the Stock Exchange were to make the confidential information it will now receive on pool manipulations a matter of public record, then a real measure of protection would be available to the public against the secretive and double dealing methods whereby pools build up the public following necessary to let them step out at a profit. But to expect such a step would be to expect the Exchange to relinquish voluntarily a large part of the inflated gambling structure from which much of its profit proceeds.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

Contributors to This Issue

HUBERT HERRING is the executive director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America.

DANIEL ALLEN is a student of labor questions and has done special research on conditions in the steel industry.

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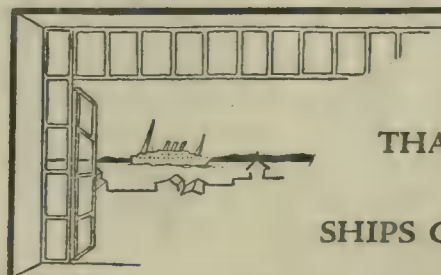
ALTER BRODY is the author of a book of folk plays entitled "Lamentations."

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MARVIN LOWENTHAL, a lecturer on the contemporary European scene in the extension department of New York University, is the author of "A World Passed By."

PIERRE LOVING is the author of "Gardener of Evil: A Portrait of Baudelaire and His Times."



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Books

Sonnet

By MARK VAN DOREN

Chasten your fears, I have not been destroyed,
All that was in me once is living still;
Only I know there was this slendor void,
This threading vein through an unconscious hill.
Empty of you, it nourished every part
With nothingness, and I was none the worse.
Filled with you suddenly, it is the start
Of older riches than I can rehearse—
Joy like a hidden river that no stone
Ever is worn away by where it runs;
Peace in the darkest passages of bone,
And buried light as from a hundred suns;
 With tolerance, that sweetens as it flows
 This blood whose red remembers late the rose.

Salvation Through Charts

Debt and Production. By Bassett Jones. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

LONG, long ago, in the early days of the Harding Administration, it was my good fortune to act for a time as a Washington correspondent. In the course of my duties I had a long interview with the then Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Herbert Hoover. The tariff, as I remember, had just been raised, in accordance with those policies of normalcy which were to culminate so brilliantly in the bank closings of March 4, 1933, and I happened to express some concern as to the possible effects of this tariff. Mr. Hoover immediately set my mind at rest. The academic economists, he said, were opposed to the higher tariff, but that was because their reasoning was not merely a priori but of a crude qualitative nature. The engineering mind, on the other hand, respected only the facts, and would not rest until it had made an exact quantitative analysis. Mr. Hoover recited the results of his own quantitative analysis for my benefit. Of all our imports, such-and-such an exact percentage—I think it was more than 50—were entering duty-free; in fact, a larger percentage of our imports were entering duty-free than formerly. Of the rest, the duties had been raised on only such-and-such an exact and insignificant percentage. This was, I believe, the first time that Mr. Hoover had used an argument that he was to use constantly throughout his period of office, even in his last months. At the moment, I was impressed by it. Not until a few days later did it occur to me that it was the very increase in the tariff which increased the relative proportion of non-dutiable goods entering. If the tariff on the dutiable articles had been made absolutely prohibitive, then 100 per cent of our imports would have been entering duty-free. I was still young; but I was beginning to see that even an exact quantitative analysis could be misleading, and that the engineering mind could err.

In the person of Mr. Bassett Jones, F. A. I. E. E., member of the A. S. M. E., research associate in industrial engineering at Columbia University, and installer of the elevators in the Empire State Building, the engineering mind once more enters economics, cocksure as ever, contemptuous of everything so far written in the field, serenely confident that it alone talks Science with a majuscule. "Because no one seemed to be able to tell me how our economy worked," writes Mr. Jones in his

Preface, "I decided to find out for myself. I tackled the job in a manner I had used successfully in other fields." He warns us in advance that he will ignore all criticisms "based on philosophical, political, or sociological doctrines" as "beside the metrical, or measurable, facts of our economy"; and he announces proudly that his "entire investigation rests on Planck's dictum as to the nature of reality for science—'only that which is measurable is real.'"

At this point it may be well to halt for a few observations. I am not acquainted with the passage in which Planck makes this statement, and therefore I do not know with what qualifications, if any, it is made. What I do know is that in every case in which I am acquainted with the position of a writer cited or quoted by Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones misunderstands or misrepresents—sometimes grossly—that writer's position—and this applies to his treatment of Adam Smith, Keynes, George Soule, B. M. Anderson, and Aldous Huxley. Guided by the law of probabilities, therefore, I cannot place much confidence in Mr. Jones's interpretation of Planck. But whatever Planck has actually said in this connection, it is obvious that his dictum is true only in a very limited and special sense. If only what is measurable is real, then it is not only absurd to speak as if there were a difference between beauty and ugliness; it is even absurd to mention that one has a toothache.

Proceeding confidently, Mr. Jones throws out all "sociological" and "psychological" factors—though these happen to be an integral part of the material with which economics must deal—and concentrates solely on the physical volume of production. He is interested merely in finding the mathematical formulae and charting the curves which portray the laws of growth of this production;—that, and comparing the rate of growth of this production with the rate of growth in the volume of debt. He believes that he is revolutionary in approaching economics from the side of production instead of from that of consumption; and he obviously believes that he has obtained results of explosive and enormous predictive importance.

The late Alfred Marshall knew at least as much about mathematical methods as Mr. Jones does; and in the early part of his career he used them extensively, but he later confined his mathematics almost entirely to appendices and footnotes. "The chief use of pure mathematics in economic questions," he concluded, "seems to be in helping a person to write down quickly, shortly, and exactly, some of his thoughts for his own use." And in an appendix to his "Principles of Economics" he remarks that the mathematician playing with economic figures usually "takes no technical responsibility for the material, and is often unaware how inadequate the material is to bear the strains of his powerful machinery."

Now this last criticism applies exactly against Mr. Jones. He throws out such concepts as "price" and "value" as meaningless, ghosts from the world of "make-believe." ("I think there is excellent reason," he writes, "for the elimination of the word 'value' from any discussion related to metrical orders.") Physical volume of production is the only respectable thing that an engineer can get his teeth into. But Mr. Jones misses the colossal fact that, for the economist, "physical volume of production" does not in the strictest sense exist at all. Man does not "produce" anything; he merely transforms it. He does not create materials; he merely alters, transports, and shapes them for human use. He creates only utilities, i. e., values. Mr. Jones may, if he likes, add a ton of gravel to a ton of fine watches and call the result merely two tons of "production"; this is apparently, in effect, what he actually thinks he is doing, but the result is meaningless for any purpose.

He frequently cites Frederick C. Mills's figures on physical volume of production. Now it is true that Mills does add to-

gether iron, gold, and swine; but he is aware of what he is doing and how he is doing it. Mills tells us (in an appendix to "Economic Tendencies in the United States") that his commodities have been "reduced to relatives on the year 1909 ■ base" and "have been weighted by value of product, for raw materials, and by 'value added,' for manufactured goods, weights being based on 1909 values." But obviously this means that his "physical volume of production" figures must be partly hypothetical and arbitrary; because from year to year the values of the individual commodities must vary in relation to each other, though the commodities will continue to be assigned the same weights. For what does the resulting total represent? It represents ■ total made up, strictly speaking, neither of tons nor of cubic feet, nor of any other measure of weight or volume; it is a total of values. The figures of "physical volume of production" are actually, though arbitrarily, based on those intangible and "indefinable" prices and values that Mr. Jones thinks he has got rid of.

It remains to speak of the relation of production to debt. Mr. Jones holds that over ■ long period production has been showing a declining rate of increase, whereas debt has been showing an increasing rate of increase; and this relationship he holds to be the cause of the present crisis and the crux of the whole economic problem. He seems to forget that if production really were considered solely in physical terms, and not in terms of values, there could be no significant relationship between production and debt at all. A \$50 watch *weighs* no more than a dollar watch, probably less, but ■ \$5 loan would be moderate against the first and grossly excessive against the second. But even if we grant that Mr. Jones is right in his calculations regarding the relative growth of production and debt, his results have no necessary *predictive* value whatever. Debt has no inevitable, necessary, or automatic growth. When it becomes excessive on any one thing, like a railroad or ■ farm, it is defaulted; receivership or foreclosure scales down or wipes out the debt, and management continues under other hands. When debt becomes excessive generally, it is scaled down by inflation—to one-fifth as in post-war France and Italy, to the vanishing point as in Germany. These adjustments, it is true, involve some injustice, but this is not the question that Mr. Jones seems particularly interested in. He is interested only in the lines on his charts, that is, in the land of "make-believe."

HENRY HAZLITT

The Evolution of Light

The Universe of Light. By Sir William Bragg. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

WHEN that versatile eighteenth-century dilettante, Count Francesco Algarotti, wrote his "Theory of Light and Colors Made Familiar to Ladies in Several Entertainments," he was assured of a popular reception. He wrote at a time when experimental science was still new. Scientific discoveries were the proper subject of animated conversation in the salon, and the Abbé Nollet could become the life of the party with a few rudimentary electrical experiments.

If modern readers do not find the same fascination in Sir William Bragg's book it is not because they know more about optical theory than the laymen of the eighteenth century, but because their familiarity with workaday scientific appliances has made them a little contemptuous of science. Our professional scientists have so often reproduced and controlled the wonders of nature that we no longer pause to wonder at nature. Only a very naive or a very sophisticated person would ask why the sky is blue or whether there is any connection between the color of the sky and the color of cigarette smoke.

About such facts and the theories which explain them Professor Bragg has written ■ simple and matter-of-fact book. It is the sober work of ■ man who holds the importance of his subject above question and who therefore feels no need to attract attention by the display of the more spectacular aspects of his science. When Voltaire wrote on the nature of light in his "Elements of Newtonian Philosophy" he voiced the general attitude of his time toward the discoveries of science: "Do we not enrich man by discovering new qualities of the matter of which he is formed?" This conviction infused a certain zest and warmth into Voltaire's exposition which is lacking in Bragg's. But if the latter does not write with the French philosopher's verve, he at least writes with greater authority and happily also with greater clarity.

Bragg centers the development of modern theories of light—from the work of Huyghens and Newton to recent studies in X-ray spectra—around the historical conflict between the wave theory and the corpuscular theory of radiation. By tracing the evolution of the concept of light he indirectly discloses the inventive and instrumental aspects of scientific method. Scientists do not discover the objects of science; they invent them. The characteristics of matter and radiation are to a large extent determined by the kind of problems that led to their conception. And as new problems arise, these concepts are modified to meet new requirements very much as ■ tool may be modified to perform new functions. There is nothing arbitrary or fictitious in such inventions and adaptations of scientific objects, for they are always made to retain their relevance and applicability to measured relations among observable things.

Professor Bragg, however, does not inject such methodological nor any metaphysical interpretations into his work. This is ■ book of science and for that reason it should be especially valuable towards the understanding of the philosophy of science.

WILLIAM GRUEN

A New Note

The Wooden Doctor. By Margiad Evans. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

THE impetuous current of this first novel which has swept English reviewers into invoking Charlotte Brontë and Katherine Mansfield is indeed hard to resist. There is a directness of utterance in it which cuts through the artifices of fiction like a cry of pain at a well-bred social gathering. It is a failing of contemporary English women novelists that they write altogether too wisely and too well. They are nearly all gifted with an intellectual and stylistic fluency which is always persuasive, though hardly ever constraining. They have the tongues of angels, but one wishes that they stuttered occasionally; it lends ■ certain conviction. They are all such clever sensitive girls, but one wishes they were not so afraid of making fools of themselves. It is written: Except ye be like unto little children ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Miss Evans was not afraid of making ■ fool of herself and not afraid of stuttering occasionally, and judging by the results it is a risk well worth taking.

"The Wooden Doctor" is the story of the hopeless love of a young girl for her middle-aged family physician. One of those school-girl infatuations which one is supposed to look back upon indulgently when one has grown up, but which, as often as not, is the intensest emotional experience of one's life. It is ■ case of love at first sight, and the girl is twelve when in the semi-consciousness of fever she first casts eyes on the "wooden doctor." In the heat of that fever a bond is fused between them which the gentle doctor in his well-intentioned clumsy way tries in vain to dissolve. The birth of this passion

in the starved introverted soul of the child, its unconscious development throughout her adolescence until as a young woman she discovers that her life is hopelessly bound up with his, that she cannot love any other man and that he cannot love her, is told as simply as in a letter. The novel mounts to a muted climax, when after an affair in which she surrenders physically to another man she comes happily to her "papa-doctor" to let him know that his diagnosis was correct, "to thank him for his skilful handling of an infatuated schoolgirl"—only, on confronting him, to be brought to a sharper realization that she will never be able to free herself of him.

Miss Evans has wisely refrained from any psychological analysis which would have broken the subjective unity of her narrative. Freudians may deduce from the data of the novel that Arabella's fatal love affair was a typical father fixation in which the middle-aged family physician usurped the role of her drunken father, and it is also fairly obvious that the "wooden doctor" was the victim of some similar psychological involvement which imprisoned him emotionally. But Miss Evans has chosen to look at the contours of reality instead of its chemistry, at the physiognomy of life instead of its anatomy. It is a form of artistic understatement, and a profound one. For the surfaces of life, the phenomena of things are eternal—the explanation varies from age to age.

But Miss Evans's most original contribution is the prose vehicle of her story. It is a forthright stabbing declarative, untrammelled by mannerism, unencumbered by metaphor or nicety of adjective. It may not have the subtle nuances of Katherine Mansfield's prose but its bold strokes are far more telling. The source of its power is revealed in a stray paragraph of the novel:

Then the cut was dealt to me that divided my life into two parts. The period I approach was one of intense misery to me, I cannot write about it now without trembling; yet I am urged to do it. It is very difficult and must be done with the utmost simplicity, or I shall turn aside to darkness where lucidity is hopelessly lost in the incoherent exploration of sensations.

In the last sentence is embedded a little essay on style which many modern novelists might ponder on.

ALTER BRODY

Soviet Justice

The Case of N. P. Vitvitsky et al. Charged with Wrecking Activities at Power Stations in the Soviet Union. Heard Before the Special Session of the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R. in Moscow, April 12-19, 1933. Translation of the Official Verbatim Report. Moscow: State Law Publishing House. 3 volumes. (Available in New York at Amkniga. \$2.50.)

THE case of six British engineers who, together with a number of Russians, were tried in the Soviet Union last April on charges of espionage, bribery, and "wrecking" of the Soviet electrical industry, caused a sensation in Great Britain, and led to a British embargo on Soviet goods which was not lifted until July 1, when the two Britishers who had received prison sentences were released by the Soviet Government. The controversy which has since raged in Western countries regarding the treatment of foreign experts in the Soviet Union makes the publication of the verbatim report of the trial particularly timely. From this bare record of the prosecutor's pointed and often caustic questions, and the defendants' abject or impassioned answers, emerges an absorbing drama in which individual ambitions, prejudices, and grievances are inextricably intertwined with the gigantic task of socialist construction.

Before us come Russian technicians who held responsible posts in various power plants and who, by their own admission, had once served in the White armies and had always nurtured hostility toward the Soviet regime. Here also are British engineers, employees of the Metropolitan-Vickers Company, a British concern dealing in the manufacture and installation of electrical machinery which has been operating in the Soviet Union for more than ten years. Of these, two—Allan Monkhouse, manager of the Moscow office, and William Thornton, chief engineer—had worked in Russia before the revolution; and Monkhouse had served in the British expeditionary forces at Archangel—a fact which the prosecutor did not fail to stress. Finally, in the midst of these technicians, is the capable Russian secretary, Kutuzova, who was on "intimate terms" with both Monkhouse and Thornton, but who vehemently denied that she could be bought "for perfumes, face powder, and face cream."

The Russian defendants vied in denouncing the Britishers as instigators of a plot to damage the Soviet electrical industry, with a view to weakening the defenses of the Soviet Union in case of war or intervention. That the British engineers, with the possible exception of Nordwall, who had been decorated for shock-brigade work, were not primarily interested in the success of the Five-Year Plan needs no demonstration. The trial also reveals that they bribed some Soviet employees to conceal defects in Metropolitan-Vickers machinery and extended personal favors to others. Nor is there any reasonable doubt that Thornton and MacDonald, at least, collected information regarding the political and economic situation of the Soviet Union, as well as concerning production in armament and other industries served by the power plants in which they installed machinery. Did the Britishers, however, deliberately seek to undermine the economic and military position of the Soviet Union? Was the information they collected merely used, as Monkhouse asserted, to enlighten the directors of the Metropolitan-Vickers Company, which had extended large credits to the Soviet Government, or was it used in such a way as to strengthen the position of anti-Soviet elements in case of intervention? On the face of it, it is rather difficult to believe that foreign engineers would purposely damage machinery they had installed in Soviet factories, even if the responsibility for such damage might for a time be concealed by systematic bribing. Some of the "wrecking" incidents described during the trial, moreover, might easily result from negligence or inexperience on the part of Soviet workers. What is not inconceivable is that some of the information furnished by Monkhouse and Thornton on periodic visits to London might prove of interest to British armament manufacturers and to enemies of the Soviet Union in Great Britain.

The principal difficulty in reaching a clear-cut conclusion regarding the activities of the British engineers is that the case against them was based in large part on pretrial confessions by both British and Russian defendants. In these confessions Thornton made sensational revelations regarding a British espionage organization directed by Richards, export manager of the Metropolitan-Vickers Company and alleged to be a member of the British Intelligence Service, while MacDonald gave elaborate details regarding various "wrecking" operations which he had instigated. At the trial Thornton repudiated his confessions on the ground that they had been extracted under "moral pressure." Questioned by the prosecutor, he admitted that no third-degree methods had been applied, but that he had been frightened, tired, and "brow-beaten," and had been told that if he made a clean breast of it "all would be well." The prosecutor and the president of the court castigated Thornton for his moral cowardice, and clearly regarded him as the most despicable of the British defendants. Thornton's disclosures, however, were relatively dignified when compared with the self-

lacerations of the Russian defendants who, with Dostoevskian gusto, literally wallowed in their admissions of guilt, and swore that, if their lives were spared by the court, they would expiate their crimes by lifelong devotion to the Soviet state.

For the lawyer this report offers invaluable material regarding Soviet legal procedure. As has already been indicated, the prosecution made extensive use of the defendant's pretrial testimony during the trial. The Russians were more eager to furnish the details of their crimes than to defend themselves. The defense of the Britishers was curiously inadequate; although all of them except MacDonald were at liberty throughout the trial, and presumably could call on the British Embassy for advice, they showed little cooperation in disputing the charges of the prosecution. It must be admitted that they were not materially aided by the defending lawyers, chosen, according to Soviet practice, from the Soviet "college of advocates," one of whom freely confessed that his clients were charged with "heinous" crimes, and that the plea he could make for them was "very limited." Allowing, however, for the fact that the basic concepts of Soviet law and legal procedure differ fundamentally from those of Great Britain, there appears to have been no denial of justice according to accepted international law. The climax of the trial was the speech of the prosecutor, Vishinsky, in which he pointed out that, while the Ramzin trial of 1931 had involved men of real caliber, the Russian engineers who figured in the present case were "second-class wreckers," the "dregs of the technical intelligentsia," from whom the Soviet Union had nothing to fear. The trial, he said, had above all demonstrated "the utter hopelessness of any attempt to hold up the victorious progress of our proletarian revolution." His conclusion, which the court corroborated by an unexpectedly mild verdict, was that the Soviet state is now strong enough to be merciful toward such "insignificant enemies."

VERA MICHELES DEAN

Twenty Years' Romancing

Twenty Years A-Growing. By Maurice O'Sullivan. With a Foreword by E. M. Forster. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

THIS work, which has been excellently translated from the Irish by Moya Llewelyn Davies and George Thomson, is an account of primitive life in the West of Ireland. The author hails from Great Blasket, the last inhabited island of the group of that name, which lies off the extreme southwestern coast of Kerry. The dwindling population and the anachronistic conditions which he describes are obviously doomed there as elsewhere in Ireland. He himself leaves the Island, and his destination, as usual, is America. He describes an "American wake," and shows how he was persuaded by one of the translators to remain in Ireland, instead of following that old Blasket custom of going to New York. The value of the book, therefore, is that of a record in which—to quote the translators—"the language, like the life, is largely medieval." In order to preserve the flavor of that language in English, the Anglo-Irish idiom perfected by Douglas Hyde, Lady Gregory, and J. M. Synge has been employed. Those familiar with "The Love Songs of Connacht," "Cuchulain of Muirthemne," and "The Playboy of the Western World" will be prepared to appreciate the style of this translation.

Of the book itself, apart from quaintness of idiom, the translators have said all there is to be said in their preface: "This book is the story of one of the Islanders, written by himself for his own pleasure and for the entertainment of his friends. In the first part of the book, he gives an account of his childhood in the Island; in the second, he goes on to describe how he left his native place and went to Dublin in order to

join the Civic Guard, the new Irish police force. It is the first translation into English of a genuine account of the life of the Irish peasants written by one of themselves, as distinct from what has been written about them by the poets and dramatists of the Anglo-Irish school."

To an Irish reader the book suggests a number of reflections which (naturally) have not occurred to Mr. Forster in his lyrical preface nor to the English and American reviewers who have hailed it with vast enthusiasm. In the first place, one is struck by the fact that throughout the entire book no hint is given that the author has lived in a part of the world where rain, dampness, and depression are more than ordinarily the portion of the natives. In the second, one would imagine that Synge had never written "The Aran Islands," and that existence on an Irish-speaking island was now being revealed to the world for the first time—that is, according to the encomiasts. Mr. O'Sullivan's Blasket might be the setting of a Hollywood South Seas idyll for all the book tries to convey of the laborious and melancholy realities of life in the West of Ireland. The much-abused Anglo-Irish school of literature drove out the stage Irishman, but the cult of peasant speech and folklore has saddled poor Ireland with another myth: the charm of life without sanitation, adequate food, and decent housing.

Sympathetic officials who spoke but little, and perhaps knew nothing, of the delights and subtleties of the Irish language, its oral verse and story-telling, saw the actual conditions under which the Gaeltacht lived. For example: "In one room, eleven feet by seven feet, was a family of five. In the other room of the hovel, a family of seven, a loom, a pig, a cow, a donkey, a bed, a spinning-wheel and a cradle. It is beyond belief. And every soul is a gentleman or a lady who entertains you with wit and pathos." Such are the facts which are always omitted in these accounts of the last glories of the Gael.

There also seems to be the impression that Mr. O'Sullivan is unique in being a vivid and graphic writer in Irish. A less deliberately romantic story-teller, a realist full of imagination and humor was Padraic O'Conaire. Two of his books were translated into English, but without success, so far as the reviewers were concerned. Possibly because he would never have worked in all the vaudeville wheezes which the ingenuous Mr. O'Sullivan employs in describing his train trip to Dublin and his first experiences of the Big City. O'Conaire and Mr. O'Sullivan have, however, one point in common: they could never please the pious fanatics who claim to be the sole champions of the Gael. The Publications Department of the Free State Ministry of Education did not find Mr. O'Sullivan's book saccharine enough to publish it in Irish, despite the loudly professed enthusiasm for the language. That task, it so happens, was performed in Dublin by the publisher of Padraic O'Conaire.

ERNEST BOYD

Toward World Suicide?

International Politics: An Introduction to the Western State System. By Frederick L. Schuman. McGraw-Hill Book Company. \$4.

PROFESSOR SCHUMAN'S latest book is a long one. Yet it deals with subjects of such magnitude and complexity that, for all its 853 pages, the reader is constantly warned, and perhaps tantalized and wearied, by the author's refrain that the matter is too vast for the space at his command. As one of the tantalized rather than wearied readers, I agree with him, and wish he had made more room for the elaboration of his major themes by eliminating much tedious description of international "forms," such as treaty rights, laws of war, consular offices, state departments, and other diplomatic apparatus.

For the main theme of the book, though nowise novel, is of tragic pertinence; and its treatment is vigorous and gripping. We cannot be told too often or too well that our Western civilization stands on the brink of disaster; that the disaster is bound to follow another world war or series of wars; that these wars are almost inevitable as a consequence of our patriotism and economic nationalism; and that nationalism in politics and economics, though not derived from capitalism, is, under our profit-system, the natural form given to the inborn human greed for power. Professor Schuman prefers to work out the ominous formula in the reverse and historically more logical order. And he supports each clause with a wealth of examples which explain its particular origin and illustrate its probable consequences. The book is at once history, economics, and sociology, all in their bearing on the panorama of international politics.

From the days of Ur of Chaldea, these politics have been a game of power. Throughout antiquity city-states were merged or dragooned into kingdoms, and kingdoms into empires, and empires swept away, by this lust for dominion. Nations in the modern sense arose from the clash of power between the European peoples as they emerged from feudalism into cohesive independent polities. England was born at Crécy, France at Orléans, Spain at Granada, Germany at Sedan—or similar fields of battle. And much as Christianity became the religious expression of feudal Europe, patriotism—which Professor Schuman neatly defines as “ancestor-worship and territorial fetishism”—has become the religion of the modern capitalist world. Just as the old religion furnished war-cries in the way of saints and dogmas whereby the former ruling classes, lords, dukes, and kings, whipped their underlings into war in order to enrich themselves, so our modern religion with its slogans of “flag” and “country” serve the present dominant middle classes for their proposed, if not always evident, enrichment.

Meanwhile the various states have remained what they have always been since the fall of Rome, the last world-empire: “geographically separate communities free to bargain, trade, and fight with one another.” Put more briefly, the Western state system is “international anarchy,” precisely as the prevalent business system is “economic anarchy.” In world politics this anarchy has been given some measure and control by the gradual emergence of recognized rules for negotiating peace, war, and other bargains, and by keeping a balance of power between the states which prevents the absolute hegemony and empire of any one or group of them.

These checks worked decently enough until the rise of machine industry and its capitalistic exploitation. Although, hitherto, the nations might seek an increase of power—according to their age-old wont—through territorial raids and colonial expansion, the casualties in the game were comparatively low and the profits not unduly high. But industrialism, under capitalism, has enormously increased the booty to be gained in the play for power. And the tools it has devised to increase this power and booty, when applied to war as a means of winning them, now threaten to destroy the world. Neither winners nor losers can afford another world war.

Yet how can it be prevented? Professor Schuman is bluntly factual in appraising the means which are currently proposed. The last war has changed nothing fundamentally so far as the game of “international anarchy” goes. It has merely substituted a French hegemony in Europe for a German hegemony. And where previously the French sought revenge and the Russians expansion, now Germany seeks revenge and Italy “a place in the sun.” Elsewhere, most of the nations of the world are suffering as before, either from the discontent at being exploited by a stronger power or from the itch to exploit a weaker one. The truly pacific nations are, as usual, either insignificant or momentarily occupied with internal troubles. The total pattern remains the same.

Diplomacy cannot avert war, Professor Schuman plainly shows, for war is itself one of diplomacy’s integral weapons. Arbitration treaties and peace pacts cannot avail in the future any more than they have in the past, because they do not touch the causes of war. At best, they amount to a truce. The hope of uprooting the religion of patriotism without first uprooting its patron, capitalism, is absurd on the face of it. And capitalism, especially when it assumes the form of economic nationalism and fascism—and the pressure of its own mismanagement and lust is driving it ever farther along that road—cannot be uprooted except at the price of the very war we are seeking to avoid.

Finally, that hope of sentimentalists, the League of Nations, is shown to be floundering in a hopeless dilemma so far as the ultimate preservation of peace is concerned. “If the League does not uphold the existing status quo, it will become worthless to its founders, who will then abandon it. If it does seek to perpetuate that status quo, it will be worthless to all the revisionist states of the world, which will sooner or later resort to force, and destroy the League in the process.”

Perhaps one hope remains—the triumph of communism, which, as we may guess though not absolutely count on from the example of Russia, would destroy the basis of patriotism by destroying the middle classes and their profit motives. But this is a faint hope, which assumes either that communism can capture the imagination and allegiance of the world before our catastrophic war breaks loose, or else, once a world war is declared, that it can seize effective power before irrevocable damage is done.

Some quaint comfort—disregarded by Professor Schuman—may be extracted as well from the logic of economic nationalism, which if carried to the limit would completely isolate the nations—turning each of them into an eighteenth-century Japan; and banish the dogs of war by chaining each one, growling, gnawing, and otherwise relieving himself, in his own kennel.

But Professor Schuman’s book, I should hasten to add, is no prophecy; and only in the final few pages does he reluctantly assume the role of a seer. On the contrary, it is an extensive factual description of things as they are, marred by few inevitable errors. And it is because it deals with the realities—and not the dreams or aspirations—of today, that it makes the outlook seem so gloomy for the morrow.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

The Animal Sense

Pure and the Impure. By Colette. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

READING Colette, it is not difficult to understand why nature, especially human nature, can be seen as a skein of the animal senses. The opposing concept, the classic view of life, seeks to establish nature as a pattern of reason, whether mathematical or organic. Colette’s invariable theme is: nature, man, and animal are identical. She is primarily the artist of profound and subtle sensations translated into a medium that is a strict expression of what the eye beholds and the hand touches. Even her landscapes are animal in the sense that they are reflected in her style as sensory and ever in instinctive motion. Always in her work there is a longing, as she says somewhere, “to possess the wonders of the earth with my eye.” Her women and her cats are interchangeable; her men can be scarcely told apart except for their oddities of physical make-up. And yet, although she is outstandingly a poet of voluptuousness, she uses no vulgar tricks to bring off her effects.

In this she resembles somewhat D. H. Lawrence, who was also obsessed with man’s diffusive identity with nature. Neither Lawrence nor Colette, however, quite escapes the romantic sys-

tem contrived by Rousseau; both eke out what they miss in romanticism by drawing exhaustively on their childhood experiences and memories. In her early books, in "Cheri" and "Claudine," and in her animal dialogues, Colette, steeped in her peculiar sense-mirror of nature, gives us a childlike and frequently "savage" poetry of the senses. But, since she is a modern, she has been unable to compel her talent to walk at all times in its earlier path. The delicate shadings of her own style, so vivid and tactile, have now seduced her to the limbo of half-whispers and overtones in dealing with sex. In Colette's case, surely, this marks a kind of decadence.

This decadence is fully spread out for the reader in her present book. I do not call it decadence because her theme happens to be wayward love. After all, many writers have dealt understandingly with pervers, inverts, and what Colette herself calls ternary harmony. Colette's error in her present book, a chronicle of her experiences in the shadowy border-world of Paris where drug fiends, wastrels, and homosexuals hold their traffic, is that she felt the need to abandon her explicit early style and take refuge in innuendo. Even her spinning of paradoxical analysis around her Sapphos and queer Don Juans is not without sophistry. Her talent is, above all, sensual and direct; this gift of hers, although it may sound contradictory to say so, is almost classic in its translucency. It is a pity that she has for the present abandoned it. Gide and Proust are masters of psychological description. We ask for no manifestation of outward sensuality in their Edouards and Barons de Charlus. The reader enjoys groping his way among their paradoxes and epigrams, but these selfsame epigrams in Colette are rather tiresome. They reveal next to nothing. One character in the book, Charlotte, a plump, blonde, unknown woman emotionally chained to a handsome and perverted invalid, betrays Colette's old superb power—power with delicacy, as it may be found in "Cheri" and "Claudine." It is regrettable that she has not seen fit to turn her book into Charlotte's story rather than a case-book of erratic sexual expression.

Dr. Joseph Collins, in his introduction, tries his best to condone, but all he can do is to lapse into a literary *gaffe* past belief. "I think," he writes, "it was Job who said 'God does things past finding out.'" The translation, too, is unsatisfactory. It is so literal in a number of places that the meaning of the author tends to elude the reader.

PIERRE LOVING

Shorter Notices

Venetian Blinds. By Ethel Mannin. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

In a prefatory note to this novel of outer London's mean streets, and the ordinary people who live in them, Miss Mannin disclaims any intention of writing about actual people, and explains that "there are thousands of Stephen Pendricks struggling up from a house-in-a-row to a semi-detached villa; thousands of lonely old Mrs. Crabbes living alone with their dogs; thousands of unhappily married young Mrs. Mords in love with their lodgers," and so on. Perhaps this austere intention to document only the typical and mediocre may account for the automatism with which her characters seem to move, and the reader's ultimate conviction of the futility of this form of documentation. Miss Mannin writes exceedingly well. She achieves vigor and poetry in her style without affectation, and she is able to convey character in convincing detail. And yet, for all its expertness and sincerity, the novel is disappointing. It belongs to that current school of attenuated naturalism which is without passionate motivation, which trades on the sole truth that mediocrity is legion. But this truth is common knowledge by now, and if one takes the trouble to amplify it in a novel

something must be added to it. As in Hans Fallada's novel, there must be some attempt to discover the meaning of this mediocrity; it must be made significant, even, in a sense, heroic.

Carr. By Phyllis Bentley. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

A novel cast in the form of a biography of its central character, "Carr" deals with the same locale as Miss Bentley's "Inheritance"—a mill town in the West Riding of Yorkshire; only here the emphasis is on the individuals, rather than on the drama of the rise of the machine in England. In this imaginary biography, the life of Philip Joseph Carr, covering the years from 1854 to 1927, is recounted by his granddaughter, the imaginary biographer who claims that her sources of information are Carr's letters, various notes and diaries, the *Hudley News*, oral tradition, and so on. It is an altogether delightful performance. The whole biography is written in a light vein, in a style that is an excellent adaptation of Victorian prose. Miss Bentley uses an idiom that seems to be the authentic speech of her characters, and she deals with their loves and hates with just that touch of sly humor that conveys her affectionate indulgence of their Victorian foibles. The prefaces, footnotes, and appendices add a piquant dash of scholarship.

Renascent India: from Ram Mohan Roy to Mohandas Gandhi.

By H. C. Zacharias. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.25.

The purpose of this book is to explain why there is a conflict in India today between Indian nationalism and British imperialism, and to tell what the course of it has been. It does not really deal with "Renascent India" except as that country is renascent politically, and partly as it is renascent socially, religiously, and educationally. Literature, art, and many other

At last • THE TRUTH

THE UNTRIED CASE:

The Sacco-Vanzetti Case and the Morelli Gang

By HERBERT B. EHRLMANN

Counsel, with William G. Thompson, for Sacco and Vanzetti, 1926-1927

This book tells who committed the crime for which Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were executed.

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aspects of the Indian renaissance are outside the author's purview. It is a first-rate presentation of the political situation in India as it appears to a nationalist, almost the one book in the decade on that subject with a similar motivation that deserves any serious consideration. Although it is propagandist in effect and interprets the political history of British and Indian relations during the past century from the nationalist point of view, it is careful in assembling facts to seek for accuracy and does not indulge in epithets or harangues. It is easily read by one with an Indian background, but would perhaps be a bit difficult for a reader having no previous acquaintance with the subject. India is very different today from India a hundred years ago, when Ram Mohan Roy was the outstanding reformer, and the specific aims of Ram Mohan Roy and Mahatma Gandhi, while often similar, seek fulfilment by different means. Dr. Zacharias discusses the change at length; in brief the reason is that a hundred years ago forward-looking Indians had confidence in Britain; even fifty years ago they still had it; today most of India's thoughtful patriots have little, if any, of that confidence. Nevertheless Dr. Zacharias believes that it is still possible to work out terms agreeable and profitable to both parties, according to which India and Britain may maintain their association.

India-Burma. Laymen's Foreign Missions Inquiry. Two volumes. Regional Reports: Volume 1, Supplementary Series, Part I. Fact-Finders' Reports: Volume IV, Supplementary Series, Part 2. Edited by Orville A. Petty. Harper and Brothers. \$1.50 per volume.

These two volumes constitute supplementary matter to the general report of the Laymen's Foreign Missions Inquiry "Re-Thinking Missions." The first volume contains a report on different departments of mission work in India and recommendations for the future program; the second volume contains summaries by competent investigators of facts presented to the committee of appraisal. The tone of the two volumes is generally realistic and scholarly, and that of the fact-finders may be considered an authoritative survey of the status of missions, especially Protestant American missions, of India today. There is a tendency in these volumes to emphasize, more than ever in the past, the sociological aspects of missionary work, and the first two subjects considered are those of agriculture and village life and missions and industry; the second longest article is Miss Woodsmall's on women's interests and activities. A reading of these will repay those interested in these subjects independently of missions. The outlook for Christianizing India seems problematic, even with the application of such tactful and sweetly reasonable methods as those proposed in this report.

An Authenticated Contemporary Portrait of Shakespeare. By Tracy Kingman. William Edwin Rudge. \$5.

The affidavits by experts of which this handsome volume is largely composed do not prove what Mr. Kingman wants to prove—namely, that the portrait of two men playing chess, which Colonel Ezra Miller of New Jersey bought in 1878 and which now belongs to Frank de Heyman, Jr., is an authentic, contemporary, and from-the-life portrait of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. If it were any of these things it would be unique and priceless; but most of Mr. Kingman's "proof" is based upon a resemblance between the head of "Shakespeare" here and the Kesselstadt death mask—which, contrary to Mr. Kingman's claim, has not been generally accepted either as a death mask at all or as a likeness of Shakespeare. Then there is testimony to the effect that the canvas beneath the paint is early seventeenth-century canvas. This in all likelihood is true; but many an old painting has been "restored" for a purpose, and this may be such a one. Our desire to know what Shakespeare looked like, obviously unsatisfied by the Stratford bust and the Droeshout engraving, has filled the world with spurious countenances purporting to be his. Mr. Kingman's uncritical monograph will not convince the wary that here at last is the genuine face.

The March of Democracy. Volume II. By James Truslow Adams. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

There is no change of method in Mr. Adams's second volume, but the method benefits by the increasing predominance of national issues of large character from the Civil War onward. The main divisions of the narrative are obvious—the Civil War, reconstruction, the new era of industrial development that merged shortly with a new imperialism, political reform and the Progressive movement, the Wilson regime and the World War, and the calamitous years that have been war's heritage. Interspersed with these political matters is a good deal of miscellaneous but useful information about changes in social habits and economic conditions, the course of literature and science, and the intellectual and moral interests of classes and masses. As in the previous volume, counsel is mixed with history, and we learn something of what Mr. Adams thinks of American political methods at various times and of changes which he would like to see, but his criticisms, although usually of the nature of asides, are timely and his estimates of political leaders just. What is said of the "mad decade" that followed the World War, while necessarily brief, will do little to enhance respect for either Harding, Coolidge, or Mr. Hoover. The more than 250 illustrations merit high praise for their variety and appropriateness.

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THE HERCULEAN EFFORTS of Hugh S. Johnson and his associates during the past week have resulted in a large collection of completed codes, chief among them those covering the steel, oil, and lumber industries. A coal code still hangs in the offing as we go to press, but it is certain that, like the codes mentioned above, its final terms will exclude any specific provisions for company unions or any other reservations or provisos affecting the labor guaranties included in the recovery act. This is greatly to the credit of Mr. Johnson and the deputy administrators. The determination of the steel and coal magnates to write their own labor plans into the codes was strongly asserted; they had even supplied themselves with legal rationalizations designed to make their wishes conform with the provisions of the law. But Donald Richberg, counsel for the Recovery Administration, firmly excluded any company-union schemes, however worded, and the administration is standing pat upon the unqualified guaranty of labor's right to organize, to bargain collectively, and to refuse to join company unions. This stand will undoubtedly have the effect not of solving the issue of unionization but of throwing it back into the industry to be fought out through strikes or before the medi-

ation boards set up as a part of the recovery machine. Certainly the steel owners do not consider the matter settled; when they agreed to withdraw the company-union clause from the steel code they announced openly that they would continue to operate under the employee-representation plan described in the deleted clause. Similarly the non-union coal operators may be counted upon to fight the union in the field if they are not permitted to rule it out in the code. Labor's war for recognition under the recovery act has not even begun; but the power of the employers to punish workers for joining independent unions has been definitely and legally denied. The next moves are up to labor itself.

ON THE WHOLE the steel code, while an improvement over the draft originally submitted by the industry, is a disappointing document, especially if read in the light of the criticism made by Frances Perkins at the time of the first hearings. Secretary Perkins proposed that the provisions against the spying by one company upon another be extended to prohibit the use of labor spies; but in the accepted code the original clause remains unchanged. The forty-hour week is established, but is hedged about with so many reservations that it cannot possibly be enforced without further government intervention. Child labor is abolished, although the phrase "none . . . shall knowingly employ" any person under sixteen leaves an unfortunate loophole for evasion—and one to which Miss Perkins strongly objected in her criticism of the draft code. The wage scales were not given in the texts of the code available in the newspapers, but a summary published by the Federated Press quotes rates from 25 cents an hour in the Southern district to 40 cents in the district comprising Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo, Chicago, and Colorado. This scale again runs directly counter to Miss Perkins's recommendations. She urged a weekly rather than an hourly rate and a higher minimum, especially in the South. According to a statement issued by Hugh S. Johnson, "minimum wages . . . are estimated to exceed an average of 40 cents an hour. (This results from the fact that higher minimum wages than those fixed in the code are paid to large groups of common labor.)" This statement, published without any accompanying figures, is certainly misleading. A minimum wage rate is the lowest paid in a plant or an industry and is not to be arrived at by lumping the rates for various grades of common labor and getting an average wage. A 15 per cent increase is promised for workers who were receiving on July 14 more than the common-labor rate, provided this increase does not raise wages above those paid by other mills in the same district for "substantially the same class of labor." To achieve any measure of government control over steel is a cause for congratulation; and conditions will doubtless be improved by the standards set in the accepted code, low as they appear. But those who hoped that the enlightened views of Frances Perkins would have serious effect on the final agreements on wages and working conditions between the National Recovery Administration and one of the most important basic industries must be sorely disappointed.

THE ACID TEST of the NRA will be its effects upon employment and total wage payments; but this test will not be applicable with reasonable fairness at least until the August and September figures have been published. Meanwhile the figures for July, though influenced largely by the price rise resulting from the depreciated dollar and by the general recovery that began in March, and only in part determined by the new program (the first of the codes, that applying to cotton textiles, did not go into effect until July 17), are promising as far as they go. Employment in July, according to the official figures, rose 7.2 per cent. While the extent of this increase is hardly remarkable in itself, it must be remembered that July, owing to summer shutdowns and layoffs, is normally a month of declining employment. The Department of Labor estimates that 400,000 factory employees returned to work in July, and that in four months there has been a total reemployment of 1,100,000. How far we have still to go before we can return to the conditions even of 1926 we realize when we find that even at the end of July only sixty-seven men were working in factories for every hundred employed there in 1926, while total factory wage disbursements in July were running at a rate of only 46 per cent of that in 1926. Another factor which must not be overlooked is the relation of rising wage payments to rising prices. While factory pay rolls increased 7.9 per cent in July, food prices throughout the country increased by 8.3 per cent. It must not be assumed from this that higher living costs more than offset even the minor payroll gains made by labor in July, for food is only one element—usually estimated at about one-third—in the total cost of living. But it is obvious that such figures must be watched as carefully as those of the direct payment of wages, if we are to have any true index of the progress of labor in terms of welfare.

By a single stroke the President has revolutionized the economic world that was crumbling and its fragments crashing down upon the defenseless heads of employer, worker, and consumer alike. . . . Our frayed and worn economic system had come to a point where it was infringing on the basic constitutional rights of American citizens—namely, the right to earn their bread by the sweat of their labor and the right to earn enough, not for a bare living, but to engage in the pursuit of happiness which is guaranteed in our basic laws.

WHO UTTERED these dangerously radical sentiments to the students of New York University the other day? We suppose that our readers will guess that it was some dyed-in-the-wool Communist, some very radical Socialist. Not at all. These sentiments came from no less a person than Grover Whalen, lately head of the New York police and now chairman of the New York City Emergency Reemployment Committee, a branch of the National Recovery Administration. Yes, these words came from the mouth of the very man who a few years ago was allowing his police to assail and break up the meetings of those "dangerous reds" whose sentiments were on all fours with those now being uttered by the same head of the police. Had Mr. Whalen said these things on the streets of New York in 1929 or 1930 he would have been run into jail or beaten up by one of his own Red Squad. We know of nothing funnier than this spectacle of the erstwhile defender of the homes of New

York speaking the language of Socialists and social uplifters. Nor could we think of any happening which would more clearly illustrate the revolution that is taking place in the minds of some of the leaders of our recent era of rugged individualism.

IN HIS LETTER of resignation from the Consumers' Advisory Board, Professor William F. Ogburn has made recommendations that the Administration cannot afford to ignore. Once the first phase of the NRA has passed, he insists, increasing protection must be given to the consumer. This protection cannot be provided by mere ballyhoo but must rest on the development of careful indexes of prices and of purchasing power. In order to administer the codes without injury to the consumer, a very full reporting service must be provided for in the codes, and provisions for such a service are missing from many of them. There can be no doubt that the tendency of the NRA is toward greater consolidation of industry—that is, toward a closer approach to monopolistic conditions—and this condition can only be offset by increasing governmental supervision in the consumer's interests. The German experience with cartels, Professor Ogburn points out, only emphasizes the need for this type of supervision.

THE TENDER-HEARTED NAZIS, pausing in the midst of their pogroms, and the belaboring of interned political dissenters with *Gummiknüttel* and *Stahlruten*, have decreed an end to vivisection in the Reich. As if German medicine had not already received a severe blow at their hands in the recent rule prohibiting many of the foremost practitioners in internal medicine, gynecology, ophthalmology, and other specialties from receiving patients from "Aryan" colleagues, or giving their services in the public hospitals! The great conquests of disease have been achieved chiefly through animal experimentation and would have been impossible without it. Banting's discovery of insulin and the consequent control of diabetes came as the result of experiments with dogs. Schick's antitoxin for diphtheria and the serums to be developed in the attempt to immunize against other microbic infections require the use of living mammals. Indeed, progress in medical research is unthinkable without animals. The dwindling custom of young American physicians—those who could afford it—of spending a postgraduate year in attendance at the clinics of the great German specialists will by this latest Nazi decree receive its death-blow.

IT WAS a foregone conclusion that the paltry reduction of 6 per cent in electric rates in New York City ordered by the Public Service Commission on August 21 would be contested in the courts by the power companies involved. Jerome Count predicted as much in his article in *The Nation* of last week. But only such a patriotic wizard as George B. Cortelyou could have discovered that the order was "shocking" and "entirely contrary to the spirit and purpose of the great recovery program undertaken by the President of the United States." The same sort of wizardry is apparent in the following series of events: On May 1 the New York utilities inaugurated the forty-hour week and cut wages from $8\frac{1}{3}$ to $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent "to aid unemployment." This is commonly known as the "share-the-misery" plan. When the

Blue Eagle campaign opened, on the basis of a thirty-five to forty-hour week, the representatives of the utilities rushed to Washington to ask for a forty-eight-hour code. But now, in terms of outraged patriotism, they assert that they cannot grant the 6 per cent rate reduction, in spite of the mountain of surplus profits at their back door, and still carry out their NRA pledge. The companies will therefore point out to the commission the "impropriety" of its order and ask for its reversal in the name of President Roosevelt and national recovery. It is an up-to-the-minute variation of an old trick. The usual procedure of an appeal to the courts will no doubt be invoked if the new method is not successful. And Wall Street for one, is evidently sure from long experience that one or the other or both will work. When the order for reduction was announced, Consolidated Gas common closed five-eighths of a point higher and its preferred stock and bonds held their previous gains, except that one bond issue advanced another half-point. Meanwhile the consumer will receive one more lesson in the futility of public-service commissions as a means of reducing his light bills.

A GREAT SHIP is a great ship, no matter to whom it belongs. We might prefer to see the transatlantic speed pennant flown along with some other flag than that of Fascist Italy, but we are not disposed on that account to deny any glory to the liner *Rex* for her magnificent run from Gibraltar to New York in 4 days, 13 hours, 58 minutes, in the course of which she made the highest average speed per hour, 28.92 knots, and the highest average speed per hour for a single day, 29.61 knots, ever attained by a commercial steamship. There is this solace, too, that although we are not over-devoted to the Black Shirts, we are still less enthusiastic about the Brown Shirts, and we can tolerate the sight of almost anybody snatching the pennant from the company flying the swastika flag of the Nazis. The veteran *Mauretania* has crossed the Atlantic in less actual time than the *Rex*, but over the shorter course between New York and Queenstown and at less speed. The *Rex* has bettered the records of both the *Bremen* and the *Europa*, but it is unlikely that either of those ships has yet been pushed to the limit, so we may witness some strenuous pennant races in the next year. It should be said, though, that the pursuit of the transatlantic speed pennant is no longer on the almost strictly commercial basis that it was during the many years when honors were held by the Cunard Line. Although called commercial ships, neither the North German Lloyd fliers nor the new Italian liners are quite that, as all are heavily subsidized by their respective governments in the interest of national prestige. The *Rex* and the *Conte di Savoia* were built to make money if possible, but in any event to bring renown to Italy. Even so, the exploit is not to be belittled. It takes supreme skill and high courage to go after ocean speed records in these days. The best knowledge must go into constructing the hull and propelling machinery, valuable space must be sacrificed, and staggering costs for fuel must be faced. It is contemplation of all this that has led the French Line to postpone putting into service until 1935 its new steamship, originally planned for next year. The *Normandie*, of 70,000 gross tons, is not only the world's largest ship but it is hoped she may prove the fleetest. To put upon the ocean this super whale in a time of world depression would daunt even the most dauntless.

Fünfergruppen

IT was inconceivable that the 13,000,000 Socialists and Communists among Germany's 62,000,000 people should submit without a struggle to the brutal domination of Hitler's brown terror. An article by Ernst Henri in the London *New Statesman and Nation* of August 5 describes with convincing detail the organization and method by which a subterranean revolutionary movement is being conducted in Germany, designed to bring down that "national revolution" of cowards with clubs which now prevails. The German organization is based upon revolutionary cells, this time known as *Fünfergruppen*, or groups of five. According to Mr. Henri, they are systematically at work in almost every large factory, in all the cities, and even within the ranks of the Nazi storm troops. Their handiwork appears directly in the anti-fascist handbills circulating almost daily in the larger cities, and in secretly printed factory leaflets which appear with such persistence that Nazi newspapers have lately begun to demand counter-measures against them.

The whole fronts of houses in the working-class areas [writes Mr. Henri] are covered with revolutionary slogans in paint which is difficult to wash off. The Nazis have caught dozens of people, especially youths, at this job and have sent them to concentration camps or penitentiaries (the average punishment for such acts . . . has been . . . raised from six months' to eighteen months' imprisonment; but the walls of the houses . . . continue their protest.

The Groups of Five, which honeycomb the whole of German industry, are not known to one another, which makes them extremely difficult to trace, but they are coordinated from above. The various cells in each town or industrial unit are directed by a "subdistrict committee" consisting of a few experienced revolutionaries; and contact is maintained by a revolutionary "workshop inspector" who is the object of a constant Nazi man hunt. He is seldom discovered. When he is, a substitute is always found, so deep is the anti-Nazi feeling among class-conscious workers.

The indirect effects of these groups are much the more important. For the old trade union the Nazis have substituted the National Socialist Workshop Organization (N. S. B. O.), to which every worker is supposed to belong—including the revolutionary Groups of Five. And the Group of Five, Mr. Henri points out, often becomes the most active element inside the N.S.B.O. The settlement of wage rates and of other relationships with employers is in the hands of the N.S.B.O. And the Nazis cannot with grace object if the N.S.B.O. in any particular factory asks for increased wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions in the name of National Socialism and Hitler's promises before he came to power. As a result, many scheduled wage reductions have been postponed, employers are protesting to Hitler, and the Chancellor himself has come into conflict with his own followers among the workers and has even dissolved some of the N.S.B.O. organizations as being "tainted with Marxism."

How persistent the organization will be or whether it can succeed, no one can tell. But it has its basis in a working-class movement millions strong; and the pressure of economic problems which Hitler shows no evidence of being able to solve is on its side.

On Helping the Government

In its own interest, the Administration ought to be cautious in stirring up the passions, the resentment, and the hostilities that a boycott would engender, for the atmosphere so created is the very one most inimical to the industrial peace that the Administration so ardently desires at the present time. Once a hysteria has been created, it cannot readily be controlled. . . . At the present time the nation is solidly in favor of the fundamental purposes of the NRA. Its directors should take pains that popular backing is not destroyed in a wave of resentment that might break all bounds.

WE have taken these words from an admirable editorial in the *Hartford Courant* because it not only tells the truth but presents its criticism of the administration of the National Recovery Act in so excellent a tone. We also reprint it to show that criticism is continuing, for we are still of the opinion that no friend of the Administration and the purposes for which it is battling can render any greater service today than to criticize where criticism is due. Nothing, we believe, could be worse for the President, and the threatening General who heads the Recovery Administration, than to have all criticism suddenly stilled for any reason, whether on the alleged ground of patriotism, or of "an emergency similar to war time," or because of any other excuse. Hence we are not moved by admonitions such as the one we have received from a friendly California editor, who insists that all liberals should be so grateful for Mr. Roosevelt's move toward the left and for his liberal advisers that they should all be "standing around him with hats off" and "not be barking at him."

Evidently this editor feels that all those who criticize will lose their influence. Well, that is not the point in question. The only issue is whether liberals, when they see dangerous mistakes being made, should say so publicly or not. If ever the vigilance of the press was essential to the preservation of American liberties, it seems to us that the present, next to the period of the World War, is the time. It is not merely because of the threats of boycott which so worry the *Courant*, or because of General Johnson's threats to "smash"—"God help them"—all those who don't go along with the Administration, or because of the danger of hysteria, that we feel so keenly. These are bad enough, for they spell the methods of fascists and dictators; but what concerns us primarily is the danger of losing our basic liberties, which must be protected *now*—not after they have been lost. For example, we find ex-Governor William E. Sweet of Colorado, who, like ourselves, has long ardently desired a new industrial order and a largely increased measure of social justice, saying in an interview in Detroit that "labor's right to strike is, of course, inviolate. But it cannot prevail now, while this country is in a state of flux. It will lose nothing by holding that right temporarily in abeyance." On the contrary, once you let down the bars, once you yourself violate what you admit is inviolate because men temporarily in authority think that this is the time to do so, you have breached the very citadel of liberty. If you can once demand successfully that an inviolate right be held temporarily in abeyance, you can

do it again and again, and in the end you will have no cause to protest if one by one all the defenses of human rights go by the board in the course of a severe industrial, and not even a political, crisis.

Among other things we feel that it is absolutely essential for the NRA to recognize that there is a fundamental conflict of principle involved in the question of union recognition—not a mere matter of administrative expediency. Is it "sniping" and "petty criticism" to say so now when the NRA is formulating its policies? Is it unpatriotic for such disinterested and patriotic persons as Miss Mary Van Kleeck and Professor William F. Ogburn to withdraw from two separate phases of the recovery work because they cannot any longer in conscience refrain from making this most effective protest? Is it wrong for people to declare that there is a lack of any solid statistical background or basis for the establishment of the various standards, such as the wage minimums, in the numerous codes? Is it wrong to protest against the appointment to a recovery position of so notoriously bad an employer of labor as Matthew S. Sloan, formerly of the Brooklyn Edison Company? Is it wrong for the Civil Liberties Union to demand protection of workers active in unions or the recognition of minority unions? These are not minor or picayune points. They are vitally important, but if they were less so it would still be proper and helpful to criticize any government policy which seemed to overlook them.

But we are told that if we do not swallow the recovery program, hook, line, and sinker, it will be fascism, dictatorship, or what you will. We are not moved by that argument. If fascism comes in America it will be because of treason to democratic ideals, because of stupid despair, and particularly because of mistakes in handling the reconstruction policies. We repeat that the best way to head off fascism is to criticize and warn now in order that deadly mistakes may be avoided. The American people, as the *Courant* suggests, should be led and not bludgeoned. We deny that there is such haste necessary that we must be rushed into policies without adequate counsel or discussion.

We are frankly the more moved to exercise our right to discuss and to differ because of the obvious surrender of a large part of the corps of Washington correspondents—as some of them have frankly admitted—to the charm and magnetic personalities of the President and General Johnson. One correspondent has stated that many of his fellows are writing only good things and suppressing or soft-pedaling news that is unfavorable to the NRA. Of course the *Courant* is right when it says that the nation is today solidly in favor of the recovery measures. We too want them to succeed—and with all our hearts. If we did not, we should be at no pains to caution, to warn, to offer such constructive suggestions as we have. We should sit by silently and look on. But we shall never consent to these policies being tried at the expense of our liberties, individual and group, and we cannot be frightened or abused into taking any other position or into remaining silent when it seems to us that their success is being jeopardized by mistaken actions and policies

Politics and Crime

SENATOR Royal S. Copeland, chairman of the United States Senate subcommittee on racketeering, seems to be doing something valuable in that capacity almost in spite of himself. Among those who testified at the hearing held by the subcommittee in New York on August 15 and 16 were United States Attorney George Z. Medalie and Frederic Kernochan, Chief Justice of the Court of Special Sessions. Between them they managed to make some things reasonably plain. One of them was the close connection between the racketeers and the city political machines throughout the country. That connection is not mysterious. The racketeers are very useful to the district leader. They can perform important services for him at election time. They can help to get out the vote. They can contribute the funds to enable him to buy baskets for the poor at Christmas. They can give him a share of the profits they make from direct contracts in the distribution of which he has a voice. And the district leader can perform compensating services for the racketeer. He can give them contracts. He can arrange bail for them. He can pass the word down the line that they are to be let off when they get into trouble. He can make it unpleasant, at the very least, for any policeman or detective or higher police official who pursues his favored racketeers with too much energy or curiosity.

This was the sort of thing at which Mr. Medalie and Justice Kernochan hinted rather broadly. "You are speaking of the occasional politician, are you not?" asked Senator Copeland of Mr. Medalie. The Senator owes his election and his reelection largely to the efforts of the Tammany machine. "No," replied Mr. Medalie, "I mean professional politicians. I could name four of them immediately right here in this county." Senator Copeland replied that New York County was a big one, and that four corrupt politicians "aren't so many." Mr. Medalie retorted that he could name many more, but the four referred to were only those who "stand out in front of our faces and can't be missed." Senator Copeland did not press him to name them.

The New York District Attorney's office showed no more enthusiasm for tracking down these men than did Senator Copeland. Albert B. Unger, the acting New York District Attorney, said that his office had no intention of "embarking on a John Doe investigation of racketeering." This public attitude merely tends to support the frequent charges that indifference and lack of interest have been shown by the District Attorney's office when complaints of racketeering, supported by evidence, are brought before it. Police Commissioner Boland also, in reply to questions by reporters, declared that he was not interested in investigating the charge made by Justice Kernochan that the influence of corrupt politicians reaches into the police department; he had not even bothered to read the newspaper accounts of the charges. Finally, the regular New York County Grand Jury took the matter into its own hands, and ignoring the District Attorney's office, invited Mr. Medalie and Justice Kernochan to present their facts before it.

Senator Copeland has shown his essential unfitness to conduct the investigation that the Senate has appointed him to conduct; and the other officials who owe their present

offices to the Tammany machine, by their attitude, lend added weight to the accusations of Mr. Medalie and Justice Kernochan. The alliance of the racketeer with the local politician is the greatest single cause for the reign of the racketeer in this country. Samuel S. Leibowitz, the criminal lawyer whose clients have ranged from city gangsters to the Scottsboro boys, remarked before the Copeland committee that the real trouble is with the detective division, and that the bulk of the detective force of New York City is made up of "ex-truck drivers, ex-plumbers' helpers, and ex-soda clerks." But even if this were so, it is obvious that it would not be so under an honest and efficient political administration. The same power that warns policemen and detectives to "lay off" racketeers and other big criminals is the power that indirectly appoints detectives too stupid to catch the criminals even if they wanted to.

The solution is not a simple one. The cause lies too deep in our national indifference toward corruption, whether it is found in politics or in business. But the greatest single step that we could take would be to break the grip of machine control, and that cannot be done permanently in the cities until they adopt a form of government in which the final power rests in a council or board elected by proportional representation. Only by proportional representation will minority elements be able to take a constant part in city government; only by such representation can the grip of machines, with their solid block of interested votes, be permanently loosened; only such representation will provide constant opposition to the more flagrant forms of inefficiency and corruption. Not until our city governments are reformed can we hope to win anything but temporary and minor victories against the racketeer.

More Power Propaganda

DESPITE various deceptive gestures of repentance and reform, the same old power propaganda continues. Before us is a circular broadcast by the American Security Owners' Association, addressed to "public-utility security owners." It calls their attention "to the present insidious and nation-wide propaganda for decreasing the rates of public utilities for services rendered." "The movement," the circular continues, "is not supported by economic reasons; but is inspired wholly and solely by political expediency." In short, the millions of electricity consumers have turned politicians; they have no economic stake in diminishing their electric bills!

The circular then goes on to repeat the hoary falsehoods that an "ever-increasing avalanche of taxes, federal, State, and local," has "effaced all the advantages of research and technological progress"; that "the public utilities have repeatedly and consistently cut rates and instituted all the economies which could be reasonably effected without detriment to the service." But there is also news in the circular, to wit: "Before adjourning, the special session of Congress took from the consumer and placed on the producer the 3 per cent electricity tax, thereby denying to the electric light and power industry the right enjoyed and followed by every other industry in the country of passing taxes on to the ultimate consumer." How deliciously frank this is!

"As though that blow at security values were not enough, now come many States proposing temporary emergency rate reductions, the savings from which will not enrich the domestic consumer and will leave the public-utility corporation poor indeed." The circular then urges that security owners protest to their public officials against these rate reductions, saying: "The public service commissions . . . are inclined to deal justly in this matter, and not all of the governors are unfair, but both are being subjected to increasing and threatening political pressure and need that moral support which only your letters can give to sustain them." The signer of this interesting document is William H. Onken, Jr. Now Mr. Onken has long been active in behalf of the utilities. In the exposé by the Federal Trade Commission of the utilities propaganda his name appears as editor of the *Electrical World*, which post he held until 1929. The post has changed, but the person and the propaganda are the same. Protection for utility-security owners, indeed! What did these power propagandists do to prevent the debacle of the Insull, Foshay, and Ohrstrom securities?

We turn to the August issue of *Vanity Fair*, and find in it an article entitled Public Ownership No Solution, by George E. Sokolsky. With his defense along classic lines of the superior value of private initiative (so admirably demonstrated in recent years!) we shall not trouble to disagree. Nor do we object to Mr. Sokolsky's leveling his attack at that *bête noire* of the power trust, the Ontario Hydro-Electric, whose magnificent record nullifies so completely the claims of our private utilities concerning low rates and efficient service. We do, however, smile at his selection as his authority of "Professor Mavor, the Canadian economist." For the Federal Trade Commission in 1928 exposed Professor Mavor as having been secretly in the pay of the public utilities when he wrote his book on "Niagara in Politics." This interesting transaction was worked through another individual, who in his vouchers recorded it as "payment to a mutual friend." It was doubly concealed in the National Electric Light Association's accounts and the truth was not disclosed to the public when the book was published in 1925, nor in the years following, when the utilities insinuated thousands of copies of it into schools, colleges, and public libraries, a distribution program for which the N. E. L. A. appropriated \$10,000 in addition to the subsidy to Mavor. But the facts have now been of public record for five years. Not only did they appear in more than one place in the Federal Trade Commission's printed reports, but they were further recorded in volumes subsequently published: "The Power Fight" by H. S. Raushenbush; "The Public Pays" by Ernest Gruening; "Confessions of the Power Trust" by Carl D. Thompson.

The leopard has not changed its spots. It is the same old propaganda, designed to maintain in behalf of a few privileged insiders, and at the expense of the American public, the existing financial jugglery, watered stock, padded valuations, and excessive salaries, based on exorbitant rates and totally ineffective "regulation." Samuel Insull may be in Greece, but his spirit and practices still dominate the electric light and power industry in the United States. And day by day the evidence piles up that the American public has no effective remedy against these continued abuses short of the very public ownership which Mr. Sokolsky, on the authority of a paid power-company propagandist, denounces.

A Bad Appointment

THE announcement that Ambassador Sumner Welles will return shortly to his former post as Assistant Secretary of State and be replaced in Cuba by Jefferson Caffery is highly regrettable for several reasons. No more important diplomatic assignment exists at this moment than the Cuban post. To help the Cubans to restore their shattered political and economic structure and to work out a new and better relationship between the two countries is a task requiring major statesmanship. Mr. Welles has made an auspicious beginning. But the removal of Machado is only a first step. Far more complex problems lie ahead. Mr. Welles's desire to return to Washington and begin work on the agenda for the Seventh Pan-American Conference, to be held in Montevideo this fall, is understandable, but nothing he might accomplish through his contribution to better inter-American relations would be comparable to a satisfactory solution of the Cuban tangle. Moreover, the choice of his successor at Havana is highly unfortunate. Mr. Caffery was disclosed, at the hearings of the Senate Committee on Finance in January, 1932, as playing an active part while United States Minister to Colombia in promoting the granting of the great Barco oil concession to the Mellon-owned Gulf Petroleum Company and the Carib syndicate, controlled by the Morgans, and in negotiating directly with the National City Bank for a private loan to the Colombian government. It was brought out that Secretary Mellon had counseled President Olaya Herrera to "settle pending questions on petroleum," and that when Colombia had done that, "there will be opened for Colombia . . . ample ways . . . for its financial restoration." The Colombian Congress had canceled the Barco concession. The Mellon-Morgan interests, having acquired a claim to the 500,000-acre oil-land domain from the Doherty group, were bringing pressure to bear on the Colombian government. Mr. Caffery was the chief implement in their efforts. Meanwhile the National City Bank was finding "technical" excuses for not proceeding with a promised credit of \$4,000,000. Here again Mr. Caffery acted as intermediary, personally taking part in the negotiations with the officials of the bank. Francis White, Assistant Secretary of State at that time, likewise active in achieving the results desired by the interested groups, testified that there was no connection between the oil and banking transactions. But the State Department refused to allow Mr. Caffery to appear before the Senate committee for questioning or to submit for its use the correspondence between him and the department, and between him and the National City Bank officials.

The collusion of State Department and bankers in Cuba contains the key to many of the problems that have harassed that island republic. What the United States requires above all else in Cuba is an ambassador who does not by training and tradition tend to view the relations of those two countries in terms of concessions and bankers' opportunities. To solve Cuba's problems in human terms will be more conducive to a new entente between the United States and its southern neighbors than the hollow formalities and resounding verbiage based on unrealities which have characterized Pan-American conferences in the past.

Issues and Men

Fiorello H. La Guardia

WHAT manner of man is this La Guardia who has been nominated for mayor of New York? This is the question I encounter at every turn. Not unnaturally people all over the country are interested in the man whom the local reform forces have picked to head the fusion movement against Tammany in this critical year in our nation's history. What happens in the metropolis in the next two years will be enormously important and may even influence deeply the conduct of other municipalities. The city's financial situation is critical. If times do not improve, the keeping alive of foodless and workless citizens will become a problem transcending every other. Never did New York more greatly need a statesman and a man with tolerance, broad vision, and a kindly heart in the mayor's chair. A bigot, or a reactionary, or just a plain stupid man like the present Tammany mayor, John P. O'Brien, might do infinite harm.

Let it be said at once that Mr. La Guardia, or Major, or Congressman La Guardia if you prefer one of these titles, is not a conventional person. Those who think that the greatest city of America should be presided over by a highly educated and sophisticated person of the type of Seth Low or Nicholas Murray Butler will not be satisfied with the choice of Mr. La Guardia. He is short—quite short—rotund, and his personal appearance shows his Italian origin. If elected he will not shine, as did the last reform mayor of New York, John Purroy Mitchel, in the salon of General and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. But Fiorello La Guardia will never for one moment be out of touch with or fail to understand the humble people of New York City and their needs, for he is himself as much a self-made man as is Al Smith. He too was born in New York, but he got part of his limited education in Prescott, Arizona. At the age of nineteen he was employed in the American consulates at Budapest and Trieste. When he was twenty-two he was appointed American consular agent at Fiume, where he served for two years. He then returned to New York and for three years served as interpreter at Ellis Island, where he certainly must have learned many lessons in the way a government should not treat those who enter its doors.

Meanwhile the young interpreter was studying law at New York University, beginning his law practice in 1910. Five years later he became deputy attorney-general of the State and was a member of the Sixty-Fifth Congress in 1917. He is one of the few members of the House of Representatives who, after having voted the country into the war, had the simple decency to go abroad and offer themselves as targets for the bullets to which they had condemned the flower of our youth. It is hard to think of La Guardia as a flying officer. He began as a first lieutenant and was promoted, not for political reasons but for efficiency, to be captain and then major commanding the American flying force which was attached to night and day bombing squadrons on the Italian front. He came back from the war without any illusions, knowing perfectly well that it was not

what it seemed and determined to do his best to make the post bellum world a liberal as well as a better one. Since his return to Congress his whole career has been a fighting one. He has been ridiculed, jeered at, lied about. He has been called a little Italian crook and a cheap politician. Big business has hated him as it has hated few men in Congress. But year in and year out he gamely fought his fight, and before his defeat for reelection, after fourteen years of service, won recognition as about the most efficient Congressman in protesting against Hooverism and the sale of government to the big-business interests.

Naturally he made mistakes. Often he seemed to go off half-cocked and then sometimes time would catch up with him and demonstrate the correctness of the positions he had taken. It is frankly to be confessed that he did not do very well when he ran for mayor in 1929 on the fusion ticket. The vote that he got in 1929 was almost the lowest ever polled by an anti-Tammany fusion candidate. But as we said then, so we say now: subject to certain political limitations, he has been a genuine progressive, has usually had the courage of his convictions, has been sound on questions of war and peace, and has repeatedly shown a readiness to sacrifice his career for his beliefs. He once even ran for Congress on the Socialist ticket when the Republicans refused to renominate him because of his independence—and he won.

Personally, it has seemed to me that the best leader for the fusion forces would have been Norman Thomas—I do not believe that La Guardia will quarrel with me for saying so. But I am heartily for the Major's election because I believe that he will bring to the mayoralty what it most needs—a warm heart inspired by the opportunity to serve the common people. I hope he realizes that the city of New York is not going to be redeemed by merely giving it another good reform administration; there must be radical changes in the charter and the form of the city governmental structure, and above all we must have proportional representation, which is now being urged by many who have hitherto failed to see how necessary that change has become. I feel sure he will be a far better candidate this year; for one thing the situation is vastly more favorable.

Finally, let me tell my readers that there would have been no fusion ticket at all if it had not been for a singularly fine, able, fearless, and devoted citizen of New York, Charles C. Burlingham. If any man deserves the title of the First Citizen of this municipality, it is Mr. Burlingham. If there is any good liberal cause which has not had his aid and support, I should like to know what it is. Only his age and his modesty, I believe, prevented his being compelled to be a candidate himself. Isn't it wicked that when there are Americans of this admirable type we get so damnably few of them into our public life?

Quincy Garrison Kilgore



Drawn by Massaguer

"No sir! We're not through yet!"

Cuba Cleans House

By HUBERT HERRING

Havana, August 19

THEY are cleaning house in Havana, and no one is sure what will be found in cellar and attic. The housecleaning began last Saturday when the guns of Cabañas boomed out the presidential salute to Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, provisional President of the Republic of Cuba. The robust crowd sacked the lower floor of the presidential palace, tore up shrubs and trees, paraded the streets, yelling, crying, with the abandon of release after eight dreary years. Crowds sacked the houses of Machado's henchmen, throwing furniture, bedding, dishes, books, pianos, everything into the streets. The offices and plant of the *Heraldo de Cuba*, Machado's newspaper, were gutted. All day long the crowd surged and roared, laughed and sang. When the sun sank, the name of Machado had been wiped from the city. The Avenida del Presidente Machado was baptized with a new name—Avenida Rubiera, in honor of a student martyr. On the granite shaft erected to Machado's honor students had carved a new dedication—To the Victims of Machado.

It was a housecleaning day, brutal, riotous, violent. Eighteen persons dead, ninety wounded, twenty-eight houses sacked, eight burned. Machado and four accomplices had flown to Nassau in the afternoon. Porristas, members of that terror squad which had become a byword of horror, were tracked down and shot like rats. The sun went down. The real housecleaning had not yet begun.

Carlos Manuel de Cespedes must be a good patriot to accept the job. He did not take it for his own comfort or for his own profit, if I am to judge from my knowledge of the man himself or from the reports of those who have known him for thirty years. I have just interviewed him. Cespedes is modest, unassuming, thoughtful. He has done good service in the diplomatic corps, serving in Spain, Mexico, and the United States. He is the son of the great Cuban liberator, a man of wealth and culture, and a patriot. He comes to office with the support of practically all parties to the conflict. He looks with genuine eagerness to the contribution of the younger men of Cuba—to the A. B. C., to the students. Whether he is strong enough to dominate the situation and to lead all factions, remains to be seen.

The balance sheet, moral and political, is mixed. Certain elements can be counted upon to support a peaceful and constructive solution. First, the army. Dominated by a group of young and imaginative men, its leaders are loyal to the new regime. How far and how deeply this loyalty permeates the lower ranks of the army is another question. Second, the A. B. C. This organization, whose members were hounded and murdered a few weeks ago, is the dominant political factor in Cuba. Stores are decorated with its banners. Its slogans are on everyone's lips. It is credited with a major share of the responsibility for the peaceful overthrow of the Machado regime. Third, the university professors and many students. The professors are an intelligent and imaginative group. The students, vital and headstrong, are a grand lot, and if the new government gives them enough to do and plays fairly with them, they will

make a robust contribution to the housecleaning of Cuba. Fourth, the accumulated fury and outraged moral sense of the Cuban people, which will for a time at least back up the new government in establishing order.

Certain elements can be counted as definitely dangerous. First, Menocal and his followers. From the outset General Menocal has opposed the mediation of Mr. Welles. He envisaged a crusade, with himself astride a white horse charging the tyrant. Menocal counts upon the short memories of the Cuban people and believes that they have forgotten how expertly he looted and tyrannized. If the stars do not deceive, he will do what he can to block the development of the mediation so hopefully started by Mr. Welles, and the constitutional reforms which must spring from that mediation. Second, the politicians—good, bad, and worst. The reorganization of the old parties is under way. The conservatives will emerge with considerable strength. The control of the Liberal Party will be fought for by several contenders, among them Alfred Hornedo, wealthy owner of *El Pais*, sensational daily paper, and Miguel Mariano Gómex, ex-mayor of Havana and one of the more reputable politicians. Cuba is long on politicians and they will have their innings. Third, some labor agitators. The strike of the harbor workers is still on, badly crippling the economic life of Cuba. Unfortunately, Machado's policy made the emergence of effective unions impossible, and what little organizing has been done has been secret. Well-informed observers say there are only a few hundred active Communists in Cuba, but they have positions of trust in the few unions which exist. They are so placed as to create the maximum of confusion. They are doing it today in Havana, Cienfuegos, Santiago, and Manzanillo.

The President has appointed his Cabinet. It represents all sectors of the opposition and is made up of men of honesty and a high average of ability. The chief criticism is that they are for the most part untried men, that they are without political experience. But they are untainted by the bad records of the previous administration and several are men of intelligence and proved leadership. All in all, it is probably the most honest Cabinet that Cuba has ever had. As these lines are written, no indications of a future national program can be discerned. The new Cabinet is busily cleaning out the worst of the Machado deadwood and rotten wood. With the life of the island utterly demoralized, with most of the larger municipalities without legally appointed or elected leaders, it will have its hands full restoring peace.

First and most pressing among the problems just ahead is finance. At this writing no one knows what the balance sheet of Cuba will reveal. It is estimated that Cuba can count on a national income of about \$42,000,000. Of this amount almost \$12,000,000 is earmarked for service on the external debt. In addition there is a floating debt—unpaid salaries to soldiers, police, and teachers—of not less than \$50,000,000. Salaries, current and delinquent, must be paid. This means the necessity of a relief loan if the country is to be saved from bankruptcy and the threat of anarchy. From

whom will this loan come? From the banks—presumably the Chase Bank, which already holds the heaviest end of the sack? The leaders of the A. B. C. and others insist that Cuba cannot be further mortgaged. Or will the American government make the necessary advances, and if so, what will be the terms? The new controlling group in Cuba is afraid of loans. They talk frankly of notifying the banks that in line with the spirit of these times Cuba will entertain the idea of scaling down its debts and postponing payments. There seems to be encouragement from Washington for this.

Second, there is the question of relief through preferential tariffs on sugar and quotas for Cuban sugar. Nothing definite has been suggested.

Third, the continuation of the mediation so intelligently launched by Mr. Welles and so wantonly blocked by Mr. Machado. The American Ambassador will use his influence in carrying this process on in an orderly and legal fashion. There is no Congress for the simple reason that most of the congressmen and senators fear to show their faces in the streets. Yet there must be a Congress if constitutional reforms are to be proposed, and if a constituent assembly is to be summoned. Mr. Welles, according to some critics, is overzealous for correct legal machinery, but I question whether Cuba can safely ignore the virtues of orderli-

ness. A republic which has suffered under Machado's bad housekeeping needs the self-imposed discipline of rigorously observed constitutional procedure.

It is too soon to prophesy the course of events for the next few months. The government faces conflicting and merciless political enmities, widespread labor disturbances, a disorganized country. Its new leaders are, by and large, men of intelligence, imagination, and integrity. They may win. It is also entirely possible that the furies now released after the long tyranny of Machado may create new and more serious disorder. Menocal may disrupt the scene by playing the conquering hero, or Gómez and Hornedo may set loose new furies by battling for the control of Havana. There is plenty of powder, and any spark may set it off. There may be a peaceful solution and an orderly restoration of constitutional procedure, or there may be anarchy. At the end of the road there is always the specter of American intervention. Mr. Welles has done conspicuous service in avoiding it thus far. It is to be hoped that he can continue to avoid it. Cuba lies in the lap of the gods and of the American Ambassador. The gods are probably reliable and Mr. Welles has proved his worth, but who comes next? Mr. Welles is scheduled for another post. Appointments to the American Embassy in Havana must be watched.

Johnson and the Freedom of the Press

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, August 19

IF you are tired of reading about NRA, codes, reemployment agreements, and the Blue Eagle, turn to another page. It is true that Frances Perkins, Harold Ickes, Henry Wallace, George Peek, David Lilienthal, and Professor Moley are busy with a number of important matters, but my current knowledge does not equip me to write about them. All my days and too many of my nights are spent on General Hugh Johnson's doorstep, and this letter will be limited strictly to information acquired there. Perhaps it will be proper, first of all, to tell the true story of the "newspaper code," partly because this will be its first appearance in type, and partly because the decent publishers of the country—and there are some—should be interested in learning precisely how they were represented here. The committee consisted of Howard Davis of New York, chairman; Amon Carter of Fort Worth; and John Stewart Bryan of Richmond. Their counsel was Elisha Hanson, a Washington attorney whose firm distinguished itself a few years ago by lobbying against the late Senator Tom Walsh's resolution for a Senate investigation of the power trust, and was conspicuously successful during the Mellon regime in obtaining tax refunds for wealthy clients. A noble representation of the vaunted guardians of our liberty—if you don't believe it look them over once more!

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THEY presented to Johnson a proposed "code" which undoubtedly was the most dishonest, weasel-worded, and treacherous document that ever reached his desk. It was loaded with all sorts of exemptions and jokers, all care-

fully designed to enable the newspapers to escape the obligations which their editorial pages were clamorously urging all other employers to assume. Compared with it the codes proposed by the steel and coal barons were charters of liberty and enlightenment. After reading this masterpiece Johnson was so incensed that he instructed his legal department to draft a code for the newspapers, which was done. Meantime, however, the patriotic publishers endeavored to give Johnson the rush act by publishing front-page stories in hundreds of papers announcing that they had "signed the newspaper code," thus endeavoring to implant a belief in the public mind that such a code existed. For some strange reason Johnson's prompt denial received very little publicity, although the rejection of codes proposed by other industries had been thoroughly reported. The publishers' committee was instructed to return. I am not entirely sure whose brilliant idea it was to have Jim Farley call up Johnson and "give him the works," but it was a perfect illustration of the attitude taken and the methods employed by the committee. There are many officials in Washington who would yield at a word from Farley, but the redoubtable General is about the last who would occur to me in that connection. Actually, as any reporter on the ground could have told them, Big Jim gave the committee the old run-around in glorious fashion. He called Johnson, told of the request which had been made, explained that he wished to be able to say that he had kept his promise, passed the time of day, and hung up the receiver. When the committee returned and found itself confronted with the code drafted here, it immediately raised a howl about the "freedom of the press" being threatened. Personally, I am unacquainted with that section of

the federal Constitution which guarantees newspapers the right to engage in unfair competition. The freedom of the press, of course, is that of expression, not exploitation. Patiently, but in vain, Johnson and Chief Counsel Richberg explained to the committee that the Constitution had not been repealed by the recovery act, and that if it had, it could not be restored through a provision in a code. Finally, the official in charge of the job drafted a burlesque provision which asserted, in effect, that nothing in the code should be construed as modifying, qualifying, amending, or repealing the Bill of Rights. The publishers accepted it with solemn expressions of satisfaction, one even remarking that it was better than the provision in their original code. Whereupon, the code drafted at NRA headquarters (actually a modified version of the President's temporary blanket reemployment agreement) was accepted. Whereupon, hundreds of daily newspapers printed announcements stating that they had signed a code which was "along the general lines of" the publishers' original proposal! Thank God for honest journalism!

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JOHNSON was right when he prophesied recently that "the air around here will soon be full of dead cats." It is an odd coincidence that they began to fly just about the time he rejected the original newspaper code. It is also interesting to note that the sniping was begun by the *Washington Post*, recently purchased by Eugene Meyer, and hailed at the time as the future "official organ" of the moribund Republican Party. In the *Post* the chief sniping assignment apparently has been intrusted to a columnist named Carlisle Barger, who is supposed to be especially close to the proprietor. Barger is a wisecracking clodhopper from the Georgia savannahs, who employs a semi-literate style that is vaguely amusing. Although unknown outside the capital, he commands a considerable following among government clerks and housewives, and he has concentrated his fire on the recovery program with remarkable persistence. His knowledge of economics is simply and fully told by his recent assertion that he was opposed to national planning on the ground that "I don't want no government bureaucrat telling me what I must eat and wear." It is hardly necessary to mention the scurrilous—and wholly fictitious—story in which a New York tabloid reported Johnson in the act of crashing the doors of a Washington speakeasy, accompanied by several men and women. It was promptly and ignominiously retracted. When hearings are begun on a permanent code for newspapers, we may expect to hear renewed yells about the "freedom of the press," but I think they will fall on unresponsive ears. Newspapers have exactly the same right to claim immunity from the provisions of the national recovery act as they have to defy municipal building and fire regulations.

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MEANTIME, steel is exhibiting the same invincible stupidity which it has always exhibited; coal has proved, in the fields dominated by Mellon and the Steel Corporation, that it is incorrigible; Henry Ford—who for a time deluded the public into regarding him as a great altruist, although in fact he is perhaps the most ruthless and avaricious of all large employers in this country—is almost certain to be a

bad actor; and the President and Johnson have been compelled by the recalcitrance and greed of the oil producers to prescribe a code for that industry. The fight isn't over. Indeed, it probably is just beginning, but there are real grounds for optimism. Through the organizing genius of John Lewis the names of approximately 340,000 coal miners have been added to the rolls of the United Mine Workers in recent weeks—an almost incredible feat. The President's new Labor Board, despite the absence of Senator Wagner, has had remarkable success in settling strikes pending the adoption of codes, and I deem it significant that one of them—the strike of full-fashioned-hosiery workers in Pennsylvania—was terminated by a direct appeal to the employers by Gerard Swope. A labor member of the board is authority for the statement that no one but Swope could have induced the employers to accept the settlement that was made.

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LIKE Johnson (and, apparently, unlike the editors of *The Nation*) I expect to shed very few tears over the poor employer who is about to be boycotted because he is paying less than fourteen dollars for forty hours' work. If he is able and refuses to pay it he is a contemptible chiseler who deserves almost anything that happens to him. If he is unable to pay it he is an economic incompetent who has no place in a sound system. Wouldn't it be a pretty state of affairs if the economic life of the entire nation had to be pitched on a plane inhabited by its most incompetent members? Nobody protested more bitterly than I against the atrocities perpetrated by patrioteers during the war. I have no difficulty in recalling the narrow margin by which I escaped with my life after testifying against the ringleaders of a mob which had lynched a half-witted German coal miner in southern Illinois. Such things were unnecessary and barbarous. This is different. There was never any question about who would win the war after we entered it, but there is a very serious question about whether we can end this depression before revolution breaks out. When ten million men have been without jobs for three years and are asking themselves whether they will ever work again, when they have seen their women fade and their babies wither and die, when they have seen their boys turn to thievery and their girls to prostitution, it strikes me as a poor time to play dilettante over the classical ideals of Jeffersonian democracy. Frankly, as one who enjoys a fairly comfortable place in the present system, I do not fancy the prospect of finding myself out in the woods fighting with the squirrels for acorns this winter. Perhaps it is unfortunate, but the fact remains that a hungry man can derive very little nourishment from the Bill of Rights. I have been present more than once when the troops "took over," and I can assure others that it is not a pleasant spectacle. If anyone wants a difficult task, let him try to persuade an infantryman under company orders that he is violating the Constitution. No, having inhaled my share of tear gas, I much prefer the Blue Eagle. I am willing to waive some of my precious individual liberties temporarily if it will help to feed the starving. And I shall remain firm in my obstinate conviction that Ickes, Perkins, Wallace, Richberg, Wolman, McGrady, Lewis, Berry, and General Johnson have not sold out to the Interests. So-o-o, if a brick is heaved through some window that does not fly the Eagle, don't expect this grizzled old agitator to lead the protest.

EVERY observer with an ounce of perception realizes that only the defeat of Hoover and the promise of a new deal saved this country from much graver disorders last winter. If I know anything about *homo Americanus* he will not endure another winter like the last without causing serious trouble. The question is not whether we are going to live under a perfectly administered democracy, but whether we are going to live. Therefore counsels of perfection seem singularly inappropriate at this time. It is easy to understand and respect the attitude of the Communist who honestly—and maybe correctly—believes that the success of the recovery program will postpone the revolution another fifty years. As one who not only prefers change by evolution, but believes it is better adapted to the American temperament

and American institutions, I simply cannot fathom the mental processes of “liberals” who roost in their ivory towers and throw rotten eggs at the show because they don’t like the color of the leading man’s eyes. Such an attitude seems slightly neurotic. It might do some of these people good to climb down from their gilded perches and take a jaunt through the sordid “shanty towns” of Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, and St. Louis, where thousands of human beings for years have been living like animals on scraps salvaged from garbage cans. After all, I seem to remember that we tried rugged individualism under Herbert Hoover. But why continue? Anatole France put the whole thing in a sentence when he said: “Every man has a sacred right to sleep under a bridge—it is only the poor who exercise it.”

Lawyers and the Depression

By JAMES P. GIFFORD

“I’VE been in practice since 1920. My income has been cut in two but I must keep up a front. The world loves a winner. I’ve made some reductions in overhead but my chief effort has been to reduce my living expenses. We lawyers have been hard hit but we can’t outwardly show our troubles. Even though fees have gone down, I’ll take municipal-court cases now that I’d have scorned in 1928. My real-estate work has disappeared. Other collections are very slow. The lawyer comes in last for payment.” That is the substance of what was told me early in June of this year by a lawyer who has practiced in Brooklyn for thirteen years. It is typical for the entire country.

Although some of the large offices in New York City have continued to pay bonuses and some have given slight increases in pay, others have stopped bonuses entirely and cut pay as much as 15 per cent. But that is a long way from 50 per cent. The most important factor in maintaining income seems to be reputation. The legal unit which is favorably known, be it large office, small office, or individual, is finding itself able to keep fairly close to former levels of income because of the flood of new work which has offset the decline in the old. There is a well-known saying in the profession that during the first fifteen years of your practice clients come to you because they are looking for a lawyer. After that they are looking for *you*. The individual practitioner who is still “just another lawyer” has been particularly hard hit. His steady clients have less business. They tend to impose on a long-established relationship. The new business, most of it urgent litigation, goes to the well-known lawyer; or the new clients shop around to see who will do the work most cheaply. Lawyers in practice for from five to ten years have to meet the competition of young attorneys just starting in who are willing to take anything for what it will bring. One does not have to surmise this. Although there was no marked decrease in membership in the Association of the Bar of the City of New York during the years 1930 to 1932, and the number of members dropped was negligible, the net gain in membership in the New York County Lawyers’ Association, a group far more typical of the bar as a whole, runs as follows: 1929, 288; 1930, 274;

1931, 191; 1932, 3. Members dropped from the latter association for non-payment of dues numbered 175 (estimated) in 1932 and 523 in 1933. Figures for earlier years are not available. The membership of the other association suffered also, although the figures are not as striking. In 1928, 19 were dropped, 6 were reinstated, and 38 resigned; in 1929, 11 were dropped, all were reinstated, and 25 resigned; in 1930, 5 were dropped, all were reinstated, and 38 resigned; but in 1931, 18 were dropped, none reinstated, and 42 resigned; and in 1932, 16 were dropped, none reinstated, and 88 resigned. When a lawyer is willing to drop out of an association whose annual dues run from \$50, in the case of the Association of the Bar, to \$15 in the case of the New York County Lawyers’ Association, and forgo the excellent library facilities which they afford, he is doing so because he has to.

The situation is not confined to New York City. The American Bar Association, whose membership covers the entire country, dropped 604 members for non-payment of dues in 1926-27; 780 in 1927-28; 686 in 1928-29; and 629 in 1929-30. In 1930-31 the figure jumped to 2,048 dropped members and continued high in 1931-32, 1,778 members being dropped in that year. This last figure does not lose its significance even in the face of an increase in membership during that year of over 2,200 due to an intensive membership campaign. Figures from various State bar associations reflect the same condition. In 1931 the secretary of the Illinois State Bar Association said in his report: “Unfortunately the economic conditions of the country have been reflected in the payment of dues, and although we have used the same methods as in former years, our collections have fallen down over a thousand dollars from last year.” This was a drop of nearly 20 per cent. In Iowa the dues collected by the State association in 1931 were also 20 per cent less than in 1928. In Kansas the number of members paying annual dues promptly in 1926 was 425; in 1927, 495; in 1928, 522; in 1929, 403; in 1930, 353; in 1931, 372; in 1932, 338. In Massachusetts dues collected dropped over \$1,000 from 1929 to 1932, about 19 per cent. The Michigan Association received \$900 less in dues in 1930-31 than in 1928-29, a drop of 13 per cent. In New Jersey the loss

was 19 per cent. Without further wearying figures, it is apparent that the economic effect of the depression on lawyers has been fairly uniform throughout the country.

No one is surprised that the lawyer's income has suffered. That is universal. What has been the effect of the depression on the kind of work he is doing? Up to 1890, and for many generations before that, the typical lawyer earned most of his income from property transfers, contracts, collection of debts, and the administration of estates with the litigation incidental thereto. As James G. Rogers points out in the *American Bar Association Journal*, the lawyer's reputation depended chiefly upon his appearance in court in some dramatic case either civil or criminal. After 1890, as Mr. Rogers shows, various agencies began to cut into the lawyer's field. Title companies took over the searching of titles. Workmen's compensation began to eliminate litigation over industrial accidents. Summary trial, probation, and penal boards are removing much of the importance of the defense of criminals. Practice in taxation matters and before the Interstate Commerce Commission has fallen into the hands of specialists. The bank and trust company has threatened to poach on the sacred fields of the drafting and probating of wills. Gilbert said, "The policeman's lot is not a happy one." Neither is the average lawyer's. Every bar association has its committee on the unlawful practice of the law whose energies are wholly devoted to rolling back the tide which threatens what was once a monopoly. Bitter wrath is directed against collection agencies. Banks and trust companies are handled more diplomatically but they are "urged to cooperate" and to leave to the lawyer the field which is "properly" his. The truth of the matter is that this tendency to specialize is a step in the direction of efficiency, and the time is coming when lawyers will in all probability deliberately select a limited field of legal work shortly after entering practice and confine themselves to that.

To offset these inroads on the traditional work of the lawyer, attorneys in the larger urban centers began to assume the role of advisers to large corporations, and their practice became very lucrative. Litigation has never produced the huge sums which trusts, holding companies, utilities, and large corporations have been willing to pay for the legal supervision necessitated by issues of corporate securities. From 1900 to October, 1929, many scores of large offices all over the country were deriving increasing income from this type of work. The crash killed it. These large clients continued to employ the big offices for general business advice, but in many instances the sizable monthly retainer was dropped or materially reduced and the corporation hired some junior lawyer (frequently from the very office which had been its general counsel) and retained the big firm only for important matters where prestige or a large personnel was essential. To many large offices this has been a serious blow. In the height of the good years, 1927 to 1928, they enlarged their staffs and moved into new and more expensive quarters on long leases. It is likely that the partners of many large firms are having a relatively slim time.

Many of these large firms which prior to 1929 were content to operate with small litigation departments have welcomed the great increase in litigation which has followed the crash. Many cases which formerly would have been farmed out as too small are now handled for whatever modest fee they may bring. One large office which in 1929 had

a litigation department of four now has eleven lawyers engaged in that field. Litigation has been a life saver not only for many large offices but for lawyers of all types. One specialist in this field with a fine reputation said that his regular office work had dropped off so much that if it had not been for the increase in litigation work which his reputation brought him, his income would have been seriously curtailed. Lawyers everywhere are going to court. Men of experience who formerly left petty cases for their junior clerks to sharpen their teeth on are appearing in the municipal courts, glad to get a chance to do something. Much of the litigation is petty. Although the number of new cases added in the Trial Term of the Supreme Court of New York County increased as follows: 1928, 4,407 new cases; 1929, 5,240; 1930, 6,855; 1931, 7,539; and 1932, 7,486, the cases in the Municipal Court increased as follows: 1928, 406,948 summons issued; 1929, 435,825; 1930, 491,449 (an increase of 55,624); and 1931, 498,685. Many lawyers tell me that the need of money on the part both of clients and of themselves has hastened settlement. Quick settlement means quick cash for the client and a quick fee for the lawyer.

Another lucrative source of income which has dried up for the average lawyer is real-property transfers. No mortgage money is available. Foreclosures have increased but they are not lucrative. Many lawyers whose chief work was in real estate are in desperate straits. All they can look to is foreclosures, summary proceedings evicting tenants, and suits for rent. These are dead dogs. Incidentally, in the Municipal Court of New York City, summary proceedings for eviction increased from 104,048 cases in 1928 to 203,271 in 1931. The 1932 figures are not yet available. The amount of suffering these cases involved is difficult to picture. Assuming four individuals to be affected by each eviction, 814,000 people were thrown out of their homes, a situation which it seems only some sort of cooperative effort can prevent in the future.

Some of the decrease in income is the fault of lawyers themselves. Unmindful of their own best interests, they have allowed court calendars to become clogged with automobile-accident cases. The result has been that it takes from three to four years for a jury case to be reached. Commercial clients with contract cases have become exasperated at the long delay and have resorted to arbitration, usually before their own trade-association boards. Within trades, forms of contract have become standardized and usually contain compulsory-arbitration clauses. A strong movement is on foot to have all automobile-accident cases handled before commissioners. This would clear the courts. But the commercial cases may never return if merchants find that arbitration before their trade associations is both rapid and fair. Although the field of commercial work has been narrowed considerably by the recession in business activity, it seems to have been increasing in recent weeks, and many a thoughtful lawyer must be gnashing his teeth at the inertia of the bar, which has been the main reason for the disappearance of much of this work. Although this source of irritation is not a peculiar manifestation of the depression, its effects are most heavily felt in such times as these.

A time of depression is, of course, a time of business reorganization—and, to make the picture of the situation accurate, one of my colleagues tells me that the past three years have been unusually prosperous ones for many of his acquaint-

ances in the profession. Even bankruptcies and receiverships have brought some measure of prosperity to some lawyers. Some offices have been so active in this field that only recently two attempts have been made in the Southern District of New York to prevent the Irving Trust Company from retaining what one protesting group called "a corporate monopoly in federal receiverships." There is little doubt that the income of many New York lawyers has been greatly curtailed through a natural tendency on the part of the trust company to limit the number of attorneys engaged in this work. A corporate receiver does not retain counsel by parceling out the jobs alphabetically from the telephone book. And if an important law firm gets a lemon the first time, the next good job will be assigned to that firm to average up. Fair enough. But meanwhile the forgotten men howl. These conditions will probably remain local unless the practice of appointing trust companies as receivers and trustees in bankruptcy becomes more general.

The effect of the depression on the morale of the profession is best evidenced by the increase of that unfortunate fringe, relatively quite small, who get into trouble and are disciplined. In the First Department, New York, twenty-nine and twenty-seven members of the bar were disciplined in 1931 and 1932. Only fifteen were punished in 1928. The 1929 and 1930 figures will not serve as a basis of comparison because the high figures of twenty-five and eighty-one during these years represent the result of the drive against ambulance chasing. The grievance committee of the Association of the Bar and the clerks of the Appellate Division concur in the opinion that a larger number of lawyers are in trouble and that they seem to be willing to risk their careers for smaller sums. In order that the lay reader may not exaggerate the extent of wickedness among our brothers let me remind him that there are between 10,000 and 15,000 lawyers in New York City. The percentage of delinquency is very small.

The depression has confronted some of the large offices with a peculiar situation. In times of prosperity the big office could handle the legal affairs of many large clients whose interests were closely allied. In times of bankruptcy and receiverships, interests formerly harmonious suddenly have, in many instances, become sharply conflicting. The chief partner of a large firm may make serious and conscientious efforts to compromise these conflicts, but consciously or unconsciously the interests of the largest client and of the one whose relationship is likely to be of most permanent value begin to dominate the situation. Then professional ethics, conscience, plain common sense, or the client himself requires that a new attorney be brought in to represent each conflicting claim. Many attorneys feel that this is a wholesome situation and that it will be a factor in restoring more independence to the individual lawyer. It may possibly have this effect. I am somewhat skeptical. A return to better times will again bring important groups with allied interests under the same roof. The present situation, even if temporary, is embarrassing to the large firms but a godsend to many an able individual lawyer.

It is extremely difficult to determine whether lawyers in certain regions have been worse hit than in others. In my attempt to discover some facts I used two sources of information. First, I took figures showing the increase in new cases handled by the various legal-aid bureaus. It

seems probable that an increase in cases handled by these agencies means that the particular community is having a hard time and therefore the lawyer is suffering also. But it is possible that such an increase means that legal activity has generally increased in that community and that the lawyers are getting an increased share of it. Certainly the latter seems to be true in New York City although the increase in litigation going to lawyers seems to be offset by the loss of other types of legal work, such as real estate, commercial work, and the like. On the whole, to use the increase in legal-aid cases as an index of lawyers' prosperity seems unsatisfactory, yet it is included for what it is worth.

The total number of new cases handled by legal-aid bureaus throughout the entire country from 1920 on shows a fairly normal rate of increase up to 1929, the percentage dropping off in 1924, 1927, and 1929.

Year	New Cases	Percentage of Increase over Year Preceding
1920	96,034	—
1921	111,404	15
1922	130,585	17
1923	150,234	15
1924	121,177	—19
1925	143,653	18
1926	152,214	6
1927	142,535	—6
1928	165,817	16
1929	171,961	3.7
1930	217,643	26
1931	227,471	4.5

The jump of 26 per cent in 1930 tells a story in itself. If, because of the small percentage of increase of 1929 over 1928 (3.7 per cent), we average these two years, we find that the increase in 1930 over the average for 1928 and 1929 is 28 per cent and that the increase in 1931 over the 1928-29 average is 34 per cent. Taking these five percentages, 3.7, 26, 4.5, 28, and 34, as a measuring stick and comparing them with the percentages of increase in legal-aid work in various cities we can say roughly that conditions generally were bad at the end of 1931 in Atlanta, Baltimore, Bridgeport (Connecticut), Cincinnati, Detroit, Louisville, Pittsburgh, Providence, Reading, Rochester (New York), San Francisco, and Springfield (Massachusetts). They were below average in Denver and Philadelphia. They were average in Albany, Cambridge (Massachusetts), Chicago, Cleveland, and St. Paul. They were about average in Boston, Grand Rapids, Michigan, Kansas City, and New York, although trouble seems to have hit Kansas City as early as 1928. By average is meant average conditions for 1931.

It seems that a better check on conditions for lawyers is to be found in the figures showing membership in the American Bar Association in various States during the years 1928 to 1932 inclusive. It must be remembered that the association put on an intensive membership campaign in 1932 which was responsible for a general increase in membership. Yet certain States show a decrease in membership even during that year. The States fall into four groups. The first group includes those in which the decline in membership continued into the year 1932, namely, Arkansas, Colorado, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Mississippi, Montana (which had the same membership in 1932 and 1931),

Nebraska, North Carolina, Oregon, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, and Washington. Eleven of these are predominantly agricultural, three are given to cattle raising, one is a mining State, and one a manufacturing State. Group two includes States where the trend in decrease in membership ended in 1931 and includes Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, and Wyoming. The foregoing are predominantly agricultural with the exception of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, which are industrial, and Nevada, whose chief industries are mining and divorces (since we are thinking of lawyers).

Group three consists of States or territories in which the trend was upward in membership from 1928 or 1929 to 1931 and 1932: Alaska, California, District of Columbia, Delaware, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island (slight increase), and Vermont. Missouri is the only predominantly agricultural area in this group. Group four, including Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Wisconsin, showed no definite trend one way or the other. It seems obvious that the agricultural regions have been hit the hardest. But that is no news. Most research results in finding out what one knew before one started.

What of the future? Two aspects of the future, which are closely related to each other, seem worthy of emphasis. One is the effect of the depression on the group which is now getting or about to get its legal education. The other is the effect hard times will have on the existing bar. As to whether the bar is at present overcrowded, opinions vary. Dean Young B. Smith of the Columbia Law School, in an address before the New Jersey State Bar Association in January, 1932, said: "Such evidence as is available indicates that there are about twice as many new lawyers admitted annually as are needed." Philip J. Wickser, in an interesting paper published in the April issue of the *American Law School Review*, concludes that although there are areas in which the bar is congested, the bar as a whole is probably not overcrowded. Even if it is, the effect of overcrowding will probably not be felt in the law schools to any great extent for some time to come. It took several years for the engineering schools to see the results of overcrowding in that profession. The effect of the depression is, however, making itself felt in the law schools. The total registration in the various law schools throughout the country has decreased steadily in the last four years for which figures are available, being 46,397 in 1928, 44,030 in 1929, 40,924 in 1930, and 39,472 in 1931. Yet the registration in the law schools requiring long pre-law-school training has increased during that time from 6,072 in 1928 to 7,453 in 1931. Registration in six of the leading law schools for the past five years was as follows:

1928-29 1929-30 1930-31 1931-32 1932-33

Chicago	460	480	370	340	320
Columbia	638	595	566	555	600
Harvard	1,595	1,640	1,596	1,595	1,509
Michigan	565	568	534	515	506
Pennsylvania	492	514	495	443	415
Yale	339	315	339	318	301

(Figures from the "Annual Review of Legal Education" published by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. See 1932 edition for a complete analysis of the effects of the depression on law-school attendance.)

Moreover, comparative figures for law-school attendance from 1928 to 1931 show a definite trend toward the full-time, approved school. One could doubtless find a similar trend in engineering and medical schools. Young law students or their parents believe in the value of good training. If the present tendency continues, the coming generation of lawyers will be better trained than their predecessors. The change in training has manifested itself most vividly in the leading schools. There the general tendency is to shape instruction in such a way as not only to teach the student what the rules of law are but to encourage him to criticize and evaluate those rules in the light of the effect they have or may have on the general welfare of society. This so-called functional or social approach to the study of law is gaining ground rapidly and will be of tremendous practical importance to the coming generation of lawyers. Each day the news from Washington makes us keenly aware that the New Deal is being, and is going to be, expressed in essentially legal formulas. Persuasion may be the device whereby the business men will be induced to take action, but the final result is to rest on a legal structure far more extensive and far more flexible than anything we have yet seen. The lawyer of the future should be prepared to resume or perhaps assume his place as business adviser. If he is wise he will be more ready to tell his client what the client ought to do than how he can do what he wants to do. The important lawyer of the past generation was a discoverer of loopholes. The great lawyer of tomorrow will more likely be a pilot toward a goal of social strength and harmony. Although this will be the main tendency, we must not forget that every social structure is essentially a compromise between individual liberties and group necessities. This compromise is never static and there need be no fear that individuals will fail to rebel and struggle to maintain their liberties. In that struggle the lawyer, the advocate, will always have a dominant part. The difficulties of the present should tend to strengthen and educate the present generation of young lawyers in self-reliance and independence. The times may breed a group less willing to be subservient to the layman's greedy wish yet equally willing to protect him against oppression and mass domination. It is in soft, fat times that men turn to the worship of Mammon.

Whether older lawyers can adapt themselves to new ideas and changed emphases remains to be seen. Many judges stand as a potential barrier against much that is being attempted. The conservative type of older attorney will continue to carry great weight with the courts. But judges with more flexible minds will write dissenting opinions that will become majority rules in the next twenty years. That is the lesson of the past. Will the generation of relatively young, intelligent, skilful lawyers now in the very thick of things in Washington return in another four, eight, or ten years to cash in on their knowledge and experience as the generation before them did? Quite likely. But the round will continue, and let us hope that the law schools will not lose vision and will not cease to pour into the tide well-trained, intelligent men and women who will continue to work for a better-balanced, more harmonious social order.

[This is the fourth of a series on the effects of the economic crisis on the professions. The fifth, *The Artist and the Depression*, by Suzanne La Follette, will appear next week.]

The Austerity of George Kelly

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

GEORGE KELLY is something of an anomaly in the contemporary theater. Two of his plays have enjoyed phenomenal runs on Broadway and one of the two won the Pulitzer prize besides. Yet neither of these is as characteristic of the author as others less successful, and it would not be rash to wager that neither is as close to Mr. Kelly's own heart as one or two which the public has classed as failures. Both of his "hits"—"The Show Off" and "Craig's Wife"—richly deserved their popularity. Both were soundly constructed and both were based upon shrewd and honest observation, but each had, in addition, the advantage of belonging to a familiar and popular genre. The first, with a blustering Babbitt for a hero, was a recognizable addition to the growing literature of native satire. The second, which drew at full length the portrait of a hard woman in whom the virtue of being a good housekeeper had become a vice, was typically "modern" in a slightly different way. It illustrated admirably that tendency to "transvaluate values" which Ibsen had introduced into the theater and which, in a somewhat popularized form, one will discover in such typical plays of the recent past as "The Silver Cord" and "Rain." No wonder that Mr. Kelly was set down as a dramatist working in a current tradition and sufficiently of Broadway to find ready acceptance. No wonder, also, that his public was somewhat *froissé* by the increasing bitterness of "Daisy Mayme" or that it should have been frankly bewildered by the almost mystical tone of "Behold the Bridegroom." Mr. Kelly refused to stay put and was determined to accentuate those aspects of his attitude which were the least familiar and the least acceptable to his audience. He was saying with a calm and cold emphasis: "Make no mistake. I am not of Broadway."

With his latest work in mind it is easy to look back over the earlier plays and to catch in their text ominous hints of this more stern and acrid tone. Even in "The Show Off" there are moments when a certain unexpected bitterness rises momentarily to the surface, as when, for example, the harassed mother hears the remark that her daughter must lie on the bed she has made and replies quite simply: "It's often not the people who make the beds who have to lie on them. It's someone else." A few moments later the observation has been forgotten in the flow of pure fun, but for an instant there has found expression something in the author which would be cynicism if it were not too sternly moralistic to be quite that. Indeed, the whole character of this mother adds to the play an element quite foreign to its dominant tone, for she is a sort of chorus supplying disillusioned comment, prophesying woe, and refusing to enter fully into the easy joy of the rest when good fortune solves all their difficulties.

Even more significant is the one-act play, "Smarty's Party," written long before, during the five years when Mr. Kelly was appearing in vaudeville in playlets of his own composition. Here the story is that of a vulgar adventuress who entangles a young man supposed to be very wealthy, who comes to his supposed mother to enjoy her moment of triumph, and who then is crushed with the information that

her victim is not really that woman's son at all. Here Mr. Kelly first delineates with cruel expertness the vulgarity of the adventuress and then, with a kind of savage delight, destroys her utterly. Thus the pattern of the play is exactly the same as the pattern of "Craig's Wife," where another evil woman is analyzed at full length before the author, with an almost sadistic fury, plunges her into a special circle of hell so arranged that her vice will constitute the means by which she is tortured. The heroine of "Smarty's Party" wanted money and got poverty; Craig's wife loved her home so much that she found herself homeless at last.

One cannot help observing that Mr. Kelly's three most bitterly excoriated characters—namely, the two just mentioned and one to be discussed later—are all women. There is in him, therefore, a strain of what one is tempted to call misogyny, but it is not certain that the term would be exactly accurate. He does not seem to be saying that women as a sex are worse than men. He is only saying instead, "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds," and the key to his temperament is a particular kind of austerity which goes commonly under the name of puritanism. Vulgarity offends him, not only aesthetically but morally as well, and the kind of meanness which he sees most commonly in men and women strikes him always as a sort of vulgarity of the soul. He despises it with a certain cold fury, and his desire is the puritanical desire to see a crushing justice meted out to it. Others may feel that to understand all is to pardon all, but to the puritan that saying is incomprehensible nonsense. To understand all is to hate all—if that "all" be hateful. Each of his most striking heroine-victims is understood with a cruel clarity, but none is pardoned and none, be it noted also, is reformed and then rewarded. All three are cast out instead into outer—and utter—darkness.

It was "Craig's Wife," produced in October, 1925, which won the Pulitzer prize. The next year Kelly produced without great success another acrid study of family life called "Daisy Mayme," but it is "Behold the Bridegroom" (1928) which represents Mr. Kelly's most determined and



Drawing by Georges Schreiber

George Kelly

most nearly successful effort to break completely away from the themes and methods of the contemporary stage in order to give full expression to his underlying attitude.

All of Mr. Kelly's other plays are richly overlaid with local color. The immediate effectiveness of all depends in large part upon skilful mimicry and upon the literal realism with which he pictures middle-class American life. Here, however, he departs from his accustomed milieu. Manners are more elegant, characters more self-consciously analytic, and the whole style is more formally literary. But the effect is only to disengage more completely the essential moral problem and to make the discussion of it quite clearly the only *raison d'être* of the play. Again the hero—if she can be called that—is a woman, but this time her sin is that vulgarity which results from the indulgence of a too facile and too shallow emotional nature. She is smart, sophisticated, and charming. She has moved gracefully from one love affair to another and thinks that she has demonstrated by her success how completely the intelligence may dispense with those simple rules of puritan morality which are never far from Mr. Kelly's mind. But the moment comes when she realizes that she really loves for the first time in her life. And her creator seizes the opportunity to destroy her as he had destroyed Craig's wife. She looks into the bridegroom's eyes, reads there his contempt, and then dies, not so much because of that contempt as because she has realized at last her own emptiness.

Probably most persons were made a little uncomfortable by the mercilessness with which justice was visited upon Mr. Kelly's earlier heroines. Some have even suggested that a more knowing playwright would not have pushed retribution so far as to swing the sympathy of the audience round in the direction of its victim. But it is no mere dramaturgic mistake which is responsible for Mr. Kelly's relentlessness either in the case of "Craig's Wife" or in the case of "Behold the Bridegroom." He must have known very well that the public would not judge the heroine of the latter play so harshly as he did, that there is, as a matter of fact, no sin which this public is more ready to forgive—in fiction at least—than the sin of light love. Indeed, the romantic-sentimental tradition makes it almost the necessary prelude to a grand passion. But Mr. Kelly would not compromise here with his puritan conscience or make any effort to hide his contempt for contemporary morality. His heroine had wasted her capacities on cheap loves, she was not ready when the bridegroom came, and she had forfeited all right to the thing whose value she had come to understand only when it was too late. Hence she awakes, not to be saved, but only in order that she may realize what she has lost. Only thus can the puritan sense of justice be served, for the damned must be given one glimpse of paradise before they are plunged into hell forever.

No other play by Mr. Kelly—indeed, few contemporary plays by any author whatsoever—has, in certain respects, a finer literary quality than this one has. There is a passionate sincerity in the conception and a beautiful clarity in the dialogue which raise it far above the level of merely successful dramatic writing. The author seems to be struggling to free himself from the limitations of mere naturalism, and very nearly succeeds, by his passion and his coherence, in raising it to the level of quasi-poetic tragedy. Yet the fact remains that the play was commercially a failure and,

what is more important, that all the respect which one feels for it does not prevent certain objections from arising in the mind of either the spectator or the reader.

One is, to put it briefly, neither quite convinced nor quite sure that one ought to be. "Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love." This we have upon the authority of one of Shakespeare's heroines, and it may be urged against the conclusion which Mr. Kelly has given to his play, but the most serious of my doubts are not of this naturalistic kind. I can accept the physical features of his conclusion and I can respect the moral sincerity which has enabled him to develop an almost pietistic thesis without falling into mere priggishness on the one hand or into rant on the other, but I honestly doubt that nature is constructed upon any plan so in accord with a puritan sense of moral fitness. Perhaps a spoiled and empty woman should die of self-contempt when she sees herself; perhaps she should feel herself forever unworthy of love if she chances at last to meet it; but I doubt that she would actually feel so or that there is anything to be gained by trying to make her. We forgive ourselves more easily and it is as well that we should. Artists and moralists both love to contemplate the irreparable—it helps the one to be dramatic and it helps the other to satisfy his sense of justice. But nature is more compliant. Time cannot be called back, and what has been physically destroyed cannot be found again, but nothing else is irretrievably lost and there are no sins that ought not and cannot be forgiven.

Mr. Kelly has been silent since he produced "Maggie the Magnificent" in November, 1929. In this latest of his plays he returned to the middle-class milieu and the more realistic manner. But here again he is concerned with integrity of character as it is brought out in the contrast between the disorderly soul of an uncultivated mother and the efficient determination of a daughter who lifts herself by her own efforts above the vulgarity amidst which she grew up. But Mr. Kelly seems incapable of making either men or women as likable as they ought to be. There is in the characters whom he admires something stiff and prim and priggish which chills the beholder and seems to suggest that the author hates what is cheap and common with such an all-absorbing fury that he has become incapable of exercising his critical judgment upon anyone who escapes the one vice he cannot forgive. The "bridegroom" in the previous play was not intended to be repellantly self-righteous, but there was a suggestion of repellent self-righteousness in him. Similarly, the Maggie of this piece is actually a good deal less than magnificent. She is neat, orderly, assured, decent, and correct, but only Mr. Kelly would admire her with warmth. We are expected to feel in her an austere nobility, but we actually feel a kind of spinsterish frigidity, and we cannot rejoice as we should in her triumph because we cannot sympathize warmly enough with her essentially negative aspirations.

This suggests, I think, the key to the mystery surrounding the fact that Mr. Kelly's most characteristic and most seriously meant plays do not quite achieve the success that they seem at times about to reach. There is a touch of coldness in his nature, a certain stubborn negativeness in his moral attitude, which lays a blight upon his plays. Essentially they are rather dour and frost-bitten, rather bleak at the very moments when a grave beauty ought to emerge. He wants, like Milton, to express the grandeur of puritanism, but he

is somehow earthbound and cannot entirely escape from a certain unlovely rigidity. There is too much realism, too much prose, where a kind of ecstasy is called for. When a puritan is also a poet, the result can be magnificent, but Mr. Kelly is not quite poet enough. He commands respect but he cannot quite inspire a genuine enthusiasm.

[This is the third of four articles by Mr. Krutch on contemporary dramatists. The fourth will appear soon.]

In the Driftway

AUGUST newspapers, as everybody knows, are unlike the newspapers of any other month. In August the temperature rises higher than the melting-point of even hard-headed city editors, and almost anything may happen. The reader, too, contributes to the confusion. Some newspaper headlines are hard to decipher in mid-January, but the haze of heat distorts even those which make sense. For instance, when the Drifter read in the *Herald Tribune* on August 14 that "Hull's Kin Visits His Frigate," it was quite natural, in view of the recent unpleasantness at London, that he should think of Cordell. What was his amazement, then, to read in the second line that "Granddaughter, 82, Is Shown Over Old Ironsides"!

* * * * *

HE had no sooner got that figured out than he bumped, on the same page, into "Girl, Born Amid Battle, Routs 3 Bandits, Killing 1." Husky baby, thought the Drifter and called for an iced drink. His head cooler, he read on to discover that the Battle Amid which the redoubtable Girl had been Born had occurred some eighteen years before. For a day the Drifter stayed away from the *Herald Tribune*, trusting neither its head writers nor his own senses. It was not long enough, however, for on August 16 the following story leaped out at him:

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA, AUG. 15 (UP).—Luis and Carola Perez, of San Pedro, in the Bolivar Department, announced in a telegram read in the Senate today the birth of seven children. . . . The telegram . . . was referred to the Committee on Public Works.

* * * * *

IT remained for the *World-Telegram*, however, to serve up the essence of American culture in August. This may be a misprint caused by melting type and an overheated etiquette editor, but here it is:

YOUR MANNERS

My fiance tells me that it is very bad form to refuse to have a drink on the house, even if you really do not want it. Is this true?—S. K.

Not if you thank the bartender graciously, explain that you have to hurry off, and ask him to save it for you until another time.

The Drifter has resolved to read no more newspapers until frost. Instead, he will thank his newsboy graciously, explain that he has to hurry away, and ask him to save them for him until another time. It is best.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

India Is Tired

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The meeting of the Congress leaders in Poona is now over, and India, or rather Mr. Gandhi, has taken another momentous decision. Mass civil disobedience is to continue. But it will be in name only. For as every provincial leader except a few blind followers of Mr. Gandhi asserted, the country is tired of the struggle and cannot continue it any longer. This statement on the part of the overwhelming majority of the leaders was not, as Mr. Gandhi insinuated, a result of their own weariness, but a true statement well borne out by facts and figures. The ordinances with their brutal clauses have struck terror to the hearts of the people, who are no longer willing to break the laws and go to jail. In the eighteen months of the present campaign, twice as long as the last one, only half as many people have gone to prison. The boycott of British goods, a very potent weapon, is dead everywhere, the Bombay cotton market being the last to yield. Swadeshi, the movement to use only Indian goods, has suffered a severe setback owing to the abnormally low prices of Japanese goods, which have been flooding the markets for more than a year. Financial help from the business community is also not readily forthcoming. The mill-owners and the merchants are looking more and more to the government rather than to the Congress for their betterment. As for labor, it never supported Mr. Gandhi, and its leaders have time and again denounced him for betraying the cause of the revolutionary masses. Even the peasants are showing unmistakable signs of having lost their confidence in him. They are paying the land taxes and are actively cooperating with the government for their own little benefit.

In spite of these telling facts, Mr. Gandhi made a very emotional "no-surrender" speech, appealing to the audience in the subtle manner of which he alone is capable. And the result was that he got his way. The resolution in favor of civil disobedience if the Viceroy did not yield was carried by a majority of 24, 16 voting against and 40 voting for. But this vote did not reflect the true opinion of the conference because out of 150 delegates who attended only 56 voted. The rest either had not the courage of their conviction or did not wish to offend Mr. Gandhi and so did not vote, though most of them in their conference speeches had made out a strong case for the withdrawal of civil disobedience.

This fatal decision of Mr. Gandhi's will go down in history as another of his Himalayan blunders. It will create a split in the Congress Party, and the majority will side with those who decide to withdraw from the Congress of Mr. Gandhi and enter the reformed councils. History will unfortunately repeat itself and the whole episode of the Swarajist tactics will be reenacted. This is exactly what the government wants. With Congress officially not taking part in the coming elections for the reformed councils, the government, with the aid of the liberals, will be able to intrench itself in power for another five or ten years to come.

The outlook for my country is indeed dark today. The only ray of hope lies in the fact that the realization is dawning upon more and more people that the non-violent tactics of Mr. Gandhi will not result in any appreciable betterment of the condition of the people of India. Many people have also realized that his methods will not result in a seizure of power by the Indians. Thoughtful people are therefore turning away from him and going over to the revolutionary side. The worsening of the position of the masses is, indeed, making more and

more for a revolutionary situation. But unfortunately the forces of the revolution are very badly organized. The suicidal policy of Mr. Gandhi will no doubt strengthen the hands of the revolutionaries, but the day of their victory is yet far off.

Bombay, July 15

S. K. SHAH

\$300,000,000 Not \$300,000

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Three important ciphers slipped out of one figure in my article in *The Nation*, The Utility Crisis in New York. Gas, electric, and telephone dividends in New York State have been \$300,000,000 per annum, and not \$300,000.

New York, August 24

JEROME COUNT

Look on This Picture—

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I resent most emphatically your attitude toward Germany. Please scratch my name off your subscribers' list.

St. Joachimstal, Czecho-Slovakia, July 4 C. J. GRIMM

Then on This!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Some time ago I addressed a very complimentary communication to *The Nation*, which may have sounded like flattery but was, nevertheless, meant in all sincerity. The letter did not appear in print. Since then I have noticed that your communicants who insist on burying *The Nation* with all manner of anathema and imprecation have their communications printed. Is this not carrying your modesty too far?

Of late I have been searching *The Nation* diligently to find some utterance or attitude I could earnestly decry, hoping that would enable me to break into print. The endeavor has proved fruitless, for I find I am in substantial agreement with everything you have to say. So I suppose I'll have to remain in obscurity for the simple reason that I am in hearty accord with the policies and attitudes of *The Nation*.

Now, if you don't print this, I won't give a whoop. I just wanted to get it off my chest.

Medford, Oregon, July 19

C. W. KIRKPATRICK

Mad

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In this morning's mail I opened a letter from a professor in the University of Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa, and read as follows: "This old world of ours is getting madder every day."

The next letter I opened was one from a captain of the British Royal Engineers, now living in Satara City, Bombay, India. His letter began as follows: "*Mad* is the only word for the state of affairs now existing. You perhaps have heard what Dr. Derloges of Canada has been saying lately just about that." I do not happen to know what Dr. Derloges has been saying, but it seems to me an interesting fact that three educated men as far apart as South Africa, India, and Canada should be saying the same thing about this world of ours.

Los Angeles, California, July 10

UPTON SINCLAIR

Make Everybody Pay

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

A simple way to increase the government's revenue would be to make those who are now exempted from paying a federal income tax share in our financial burdens through a constitutional amendment. The Treasury Department in Washington informs me that no express provision in the Constitution prohibits the federal government from taxing the instrumentalities of a State or vice versa; but in accordance with judicial interpretation there is implied constitutional prohibition against such taxation.

I am a veteran of the Spanish War and lost my hearing as a result of disease contracted in Cuba in 1898. I have always paid an income tax, small as it was. It is irritating to find so many who never shouldered a gun exempt from contributing to our war debts.

An amendment to the Constitution appears to be the only way to overcome the limitation and to permit the taxation by our federal government of the compensation of all officers and employees of States and their political subdivisions.

New York, May 1

AMOS H. BARNETT

For New Jersey Readers

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Will readers of *The Nation* residing in Hudson County, New Jersey, who are interested in forming a *Nation* Club, communicate with me at 905 Bergen Avenue, Jersey City, New Jersey. My telephone number is Journal Square 2-2175.

Jersey City, July 15

ABRAHAM LEVINE

UNION OF Soviet Socialist Republics

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Books, Art, Films

The Ecstatic

By C. DAY LEWIS

Lark, skylark, spilling your rubbed and round
Pebbles of sound in air's still lake,
Whose widening circles fill the noon; yet none
Is known so small beside the sun.

Be strong your fervent soaring, your skyward air!
Tremble there, a nerve of song!
Float up there where voice and wing are one,
A singing star, a note of light!

Buoyed, embayed in heaven's noon-wide reaches—
For soon light's tide will turn—Oh stay!
Cease not till day streams to the west; then down
That estuary drop down to peace!

South American Rhapsody

Indian Air. Impressions of Travel in South America. By Paul Morand. Translated by Desmond Flower. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

THE initial chapter of this book, from which the title is derived, may be regarded as the author's error. This shallow, poetic thesis, in which the Americas, in a division of continents, are allotted principles "in air," attempts to unite, under winged symbols, New York skyscrapers, aeroplanes, Iroquois and Apache headdresses, Patagonian clothing, the down robes of the dancers of Sikuri, and the Wright brothers—all influenced by the "exciting electricity" which is our Western element. There is in this the hint of something which might convince if propounded with a resource and a seriousness absent here, where we have only a jazz rendition of Waldo Frank's "America Hispana": a book which convinces as art because the metaphysical intensity of the writer wins us from a too critical consideration of the superficiality of his acquaintance with the actualities which have inspired him.

One wishes Paul Morand had not, as he admits, read Waldo Frank, and had not introduced us to travel with this perfunctory soothsaying. It provokes the reader to an annoying skepticism, and makes one question the existence of "green toucans" (though there may be such creatures), and causes one to register a quibbling objection to the confusing of parrots with love birds. Let an author of this kind touch on facts one has oneself experienced, irritation will result. From the farewell salute M. Morand offers Buenos Aires, where he first takes off, to the adieu he bids the plane from which he descends in the swamps of Louisiana, his amazing eye-mindedness is given the elaborate and somewhat chaotic support of informational bits hurled into paragraphs which are lyrics of reference; yet of reference we somehow doubt to have been investigated with any earnestness. His spontaneity is charming. Because he sees fit to lard his sentences with cultural allusions demanding substantiation no tourist can provide, the virtues of his style are sometimes lost.

As with all travelers' accounts of lands and peoples remote in spirit, this account is most valid when it is most personal, when we share the writer's physical excitement in discovering below him, as he gazes from his plane, so vast an earth. The

visual thrill he had in passing, like a rain cloud, in a few hours, over a nation is one we also may enjoy. As Pierre Loti, with lyric nostalgia, wrote of Turkey, Algeria, Egypt, M. Morand writes, out of a vivid intoxication with space, of soaring where previous generations have ambled on mules or trudged footsore. Sweeping on silver wings above the Andes, plowing through the water of Lake Titicaca, the high lake of the world, on a modern English steamer, communicating with a friend in Paris by a telephone connection established in Chile—such events hold the essence of the drama of modern travel, romantic, exalting.

It is the pretentious generalizing on civilization and racial character which taints an elating impressionism. "Body of South America, a complete organism, of which the Amazons, enlarged like a breast, are the lungs, the Argentine the gullet, the Plate the digestive tube, the rivers the arteries, with towns perched on the confluents like glands." Such facile recourse to the pathetic fallacy, recurring frequently, adds another exasperation.

It is an advantage of the fictional form that it permits a writer to select material for the sake of its emotional importance to himself, but the traveler, skimming above historic sites, is under an obligation to give them their due, though he must resort to a guidebook. M. Morand's own South America is in his rhapsodic response to the spectacular peaks and glaciers he glimpses, to the jungles scarred by the tombs of dead races, and to the empty deserts lying beneath him in an arid hush broken by the rumble of propellers.

Arrived in Louisiana, he falls back on the Abbé Prévost, and realizes little more of the scene today than a man might with the shrillness of Paris beyond his window and "Manon," open at a certain chapter, on his knee. To Morand, Louisiana has "the face of a child suffering from an incurable disease." To this reviewer, the face reflected in swamps, amidst palmettos and sad trees heavy with gray moss, happens to be an ancient, primeval one. The cursory statements of the voyager seem frail substitutes for the fact. M. Morand has tourist exhaustion, and must end his book somehow.

Yet, in "Indian Air," epic moods inadequately purveyed by writers of advertising copy are interpreted by an artist.

EVELYN SCOTT

Literary Trapezist

Orphée. By Jean Cocteau. Translated by Carl Wildman. Frontispiece by Pablo Picasso. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

TELL Jean Cocteau that I adore him," wrote Rainer Maria Rilke, "the only person for whom the Myth opens its gates and from which he returns bronzed as from the seaside." Here it is the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice whose gates are thrown open for M. Cocteau: an Orpheus, it is true, who turns out to bear a striking resemblance to M. Cocteau himself, and a Eurydice who belongs to the period when Dada was the rage of the boulevards and postcard photographs were supposed to possess "a harmony, a harsh simplicity" which made them preferable to the major works of Rubens and Velasquez. There is also a character named Heurtebise, who belongs to "the race of the horse": this means that when the chair on which he is standing is withdrawn he is capable of remaining suspended in mid-air. One gathers (Cocteau himself played Heurtebise when Pitöeff produced the playlet) that with this ingratiating fakir also one may identify, if not the author, at least what is the wish-fulfilment of the

author, of this charming, ingenious, and delicately mad little offering. It seems rather foolish, however, to designate "Orphée" as Cocteau's masterpiece, as the translator does in his preface, since "Les Enfants Terribles" is an infinitely more serious and substantial work, and, what is more to the point, Cocteau would consider producing anything so pretentious as a masterpiece as constituting something like a breach of faith. Of Cocteau one may say what Arthur Symons said long ago of Oscar Wilde—that he is "an artist in attitudes." Here the attitude is that of the trapezist, "playing at a great height, and without a safety net." As always Cocteau manages to get through the performance without a fall, although one is not sure from beginning to end whether it may not all be an optical illusion. But that is the essence of the pleasure which everything that Cocteau does is able to provide. It must be added that the book is exquisitely produced, with typography by John Johnson, and with a Chiricoesque frontispiece by Picasso.

WILLIAM TROY

They Had to See Russia

Russia Day by Day. By Corliss and Margaret Lamont. Covici-Friede. \$2.

The Tragedy of Russia. By Will Durant. Simon and Schuster. \$1.25.

This Russian Business. By E. T. Brown. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.75.

ONE can scarcely read these three books, all written on the basis of comparatively short trips to Russia, without feeling that there is no such thing as objective truth about the Soviet system. There is not the slightest reason to question the good faith of any of the authors or the sincerity of the impressions which they derived from sojourns in Russia which ranged from two months for Mr. and Mrs. Lamont to shorter periods for Messrs. Durant and Brown.

But if one sets down the impressions of the Lamonts side by side with those of Mr. Durant, the resultant effect is something like emerging from a darkened room into a burst of sunshine. One envisages the typical Russian who talks with the Lamonts as a buoyant, enthusiastic young person of either sex who laughs and sings and shouts: "Isn't it wonderful, what we have done? Of course there are a few difficulties with food and housing and coordination, but those will all be swept away in good time." By contrast Mr. Durant's Russian is a gloomy, depressed individual who has long lost all capacity to sing, to laugh, or even to smile, who sidles up to the American visitor, glancing furtively around to see that there are no spies within earshot, and whispers: "Isn't it simply terrible? All hope and joy crushed out of us. And of course we are all starving."

Far be it from the reviewer, because of his own extended period of residence in Moscow, to look with undue superciliousness on the impressionistic works of short-term observers. It not infrequently happens that a fresh observer reacts quickly and sensitively to features of daily life which are overlooked or taken for granted by permanent inhabitants. But there is one distinct peril that besets the casual visitor. The checks which the objective facts of the situation impose upon his personal viewpoint are few and can be quite easily and unconsciously evaded. All the books under review illustrate this peril in varying degrees.

Of the three the work of Mr. and Mrs. Lamont stays best within the limits which a comparatively brief visit should impose. It is in the form of a day-by-day diary in which the authors record the events of a prolonged tour which took them first to Leningrad and Moscow, then down the Volga, through

the Caucasus, and out of the Soviet Union by way of the Crimea, the Dnieperstroi dam, and Kiev. They were extremely hardworking and conscientious tourists, especially during their stay in Moscow; and the range of their contacts and interests may be gathered from such headings of individual days as: "Western Art. Anna Louise Strong. Five-Year Plan"; or "Amo Factory. Woman's Prison. Louis Fischer. *Izvestia*."

Their narrative makes smooth and pleasant reading because they were so obviously enjoying the manifold sights and impressions and discussion topics of what they regard as "the new world of the twentieth century." And if they are somewhat jauntily willing and even eager to learn and credit the ever-ready official excuse for this or that obvious failing, one admires their philosophic good nature in the face of nocturnal insects on Volga boats and of mired buses on the steppes of the North Caucasus, and feels that they would have been agreeable travel companions on the somewhat strenuous tour of Russia. One can scarcely leave unchallenged, however, their easy assumption that "socialism in America could be depended on to improve things at least as much as has socialism in Russia. And since America starts far ahead of the Soviet the results in the U. S. A. would be phenomenal. . . . Socialism in America might in rather short order provide every family with the equivalent of a \$25,000 income." Leaving out the complicated and debatable question of how far socialism in Russia has improved things, it would certainly seem inconceivable that socialism on the Russian Bolshevik model could be introduced into a country with America's historic and economic background without provoking desperate and prolonged resistance; and in the process of that resistance the technocratic mirage of a \$25,000 income for every family would probably resolve itself into something more like the meager rations of the average Soviet citizen today.

The Soviet Union may well pray to be delivered from ex-admirers, who are almost invariably more bitter and intemperate in their denunciations than conservatives or liberals who were never over-hopeful about the results of communism. Will Durant, as readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* articles which constitute the bulk of his present book know, is a recruit to the ranks of the disillusioned.

There is no reason why anyone should not change his opinion about the Soviet Union; and certainly varied cases can be made against Bolshevik theory and practice by believers in religion, private capitalism, anarchism, and moderate socialism. Exception, however, can be taken to Mr. Durant's efforts to rear a formidable structure of sweeping generalizations ("Slavery, barbarism, and desolation; this, fundamentally, despite a thousand minor virtues, is what Russia is today") on a narrow base of factual observation. What he seems to have discovered by personal observation is that there is squalor and hunger in Russian provincial towns, that there is a general lack of up-to-date sanitary facilities and a good deal of confusion and disorganization in the handling of railroad passengers, all of which is quite true; also that people never laugh and never sing, which is demonstrably untrue.

His pontifical judgments on the Five-Year Plan, on Communist psychology and methods of administration, on the personalities of Soviet leaders, are based in considerable degree on arbitrary selections from other people's impressions, with the result that his book is studded with factual mistakes and conveys a hasty and superficial impression. To list a few of the varied mistakes: the Nijni Novgorod automobile factory was at no time abandoned; the plan called for 9,500,000 tons of pig iron, not in the first eight months, but in the whole year of 1932; the former head of the trade unions, Tomsky, is not "languishing in Siberia"; the amount of land planted with grain from January 1 until August 25, 1932, was not 7,000,000 acres but much closer to 250,000,000 acres; Lenin, as the slightest acquaintance with his works would prove, never believed that

the slogan "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need" could be introduced immediately after the revolution.

Mr. Brown's work belongs in the class of the favorable reactions to the Soviet Union. Its value is diminished by the fact that the author has a weakness for drifting from direct observation to long-winded generalization about this or that ethical or sociological problem involved in the Soviet regime. Some of his generalizations, such as "Persecution and propaganda are in their nature incongruous," may be philosophically unimpeachable; yet the two methods certainly go hand in hand not only in the Soviet Union but also in Germany and Italy, under their present regimes. And one hopes that no discontented English worker, employed or unemployed, will take too seriously Mr. Brown's extraordinary statement that "plain substantial meals for workmen in Russia are rather cheaper than in England," while "meat at a shop is probably rather dearer, although not much." The quality of the meals and the availability of the meat are dismissed with airy unconcern.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Ex-Regulator

Public Utilities and the People. By William A. Prendergast. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$3.

WILLIAM A. PRENDERGAST was formerly chairman of the Public Service Commission of the State of New York, and until recently executive vice-president of three large private companies. His book covers the nature and functions of public utilities; discusses the power trust, holding companies, various theories of valuation, rates, and accounting procedure; asks whether regulation has broken down; and discusses public ownership as the alternative. One has a feeling that the categories have all been listed, and that the arguments for and against every controversial question have been presented. Then he evaluates the arguments and resolves every question in favor of the power companies. "We are brought to the conclusion that nothing which can reasonably be called a 'power trust' exists in this country today or has existed in the past," he says, though he lists groupings of power companies covering the entire country, acting politically as a unit through the National Electric Light Association. He minimizes the bad effects of lack of State or national regulation of power sold by company to company across State lines, though he thinks there should be some regulation. While approving the theory of valuation based on present "reproduction costs" less depreciation, as responsive to the changing value of the dollar, he recognizes its futility as a prompt means of making rate changes, and proposes instead that the rate base used be the "book value" of the utilities, revised as to property acquired prior to June 30, 1917, by applying a price-index figure, so that the prices may be given their present-day dollar value, and then adds the *actual book costs* of "all property installed since June 30, 1917." Since the art of "write-ups" of utility property was not lost in 1917, and has been practiced by operating as well as holding companies, this method would seem to offer little protection to the consumer. While recognizing the bad failure of regulation in many States, due to imperfect laws, control of the commissioners by the companies regulated, and inadequate fact-finding facilities, he prefers to trust to improvement in regulation rather than permit communities to "roll their own" through public ownership. If he had digested some of the basic facts in, say, Mr. Cooke's recent volume, "What Electricity Costs," he could hardly have reached some of his conclusions. But if one reads his book with due allowance for its point of view, it is readable, informative, and helpful.

LOUIS BARTLETT

San Francisco Sin

The Barbary Coast. An Informal History of the San Francisco Underworld. By Herbert Asbury. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

SAN FRANCISCO has inconsiderately failed to erect a monument to the unknown advertising genius who, in the middle eighteen-sixties, first christened the block of dives, concert-saloons, and brothels on Pacific Street between Kearney and Montgomery, the "Barbary Coast." For the fame of the district, which grew with the years and with the expansion of its boundaries, owed not a little to this lurid and barbaric phrase. From 1849 until 1914 the Barbary Coast flourished as one of the most celebrated acres of iniquity on the North American continent. Long prior to 1914, however, it had become, in Mr. Asbury's melancholy phrase, merely "a slummer's paradise." The period of its robustness and vigor, like that of many other San Francisco institutions, was brought to a close by the earthquake and fire of 1906; from then until 1914 the vice of the Barbary Coast was largely synthetic. Although the Barbary Coast has been luridly depicted in innumerable Sunday-supplement melodramas and feature stories, Mr. Asbury has written the first semi-historical account of the district. To the task of chronicling its tumultuous history he has devoted himself with commendable seriousness and even a sort of scholarly piety. He has not been abashed by the gruesome or intimidated by the vicious. With an admirably disciplined sobriety and candor, he writes quite as respectfully of the Galloping Cow and Cowboy Maggie as Trevelyan describing the early life of Queen Anne or Macaulay the features of Warren Hastings.

The one weakness of Mr. Asbury's volume consists in its discursiveness. For the subtitle of the volume is really more descriptive of its contents than the title. A large part of the book is devoted to such familiar phases of the history of California as the discovery of gold; the boisterous character of early San Francisco; the Chinese, with their tong wars, lotteries, and struggles to maintain their queues and hand laundries; the doings of the venerated vigilance committees; and such romantic characters as the bandit Joaquin Murieta and the Emperor Norton. These passages form no part of the history of the Barbary Coast, although they make interesting reading no matter how often they are rehashed.

There is much material in the volume, however, that will startle even the collector of Californiana. Of particular interest is the chapter on the "Sydney ducks"—ticket-of-leave men who escaped from the prison camps of Australia and terrorized San Francisco for a decade. There is also an amusing chapter on the lost art of shanghaiing sailors. The fabulous characters that Mr. Asbury vividly presents in this chapter, notably Mother Bronson, Shanghai Kelly, Miss Piggott, Patsy Corrigan, Calico Jim (who once shanghai'd three policemen), the Shanghai Chicken, and Cowboy Maggie, are figures from the murky underworld of Fagin and Sykes. While not another Dickens, Mr. Asbury gives life to these amazing figures and exhibits their peculiar virtues with great skill and obvious affection. There is also much erudite stuff in the volume on the harlots and harlotry of the Barbary Coast, with graphic and technical accounts of the organization, economics, personnel, and paraphernalia of its innumerable cowyards, cribs, and parlor houses, all done with appropriate seriousness and an innocent and casual irony. While Mr. Asbury writes learnedly of the madame, her function and characteristics, he makes no mention of the professor, as the morose and fragile piano-player in such establishments was invariably called. Such an omission is remarkable in a historian otherwise so scrupulously exact about even the most minute and, shall I say indecent, details.

Mr. Asbury has evolved an admirable technique for the type of Americana in which he takes such obvious relish. His research is confined to the inexhaustible riches of oral traditions, police records, and newspaper files. He shuns secondary sources, and perhaps wisely so. But in this case he erred in neglecting the fiction of the Barbary Coast. He makes no mention whatever of the numerous novels that have described the scenes and characters of the Coast. Charles Caldwell Dobie wrote an excellent novel based on the life of Mammy Pleasant; Gelett Burgess in "The Heart Line" referred to many Barbary Coast characters, as did Charles Tenney Jackson in "The Day of Souls."

The enthusiasm for American erotica has apparently not abated. Such material has, of course, great interest to an "emancipated" generation which takes delight in the coarse and uncouth vagaries of another age. At times I suspect that the popular interest in this type of work is a product of self-deception. Vice is seldom amusing if graphically described. What has delighted a later generation in the doings of Calamity Jane and her kind has been the charming casualness of their depravities. In the inherited gossip of their heroic adventures and the gorgeous frankness of their misbehavior investigators have discerned the materials of a pseudo-folklore. And so in Mr. Asbury's book it is not surprising to find that he frankly acknowledges the apocryphal character of many of the tales which he relates and that he has given to his favorite characters the exaggerated proportions of the figures of myths and legend. In fact, by endowing his characters with legendary qualities and accepting the traditions by which the memory of them has been sustained, Mr. Asbury has rescued the Barbary Coast and its strange denizens from oblivion. For already I have overheard Californians retelling many of his choice episodes. Is it a confession of innate sinful propensities, or merely an admission of the character of the age in which we live that the present generation should be wistful over the Barbary Coast?

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Dead Germany

Modern Germany: A Study of Conflicting Loyalties. By Paul Kosok. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

THE title of this book is misleading, but that is no fault of the author. For Modern Germany was slain while the volume was being revised and put upon the press. In its place we have the ruthless, despotic state erected by Hitler; it is really appalling to see in how short a time it is possible to tear down completely a democratic structure, install complete reaction, and deny to every individual the right to think and speak according to his own beliefs.

Professor Kosok's study is really the story of the Dead Germany which collapsed so readily and entirely without resistance when put to the touch of Hitler. It is a careful and conscientious recital of the background both of the monarchy and of the ill-fated republic, and as such it contains factual material of value to everyone who desires to find some explanation for the German disaster. But it cannot be said that Professor Kosok's style is bright or entertaining; it smacks too much of the doctor's thesis. He places his chief emphasis on the economic factors and forces in the political system, but he neither develops new theories of the struggle between the contending forces in the republic nor throws fresh light upon the facts.

It is a pity that the book could not have been recast after Hitler's ascendancy. We read in the author's account of the Stahlhelm, for example, that it "now claims a membership of over a million, and is the mainstay of the much weakened mon-

archistic Nationalist Party," when we know that it has been taken over by Hitler after enlisting large numbers of the disbanded Reichsbanner. So in an excellent chapter on National Symbolism contributed by Isidor Ginsburg, dealing with the role which symbolism has played in the development of German loyalties, we learn that it is doubtful whether Hitler "can with these new tactics [the legality announcement of 1930] keep his party intact." A footnote explains that the "national resurgence" of 1933 has "not affected the validity of the principles" laid down by Mr. Ginsburg. But the net effect upon the reader is naturally depressing.

Especially valuable are Professor Kosok's chapters on the army and the church. In that on the latter he makes the interesting point that the revolution of 1918 and the period of the republic resulted in an increase rather than a decrease in the power and influence granted to the church by the state—another evidence of the fatal weakness of the leaders of the republic. Today the Hitler state makes and unmakes bishops. Throughout Professor Kosok identifies patriotism with submissive loyalty to the state and acceptance of the war policies of 1914-18. It is sad, too, to find that he has only this to say, in a final paragraph, of Hitler's accession to power: "Hitler and Fascism have triumphed in Germany . . . Civic training of a super-nationalist character . . . is the order of the day! The effectiveness of this training will depend upon whether the Nazis can solve the economic crisis which brought them into power. If they can do this, *well and good.*" (Italics mine.) Well and good indeed! Only a completely superficial mind can see in the Nazis' record to date anything good which can offset its horrible cruelty, its deadly menace to civilization everywhere.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Shorter Notices

Mrs. Egg and Other Barbarians. By Thomas Beer. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Mr. Beer, with a diffidence which perhaps veils an impulse to disclaim altogether a serious paternity for these eight stories—six of which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*—refers to them himself, in a forenote, as "frivolous tales." They recount episodes in the lives of two groups of semi-rural characters, one group revolving about the obese figure of an amazing matron named Mrs. Egg, of Illium, Ohio, the other about an equally astonishing Dutch patriarch, with a fraction of Iroquois blood and a wooden leg, named Carolus Van Eyck, of Couveris, New York. Both these characters are paragons of homely sagacity. In the episodes, most of which concern the mating adventures of children and grandchildren, they figure as shrewd powers behind the scenes, after the manner of Kelland's "Scattergood," directing the course of events to the wise conclusion. The stories sheathe a core of sentimentality in a slick surface sophistication, according to the familiar formula of the "smooth paper" magazines. To this artistry Mr. Beer contributes a curious impulse to make his rural world cognizant of the catchwords and themes of the intelligentsia—"the lost generation," the Left Bank, and even Lesbianism—with the result that both the innocence and the sophistication are suspect. The volume will hardly add to the reputation of the author of "Stephen Crane" and "The Mauve Decade."

The Autobiography of a Liverpool Irish Slummy. By Pat O'Mara. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

During the past ten years the "true confession" story has run its full length: through various jails in America, through the World War, through New York slums—each with its separate documentary value. Among these, Pat O'Mara's story

of a boyhood spent in a Liverpool slum deserves special attention. The horror of poverty is revealed with genuine emotion, and the brutal conduct of its victims is made convincing by O'Mara's complete sympathy with them. In these slums drink and the more violent form of bloodlust seem to be only an escape from filth and economic nightmare; children's shoes are bought to be pawned on Monday morning and redeemed on Saturday night for church on Sunday; wife-beating is a daily exercise; and all forms of petty thievery and swindling are a means of livelihood. For O'Mara the movies and a stay at a charity hospital were the only calm moments in a childhood where disease and frequent beatings were listed as the common destiny of his generation—only the hardest members of a large family had any hope of survival. O'Mara at last ran off to sea, where even the rough duties of a mess boy on a freighter seemed like a vacation away from the terrifying experiences at home. O'Mara's prose, though crude, has warmth and color, and his autobiography is told with a hearty earnestness that is lighted from time to time by flashes of grim humor.

The Traipsin' Woman. By Jean Thomas. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

The traipsin' woman of these stories is Jean Thomas herself, who, as court stenographer to a circuit judge, enjoyed a rare opportunity for collecting material on the life of her native Kentucky. The sketches and stories in this volume, however, do not add anything of note to the regional studies of life in America. They hark back to the period of genre pictures, and have all the quaint humor and sentimentalities of the obsolescent local-colorist school in Southern fiction.

Business Is Business. By Basil D. Nicholson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

This attempt at a modern picaresque novel fails from a sheer excess of villainy. Fundamentally, devils are romantic creations, as ethereal, as humorless, and as colorless as angels. Art for art's sake is readily conceivable, but villainy for villainy's sake requires much more documentation. There are some perfect saints in literature who are almost credible human beings, but no perfect villains who are not abstractions. Villains usually have ulterior motives. In "Business Is Business" the author has grafted a nominal motive on his villain—money—but it has not taken root psychologically. As a result the hero's tedious recital of his murders and betrayals, which is meant to be both shocking and diverting, sounds no more exciting than "another Indian bit the dust."

Tapestry the Mirror of Civilization. By Phyllis Ackerman. Oxford University Press. \$4.75.

Dr. Phyllis Ackerman, an outstanding tapestry authority, has written what to our knowledge is the most comprehensive and best single volume on this subject in the English language. The specialist may complain that she has laid too little stress on iconography, too much on the ethical, mythic, religious, social, and economic currents from which the artisan, whether he is an anonymous Minoan, a Flemish guildsman, or a Boucher, draws the themes, as well as the decorative and linear conventions, for his textiles. But the "common reader"—which most of us are on all but very few subjects—with only an elementary knowledge of the role that tapestry has played during the past five thousand years, will welcome rather than regret Dr. Ackerman's omission of scholarly documentation for its own sake. In a prose style that is both vigorous and vivid the story of tapestry is traced from its remote origin among the ancient eastern Mediterranean civilizations to its culmination in Europe in the seventeenth century with the tapestries designed by Rubens, Jordaens, and Teniers and in the eighteenth with Goya's cartoons for the Santa Barbara looms; the art scraped

bottom in the nineteenth with the sterile medievalism of the Pre-Raphaelites. The appendices contain three additional chapters: one on The Technique and Aesthetic of Tapestry; another on Guild Regulations; the last on Some Collectors and Collections. Ninety-eight pages of valuable reference notes and a useful bibliography complete the text, which is supplemented by forty-eight full-page illustrations in half-tone, many of them of tapestries and cartoons for tapestries that are reproduced here for the first time.

Mrs. Barry. By Frederick Niven. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

It is hardly fair to call this book a novel, for it is rather a character sketch, a full-length portrait of mother and son with, for background, a few hasty strokes to indicate people who enter their lives. In trying to build it up into something more, the author has introduced several unrelated episodes which, however pleasant as reading, are more repetition than development. Mrs. Barry takes lodgers and barely makes ends meet even when she has lodgers. In another section of Scotland she was once a girl of means, but hard times have left her with a son to provide for, and with pains somewhere which grow through the story until she takes them to a doctor, hears his verdict, insures reception of her boy at an orphan's home, and dies. That is all, but with the exception of the padding referred to the story is told competently and with a quiet and convincing directness.

Shakespeare. By John Drinkwater. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

Short though this biography is—it is hardly 30,000 words long—it is too long for the meager data of Shakespeare's life. Mr. Drinkwater makes a well-nigh overwhelming case for the reality of Shakespeare as the writer of Shakespeare's plays and poems; but in the biographer's art of making a real man of his subject he is less successful. His book is more interesting as a fresh and vigorous contribution to the Shakespeare controversy than as a work of biography.

Hitler's Reich. By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. The Macmillan Company. \$1.

We have been flooded with monographs, tracts, pamphlets, and full-dress books about the new Germany under Hitler. A few of them have been excellent, more have been emotional outpourings of dubious value, while most, it would seem, have been written solely with a view to getting something published on a subject that happens to be in the news. There can be no doubt that "Hitler's Reich" falls into the first category. It is brief, clear, and to the point. It presents a succinct and understandable account of the uprooting of the short-lived republic, the passing of virtually all the great men of contemporary Germany, the "conversion" of the Stahlhelm, the trade unions, the church, the universities, and the press. The Jewish problem, German foreign policy under the Nazis, the relation of Danzig and Austria and the Polish Corridor to the new Germany, the influence of Mussolini, the possible sources of weakness in the Nazi regime—these and other questions are discussed with equal brevity and clarity. One may not always agree with Mr. Armstrong's interpretations, for he inclines to old-fashioned democratic conservatism, and one cannot accurately measure the various phenomena now sweeping the world with the liberal standards of Spencer or Mill. Happily, Mr. Armstrong does not force his interpretations upon us. They are more in the nature of asides. His book is mainly a straightforward reportorial account based on first-hand observations—he went directly to Berlin, Vienna, Danzig, and Rome to get his story immediately after the Nazis came into power. "Hitler's Reich" is well worth reading.

Art

Modern Art in Perspective

"I HAVE no sympathy with the present time; the ideas which stir the passion of my contemporaries leave me absolutely cold, my memories and all my predilections are for the past, and all my study turns toward the masterpieces of bygone centuries." Such words, read by a person uninformed as to who had uttered them, might well seem those of a man living within the walls of a museum and oblivious to the value of the art of his time, if such value existed at all. But the quotation is from a letter written by Eugène Delacroix in 1853, when Ingres, Corot, Daumier, and Courbet were at the height of their powers, and when everything pointed to the splendid new talents that were rapidly preparing masterwork worthy to continue that of the men in middle life. What is even more to the point, it was masterwork specifically based on that of the great innovator and renovator of modern art who, in the sentences above, turns his back on it so resolutely. We know that it was only for a time, since, to cite but a single instance, we have his words of admiration for the young Courbet—whose art is so much the contrary of his own.

Yet the fact remains that precisely at periods of intense and original production men have a nostalgia for the past, a need to get away from the turmoil of modernity. Doubtless many who will see the magnificent exhibition of works from American collections at the Museum of Modern Art in New York have had their moments of impatience with the confusing movements of our time and have sought the repose of some earlier century—a repose, be it said, that we may enjoy today but that the period itself saw as the privilege of some other Golden Age behind it. Our own will be a time of miracles for, let us say, the twenty-third century.

We of today cannot wait till then, which is the reason for the founding of the Modern Museum (and I am still of the opinion that it should be part of the Metropolitan Museum). We want the people of the twenty-third century's Golden Age to enjoy the expression which their artists—the ones who most intimately represent them—give to their own thoughts and sensations. Delacroix and his great contemporaries did that for their time. The present exhibition, which begins with pictures produced just after the death of Delacroix, does the same for the seventy years since then. To see the glorious works of Cézanne and Renoir, Redon and Degas, is to be convinced that there is no break with the genius of the earlier time (indeed, given genius, there is never a break—the later forms always agreeing in essentials with the earlier ones). One continues with the three splendid canvases by Seurat, and again one feels that the complete range of painting, from a profound constructive plan at the start to exquisite control of nuances at the finish, remains open to modern men. The two phases of the work are seen again in the sculptures of Maillol and Brancusi, with—between them—the wide variety of externals that makes our time particularly rich.

That phase of it is again apparent in one especially happy feature of the exhibition, its inclusion of what amounts almost to one-man shows of Rouault and Bonnard. The tragic magnificence of the former and the colorful optimism of the latter—so unassuming as to have come only in later times to recognition here—contrast strikingly, and emphasize the breadth of mood conveyed by modern art.

One proceeds to the work of Derain and sees that breadth in firm hands, under the direction of a powerful mind. And having regained our composure after what once seemed the

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There are 100 million people under 25 years of age in Soviet Russia today, a group that is utterly different from any other younger generation in education, ambition, social experience. This lively description of their life is by a Russian-born writer who is himself under 30 years of age. Trotsky—and Trotsky's opponents—have praised it in the foreign press for its disinterested point of view and well-informed presentation. It should be eagerly read in America by those who are interested in the Youth Movement and its prognostications for the future.

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One of the essential books on Russian life. "If you really want to know how the Russians live and what the fabric of their social relations is, you'll find it remarkably illuminating. 'Red Virtue' is a kind of Moscow 'Middletown'."—R. M. Coates, *New Yorker*. Ill., \$3.00

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By HARVEY O'CONNOR

Mr. Mellon says:

"... the book is obviously a travesty of truth and appears in the nature of literary racketeering... it is a serious injustice that such false statements in respect to private affairs... should have to be submitted to." In *N. Y. Herald Tribune*—August 11, 1933.

The author replies:

"Mr. Mellon's designation of my work as 'literary racketeering' is a flimsy reply to a book based almost entirely on public records and a careful attempt to appraise Mr. Mellon's significance to our civilization."

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mere audacities of Matisse, we realize that his art is what he wrote, twenty-five years ago, that he wanted it to be, a thing of calm and harmony. We can still feel excitement in the discovery of his untried balance of form, his never-before-tasted combination of color, as in the "Tea Party," and then we feel that its innocent-sounding title is right, not for the gossipy little gatherings it can suggest, but for the rich and yet simple ceremonies of the Orient which are also evoked by the words.

And so, with more time than I have here, the visitor will go on to the superb works of Picasso, of Braque, of Léger, de La Fresnaye, and Juan Gris. So far, he, like the organizers of the exhibition, is on firm and well-trying ground. The test comes when we reach the younger men. There has been at least one failure in this respect, throughout the museum's American exhibitions, that of not recognizing the man who, in his generation, gives our country its nearest approach to the European artist last mentioned: I refer to A. S. Baylinson, and do so with the corroboration of men too important to let the criticism be dismissed as merely personal judgment. Despite this, despite the inclusion of men like Pascin who represent a weakening of the modern effort, despite what must be concessions to the idea of showing "what is going on" rather than risking a decision as to what is essential, and despite certain omissions, the representation of men like Pierre Roy, Berman, and Tchelitchev clearly indicates in the museum a sense for the art which shall keep up the creative tradition. Even better evidence on that score is supplied as one is about to leave the building, for just beside the door are the elaborate reproductions the museum has made of the frescoes by Diego Rivera. They gain each time one sees them—which is about the best thing one can say for any art. The people at home, who should go to the exhibition as often as they can, and our tourists returning from Europe (where they have almost certainly seen no better show of modern art this summer), should be reminded that the date of closing is September 30.

WALTER PACH

Films

A, B, C, and D

IT would be a great help for the motion-picture critic if the standards in his field were so solidly established, his hierarchy of values so well defined, that he could make his judgments with even a little of the confidence that characterizes writers on other fields of literature and art. What a help it would be, for example, if he could make use of such a system of evaluations as Mrs. Q. D. Leavis uses in her study of the contemporary novel, "Fiction and the Reading Public," published in England last year. According to Mrs. Leavis that branch of current literature may be tentatively classified with respect to its readers as:

- A. "Highbrow."
- B. "Middlebrow" read as "literature."
- C. "Middlebrow" not read as literature, but not writing for the lowbrow market.
- D. Absolute best-sellers.

Mrs. Leavis of course offers some explanation for the terms employed in each of her categories; but these terms involve further terms requiring definition; and in the end everything depends pretty much on the assumption that critic and reader understand what is being talked about. It is not possible to make use of such a system with the same certainty in discussing the current cinema because there does not as yet exist such an easy understanding between critic and reader. And it is of course by no means likely that a system which is appropriate

for the modern novel will also be appropriate for the motion picture. But assuming that the basis of the method would be the same—namely, a classification based on the different levels of audience response—it may be interesting to see what happens if one applies Mrs. Leavis's A, B, C, and D to a few recent pictures.

A. "Another Language" (Capitol) is not a "highbrow" film in intention or appeal; but it is very much better than most highbrow pictures turn out to be and better than a great many highbrows deserve from Hollywood. It is a faithful version of the stage play by Rose Franken which played on Broadway through two seasons and which was as highbrow as anything in the theater nowadays not written by S. N. Behrman. Its subject is the old conflict between youth and the older generation, as represented in the efforts of an intelligent young woman to survive in the hideous atmosphere of an American domestic matriarchy. (Although the characters are not Jewish, it would have been very much better if Miss Franken had had the courage to come out honestly and admit they could not be anything else.) There are reminiscences of both "The First Year" and "The Silver Cord," but Miss Franken's play is neither so sentimental as the first nor so tediously explicit in stating its thesis as the second. The dialogue is naturalistic dialogue at its best, the development of situations dramatic without becoming melodramatic. In the screen version prepared by Herman Mankiewicz and Donald Ogden Stewart none of these virtues is lost and some additional ones are created. In the first place, the casting, which is so important in such a picture, is pretty close to perfect. The late Louise Closser Hale is superbly restrained as the mother jealous of her youngest son's wife, and Helen Hayes, as the wife, is freer from exaggerated charm and eager wistfulness than she has appeared so far on the screen. Even Robert Montgomery, under Edward H. Griffith's suavely modulated direction, shows an ability to adjust himself to the demands of an unsympathetic role. Honors for the male acting, however, go not to Mr. Montgomery but to John Beal, a young actor who appeared in the original production and who gives the most authentic portrayal of inarticulate passion that the recent screen has seen. It will be interesting to see what Hollywood will do with this fine actor, who is suited for so many roles and who seems too sincere to be very easily corrupted. The thoroughly adult level of its story, acting, and direction makes "Another Language" a picture which any highbrow can admire without loss of taste. There is in fact one scene which only the real highbrow is likely to appreciate to the full: the scene in which the young wife and her lovesick nephew are forced to dance with each other against their will before the eyes of the assembled clan. The movements of their dance, set in contrast with the rigorous line of the watching family, produce an effect almost like that of ritual: a formalization of action and posture which intensifies the tragic emotion. But, at the same time, *Variety* is already able to report how many "grand" the film is earning in the provinces.

B. This is what Mrs. Leavis has to say of the pseudo-literary "middlebrow" novelists: "A representative criticism from the high-level reader would be that they bring nothing to the novel but commonplace sentiments and an outworn technique . . . echoes of the Best People of the Past." Substitute *picture* for *novel*, *vulgar* for *commonplace*, and *Best Directors* for *Best People*, and you have a pretty fair notion of what is the real trouble with Rouben Mamoulian's "The Song of Songs" (Criterion). After Dwight MacDonald's strictures against this director in the *Symposium*, it seems hardly necessary to insist again on the tawdriness, triteness, and almost total lack of originality of his directorial style. He is the cinema equivalent of the Thornton Wilders and the Edna Millays, the master of the *faux bon* and the speciously artistic. There is not an effect

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in his new picture which does not remind us of some other director—from the black-out à la Pabst to the soft-focus apple orchards which Von Stroheim introduced twelve years ago ("The Merry Widow" with Mae Murray) to a camera world which apparently never forgets. The only difference is that in Mr. Mamoulian's orchards there are *more* blossoms than Von Stroheim ever dreamed of: thus the cinema world progresses. The story of "The Song of Songs" is based on the once very popular play by Sudermann which served as a vehicle for Duse and others. As a vehicle for Marlene Dietrich it permits several radical changes of wardrobe, an opportunity to sing two or three songs very badly, and a pretext for showing her body more completely, by means of a life-size marble statue, than is legal in celluloid. The grotesquely long artificial eyelashes which she wears throughout are emblematic of the palpable falsity of everything in the picture. "The Song of Songs," because it is insincere "highbrow," will succeed, if at all, only with the lowest levels of the "lowbrow." For, oddly enough, it is more difficult to be persuasively meretricious in the films than in either poetry or fiction.

C. "Three-Cornered Moon" (Paramount) offers an example of a picture which was distinctly more "highbrow" on the stage than it is on the screen. (This, to be sure, is the more common phenomenon.) The reason lies principally in the casting: Mary Boland is not able to communicate quite the same quality of mad distraction as Cecilia Loftus, and Claudette Colbert is certainly a less skilful purveyor of the neurotic humors of the time than Ruth Gordon. Miss Tonkonogy's tenuously nuanced application of the Chekhovian technique to depression troubles in a Brooklyn household suffers from a certain bluntness in the direction as well as from the acting. The "mad Rimplegars" are too well provided with motives; their Brooklyn stronghold takes on too many features of Californian splendor. Moreover, the artist who refuses to work is made an unrelievedly despicable person—which is perhaps the most definite of the sops it offers to the "middlebrow" public. "The Big Brain" (Roxy) is a much more clean-cut specimen of the class: it is unmarred by any higher pretensions. With George E. Stone as the barber-shop assistant who rises to be head of a shady stock corporation, it is reminiscent of Robinson's "Easy Money" and other studies of the little man with an inferiority complex. But it is too carelessly put together to make much of an appeal even on its own level.

D. If Mr. Burroughs's Tarzan books are not beyond the

reach of an eight-year-old mind, the movie versions of them may be said to reduce the age limit by three or four years. In fact, even an intelligent child of five might find something embarrassing in the manner in which an unfortunate young athlete named Buster Crabbe is required to jump about from tree to tree, caress synthetic Hollywood apes, and make hideously inhuman noises. In such a picture as "Tarzan the Fearless" (Roxy) we reach what Mrs. Leavis calls the "absolute" on the lower end of the vertical scale of democratic art. We touch the depths, and there is a certain satisfaction in the realization. For to have such an absolute is to make possible such a scale as we have just employed. And the existence of such a scale is a helpful aid in preserving at once our faith in the movies and our sanity after attending them.

WILLIAM TROY

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The Nation

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IT MAY VERY WELL BE that Mr. Moley's resignation as Assistant Secretary of State really was made mainly for the purpose of assuming the editorship of the new national weekly to be published by Vincent Astor. The editorship of the weekly apparently carries with it a salary substantially larger than Mr. Moley was receiving in his official position, and if the new organ is generally regarded as offering a quasi-official reflection of the Administration's views, it may continue to give Mr. Moley great influence. In spite of these considerations, however, Washington will probably persist in seeing the resignation as the logical outcome of the conflict between Mr. Moley and Mr. Hull at London. Mr. Moley, officially subordinate to Mr. Hull, was unofficially, because of his close friendship with the President, Mr. Hull's superior in influence. This anomalous position was in itself almost certain to prove embarrassing to both men even if their political and economic views had been substantially the same, and even if they could otherwise have got along together personally. But Mr. Hull's pronouncements in favor of international cooperation were being constantly repudiated by Mr. Moley's in favor of economic nationalism, and this conflict came to a head, of course, at the

London conference. The President's curt rejection of the currency-stabilization plan agreed to by Mr. Moley was his first public repudiation of the latter's advice, and the quick transfer of the professor to an investigation of racketeering shortly after that seemed merely another step in rejecting him as an economic adviser, but whether his resignation will mean that Mr. Roosevelt will once more turn to policies of international cooperation rather than of "intranationalism" it is too early to say.

THE AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS succeeded where the steel industry failed in inserting into their code a statement which protects the open shop against the forays of organized labor. The phraseology is innocent, and ostensibly impartial. It is merely stated that "employers in this industry may exercise their right to select, retain, or advance employees on the basis of individual merit without regard to their membership or non-membership in any organization." But labor knows quite as well as the automobile manufacturers that the privilege of hiring, firing, and promoting on the basis of "individual merit" is the historic weapon with which American employers have broken up union after union in this country. It may be argued that since labor unions have never been able of their own efforts permanently to organize workers in the automobile trades they should not now be given a legal advantage over the employers. But this argument overlooks the power of the industry—highly organized and thoroughly familiar with American industrial history—which has exerted every pressure within its command to keep unions out. In Detroit, particularly, this power has been backed by a press which has advertised the open shop as Detroit's greatest claim to fame. That the government should now, in however innocent terms, give its blessing to that claim is a blow to organized labor not only in Detroit but wherever it is not already strongly entrenched. It will tend to keep the unorganized out of unions, and, unfortunately, that term covers the great majority of American workers. The government has denied that the statement in the automobile code is to be regarded as a precedent, but precedents cannot be so easily ruled out.

GROVER WHALEN has invented a new crime. Its name is "disorderly interference with the NRA" and to commit it consists in picketing an NRA employer. This is not a joke. Mr. Whalen, who is in charge of the NRA drive in New York City, is seriously planning to prosecute a picket on the charge quoted above, and to attempt to prove in court that the right to carry on even orderly picketing has been suspended by the NRA program. His contention that it has is ardently sustained by Chief Inspector O'Brien of the New York police force, who unhesitatingly and unblushingly asserts that "any interference with the recovery act" is "in the nature of a conspiracy against the United States." Without wishing to exaggerate the importance of these manifestations of local ebullience we believe that they demonstrate beyond any argument the likelihood that absurd and abusive

methods will be employed under what Heywood Broun has called "the stress of hoopla." As usual, repressive measures are first threatened against the extreme left-wing opposition. So far *The Nation* has not been had up in court for questioning the methods or rulings of the NRA. But when officials begin inventing new offenses and talking about conspiracy, the mildest of us had better look to our liberties. Heywood Broun objects to *The Nation's* insistence upon the value of criticism even in time of dire national recovery. "There is nothing in the law," he says, "which even dimly suggests that anybody in the government has the right to go down to 20 Vesey Street and confiscate *The Nation's* putty blower." You wait, Heywood; after Grover Whalen has arrested all the anti-NRA pickets, he may get round to us bourgeois liberals, even those who, like you and us, support the general aims of the Recovery Administration. The charge will probably be "editorial trifling with that bird." Meanwhile, we shall continue to support the right of workers to strike and picket against low wages and bad conditions even when they occur under the wings of the eagle.

IT IS DIFFICULT at this time to gauge the precise importance of the international agreement on wheat control reached at London. Its reception by the world's markets was cool and guarded. On the day following the agreement wheat rose in price about 2 or 3 per cent, but it is quite possible that so moderate a rise might have occurred even if there had been no conference. At the moment what seems most cheerful and most important is the fact that more than twenty nations have been able to reach any agreement at all. If this means that at last a step has been taken away from economic nationalism and toward international cooperation, it would be gratifying not only for itself but as an omen. But even a brief consideration of the text of the agreement and of the obstacles still in the way compels one to take an attitude as guarded as that of the markets. The agreement has still to be ratified by the legislatures of all the nations involved, and this obstacle alone may prove insuperable. The Russian delegates have already refused to say by how much they would be willing to limit their exports. The agreement as it stands fixes a general export maximum for all exporting countries for the current crop year—August 1, 1933, to July 31, 1934—of 560,000,000 bushels, and in the following crop year exports are to be limited "to maximum figures 15 per cent less in the case of each country than the average turnout on average acreage sown during this period of 1931-33, inclusive, after deducting the normal domestic requirements." The Balkan countries agree to restrict their exports of wheat both in the current and in the next crop year to 50,000,000 bushels a year. The importing countries agree not to encourage the extension of wheat acreage, and even to relax import quota restrictions and reduce wheat tariffs if the price of wheat for four months running averages higher than 63.08 cents in gold a bushel—about 90 cents at current exchange rates.

THIS AGREEMENT leaves innumerable loopholes. The importing countries promise, in effect, to do nothing at all to help wheat until wheat has first shown its ability to help itself. If the price falls, so that conditions become worse, the importing countries will help to prolong that situation by retaining their tariffs and quotas. But even if the

price rises, the importing countries have promised nothing very specific. An importing country could technically fulfil its promise merely by reducing, say, a tariff of 100 per cent to one of 99 per cent. It has, in addition, the saving provision that "the degree of protection adopted should be primarily dependent upon domestic conditions within each country"—which means, in effect, that each country can do what it likes. On the side of the exporting countries, it is still not clear what is to become of the wheat not exported. Is it to pile up for two years so that it can smother the market at the end of that time? If there is to be reduced production, how is that to be administered and enforced? The problem is baffling enough within a single country, and the difficulties increase enormously as between rival countries.

THE REMOVAL from the Chicago Board of Trade of the restrictions aimed at setting a minimum price for wheat marks the end, we hope, of a foolish policy. That policy was not justified either by general considerations or by the special situation that had developed. In four months wheat had registered the almost unparalleled rise in such a period of 150 per cent—ten times as great as the advance in the general average of commodity prices—and then had broken 30 per cent. The Administration seemed to regard the rise as normal and the break as the result of speculative manipulation, whereas a sharp break was only to be expected after so excessive an advance. Apart from these special considerations, it is obvious that the fixing of arbitrary minimum prices can in the long run only be harmful. If the prices fixed by the forces of supply and demand are higher than the official minimum prices, then the latter are unnecessary; but if market prices would otherwise have been lower, then the only effect of the minimum prices must be either to drive trading to other markets or to bring it practically to a standstill, so that sellers cannot get rid of their supply at the minimums fixed or at any other figure. Neither the wheat growers nor any other class of producers can be helped by this means. Such criticism does not apply to the regulations governing the maximum fluctuations of wheat and other grains in any one trading day. These can do very little harm, for they can bring trading to a standstill only for a day or two; whereas, on the other hand, they may to some extent check purely speculative drives. The new regulations raising the margins necessary on any wheat held in excess of 6,000,000 bales are a sound means of reducing excessive speculation by individuals and should do much to protect the market against forced liquidation.

UNDER COVER of the public excitement attending the NRA campaign the State Department is slipping rapidly back into its old ways. The permanent officials of the department are clearly bent on resurrecting the dollar diplomacy of Philander C. Knox and Frank B. Kellogg. Nor does the Administration seem to be greatly concerned. The appointment of Jefferson Caffery as Ambassador to Cuba, discussed in these columns last week, is a case in point. No less ominous is the British-American ultimatum delivered to Liberia on August 25. In this note the State Department and the British Foreign Office bluntly told Liberia that it must accept the infamous League "plan of assistance" without further delay. It must also release certain unidentified political prisoners. Who these prisoners may be we can only guess.

Presumably they are Liberian politicians who have sided with the Firestone interests. The penalty to be meted out to Liberia if it refuses to yield is only hinted at in the British-American note. Yet there can be no doubt about the nature of this penalty. Among them the Firestone interests, the bankers, and the diplomats can quickly reduce Liberia to utter destitution. They need only turn the screws a little tighter, for the Firestone people, with the help of the State Department, have already brought the African republic to the verge of bankruptcy. Naturally the ultimatum was delivered in secrecy. The State Department had difficulty in concealing its consternation when it learned that the news of the ultimatum had reached friends of Liberia in this country.

ONCE MORE the British government has released Gandhi from Yerovda jail in order to avoid the consequences of his death in prison. At the time of his release, which was unconditional, Gandhi was in the eighth day of a "fast unto death" which he undertook when the government refused to allow him the privileges he thought necessary for his work for the untouchables. So the contest between Gandhi and the British raj goes on. And the government, so far, has made all of the concessions. It will make a great many more if necessary rather than let Gandhi die in its custody. As we write, he has made no announcement of his plans. Some correspondents have taken his characteristic statement that he will seek peace more eagerly than imprisonment as an indication that he will abandon civil disobedience. In a world of human fallibility it is not surprising that the correspondents, like the British government, have never found it quite possible to believe, in spite of endless lessons, that Gandhi does not compromise, but it is very probable that the accustomed round will shortly begin again and that Gandhi will be in prison once more after another attempt at civil disobedience.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SWEATSHOP received a good deal of publicity in May when Mrs. Gifford Pinchot joined a "children's strike" and a joint legislative committee was appointed to investigate the charges of starvation wages, intolerable working conditions, and enforced immorality made against the employers by fifteen- and sixteen-year-old girls and boys. The testimony before the committee, particularly the tales of immorality, were given much space in the daily press which knows news when it sees it. But the press has a habit of leaving the denouement of some of its best stories to the imagination of its readers, and the end of the sweatshop tale was told either very quietly or not at all. From a correspondent we learn that at the conclusion of the investigation the majority of the committee decided to do exactly nothing. "Any hasty actions or recommendations for minimum-wage laws at the present time," said State Senator G. Mason Owlett, who was chairman, "might conflict with the smooth functioning of the NIRA." The mill owners, needless to say, were quick to agree. In fact, they had expressed the same opinion shortly before, when Franklin Spencer Edmonds, appearing as an attorney for numerous owners at the final hearing, urged that the committee adjourn for six months without taking any action or making any recommendations. "In that time some of these things will work themselves out," he said.

CHAIRMAN OWLETT not only heartily agreed that it would be best not to "muddy the waters" but went on to say with an impartiality that might well become a mill owner that sweatshops represent merely "abnormal conditions existing in some industries." His final claim to impartiality is to be found in his additional remark that "it is unfair to suppose that the industrial establishment, generally speaking, is other than wholesome and decent." This remark was uttered following a month of hearings at which children testified that they had received wages of eighteen cents to three dollars for a week of fifty to seventy hours; and that girls had been forced to accept the attentions of their employers or lose their miserable jobs. So far the only result of the "children's strike" and its widespread publicity is the arrest of one mill owner on charges of violating the Mann Act. There is, however, one bright note to be recorded. An enlightened minority of the committee, including Mrs. Pinchot, Judge Horace Stern, and Clarence J. Moser, will probably issue a report of their own which will spare neither the industrial establishment nor the mill owners. And an even brighter spot is visible on the Pennsylvania labor horizon. It is the figure of Charlotte Carr, former colleague of Frances Perkins, who has recently been appointed Secretary of Labor for Pennsylvania. The sweatshops are likely to find her a more vigorous opponent even than the Blue Eagle of the NRA.

Liquor Control

ON the assumption that the result of the vote in Washington—which will be known before this issue of *The Nation* reaches its readers—will follow that in Texas, every one of the twenty-four States that have so far held a referendum on the Eighteenth Amendment has voted to repeal it. The ratifications of only twelve more States are needed, and as fourteen more States will vote between now and November 7, it seems almost certain that the amendment will be repealed in three months from now. Yet curiously little attention is being paid to the formidable problem of liquor control which will then immediately confront us. At the insistence of Governor Lehman the New York legislature has passed a temporary control bill that will be effective between the repeal of prohibition and April 1 next; but the overwhelming majority of the States have taken no action whatever.

Congress will probably be called upon to act on liquor control as soon as it meets in December. Its action must, of course, be quite limited in scope. Some reformers have suggested, for example, that the federal government itself take over the manufacture and sale of liquor, but obviously Congress will be unable to consider this. It will not merely lack any constitutional power to do so, but any popular mandate. The popular mandate, on the contrary, in so far as we have been given any direct knowledge of it, is precisely the opposite: the federal government is being ordered, in effect, to return the larger control to the States.

Congress will, however, have at least the same powers that it had before the Eighteenth Amendment was passed: it will still be able to regulate liquor in so far as it can do so under its general powers of controlling interstate commerce, and it will retain the tremendous power of taxation. The

principles that should control this taxation are clear. The excise tax on liquor should be designed to raise close to the maximum possible revenue. This does not, of course, mean the highest possible tax rate, for a rate beyond a certain point may discourage consumption or provoke evasion to such an extent that it will lead to a smaller total revenue than a lower tax rate would induce. But liquor is a commodity of which it is desirable to discourage rather than encourage the production and consumption. Further, although the rehabilitation and erection of breweries and distilleries is rapidly getting under way, the federal government is still in the rarely fortunate position of dealing with a liquor industry that has not yet reached the full growth that it would attain if given free rein. The government, therefore, need not hesitate lest its action threaten to injure or destroy an already established industry or to throw legally employed men out of work.

One further qualification must be made, of course, concerning the excise-tax rate on liquor. It should not be so high as to furnish too strong a motive for evasion. It is not merely, as we have already remarked, that so high a tax might lead to the collection of a smaller total revenue—for it is possible that a high total revenue might be obtained even with fairly widespread evasion—but it is of the utmost importance not to perpetuate or to raise up again an army of bootleggers and their allied lawbreakers and criminals. It would be better to lose considerable revenue than to put on successful evasion a premium so high that ordinary means of law enforcement cannot adequately cope with it.

A still further principle should guide the federal government's liquor-tax policy. The tariff rates on imported liquor should in no case be higher than the excise duties on similar kinds of domestic liquor. We recognize that politically it will be extremely difficult to put such a principle into effect. The attempt to enact it would instantly confront a powerful and determined opposition; the brewers, the distillers, the California grape growers, and possibly even the farmers who raise the grains from which beer and whiskey are ultimately made, will be represented by energetic and perhaps none too scrupulous lobbyists. If this plan were seriously discussed, they would talk ruin; they would be astounded at the lack of patriotism shown in throwing the rich American market open to foreign sellers, and they would of course allege that we were preventing the creation of jobs for thousands of American workmen, and even that we were throwing those already in jobs out of them. But every rational consideration dictates that the tariff on liquor should be solely for the sake of revenue and not for "protection." In the present case not one of the usual arguments for protection has any force. Above all, not the principle of "self-containment." There is not only no peacetime or military need for a great liquor industry in America; it is of the highest importance that we should *not* create one. The constant and sinister power and influence of the liquor interests in American politics in the old days were not the least important of the evils that brought the demand for prohibition. That power and influence must be kept to a minimum, and one way of keeping them so is to hold the domestic liquor industry itself to a minimum. Even with foreign and domestic liquor competing on equal terms, there will be plenty of room for all the grape growers, brewers, and distillers already established. The contention that Ameri-

can labor will be hurt is the exact opposite of the truth. For imports of foreign liquor will provide the necessary purchasing power for foreign nations to begin taking imports from us again, so that our desperately crippled export industries—of which cotton and wheat are not the least important—can win back part of their markets and restore the Americans engaged in them to employment and a decent livelihood. Further, the opening of a good market, for example, to British whiskeys and French wines, is almost certain to lead to a lowering of the British and French tariffs against us.

So much for the federal-government program. All other regulations will of course come within the power of the States. At the very least the States and municipalities should adopt regulations similar to those prevailing in England, where the number and neighborhood of the "pubs" are controlled, and limitations on the hours during which liquor may be served by them are strictly enforced. For example, in some districts no liquor whatever may be sold in the morning, and only, say, between the hours of twelve and two at midday and between five and twelve in the evening. It is to be hoped, also, that at least some of the States will themselves take over the sale and perhaps even the manufacture of liquor. The result of the two systems operating side by side might provide us with a real basis of comparison.

The Reichstag Fire

THE trial of the five men charged with the burning of the Reichstag has been set for September 21. Preliminary hearings will be held in Berlin, in the Reichstag building, to inspect the scene of the crime. The trial itself will take place in the Reichsgericht building in Leipzig.

Five men have been indicted for this incendiary crime: the Communist, Torgler, deputy and leader of his party's Reichstag group; Dimitrow, Tanew, and Popow, Bulgarian Communists; and the Dutchman, Van der Lubbe, who was discovered in the building immediately after the fire and confessed to the deed. But what of the other four? "While certain details remain mysterious," writes the *Manchester Guardian*, "for example, the part played by the Nazi agent, Van der Lubbe, the complicity of the Hitler Government in setting fire to its own Parliament must now be taken as an established fact." "While Dr. Ernst Oberfohren was still alive," the article continues, referring to the leader of the German Nationalist People's Party, the publication of whose memorandum on the Reichstag fire in the *Guardian* immediately after the fire resulted in the alleged suicide of its author, "his connection with the memorandum had to remain secret, but since his death there is no reason left for secrecy. It was his wish that the memorandum should be published, for he was a man of high principles and strongly disapproved of the methods employed by the Hitler dictatorship. He considered the Reichstag fire and the connivance of the Nazi leaders Göring and Goebbels an unpardonable outrage and believed that this outrage should be exposed." With these words the great liberal newspaper merely confirms what has long been public knowledge, that the author of the sensational articles it published immediately after the Reichstag fire was none other than the chairman

of the German Nationalist People's Party, the intimate friend of Hitler's Minister, Dr. Hugenberg. Dr. Oberföhren's memorandum has now been published in its original form. It shows not only that he was convinced of the complicity of the Nazi Cabinet members, Göring and Goebbels, but that this conviction was shared and openly expressed in the Cabinet by the Nationalist Ministers, Hugenberg, Krosigk-Schwerin, Seldte, and Neurath. Because they hesitated to endanger the government of which they were still a part, perhaps, too, because they feared the vengeance of the Hitler desperadoes, they did not expose the connection of their Nazi colleagues with the incendiary outrage. Their reluctance cost Dr. Oberföhren his life. By their silence they themselves have become partners to the affair and can no longer be counted on as witnesses for the innocence of the accused.

The facts of the case are quickly told. On February 24 the Karl Liebknecht Haus in Berlin, the national headquarters of the German Communist Party, was raided by the police. On February 26 the official National Socialist press service announced that evidence unearthed in underground chambers of the Liebknecht Haus proved that the Communist Party maintained a secret organization in the same building. The police, in the announcement stated, also found detailed plans for a revolutionary uprising in the near future. They promised immediate publication of these documents but none has as yet been released. In his memorandum Dr. Oberföhren insisted that this material was smuggled into the Karl Liebknecht Haus to furnish the desired incriminating evidence against the Communist Party. On February 27, just before 10 p.m., the Reichstag building went up in flames. The police, who were immediately summoned, discovered a seedy-looking individual in the cellars of the Reichstag who was identified by a passport and a Communist membership card found in his trousers pocket as Marinus Van der Lubbe, allegedly a Dutch Communist. The passport, it has since been proved, was forged, as was the membership card of the Dutch Communist Party, from which Van der Lubbe had been expelled two years before because of insubordination and subversive criticism.

He confessed his guilt at once and charged not only the executive of the Communist Party but the Social-Democratic Party also with having incited him to commit the crime. On the following day Deputy Torgler, who had—according to his usual custom—remained in the Reichstag building until late in the evening, was arrested. The Bulgarian Communists were held because foreign Communists living in exile in Germany "are under suspicion in any case of standing in the service of the Communist Party and of serving that party in its terroristic work." Moreover, Van der Lubbe had stated that he was "hired to set fire to the Reichstag by men with a strong foreign accent." It has been asserted, by the way, although this is not yet established, that Van der Lubbe had delivered National Socialist speeches four weeks before.

According to a statement in the *Reichspost* by Fire Chief Wagner of Vienna:

It would have been impossible for a single person to lay the fire that partly destroyed the German Parliament. Without helpers it would have required hours of undisturbed work to prepare for the conflagration that followed. This was impossible, since groups of deputies met in the building until late in the afternoon. . . . But even

more important, how would it have been possible for anyone to transport the required amount of benzine into the building past the guards that stand at every gate? A large number of good-sized cans were undoubtedly required and no trace of them has been found. It seems highly improbable, therefore, that one person, as it is officially reported, could have laid the fire.

Dr. Oberföhren in his memorandum explains what would otherwise remain inexplicable. He shows that the incendiaries, Nazi storm troopers, gained admission to the Reichstag through the heating plant that connects the building with the official residence of the Reichstag president, Göring.

The chiefs of the Hitler Government are undoubtedly the real incendiaries of the Reichstag. They committed the crime to force the suppression of the Communist Party and to justify its suppression before the world. The trial before the Nazi court in Leipzig will be a bloody farce. But the highly qualified international tribunal of noted jurists which is sitting in The Hague has already brought to light so much that proves the guilt of Göring, Goebbels, and their companions that the German government will probably not dare to carry out its murderous intentions.

Diego Rivera at Work

THE best show in New York at the moment is on view at the New Workers' School at 51 West Fourteenth Street. The New Workers' School is an extremely modest institution situated over a store as shoddy as the neighborhood itself. One climbs three flights of stairs, almost vertically, for there is no turn at the tiny landings; one goes past some partitions that break up the loft into schoolrooms; one pays an admission price (minimum) of ten cents; and suddenly one is back in the Florence of the fifteenth century. Or at least the decorations which Diego Rivera is painting on the wall there are in the *fresco buono* of the old Italians, that sovereign method of painting which Michelangelo, mannerless old anti-feminist that he was, called the work of men, while oil painting, he said, was for women. Few artists since his time have taken up the challenge to use the difficult medium; indeed, it had been so nearly forgotten that considerable experiment was needed to recover the old tradition. It is in respect to the style of painting, its absolute permanence, and its sober and powerful effect, that one may speak here of Florence and the Renaissance. Otherwise, in respect to the ideas expressed, one is in the full tide of modern life and, what is especially notable considering that Rivera is very Mexican even among Mexicans, it is safe to say that most visitors will find themselves plunging deeper into the history of our country than they have done for a long time.

The first scene he has painted is of New York at the time of its colonization; the second is of the Boston Massacre; the third gives us Shay's Rebellion (with a scroll bearing Jefferson's glorious words that the tree of liberty must be watered from time to time with the blood of martyrs and of tyrants); the fourth shows Margaret Fuller, Emerson, Thoreau, and Samuel F. B. Morse, the intellectual leaders of their time, and at the same time the country's material expansion through Hamilton's banking system, the trading of the Astors, and the drive for more territory under James

K. Polk. Other scenes from American history are sketched on the panels which Rivera will complete before he goes to Mexico at the beginning of October in order to decorate there the School of Medicine, formerly the Palace of the Inquisition, an assignment which will give full scope to his sense of dramatic contrast and—for all the traditionalism of his medium—his sense of the triumph of our modern time over the dogma of the past. As for his rendering of our own history, the most sluggish and indifferent person must be stirred to pride in his country, even if its darker aspects are recorded with an unsparing hand.

For a month more, then, anyone may watch one of the greatest living mural painters at his work. The admission charge goes toward a fund for preserving the frescoes, which are so made that the separate panels may be detached from the wall whenever the school can move to better quarters. P. T. Barnum, could he come back to earth, might see the chance for showmanship here, but the press has almost ignored it so far, and the New Workers themselves have failed to capitalize the event.

And these paintings are for the public. If the appeal of the ripe development of modern art and of the sight of the man at work are lost for us, we may at least profit by the reminder that the great frescoes of the past, perhaps the supreme testament of the European races, were created for the eyes of all men.

Back to the Bicycle?

IT started in Hollywood, they say, and quickly spread East. In the national capital it is reported to be going strong, and has broken out virulently in New York City. We are talking, of course, about the bicycle fad, which, like that for roller skates, represents one of those familiar swings of the pendulum which continually are bringing back into the present segments of the past.

In Washington even the tandem bicycle, that incomparable first aid to courtship of the Gay Nineties, has reappeared. That Washington should be quick to revive the bicycle is natural, because in the heyday of the "wheel"—as it was then called—the broad, smoothly paved streets of the national capital, comparatively free from commercial traffic, made it a cyclists' paradise. The streets of Washington were practically all paved with asphalt in an era when those of New York and other cities were largely laid with "Belgian blocks" or just cobblestones.

But in spite of congested traffic, New Yorkers are not to be denied their chance at a fad. A firm dealing extensively in articles for sport reports that sales of bicycles are 50 per cent higher than a year ago, and in secluded parts of Central Park intrepid young women are practicing a (to them) new art. Newspapers told the other day of New York twin brothers who returned from the Chicago fair on bicycle back. One of them rode out alone, because the other was a cripple. The parents gave the boy at home enough money to go out and back also—by bus. In Chicago the boys had a second seat fitted over the rear of the bicycle, and hitched on a trailer with a camping outfit. Then they started home, the brother with the whole legs doing the pedaling, and camped out nights along the way.

Of course the bicycle never went out—quite. A good many boys have continued to use it for work or play, and a few men even have ridden bicycles to and from their jobs right through the Dark Ages of the "wheel." But women have hardly been seen on bicycles, in this country at least, for twenty long years. The Gay Nineties were the years when the bicycle was the ruling passion. And rule it did as few means of transportation or methods of sport have ruled before or since. It was the coming of the "safety" bicycle to supersede the old high-wheel model that made the regime possible. The "safety" bicycle made the machine fool-proof and therefore adapted to the multitude. Gradually the adjective "safety" was dropped; for the model soon became the only one. Not that the new model was much easier to ride than the old, but it *looked* a whole lot easier; and when you fell off you didn't have nearly so far to go.

What a brave cavalcade it was! There were "Saturday-and-Sunday" riders then just as there are "Saturday-and-Sunday" drivers nowadays. The smooth streets of the cities and the fairly passable roads into the country hummed and whirled with wheels; riders went forth alone, in couples, or in groups and companies; there were thousands of bicycle clubs—a few still survive—with all the glamor and prestige of golf or yacht clubs today. Bicycling was a far more sociable and gregarious sport than automobiling ever has been or can be. Women fell captive to it almost to the same extent as men, and the craze for speed on the roads—say fifteen frightful miles an hour!—was as rampant then as today, though not as dangerous. The man who turned his handle bars low, bent down his face almost to meet them, crooked his back like a camel's hump, and then pedaled for dear life, regardless of scenery, pleasure, or the rights of pedestrians or other cyclists, was a "scorcher." The "scorcher" of the bicycle age was the same kind of fool—though less of a menace—as the driver who races his car through the public streets today. Means of transit change, but human nature and the percentage of fools remain fairly constant.

The tandem wheel was the *ne plus ultra* of the bicycle age. There was romance even in the Gay Nineties—little as the younger generation of today believes it—and many a sedate matron of 1933 took her first ride down Lover's Lane on a tandem. Naturally the bicycle was introduced into many of the popular songs of its day, but it was the tandem which inspired the greatest ditty, the single one perhaps which any number of persons can recall today:

Da-a-isy, Da-a-isy,
Give me your answer true!
I'm half cra-a-zy,
All for the love of you.
It won't be a sty-y-lish marriage;
I can't afford a carriage;
But you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

Yes, it was a brave cavalcade, the bicycle parade of the Gay Nineties—and almost a decade after. Can it come back—in any other, that is, than a sporadic, partial, and temporary way? No, not unless the new devotion to the old sport should be strong enough to produce special paths for bicycles along our roadways. The bicycle and the automobile can't live on the same pathway. At least the bicycle can't.

Issues and Men

They Will Never Learn

I HAVE never been of those who have admired the intellectual powers of the great bankers and captains of industry, so long the masters of our national fate. They have usually seemed to me extraordinarily narrow and shortsighted, owing their dominance to luck and influence or to talent along one single line; just as Henry Ford owed his phenomenal rise to the creation of a single motor and to a single idea—cheap mass production to put the horse and buggy out of business. We newspapermen are ourselves very largely responsible for the American habit of regarding successful rich men—and for leading them to regard themselves—as omnipotent and wise beyond their generation. Our great newspapers toady to wealth and rush off as often as possible to a Gary or a Kahn or a Myron Taylor for an opinion on any subject. Only a few of the magnates, like the present J. P. Morgan and Andrew Mellon, deny themselves to reporters and keep their mouths shut. Usually they proceed to air their views—only to reveal their mental mediocrity, their sometimes incredible stupidity, and their always complete ignorance of what the masses of their fellow-citizens are thinking about and desiring. They never learn.

I am moved to these thoughts by the obstinate and stupid attitude taken by the automobile manufacturers, the oil men, and the steel and coal barons toward the NRA and the question of codes. Now it is obvious that the adoption of a code is anything but a simple matter, meaning as it does a mental and business revolution, often the end of an era of complete selfishness and ruthless, underhand business competition. The technical difficulties in the way must often be very great. But the attitude of the leaders of these several industries reveals again that they never learn. The recovery act is clear and plain concerning its general objects, and quite frank in its statements that criminal punishments will be meted out to those who disobey. But the "great" business men involved in these major industries had neither the gumption nor the common sense to take a helpful and constructive and cooperative attitude. It may be a terrible trial to them to have to yield on the open shop, but it is inevitable. So why not be pleasant about it? That would pay. But no, they have taken the opposite course; they have been silly enough, some of them, to refuse to meet with William Green. Now I personally do not like Mr. Green either, or believe in him as a labor leader. But if I were in their place I would yield to circumstances and swallow the dose. The trouble is that these captains of industry have not yet learned that their old order is dead, killed by their own selfishness, stupidity, and shortsightedness.

Let us take another case—that of Machado in Cuba. The daily press has reminded the public of the luncheon given for Machado in 1927 in Wall Street by several of the great magnates, and have reprinted Thomas W. Lamont's fervent remark on that occasion that he "would like to see Machado President of Cuba indefinitely." As I was a guest I have never written of what occurred at that luncheon. Now that the facts are out, I shall merely say that for crass-

ness it exceeded in many respects anything I have ever listened to. Machado revealed himself completely. He assured his hosts that as long as he was President their investments in Cuba would be as safe as those in the United States; that there would be neither revolutions nor labor troubles as long as he sat in the presidential chair. He would fix any one who tried to make trouble. As I walked away with a prominent, liberal, and today still unbesmirched banker, he said sarcastically: "That's the kind of talk I like to hear," with a smile which revealed how he felt. "Look at your shoes," I replied, "Machado has not left a bit of blacking on them; they are licked clean." Never have I seen more smug satisfaction than that expressed by the other bankers and business men present—there were fully forty if not fifty of them, and some of them have figured considerably in the press since that time in ways they have not liked. It is not surprising, after such support, that Machado believed that he could have his way with the Cuban people without hindrance.

The point is that these bankers had no greater wisdom or wider vision than to think that Machado was the kind of man who ought to rule Cuba, and that it was to their interest to have him in the Palace at Havana. They could not see, and I doubt if they yet can see, that that speech of Machado's stamped him as totally unfit to rule over a single human being, and certainly as the very last man they should have backed, or induced the State Department to back, under Coolidge and Hoover. They paid no attention to the warnings of *The Nation* and the liberal press. They knew better, and so they winked at Machado's record of incredible cruelty and wholesale murder to the end. If some day their heads "roll in the sand," as Hitler once put it, they will until the last be as surprised and pained and filled with resentment at the bitter injustice of it as the French aristocrats were when they mounted the guillotine. They will never learn.

The truth is that, as I know them, they are neither very bright nor very learned; their mental processes are befogged by their complete certainty that they possess greater wisdom and intelligence than anybody else—especially than those whom they are pleased to call radicals. They are, I admit, sometimes efficient in their special lines. But when one gets beyond that, beyond the scope of their daily luncheon horizon, it is appalling how limited their views are and how narrowly they are hedged in by their prejudices. Often their power has completely gone to their heads. I was talking the other day with one who knows the Morgans well. He thought Mr. Morgan and Mr. Whitney had made an extremely good showing on the stand in Washington—granted our peculiar American brand of business ethics. But he added: "What I cannot stand about them is their smug sureness that they know better than anybody else how everybody else should act."

Dwight Garrison Villard

Spain's Unfinished Revolution

By PAUL BLANSHARD

Madrid, July 27

IN the sun-drenched streets of the Spanish capital no sign is visible that a revolution has taken place or that another may come soon. Occasional groups of civil guards with black patent-leather tricorne hats stalk about, supplementing the white-helmeted policemen. Several truckloads of blue-uniformed shock troops of the republic are trundled across the city daily, ready for riot duty, but there have been no riots recently. The government has been shrewd enough to act before the event. Secret meetings that may lead to revolt are watched from within and without and their leaders sent to prison promptly. On July 22 and 23 "extremists" of the right and the left to the number of 116 were quietly arrested in Madrid and other Spanish cities.

Trial or no trial, these prisoners may not see freedom again for many months, since even under the republic political prisoners may be held almost a year without trial. Some of them may be sent to North Africa, to which the republican revolutionists who are now in power were consigned in the days of Alfonso. The Azaña Government is wisely refraining from the death penalty even for those counter-revolutionists who attempted a national revolt last year under General Sanjurjo, because death penalties would only make martyrs of the monarchists.

The unfinished revolts and local disturbances in Spain in recent months indicate a more than casual restlessness. The national revolution is obviously incomplete. It has gone just so far in destroying the control of the nation by the propertied classes, and now the government must choose to finish the job or surrender many of the gains that have been made. The indications are that the government will push forward with determination and intelligence, but the outcome is still in doubt. The full pressure of conservative interests is now openly against the Azaña-Socialist coalition; the newspapers, both Catholic and syndicalist, are blazing with sarcasm and propaganda; and the employers are organizing to save themselves and what is left of their privileged position. The situation is exactly what one would expect in a capitalist country when the members of an idealistic Socialist Party are numerous but not dominant in the government. The Socialists have accomplished enough of a social revolution to arouse the capitalists without taking away their power. Many of these same capitalists were delighted to have Socialist cooperation in overthrowing a corrupt monarchy, but they are determined now that the Socialist Party, which was the best-organized force in the republican revolution, shall not reap any further fruits for the working class. My impression is that a return to the monarchy is unlikely but that the danger of a conservative dictatorship is real.

In a sense the present government is a semi-dictatorship, since its democratic mandate is not altogether clear and since it is permitted to use dictatorial methods under the Defense Act. The present Cortes, with Azaña as Premier and Zamora as President, is the same constituent assembly that was elected in 1931 to write the constitution and the laws necessary to put the constitution into effect. The Cortes is sole

judge of the meaning of "putting the constitution into effect."

The opposition is crying that the government is already serving illegally because the local elections of last April in many parts of the nation resulted in overwhelming defeat. Technically the opposition is right, but it is doubtful whether a new election would change the balance of power between rights and lefts. The Socialists still are the largest group in the Cortes, comprising approximately 113 out of 450 members, although the numbers shift daily through resignations and deaths; the Radicals with 86 lead the opposition. In Spain as in France parties are often nothing but tiny nuclei dominated by clever politicians, kept in existence in order that their leader may use them as a weapon with which to bargain for a Cabinet position. Premier Azaña heads a party of 30 in the Cortes, the Republican Action group; while President Zamora comes from a party with only 10 representatives. The present coalition government of Socialists, Radical Socialists, Republican Actionists, Catalanian lefts, Galicians, and a few smaller groups dominates the Cortes by a margin of from 25 to 30 votes. But that does not mean that the government has a margin of only 25 votes in the Cortes balloting. In Spain the opposition usually expresses itself by staying away. The constitution requires that the government must secure for the passage of important laws an absolute majority of the membership. Today in an important test vote I saw the government win by 254 to 9, with many gaping vacancies in the red plush seats. The government's real margin of success was only 27.

The Azaña coalition continues to reveal many grotesque features. It is anti-clerical in the sense that it wants complete separation of church and state, but it is serving under a Catholic President, Zamora, who really created the crisis of last June by yielding to church pressure. During that crisis the clericals evidently thought that they could force a national election and the fall of the ministry by placing the responsibility for forming a government upon the Socialists. To their surprise the Socialists were able to muster substantially the same Cabinet that now rules under Azaña, so Azaña was returned to power. Azaña is a shrewd, progressive tactician who represents quite accurately the rather uncertain socialistic tendencies of the government. The most important work of the government is in the hands of the three Socialist ministers, Largo Caballero for labor, Indalecio Prieto for public works, and Fernando de los Rios for foreign affairs—a Socialist membership of three in a Cabinet of ten. If the government moves to the left, it is likely that Azaña will be succeeded by either Prieto or Caballero, who is head of the Union General de Trabajadores, the chief labor federation. If the government moves to the right, the leadership will naturally go to Alejandro Lerroux, opportunist extraordinary and head of the Radical Party. I do not see anyone on the horizon who casts a shadow remotely resembling Mussolini or Hitler. It is universally conceded here that the Socialist Party is by all odds the best organized and disciplined party in the nation and that it could block any move toward fascism in the near future.

Yet in spite of the strength of the Socialist Party the revolution has not brought any substantial amount of socialism to the Spanish cities. Madrid looks more like Los Angeles than Moscow, an old Los Angeles with seasoned beauty in its architecture but emulating all our Western bourgeois customs, including posters advertising Marie Dressler and 15,000 Spanish maidens whose make-up resembles that of Joan Crawford. Public ownership of industry is almost unknown. Not a single great industry has been socialized, and the present government has no plan for socialization. Caballero was frank enough to admit this to me, and when I showed some surprise he said: "Oh, I suppose we couldn't socialize industry without coming to blows. Perhaps it will come to that but it hasn't yet."

It may be asked, then, what the Spanish revolution has accomplished in the direction of socialism. Apparently four things: the improved physical conditions of labor, the improved status of labor organizations, the partial release of education from church control, and the beginnings of a genuinely socialistic land program. The last is the most recent and probably the most important thing in the Spanish revolution; the rest are simply reform measures whose parallels are to be found in Western capitalist countries.

Spain is still chiefly an agrarian country with three predominant forms of farming: large estates owned by the landlords in the south, little individualist farms in the middle and east, and a contract system of farming in the north. The present government decided after the Sanjurjo revolt of last year to seize all the estates of the *grandees* of Spain without compensation, and also to socialize the great estates of the south, especially those in Andalusia and Extremadura. Its program, contained in the orders of last September, was revolutionary, but only a very small part of it has been carried out. The government was given authority to socialize land through its Institute of Agrarian Reform in three ways. It may organize collectives under state management as in Russia; it may permit control of different plots of land by farmers working cooperatively under state supervision; or it may assign socialized land to individual farmers on perpetual leases so long as they stay on the land and work it.

Under its agrarian-reform laws the government planned to socialize not only the great estates of former nobles but also all great estates comprising more than 20 per cent of the section in which they were located, partially compensating the owner at a price set by the government's finance department to be paid over a period of years. After that the government planned the seizure of village common lands which had been illegally taken by landlords.

Apparently the only step taken toward carrying out this land program is the declaration of social ownership of land previously held by rebellious nobles. Not all of this land, which comprises more than 400,000 acres, has as yet been taken over for operation. Meanwhile the landowners are organizing definitely for counter-attack. So long as they own land they can use their ownership punitively to throw out of work the more aggressive of the farm workers, as they did in July in Salamanca, the region west of Madrid. After 30,000 farm workers of the region had joined the Socialist unions and forced up wages, and after a great strike in January, the employers called a meeting in the bull ring (a favorite place for public meetings) and organized company unions which they used as engines of discrimination. Parentheti-

cally it should be noted that if the present policy of breaking up large estates continues, the bull rings of Spain may soon become public forums, since the raising of good fighting bulls is a luxury industry, confined, like the ownership of the Boston Red Sox, to self-sacrificing patriots. In the Salamanca region the organized farm laborers are fighting back strenuously with the cooperation of the government. Farm laborers staged 150 strikes in this one region alone during the year 1932, and brought 700 other disputes to the labor courts.

These labor courts (*jurados mixtos*) offer a striking parallel to the machinery of arbitration set up under President Roosevelt's National Recovery Act except that the government representatives on various tribunals are more definitely pro-labor than would be permitted in the United States. The typical labor court is composed of six employers, six workers, and a chairman who is chosen by the government unless the employers and workers can agree upon a chairman by unanimous vote. The chairman is the key executive officer of the court and has wide powers. The court itself is allowed to settle all disputes coming to it on petition of workers or employers which have to do with wages, hours, discharge, overtime, and the duration of a contract. An appeal from the court goes to the Minister of Labor, who is a Socialist. Also, all decisions of a general character are made in the last analysis by the Labor Minister.

The statistics of petitions and strikes in industry and agriculture during 1932 give proof of the immense gains made by labor through these courts of the new government. Of 19,796 judgments rendered by the labor courts in 1932, 14,460 were in favor of the workers and only 5,336 in favor of the employers. The constructive policy of the courts is shown by the record of 50,766 peaceful settlements as compared with 2,400 strikes. These labor courts have immensely improved the physical conditions of both farm and city workers and have given for the first time to Spanish workers the right to organize unions with genuine power. The working day has been reduced to eight hours even on the land; the day-of-rest law applies even to journalists; and wages have increased while wages have been going down in other parts of the world. Spain's unemployment is very small, partly because of the government's great public-works program. The membership of the U. G. T. has increased by two-thirds since the revolution and has a total of perhaps 1,200,000. The anarcho-sindicalist unions, on the other hand, have greatly decreased in power and membership, although they are still important in Barcelona. The government has put into effect a program of workmen's compensation for accidents, but its other social-insurance measures are still in the formative stage. Health insurance and old-age pensions are being planned, but they are not in effect, and the absence of a good program for unemployment insurance is disappointing.

In the background of the capital-labor struggle that is going on in Spain is the struggle between the socialistic state and the Catholic church for control of the national culture. The issue involved is not freedom of worship—the churches are open and well attended, and the clergy is outspoken in opposition to the government. Other important issues are involved. Who shall control the schools? Shall the government continue to support the ordinary priesthood? The second question seems fairly well answered in the government's successive reductions of its contribution to lay priests from 65,000,000 to 42,000,000 to 26,000,000 to 4,000,000

pesetas (the figures only approximate) during the last four years. This is supposed to be the last year of the government's payment to the church.

The great test of the government's anti-clerical program will come in December when the new educational code for the complete secularization of common schools throughout Spain goes into effect. The church leaders have sent out definite orders to the priesthood to tell Catholic parents to keep their children away from the government's schools. The government is equally determined to give Spanish children secular teachers who may be Catholics but who shall not be members of any religious order. The government is hurriedly training a corps of teachers for the new task.

The church, in attempting to block the government's

educational program, is stressing the issue of economy. Where is the money to come from to establish the new school system? The leader of the Catholic Action group in the Cortes told me that it would take a billion pesetas a year to put the government's educational program into effect. (A peseta is now about twelve cents in American money, but it has a considerably higher buying power in Spain than twelve cents has in the United States.) Fernando de los Rios, former Minister of Education and now Foreign Minister, told me that his government proposed to spend 400,000,000 pesetas on education next year, whereas it was spending 300,000,000 this year. He was vague as to the sources of new revenue, but there is no doubt that the revenue can be secured if the government wills it.

High Finance in Boston

By HENRY W. HARRIS

THE story of how banks have used their security affiliates for the purpose of unloading bad paper on investors was spread upon the public record in the Mitchell investigation. It remained for a thirty-two-year-old judge in Boston to take the next step and hold directors of a security affiliate to personal, civil liability for such a transaction. In a recent decision which rocked State Street, Judge John J. Burns of the Massachusetts Superior Court declared that the former board of Beacon Participations, Inc., all of whose members, with one exception, were directors of the Beacon Trust Company, must pay for losses sustained when they allowed the bank to use the affiliate as a "dumping ground" and for those resulting from the juggling of its funds in other ways, to which he applied such terms as "reckless expenditure," "flagrant breach of fiduciary duty," and "deliberate misapplication of other people's money."

The case has already become a classic, for it is the first in which a court has held directors of a security affiliate responsible for "bad faith" to the corporation on account of their zeal in protecting the interests of the bank. The prominence of the defendants is important both because of the attraction their names exerted upon people who were invited to buy stock in Beacon Participations, and also because many of them have held, and hold, key positions in the financial and social life of Boston.

Charles B. Jopp was president of the Beacon Trust Company, a leading Boston bank, and of its affiliates. He later became a vice-president of the Atlantic National Bank, with which the Beacon was merged, and now is an official of the First National Bank of Boston, the dominant financial institution in New England, which has absorbed both the other banks. The court describes him as "the principal factor in causing the losses complained of."

The list of directors must have been appealing to the public, which was invited to buy Participations stock in a large advertisement appearing in the Boston newspapers. It included William P. Hart, president of the Charlestown Five Cent Savings Bank, an important institution; Robert Gould Shaw, Jr., now dead; Charles F. Adams, head of the First National Stores, the largest grocery chain in New England, and owner of the Boston Braves and Boston Bruins;

Gardner Poole, a well-known business man, formerly president of the Boston Rotary Club; Fred B. Lawler, formerly vice-president of the Atlantic National Bank and now an executive of the First National Bank; Arthur T. Lyman, a well-known broker, son of one of the wealthiest men in Massachusetts; Fred D. Jordan, partner of Lyman in the firm of Jordan, Lyman and Company, Inc.; Charles R. Gow, president of Warren Brothers, a nationally known construction concern, former postmaster of Boston, and one-time head of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts, an organization which has lobbied consistently at the State House to break down the laws protecting women and children in the mills. Mr. Gow has just been appointed by President Roosevelt to be State Engineer for Public Works for Massachusetts.

Adams left the board reasonably early, and is absolved in some of the transactions. Into the directorate later came Allan H. Sturges, president of the new Pilgrim Trust Company, which was granted a bank charter while this suit was pending, and George S. Mumford, former president of the Atlantic National Bank, the third largest bank in Boston until it was absorbed by the First National. It is only fair to say that these two were not parties to the original scheme. Mumford, in particular, was held responsible only for continuing the procedure followed by his associates in managing the property of Participations for the benefit of the bank.

Edward Spiegel, who brought the minority stockholders' suit for the benefit of all the stockholders, is a Boston lawyer with an entirely different background. He stumped the State for La Follette in 1924, and has since been a member of the Progressive Action Committee of Massachusetts, the active hold-over committee of the La Follette organization, on which Robert Fechner, now head of the Civilian Conservation Corps, once served. Spiegel held twenty-five shares for three years without receiving a statement. When a statement was finally given to the stockholders, it told as little as such statements usually do. Spiegel saw Jopp, and received what he described as a "pep talk." When further attempts brought little information, Spiegel began an investigation which lasted for more than a year. He then brought suit. That the holder of such a small number of shares should go to such lengths surprised the defendants, who assumed at the start

that Spiegel was attempting to "hold them up." They are just realizing that his guiding motive was the public interest.

Spiegel is thirty-five years old. Judge Burns is three years younger, and his appointment two years ago was generally hailed as the beginning of something pleasantly new on the Massachusetts bench. The son of a street-car motor-man, he is a graduate of Boston College and of the Harvard Law School, where he later became professor. At the time of his selection, the story of his background and his record made a tremendous impression. In language much stronger than anything in Spiegel's bill of complaint Judge Burns tells the story of Beacon Participations. It comprised six steps.

Step number one was the organization five years ago of Beacon Participations, Inc., affiliate of the Beacon Trust Company, for the advertised purpose of dealing in securities. The bank issued to the public nearly \$2,000,000 worth of non-voting preferred stock, but bought all the common stock—25,000 shares—and with it voting control, for \$1,000. All the directors of Participations, with the exception of Lyman, were directors of the bank.

Step number two was the "unloading" on Participations of what the court describes as "a worthless note" for \$520,000 held by the Beacon Trust Company against its real-estate affiliate, Beacon Building Trust, Inc., on such terms that the bank could not be held as indorser. The directors who voted this transaction for the security affiliate were, with one exception, members of the board of the bank and also of the real-estate affiliate. The court found that Participations was "an ideal dumping ground," and had been "organized for the purpose, among other things, of buying this note." Before the Senate committee in Washington, Mitchell, of the National City Bank, described such a transaction as "bailing out the bank."

Step number three was the setting up of a joint account with Jordan, Lyman and Company, Inc., controlled by two of the directors of Participations, who had made a handsome profit in floating the preferred stock. Under its terms Participations was to put up the money and share the profits and losses equally with the brokerage concern. In justification of this deal the defendants argued that the brokers were contributing their knowledge and experience to the transaction, but the court commented dryly that Jordan and Lyman, directors of Participations, owed it this knowledge and experience anyway.

The stock market crashed, and instead of sharing the profits without putting up any money, Jordan, Lyman and Company found itself liable for half the losses and heavily indebted to Participations. Participations made a deal by which the brokerage concern was released, and Jordan, though he was known at the time to be insolvent, assumed the debt. He is now a resident of Maine and could not be served in the suit. The court expresses surprise that Lyman, whose father was one of the wealthiest men in the State, never became personally liable, and that the whole obligation was placed on Jordan, who was "financially irresponsible." Judge Burns calls the joint-account transactions "a deliberate misapplication of other people's money."

Step number four was the payment of dividends out of capital, so that the bank might retain voting control after Participations began to lose money. Under the articles of incorporation preferred stockholders, who had contributed

80 per cent of the capital, would acquire voting rights when four quarterly dividends were unpaid. To prevent this, the directors voted dividends, though there were no profits to divide and the company's capital had become seriously impaired. The court found this "a deception on the shareholders and on the general public. The shareholders received part of their capital, believing it to be income, and by such improper declaration the voting rights of the preferred stockholders were illegally postponed. The declaration of dividends gave a false picture of the company's financial condition to the prospective purchaser of its shares."

The fifth step was the secret repurchase by Beacon Participations of nearly 52,000 of the preferred shares, for the purpose of retaining voting control for the management in any event and, perhaps, to help "bail out" the "insiders." To make this purchase the directors spent three-quarters of a million dollars.

Judge Burns found that the directors gave the preferred stockholders no notice of the repurchase and that the transaction was "a reckless expenditure" which "practically cleaned out the treasury" and, in addition, left Participations with most of its good collateral pledged to the First National Bank for a loan of \$110,000. The preferred stock held by the public was entitled to receive \$20 a share upon liquidation. The court found that there was not enough money in the treasury to pay this when the repurchases started, and that the transaction worked as an illegal discrimination against those stockholders who knew nothing of the buying up of the shares. It also made it impossible for them to gain voting control and protect their rights within the corporation.

The sixth step in the story of Beacon Participations was the entry of a plea in bar to Spiegel's suit by the current directors, who had been elected by the defendants in the suit, on the ground that he had not exhausted his remedy within the corporation before bringing the case to court. The situation was thus created of a board of directors spending the stockholders' money in an attempt to defeat a suit which was brought for the benefit of the corporation and its stockholders and in which any money recovered would go into the company's treasury. Upon Spiegel's demand, the corporation, through its new board, has recently waived its claims of appeal from Judge Burns's findings. The Judge could not see what remedy in fact Spiegel had through the directors, since seven of the defendants were directors of the Atlantic National Bank, which held voting control, and the defendants could thus control any litigation brought against them by the directors; and since, in addition, the new directors were the nominees of those accused in the suit.

An interesting feature of the defense was the claim that the stockholders had ratified all the acts of the directors inasmuch as Jopp had appeared at the annual meetings with a proxy for the 25,000 common voting shares and, holding a meeting with himself, had ratified all the legal acts of the directors. The court commented that such ratification could not apply to illegal acts, and added: "It would be monstrous if the rights of the Class A stockholders could be swept away by the vote of a man who was the principal factor in the losses complained of."

The damages which each of the defendants must pay remains to be determined, but the judicial finding of liability against these men and the precedent thus established is of far greater importance.

The Artist and the Depression

By SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

NOT long ago, in a broadcast from one of our secret radio stations, I remarked that bourgeois society had neglected the artist, and salved its conscience by assuming that he needed to be neglected in order to be great. The sentimental belief that it takes a bruise to make a genius is coextensive with philistinism, being one of its more tiresome corollaries. I remember once hearing a young woman at a dinner party saying in an insufferably affected voice to an astonished artist, "I suppose you live in a romantic little attic." I supposed he didn't, knowing that the craze for bohemianism had made romantic attics too expensive for impecunious devotees of the arts. But in a way the lady's picture was authentic—authentically bourgeois: a picture of genius pining in garrets, living on short rations, and distilling from neglect and disappointment beauty which will delight the hearts of collectors, after death and the dealers have established its market value.

It is as false, of course, as a picture from the brush of any Ananias, because the values and the emphases are wrong. Its provenance is clear enough. The assumption is that since such artists as Rembrandt, Manet, Cézanne, Seurat, were unappreciated *and* great, they must have been great because they were unappreciated; *ergo* all artists need to be unappreciated in order to be great—an assumption which becomes meaningless when one sets beside the roster of neglected geniuses that of the geniuses who were not neglected: names such as Giotto, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Rubens, Delacroix. An artist is made great by neither public indifference nor public acclaim, but by the genius that is in him and an environment in which sufficient culture is current to permit that genius its full development. If the environment also affords discriminating appreciation, he is likely to develop more swiftly and happily, for the artist, like anyone else, is inspired and stimulated by judicious praise. If it yields also a demand for his work, he is likely to be more productive—although too great a demand may tempt him to sacrifice quality to quantity, a danger recognized by a distinguished French painter recently when he said that the more popular among his colleagues might be expected to do better work now that dealers were no longer standing at their elbows ready to snatch their canvases from the easel.

The number of artists who incur this risk is small; and much smaller in this country than in France. Few American artists have to steel themselves against the demands of dealers or anyone else. The buying public is extremely limited, and a goodly share of its patronage is appropriated by the time-serving pseudo-artist. Moreover, our largest buyers of art prefer to pay three or four hundred thousand dollars for—let us say—a bad Lawrence rather than three or four hundred for a good painting by a native and needy painter. Paying high prices for the works of dead men enhances the purchaser's social prestige; paying low prices for those of living men does not. A great many people really believe that only death makes an artist important; like the girl who remarked wonderingly that Redon was already a great painter although he had been dead only a few years.

Though being poor does not make the painter or sculptor an artist, being an artist may be pretty generally counted upon to keep him poor, especially if he is obsessed by new ideas and given to experiment. And so we come back to the picture of struggle and neglect, somewhat modified in the interest of accuracy.

There is more in the distorted original than mere conscience-sopping. There is a sort of left-handed acknowledgment of the artist's importance to society. And his importance to this country, I venture to believe, lies no less in his work than in his way of life, which is governed by a standard diametrically opposed to the standard of material success by which the vast majority of his compatriots measure their neighbors and themselves. In a society enslaved to wealth, he lives most like a free man. For the values which are important to him are not material but spiritual; his interest is in creation, not in acquisition. Therefore he accepts poverty, not because he feels differently about it from the colored man who complained that it was "so inconvenient," but because he prefers to use his time and energy in developing his talent rather than in pursuing the popular ideal of speculative getting and conspicuous waste. And his choice is as good an answer as any to anxious inquiries about what a civilized society would substitute for raw acquisitiveness as a spur to ambition and ingenuity. (Here I may be reminded that other people have also made this choice. I would not deny it, but I happen to be writing now about artists.)

Such a choice has its collateral rewards even in a society such as ours. The person whose primary concern is with things of the mind can stand adversity much better than the person who is chiefly interested in material things; not only because he is used to it, but because it has to hit him frightfully hard in order to affect his real life.

The depression of the past four years has hit a great many artists frightfully hard, although it had to get pretty bad before they noticed it at all. It was only natural that it should. In capitalist society art is a luxury, and a luxury which potential patrons of the arts will forgo before they will give up their yachts, their automobiles, and their peregrinations from one rendezvous of pleasure-seekers to another. The people who in normal times would buy works of art are feeling poor these days, whether they actually are or not; they will not buy unless they can do so at prices ruinous to the artist. And so the dealers display their wares to an apathetic public and wonder how to pay their rents, while the artists whose works they used to sell are so far behind in their rents that they no longer even wonder. I speak of artists; I don't know how badly the market for society-dressmaker portraits has fallen off—although for the benefit of those who take this phase of the situation to heart I may quote in passing an itinerant foreign "spot-knocker" of that school who told me last fall that his annual pilgrimage was proving disastrous. Nor do I know or greatly care how many milk-and-water mural decorators are out of jobs since the commissions at Rockefeller Center gave out. I

fancy, however, that the large public-building programs undertaken to relieve unemployment may save them from disaster, for it is in public buildings that they have always been encouraged to do their expansive worst.

The degree of adversity among artists varies from a falling of income below the taxable level to virtual destitution. I do not know any painter or sculptor who is starving; I do know of one or two who were reported to be. I know personally several others who would be starving if it were not for their friends or the Gibson Committee. The committee has been able to give emergency employment to some 80 out of 200 applicants. It seeks out churches or other non-profit-making societies which want paintings or sculptures but cannot afford to pay for them, supplies the artists and pays them, the societies furnishing the materials. It also provides teachers of art to settlement schools which would otherwise have no art departments. The artist is employed every other week, and the committee pays him \$25; so he has an income of \$50 a month, which will keep the wolf from the door if he can somehow get from some other source the wherewithal to keep a door between them. Even this measure of relief will not be available after September, when the committee closes its doors on a situation which its contributors took to be acute and temporary and have found to be acute and permanent.

It is not only the beneficiaries of the committee who face another crisis this fall. Several artists' colonies, I am told, are in much the same situation. Their members have been living on their friends, credit, and odd jobs; and the day of reckoning is not far off. Some efforts have been made by these communities to help themselves. In Woodstock, New York, one of the most numerous, a few public-spirited citizens and well-to-do artists formed an association which bought work from artists in need, or found work for them to do. In New York various attempts have been made, by both art lovers and artists, to beat the disastrous bear market in works of art.

The most picturesque if not the most successful of these attempts have been the open-air exhibitions in Washington Square, where the artists adopted direct producer-to-consumer tactics, displaying their wares on sidewalks and fences and acting as their own salesmen. Chicago artists have also resorted to this expedient, which has long been familiar on Montmartre. At the Independents' show last year it was announced that artists would be willing to barter their works for goods or services—a picture for so much dentistry, or a sculpture for a suit of clothes—but not much came of it. Art-loving people in this and other cities have for several years arranged shows and auctions around Christmas time for the benefit of needy artists, with a certain amount of success.

These attempts at relief share the salient characteristics of all efforts to alleviate suffering caused by the depression: they are unsystematic and wholly incommensurate with the need. The impoverished artist, like the impoverished bond salesman or the down-and-out worker, gets along as best he can from day to day, and never knows when the morrow will find him wholly destitute. It is quite as futile to advise him to try some other line of work as it is to say the same thing to the worker or the salesman. Other lines offer no better chance of a living than his own. American artists know this only too well. They are accustomed to earning

their living wholly or in part by avocations; and in those avocations they now find themselves obliged to compete with formerly high-priced experts who are willing to work for anything they can get.

The unemployed artist, however, has a great advantage over the unemployed of industry and commerce. He doesn't have to find an employer in order to be enabled to work. So long as he can get the materials he can keep himself occupied; and that wonders can be achieved with very little in the way of equipment we have the mute testimony of those superb things which Van Gogh produced in pen and ink when he was too poor to buy colors. The east wind of depression is tempered to the artist not only because his chosen way of life has inured him to it but because he can forget it at least part of the time in the joy of productive labor. He can keep his powers keen through exercise, and need never know—as must the architect or the engineer, for example—how bitter a thing it is “to rust unburnished, not to shine in use.”

It is hardly surprising that the depression has given impetus to a nationalist movement in art analogous to that in industry and commerce. When the controversy over Diego Rivera's superb and ill-fated fresco at Rockefeller Center was at its height, this movement rushed to share in the publicity under the name of “The Advance American Art Commission”—whatever that means. Part of its policy seems to be the practice of announcing its “regret” when a foreign artist is engaged to decorate an American building; and among the artists it most regrets are the two foremost modern fresco painters, Rivera and Orozco (whose American ancestry, by the way, goes back far beyond that of any member of the “commission”). It is an unfortunate movement, and would be more so if it were not for the significant fact that it is sponsored by painters and sculptors whose work, without exception, is profoundly regretted by American artists and discriminating critics of art. The artists know that it is much more important that art shall be good than that it shall be national. They know that if a Sert or a Brangwyn were excluded from this country, a myriad native purveyors of bathos would rush to cater to the taste that prefers a Brangwyn or a Sert, and American art would not be benefited. They know that if the foreign painter of obscenely flattering portraits were excluded, he would only be supplanted by the native impostor, and American art would not be benefited. And they know, too, that if an Orozco or a Rivera were excluded, American artists would be deprived of priceless instruction and inspiration. I do not look to see any American artist who merits the name rush to guard the native trough on the pretext of defending and promoting the native art.

The depression, chronic and acute, which weighs upon our artists is not to be lifted in such ways. An improvement in economic conditions will end the acute phase; the chronic phase will be relieved only by a solution of the general labor problem. Pending that solution, which seems about as far away as ever, becoming an artist will continue to be pretty much like taking a vow of poverty—with the sporting chance that good work or good luck, or both, will finally bring release.

[This is the fifth of a series of articles on the economic crisis and the professional worker. The sixth, *The Engineer and the Depression*, by W. A. Shoudy, will appear next week.]

Home-Owners in Revolt

By JAMES STEELE

Cleveland, August 8

IT is ten o'clock on a hot, oppressive July night. Up and down Lardet Avenue on Cleveland's East Side a throng of people is smiling, talking, laughing, arguing with the cops who are stationed along the street every few feet or gathered in bunches about squad cars and patrol wagons. There are nearly 300 cops—foot, mounted, and motorcycle—armed with clubs, tear gas, guns. They handle their clubs uneasily, eyeing the crowd anxiously, telling some of its members, "Aw, we ain't t' blame. We get blamed fur ev'rythin'." The men laugh and the women berate them in broken English, Bohemian, Hungarian. A Bohemian cop attempts to remonstrate with a woman in his poor English. A kid, standing by, jeers at him, "Why don't ye speak English?" The cop's mate, a burly, scowling 300-pounder, growls, "Oh yeah, well I was born an' brought up here all me life." "Gee, ye don't act like it," the youngster retorts while the crowd laughs. The cops walk off, muttering.

At the other end of Lardet Avenue a large audience, closely packed together, is listening to a speaker from the Small Home and Land Owners' Federation. His voice booms out over the milling throng. "And why is John Sparanga being evicted? He has paid in over \$4,500 on this house, and while he was working he kept up his payments to the bank regularly. Three years ago he lost his job and he hasn't worked since. As long as there was a penny in the house he kept up the payments, but there came a day when he couldn't keep them up. He had to get help from the Associated Charities to feed himself and his wife and five kids. But that didn't mean anything to the bank. They tried to foreclose on him three different times—but we, the organized small home-owners, stopped them." Thunderous applause, echoing down the avenue. Then a whispering among the crowd as police converge and surround them.

The speaker wipes his brow and glances at the cops. "They beat us to it this time. They came at six o'clock in the morning and kicked John Sparanga and his family out on the street. Mrs. Sparanga tried to hang herself, she was so worried, but the cops wouldn't let us put the furniture back—and when we tried to they gassed us, gassed us, American citizens and taxpayers that pay their wages. Friends, we're living under the American Constitution, and that gives us the right to free speech, free assemblage, and the right to protect ourselves against tyranny. We say, *use it!*"

A roar of approval, repeated again and again, swirls through the oppressive darkness—and then, suddenly, red flashes and reports in the dark street; thick white clouds slowly rising; men, women, children stumbling, clutching at their faces, shouting to each other not to use handkerchiefs, then pressing back before the waves of tear gas. Those on the edges of the crowd, trapped by police, run between houses, over fences, through backyards into the adjoining streets—and there, too, are the police, the reports, the clouds of sickening, stinging gas. "Back to Lardet! Back to Lardet!" Youths scatter among the fleeing men and women, stopping them, shouting orders: "Back to Lardet!"

Back on Lardet Avenue there has been clubbing and shooting—a dozen men have been shipped to hospital with scalp lacerations; two men have been rushed away, shot in the legs. But the crowd is not giving way; three times this day, since their first mobilization in the early morning, the police have scattered them with gas and clubs, but now they are strong in their united strength. The home-owner, the unemployed worker, is not standing alone; shoulder to shoulder with 10,000 others he is resisting those who would take from him his home and happiness. Conscious of this strange new feeling, yet unable to voice it, the men and women stay. They yield before the police in one place only to swell their numbers in another. Isolated groups of demonstrators are pursued and bombed and rush for safety into the massed thousands. Here and there, on the outskirts of the crowd, the police toss bombs, but the crowd gives way just enough to avoid the fumes. The cops are at a loss: in spite of their guns and clubs and tear gas they are afraid, for this is a crowd that won't scatter, a crowd that is strangely grim and determined. They retreat back into Lardet Avenue while the crowd settles around the block, surrounding it, vowing not to leave until John Sparanga is back in his home.

Twenty-four hours later the crowd is still there, and the cops are still there—jumpy, afraid of the crowd, cursing their superiors for sending them out on such a job. They hustle everyone along the street, and break up small gatherings as much as they dare—but there is no tear gas and there is no clubbing. Perhaps the fact that several of their mates fell victims last night to husky Hungarian housewives with old-fashioned iron pans has cooled their ardor.

Two days later there is a mass demonstration on the Cleveland Public Square. The home-owners, massed around the statue of Tom Johnson, protest police brutality and Sparanga's eviction, decide to demand redress from Mayor Ray Miller. Five minutes before the parade arrives at City Hall the Mayor remembers a pressing luncheon engagement and leaves; but the banks are urged to go slow on foreclosures—the *Cleveland Press* says maybe if there were a federal home-loan office in Cleveland the "riot" would not have occurred—and the next day it is announced that a federal home-loan office will be opened in Cleveland!

John Sparanga may not be saved; but the dogged demonstration in his behalf has saved many other Sparangas from a similar fate.

The organization which staged the demonstration—the Small Home and Land Owners' Federation—began last October as a spontaneous "home defense" movement among working-class Hungarians. It answered a deep-felt need among the smaller home-owners for some method whereby they could defend themselves against the foreclosures which were eating up their savings and breaking up their families. It spread rapidly, crossing all barriers of language, religion, and politics, until today it has more than 14,000 members of all political beliefs and religions among people of such diverse nationalities as Bohemians, Lithuanians, Americans, Ger-

mans, and Italians. Although the federation's membership represents one-fourth of all the small home-owners in Cuyahoga County (homes valued at \$7,000 or less are listed as small homes), its strength is actually much greater. The families of the members are solidly behind it, as are the Unemployed Councils—two forces which make it possible for the federation to rally 10,000 people at an eviction in the course of an hour or two. Through this ability to stage mass demonstrations quickly the federation has prevented literally scores of evictions; on one day this summer it stopped five. According to its own figures the number of foreclosures in Cuyahoga County has declined 45 per cent since it was organized.

This has been accomplished almost wholly through voluntary rank-and-file action. There are no paid officials in the organization; all that they receive from it is expense money, for which they must render a detailed accounting. Each branch is an autonomous unit, electing its own officers and carrying on its own neighborhood activities. Should some important issue arise, however, which the branch does not feel capable of handling by itself, it merely sends out a telephone appeal and the other branches ship in members by the hundreds—as they did in the Sparanga case. The coordinating body for the city is the City Central Body, made up of delegates elected by the branches. Recommendations issued by this body have to be carried out, but should any branch wish to appeal, it has the right to do so—and some of them have done so.

The federation has taken the lead in publishing a bi-weekly newspaper, the *Home Defender*, in organizing an educational department, in setting up women's and youths'

auxiliaries which draw into the direct activity of the federation the wives and children of the members. The *Home Defender*, incidentally, is issued by a volunteer staff of young people, sons and daughters of members, and is much more readable than newspapers of protest usually are. Its paid circulation is about 10,000 each issue.

Naturally, since the federation controls so many votes, the politicians have not been slow to discover that their hearts bleed for the poor home-owner. The Republicans tried to take over the organization first. When they failed they retired to brand it as a "red outfit." The Democrats, a little more clever, have played up to the militancy of the rank and file, merely attempting now and then to secure indorsements for local Democratic measures. Such attempts have been uniformly squelched by the City Central Body. With the local elections coming in the fall, the Democrats are now forcing the issue, feeling that they can split the organization if they cannot control it. How successful they will be is indicated by the decision of several of the largest branches to run their own candidates in the council elections and to call on the Socialist and Communist parties for cooperation in naming candidates for wards where a united working-class candidate would have a good chance of election.

In spite of lack of publicity the reputation of the federation has spread. Branches have already been organized in Columbus, Toledo, and Akron. Inquiries have been received from Pittsburgh, Chicago, Long Island City, and California. The small home-owners of the United States are organizing, tardily perhaps, but none the less surely; and the Cleveland Small Home and Land Owners' Federation, with its militant policy, seems to indicate the direction they will take.

Why the Milk Farmers Struck

By ROBERT WHITCOMB

Chenango County, N. Y., August 15

IN 1919 the milk farmers, or dairymen, of New York State had a Dairymen's League under G. W. Slocum that virtually acted as a farmers' union and won a milk strike for them. Then, as now, the farmer liked to think of himself as a peaceable, law-abiding citizen, but he hated the idea of being the "goat." Shortly after the World War, however, the viper of Wall Street in the guise of the Borden Company extended its fangs still farther into the country and gradually bought up the local cheese factories which had handled the surplus milk that had been kept "to home" during the strike. At the Jersey City convention of the league held about that time, the almighty dollar of the big interests railroaded the league itself into the hands of the trusts. Soon the gains of the strike were lost.

Since that time New York State has become dotted with milk plants owned by Borden's or Sheffield's or the Dairymen's League, with no serious competition from small independent dealers or weak farmers' cooperatives, and practically no organized opposition from the farmers themselves. Dairymen joined the league or they did not, but they brought their milk every day, and they were obliged to take the company's word for the butter-fat test and also for the proportion of their milk retailed as fluid or drinking milk. The farmer

received a check monthly, and that ended it. It is reminiscent of the checkweighmen in the mines, except that the farmer is a small business man in his own right, with thousands of dollars invested in land, buildings, machinery, and cattle—his farm. Nevertheless, the farmer finds himself to all effects an employee of a company with offices in New York, and he must take New York's word for it that the prices fixed are fair.

The depression, followed by mass unemployment and wage cuts, lessened buying power and therefore the consumption of milk, thereby increasing the surplus to be used for butter, cheese, ice cream, powdered, evaporated, or condensed milk. It was this situation which led Helen S. K. Willcox of North Norwich to prescribe killing "half our herds" as the only sure remedy for the milk farmer, because "you can lead a horse or a corporation to water, but you can't make either of them drink." The strike leaders this year repeatedly offered to supply only the fluid market and keep the surplus "to home," planning to start independent cheese factories of their own, but these offers were always rejected. The surplus is obviously wanted by the milk companies and can be sold. And the farmers are paid a pooled or average price, a combination of the high and low prices of fluid and surplus milk—the proportion is measured by

the company and is revealed in the monthly milk check, though the price is usually known a few weeks in advance.

Last year the chaos in the milk industry, which involves a million persons in New York State, became evident when the farmer's check just about equaled his cost of producing the milk. Only the organization of dairymen on a State-wide scale could give the farmers the strength to get a fair proportion of the consumer's dollar, but such a movement, though it had the support of Cornell agricultural experts, the State Grange, and Governor Roosevelt, failed. Independent farmers could not organize without endangering their market, members of the Dairymen's League considered their contracts sacred, and the huge milk machine built up after the war poured forth propaganda, as it did again during the strike this August. Nevertheless, local leaders in the counties where they were known formed a loose organization that enabled the farmers to call fairly representative State-wide conferences.

This year several things happened. The farmer's price dropped below his cost of production—some monthly checks were not sufficient to pay for the cows' milk-ration feed. The season was exceptionally dry; not only the pasturage was burned up but also the cornfields which fill the silos for the winter. Poor food lessens the quantity of milk and cuts down the butter-fat content. The farmer faced a winter of starvation for both his cattle and himself, with machinery and buildings deteriorating, fences falling down, bills and taxes accruing, notes and mortgages falling due. The monthly check became still smaller. The farmer was and is getting between one and two cents a quart for his milk, while Cornell University has told him what he already knew—that it costs more than two cents a quart to produce milk. Figures came from Wisconsin showing that farmers there get a higher price for their milk, with lower costs of production, smaller companies, poorer markets, while at the same time the Wisconsin cooperatives were reported to be returning more profit on their investment than the New York State milk companies. In the meantime the New York companies got help from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and the farmers were discussing the dividends paid from funds which they considered were earned by farmers, and wondering whether or not this or that company had watered its stock. Newspapers reported that Larry Fay, until his death, and other racketeers collected one cent on every quart of milk sold in Greater New York.

The Milk Control Board, established in April by the passage of the Pitcher bill, promised help for the farmer. In January the farmer got 87 cents a hundred pounds (47 quarts) for milk testing 3 per cent butter fat. (In Wisconsin the farmers' cooperatives pay \$2.76 a hundred for milk testing 3.5 per cent butter fat, though the consumer pays only 10 cents a quart.) The board raised the price to \$1.68, but at the same time raised the retail price from \$4.70 to \$5.64 a hundred pounds. And the farmer did not get this regularly, nor for all of his milk. The slight rise in prices since the Milk Control Board was established has been more than offset by the rising prices of cattle feed under the NRA.

Considered in terms of the individual farmer, the work of producing milk is not only unpaid but wasted, and the farmer is paying from his small holdings some of the profits still being made by the milk monopoly. One farmer in Herkimer County, with eight people working for him, and

a farm herd worth \$30,000, received a monthly check of \$150, while his expenses for the month covering bare necessities for his family and cattle were \$200. Another farmer in the same valley drew a check of zero because he owed a silo company money for a silo and the payments for it were taken by the milk company from his milk check. This man attempted to get food from a relief agency, but assistance was refused because he owned a farm. Men who haul farmers' milk to the milk stations often get more than the individual farmer. Farm hands work hard for no wages at all; they get only food, clothing, and lodging, and this year their work is still harder because streams are dry and water must be drawn for the cows. It takes one man a full day to draw water for a large herd.

Out of working for nothing, or working hard to make less than nothing, comes hopelessness, then desperation. A common cause, common misery, bound the farmers together. They attended crowded meetings in Grange halls and county courthouses; they were addressed by county leaders, politicians, and business men. Local merchants and professional men were all sympathetic, bearing in mind that the farmers are their best customers. Veterans of the 1919 situation came forward and told how it was done. Public-spirited farmers and leaders were constantly running to Albany and trying to get a hearing before the Governor or the Milk Board. On July 25 forty representatives from fifteen counties informed the Milk Board that if nothing was done the farmers would strike on August 1, not against the board, but against the big milk interests, especially the Dairymen's League, which is composed of well-to-do farmers but controlled by Borden's. The board was skeptical, and said that such a strike would be against the State. The strike leaders, some of whom rationalized the strike into a "holiday," insisted that they were law-abiding citizens, but that they meant to get what they were "entitled to" by lawful means. They were unanimously against violence of any kind, although during the following excitement many of them smiled when they heard of the persistent way the "boys" had "blocked traffic."

The only hope of relief, aside from the bare possibility of a bolt from the murky blue of Albany, lay in a mass protest. Disorganized, separated by distance, 80,000 farmers grasped desperately for any straw of leadership. Among the leaders the most quoted names are Piseck, Blair, Woodhead, and Clemens. The Piseck brothers, of Herkimer County, are unmarried Polish-Americans, originally from Illinois, where they studied agriculture and the management of co-operatives at the State university. They were militant leaders, and rode all over the State addressing meetings, telling the story of the Dairymen's League kittens that turned into independent kittens when their eyes were opened. They insisted that the farmers meant business, but they counseled against violence, and when the accusation came from Hamilton Fish and Louis Cuvillier that Communists were leading the strike, no one was more indignant than the Pisecks. They have been farming at Newport for a dozen years.

Walter Blair of Sherburne, Chenango County, is a soft-spoken, elderly farmer who resents having been arrested for disorderly conduct because he tried to persuade another farmer to take his milk home. Charges against Blair were pressed by members of the Dairymen's League, who also tried to reject the Blair milk after the strike, and Blair un-

derstood he was being told to keep his mouth shut, but he did not. Clemens and Woodhead are business men, Woodhead is a farmer on the side; Clemens is trying to popularize his Rutland Association for farmers.

Common grievances, however, produced a militancy among the farmers that transcended this leadership, and the strike was successful in attracting nation-wide attention before the multitude of forces against it broke its back. The leaders confusedly tried to call a truce, but the Governor and the Milk Control Board would not deal with strikers, particularly since, in spots, the enthusiasm of local strikers took the form of administering milk baths, turtling trucks, shooting at thermos trucks, or stoning troopers in spite of tear gas. Even the rank-and-file farmers are inclined to pity the "poor boys" in the State police force—they have such a rotten job to hold down. Governor Lehman made effective mention of the National Guard without calling it out. Extension of the milkshed into other States is still another weapon of the milk companies, although given time enough the farmers of other States might have joined the movement. Radio and press further confused the issues, while the Dairy-men's League published large advertisements proclaiming the danger to the "babies' milk supply," although the strikers guaranteed free milk for babies and carried out their promise in Amsterdam, where only babies under two and a half years old got milk. When the truce was proclaimed, neither Clemens nor Woodhead was present, and the latter called the strike off in the western part of the State. Now, at least, the leaders are accorded more attention at Albany.

The Nazi Hexenkessel

A Personal Letter

[We are able to vouch for the authenticity of the following letter which describes the continuing boycott of Jews in Germany.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Zurich, August 15

DEAR M.: How everything has changed in your old Vaterland! One could cry at the thought that Jews are compelled to live there, or rather to exist. I feel very strange and sad at the thought that now for the first time I am able to write you how I have really felt during all these months—parents are not allowed to write to their children about the things they are most concerned with in the home country. Whatever so-called "atrocities" you may have read are all absolutely true. For a time it seemed as if the waves of cruelty had calmed down, but a few weeks ago the campaign of hatred started all over again and the prospect looks darker and more dreary than ever. The mourning among the Jews cannot possibly be described; one has to experience it to believe it. It seems like a mockery to read in the German press:

An American who is traveling through Germany for the National Broadcasting Company of New York is full of praise for the German discipline and order which is prevailing all over the country. No Jew is molested and everybody may attend to his own affairs in greatest peace, whatever business he may be engaged in.

Can world opinion be so naive as to believe such a report?

And this American is alleged to have repeated this report over the air in the United States and praised with great enthusiasm the "wonderful" conditions in Germany. I am very much surprised that the N.B.C. should lend itself to such reporting.

Jewish stores are suffering very badly from the pressure of the Jew-baiting, since by law no municipal or federal employee is allowed to buy in a Jewish store. Immediate dismissal is the punishment for such an "offense." In all Jewish wholesale stores brown cloth is being confiscated. All Jewish stores are picketed, mostly by proletarian women who consider themselves very important with their white armbands which bear the words, "Buy German Goods Only." The department stores are picketed usually by four of these ladies, the big stores by three, the smaller ones by two, and the little shops by one. The other day I walked with O. past M.'s department store, which of course is Jewish, and I sent O. across the street to N.'s department store, which is Gentile. Since from my appearance nobody would think that I am Jewish I dared to trick the Nazis. With a dumb, innocent face I asked the honorable ladies who were picketing the Jewish store: "Is this a German store?" "Oh, no," was the answer, "you are not allowed to buy here!" "Why not?" "These are Jews! If you buy here, you will be punished by the party, provided you are a member." "Who knows me within the party? These people have such lovely inexpensive things in their windows." "You are better known by the party than you expect, and besides, Gentiles have just as cheap and lovely things," came the answer. "Very well," I said, "I shall cross the street and see what the German store has to offer."

I walked across to meet O., who had just come out of the Gentile store. We both returned then to M.'s store and looked at the windows again, knowing of course that we were being watched. The minute we entered the store, however, an excited woman followed me: "For goodness' sake," she said, "do not enter that store. A moving picture is being taken of you and will be shown on a public screen." Then all of a sudden three young Nazis appeared and handed O. a handbill which read: "If you do not want to burden your conscience do not buy from Jews. If you do your picture will be taken and shown on the screen!" I wanted to send you the original, but the employees of the store asked me to let them show it to the proprietor, as the distribution of these handbills is not officially permitted. As quickly as these young men appeared they vanished.

Another scene in front of the same store: A lady wearing the swastika started to enter the store. She was warned as I had been. I heard her say: "I buy wherever I want to!" We waited until she came out again. As she rushed into her waiting limousine, a Nazi jumped to the running board, closed the car, and off they went. That was all one knew.

Two weeks ago five Jews committed suicide within two days. Four of them were among our personal friends. One of them, Dr. J., who could not stand life in Germany any longer, said: "A German soldier shoots a bullet through his head rather than leave his fatherland!" The funeral of Dr. J. was attended by a very large congregation of the foremost citizens of the city, but not one single Christian colleague of his showed him the last honor in spite of the fact that he not only had been a member of the doctors'

guild for many years but also had held many honorary posts.

My letter would never end if I were to tell you all that we have experienced; it is fortunate that one hardens and forgets in one's old days. J. L. told me the other day that when she went to the church to confess on boycott day, the pastor told her: "Pray for the poor people who today are persecuted so unjustly!" And my "pastor" told me never to tell anybody what I think, when I informed him that I would say to anyone who asked me about my identity: "I am a Jewess and I was a German." To all of us life in Germany is so disgusting and hateful that we would rather leave everything and run away, and yet it is not so simple.

Switzerland seems like a dream. No brown uniforms on the streets, no swastika flags, no military march music, with which we "German" citizens are fed during twenty-four hours of the day, through radio or through school children, who yell the Horst Wessel song in every possible and impossible way, or through *Vereine*, who patrol the streets singing at very late hours of the night waking everybody up. Even the smallest of the small join in. Recently on the street I met a group of kindergarten children ranging from three to six years of age, led by their teacher. They carried of course the swastika banner and sang the Horst Wessel song. I heard them shout behind some people: "Tueff, tueff, tueff, there comes another Jew!" That's how Germany lives!

Your best friend, W. S., is wearing the Nazi uniform, and since I do know that he has been forced to wear it, I simply cannot visit the family any more. He howls with the wolves, and I cannot differentiate this time between voluntarily and involuntarily. On the other hand I can understand his action, because it means to him to be or not to be, and after all he is the sole support of his parents. In spite of all this, I should feel shameless if I were to enter a home where the *Westdeutsche Beobachter* is being read and the swastika and Nazi uniform are worn. That my long intimate friendship with Mrs. S. has to end because of this makes me extremely sad.

Did you read what happened to the family of Scheide-mann? Be very careful what you do, I implore you. Do not forget that we are still living in the *Hexenkessel* [witch kettle].

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

Sonnet

By MARK VAN DOREN

As if I went to meet you at a run,
And ran too fast, and midway of a mile
Stumbled, spent of breath, and lay in the sun
Till the slow warmth revived me—so your smile,
And so your wordless welcome both restore
My halting mind that brings too much to say,
My tongue that is prepared to tell you more
Than ever will be needful to me—nay,
You teach me then, though I too soon forget,
How nothing had been needed but these eyes
That with the dew of absence still were wet,
This prisoned love that with its noiseless cries
Never will be heard by even you;
But you well know the bars it hungers through.

Afternoon at Hyde Park

By MARGARET MARSHALL

Scene: Hyde Park

Time: Friday in August

The First Family is sitting about the room in their accustomed attitudes. Mrs. Roosevelt sits at a great big desk writing an article. A Woman's Home Companion lies in front of her. Mrs. Dall, at a medium-sized desk, is writing a radio article. Sistie Dall sits at a very little desk "writing an article." The President occupies a large armchair in the center of the room. He is reading a code. Hugh Johnson is reading the code over his shoulder. In spite of this the President is wearing his broadest smile. Buzzie Dall is chasing a commodity dollar around the room. He is trying to catch it with a large net index number. The elder Mrs. Roosevelt is crocheting a Blue Eagle.

The sound of an airplane is heard outside and Raymond Moley enters.

MOLEY: I have landed, and the situation is well in hand.

Hugh Johnson salutes, the President salutes, everybody salutes.

H. J. [bluntly]: Have those gangsters accepted the code?

MOLEY [proudly]: They've signed up as one man—with a few reservations. They accept the minimum wage—they say their men have been making too much—but they want more machine-guns and the open shop.

H. J. [bluntly]: They'd better not monkey with that bird.

MOLEY: That's what I told them, General. [He salutes.]

H. J. [more bluntly]: And what did they say?

MOLEY: They told me to go to London.

SISTIE [interrupting in a sweet childish voice]: Grandfather, may I "write an article" for the *Herald Tribune*?

THE PRESIDENT [smiling]: No, dear, Raymond has the *Herald Tribune*.

SISTIE [interrupting in a sour childish voice]: But Raymond went to London. Why can't I have the *Herald Tribune*?

THE PRESIDENT [taking off his smile]: No, dear. Raymond has the *Tribune*. [He replaces his smile.] But why don't you "write an article" for the *Washington Bugle*? I'm sure they'd accept it.

SISTIE: Oh, goody! goody! I'm going to "write an article" for the *Bugle*. [She dances about the room and scares the commodity dollar away just as Buzzie Dall thinks he has it.]

Hugh Johnson's voice rises bluntly.

H. J.: Moley, you tell those gangsters for me that they can't have any more machine-guns. That's the trouble with this country. Too many machines throwing men out of work. Stuart Chase says so. [He gets blunter and blunter. He paces the floor and makes a great racket. He shouts.] This steal code has already caused more trouble than any two others put together. Moley, those kidnapers will ac-

cept collective bargaining or we'll drive them out of business!

The President smiles and nods his head. In the lull, Mrs. Roosevelt turns to Mrs. Roosevelt, Sr.

MRS. R. [*whispering*]: You know, Mother, we really need thicker rugs in this room. Dear General Johnson is so heavy! [*Her face lights up.*] Oh, Mother, I have an idea! I think I'll take the car all by myself and drive out to the Rockies. I could shoot a bear and be back in no time. And a bear rug would be just the thing for the General.

She smiles and walks back to her desk. She sits down and writes:

Vacations are always a problem in a family of limited means. Let me tell you of one thrilling vacation which I once took with four boys and six girls to whom I wished to give the experience of real Western outdoor life along with a practical lesson in catching bear rugs. . . .

A maid enters and announces James Farley. President Roosevelt removes his broadest smile and put on a medium-sized one. Mr. Farley comes in.

MR. FARLEY [*looking a little embarrassed*]: Good afternoon, Mr. President.

MR. R.: Yes, James, what is it?

MR. F.: Well—[*He hesitates. He twirls his hat in his hands. He blurts.*] I need a few more second-class postmasterships.

MR. R.: I told you, James, that you couldn't have any more second-class postmasterships until Christmas. What did you do with the ten I gave you for your birthday?

MR. F.: But Mr. President—

MR. R.: No, James, it's final—Who wants 'em?

MR. F. [*smiling eagerly*]: A lot of first-class Democrats.

MR. R. [*sternly*]: Are they literate?

MR. F.: Oh yes, they were supporting you long before Chicago, Chief.

MR. R.: Anything else?

MR. F.: Well not exactly. Just a rumor.

MR. R.: What? A rumor? What rumor?

MR. F.: Nothing to it of course, but I heard that Alice Longworth was working on a proposition to bring contributors to women's magazines under the Civil Service.

MRS. R. [*looking up and smiling*]: Alice does have such constructive ideas. But don't you think, Mr. Farley, that there are altogether too many services already? [*She turns back to her desk and writes. Mr. Farley departs, and the President puts his broadest smile back on.*]

The sound of a tugboat is heard outside and Grover Whalen enters.

MR. WHALEN: I have just come off the Macon, and judging by the ticker tape the NRA is having the greatest reception New York has ever seen. Lindbergh has nothing on this eagle.

HUGH JOHNSON [*bluntly*]: They'd better not trifle with that bird. [*Everybody salutes.*]

Suddenly a bell strikes five. Mrs. R stops writing. Mrs. Dall stops writing. Sistie stops "writing." Mrs. Roosevelt, Sr., stops crocheting. Mr. Moley stops saluting. Buzzie stops chasing the dollar around. Mr. Johnson stops.

MRS. R. [*rising*]: The forty-hour week is up. I know that we are executives but we must set an example.

The door opens and a servant enters.

SERVANT: Today's supper-for-ten-for-fifty-cents is ready in the icebox. [*She departs.*]

THE PRESIDENT: My dear, couldn't we bargain with her collectively to serve supper sometimes?

MRS. R.: Why Franklin, a code supper is all anybody could want.

As they leave the room the President wearily removes his smile and hands it to Mrs. R.

MRS. R.: Really, Franklin, this smile *must* go to the cleaners. You've worn it since last March.

BURLINGAME
PUBLISHED

In the Driftway

THE Drifter's correspondence is piling up. And though he hopes his readers understand that their letters are none the less treasured for being unacknowledged, he cannot bear to have them entirely wasted on the desert air of a letter file. Here, for instance, is a letter from May Bancroft Cole in the wilds of Maine, who does up spinach in a paragraph:

There are many jolly ways of wasting good time, but a peck of spinach can do more damage to an otherwise good forenoon than any other little thing I know. So take home a peck, pick out all the bad leaves, separate the roots, and cut out all the stalks. Then wash it—not in the bathtub, because that would be too convenient—but in something just a bit too small to accommodate the whole peck. Wash it through water after water until your fingers cannot detect the least particle of sand in the bottom of the pan. Then look at the clock and decide whether a woman isn't God's perfect fool to perform in such fashion.

Touché!

• • • • •

SPENCER WILLIAMS, representative in Russia of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, writes a note from Moscow which indicates that the Drifter sometimes builds better than he knows:

Your valued column in *The Nation* of July 5, 1933, bespeaks scorn for the habit of consulting the dictionary. That you have the courage of your convictions is indicated in the subsequent sentence which renders that good old catch-word of many a spelling-bee as "plaguey." That plaguy word has sent many a champion down for a count of ten.

• • • • •

THE most original plan for solving the Indian problem came out of somebody else's letter basket. It was invented by Lady Houston and published in the London *Sphere* of June 17. James Manning, also in the depths of Maine, mindful of *The Nation's* deep interest in India, was kind enough to pass it on. The article is entitled Why I Financed the Houston Expedition, and runs as follows (the italics are Lady Houston's):

When I promised Lord Clydesdale that I would finance this great adventure and he went forth like Jack the Giant-Killer to conquer Everest, many people said, "Why does she do it?" My reason was this. A relation of mine had just come from India and three days after she left, her

nearest neighbor was murdered. This sort of thing I was told is, alas, not unusual now in India. I asked why, and the reason I got was that since the agitators have been permitted to preach treason it has made the people of India think that we Britons have lost our courage, and they had better therefore stand in with these others. This made me feel that some great deed of heroism might rouse India and make them remember that, though they are of a different race, they are British subjects under the King of England, who is Emperor of India, and *what more can they want?*

For all Indians love brave deeds and must rejoice with us and feel proud of this act of heroism our valiant airmen have accomplished in mounting seven miles into the air over India's highest mountain, for this is surely a proof to them that pluck and courage are not dead in our race, and perhaps—who can tell—this may make them remember all the advantages and privileges they have enjoyed under the English rule, and all the loving kindness that was shown them by our forefathers, who fed them when there was famine, who nursed them when there was plague, and who administered absolute justice to them in every dispute; for as long as our race exists, indomitable courage and an unalterable love of justice will always be our outstanding characteristics; for that great thinker Maeterlinck tells us that the character of a nation never alters.

The Drifter has the impression, from reading the more instructive columns of *The Nation*, that the Indians would be more favorably impressed if every Englishman in India would go and climb Mt. Everest, and stay there.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Agrarian Revolt in California

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In sunny California, the land of the "all-year-round" climate, all has not been calm this summer on the agricultural front. Most of the crops of vegetables and berries are raised on farms operated by Japanese, who employ laborers from south of the Rio Grande. Working conditions among these laborers have been intolerable for many years. Wages by the hour were 10 cents and less. Piece work was common; the price for picking a crate of berries, 19 to 30 cents, depending on the variety, and this seldom netted the picker more than 90 cents a day. Hours were long; ten hours were standard, twelve were often the rule. In El Monte, the center of the berry-growing region, a system of virtual peonage prevailed. The Japanese owners gave their Mexican peons hovels made from chicken coops, dry-goods boxes, and improvised materials. In these terrible circumstances Mexican laborers tried to make a living and support large families of *niños*.

It was not expected that unorganized agricultural workers, with no tradition of labor struggles and in a foreign land, would take matters into their own hands. It is to their everlasting credit, however, that about the first of June they did do just that. The Mexicans in Santa Monica in the onion and celery fields refused longer to accept the wage of 10 cents an hour. The movement soon spread to other agricultural regions; when the agreement was finally signed, the strikers numbered 6,000. The first task of the leader, Armando Flores, was to call together representatives from the twenty locals to formulate demands. When this was done, Flores and members of his com-

mittee visited the different centers and set up well-organized units. Vacant store buildings were lent by Mexican owners for meetings, and there came into being the "Union de Campesinos y Obreros Mexicanos," which by July 6 was able to dictate its terms.

The strike was not won, however, without a struggle which threatened at times to be violent in both its local and international aspects. By the time a settlement had been reached, sentiment sympathetic to the workers in Southern California had spread to Mexico itself, where "La Crom," the powerful labor party of Mexico, declared a boycott of all Japanese goods and merchants in the republic. The Japanese in California resorted to many methods to kill the strike. Scabs of any nationality available were sent into the fields. Wives and children were commandeered to replace the strikers.

As usual the role of the police was to harass the picketers in every way possible. Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz of Los Angeles departed from his usual fair record in labor disputes and ordered his deputies to aid the Japanese in their effort to break the strike. Many employees were arrested and charged with being Communists. In El Monte seven leaders were arrested and accused of communistic tendencies; later the charges were changed to vagrancy. To insure their staying in jail, bail was fixed at the excessive sum of \$500 each. The prosecution at El Monte was carried on not by a representative of the District Attorney but by an attorney for the employers, Mr. Doi, who was appointed special prosecutor by Judge D. S. Sores. The California branch of the American Civil Liberties Union was active in the defense of some of the strikers arrested on charges of vagrancy and conspiracy. Attorney A. L. Wirin of the union secured the dismissal of many cases.

The final agreement is temporary, but it means, nevertheless, a far-reaching victory for the formerly disorganized and discouraged Mexican farm population. The Japanese Association recognized the union and agreed to discharge all the scabs and reemploy all strikers showing union cards. Twenty cents per hour was set as a minimum wage. It is safe to say that this strike and its final success is one of the most interesting examples in recent years of a group organizing without outside leadership for the collective betterment of its members.

Long Beach, Cal., August 16 THEODORE RODRIGUEZ
W. G. FENNELL

Radio Censorship

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Not long ago, at the request of a woman's organization, I gave a lecture on Russia over a radio hook-up including stations in several States. What I said is of no importance to your readers, but it has occurred to me that they might be interested in knowing what the censor would not permit me to say. The following are the extracts which were deleted from my prepared manuscript:

1. "The Russians plan and experiment while we drift and cling to tradition."
2. "The frequency of bedbugs has been grossly exaggerated. Anyway, who ever died of bedbug bites?"
3. "The political structure of Russia is, I think, the most intelligent in the world." The sentence, "They tolerate no such absurdities as the direct election of chief executives, judges, or members of the national congress," was toned down to read: "They do not have the direct election," and so on.
4. After stating that in Russia one must not only work but must perform work which is considered socially useful in order to obtain a food card, I said: "No cards are given to

salesmen, criminals, advertising men, prostitutes, realtors, financial counselors, racketeers, priests, Christian Science practitioners, chiropractors, solicitors, osteopaths, herb doctors, or night-club hostesses. After formulating this list I am again impressed with the profound character of the Russian Revolution." This entire paragraph was struck out. Perhaps this deletion was poetic justice, for I may have had too much fun in writing it.

5. "If the world has to choose between capitalism with chronic unemployment on the one hand and communism with inefficiency on the other, communism ought to win—and probably will."

6. "In my judgment there can be no revival of the Russian church. It rose and fell with the Czarist regime, with which it was inextricably involved. It can no more return than the murdered Czar can come back to life."

May I say in conclusion that I cannot see in this censorship, which I think is typical, any conspiracy on the part of "capitalism" to suppress its critics. Nor do I think the policy of the station owners is influenced by any sense of duty to preserve the existing order. So far as I can judge, the station owners have only one "principle" and that is highest net returns. They claim that their only basis for censorship is the exclusion of anything that will offend the delicate susceptibilities and prejudices of their listeners. The station operators resemble newspapermen in that they are relatively free from either susceptibilities or principles.

Radio censorship, apparently, is not for the protection of either capitalism, religion, or morality. It is enforced so that no offense may be given to that ill-defined class known as the "booboisie" to whom, supposedly, most radio advertising is directed.

Mills College, Cal., July 15

GLENN E. HOOVER

Taxation of Land Values

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Nation steadily and apparently conscientiously avoids all mention of taxation of land values and of the fact that real-estate values are practically untaxed values. I presume that this policy is adopted in deference to the interests of readers in other matters. If I find that *The Nation* is willing to publish short articles or letters showing that we have billions of available revenue if only we would take land value instead of taxes, I will be glad to subscribe to *The Nation* again.

New York, July 15

BOLTON HALL

Negro Firemen

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Murder for the Job in *The Nation* of July 12 recited the details of the tragedies of fifteen Negro railroad employees in Mississippi without mentioning any of the events leading up to them. The cause of this reign of terror is attributed to the employment of Negro firemen while white firemen go without jobs, the question of seniority rights and agreements to the contrary notwithstanding.

During more normal times the positions of firemen on certain southern divisions of the Illinois Central Railroad were divided on a fifty-fifty ratio between Negroes and whites. The whites accepted the division because there was plenty of work for both, and because "the left side of the cab" was the Negro's job for a number of years. With the depression came a demand from the white firemen that the ratio of Negro firemen be reduced 5 per cent. This was granted. In 1932 Negro firemen held approximately 45 per cent of the jobs. The new deal had

not yet turned the corner, jobs continued to be scarce, and the white firemen asked for another reduction in the ratio of Negro firemen. Probably this was more than the railroad officials could stomach. Action on the request was delayed over a long period. Meanwhile, the murders began. Though all of the shootings have occurred in Mississippi, the Louisiana and Vicksburg divisions of the Illinois Central Lines are also involved in the dispute.

Mississippi's murders illustrate one phase of the intense struggle for survival of the Negro fireman. New contracts between the railroads and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen negotiated during the last ten years have been largely responsible for reducing the ratio of Negro firemen on the Southern Railroad from 80 per cent before the war to 10 per cent. On the Atlantic Coast Line, where formerly 90 per cent of the firemen were Negroes, the percentage is now below 40. In 1930 it had dropped from 90 per cent to 50 per cent on the Seaboard Air Line, with the brotherhood seeking a contract to permit further reductions.

These are the jobs that white men would not have before the war because of the low rate of pay and the dangers of the job. With the increased pay and improved status of firemen made possible by the government administration in 1918, Negro firemen have been forced to fight a "white-dog contract" whereby several lines have signed agreements with the brotherhoods that not only restrict the percentage and territory of Negro workers but in some instances provide that they be replaced by white workers as rapidly as vacancies occur. Furthermore, the great St. Louis and San Francisco system in 1928 issued regulations that pointed to the eventual elimination of all Negroes from train, shop, and yard service.

You liberals laughed in 1926 when President Robertson of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen told the Detroit convention that he hoped to report at their next meeting that not a Negro remained on the left side of an engine cab. Well, the "white-dog contract" is one of the results of that bit of demagoguery. And when the Progressive Order of Locomotive Firemen (a Negro organization formed because the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen does not admit Negroes) decided to fight this discrimination on the Atlantic Coast Line, Donald R. Richberg of defense counsel upheld that road's action because Negro firemen could not be promoted to engineers.

Is not this a dirty dish to set before Joseph B. Eastman?
New York, July 18

IRA DE A. REID
Director of Research, National Urban League

To Chicago Architects

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It is earnestly urged that all architects and engineers living in Chicago and vicinity who are interested in joining an organization of technical men aiming at political action looking toward a new social order immediately write to Sol Greenberg, 2307 Haddon Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. This organization is not to be confused with Technocracy, Inc., with which it has no affiliations whatsoever, either in philosophy or in program.

Chicago, Ill., July 13

SOL GREENBERG

The article on Utility Profits in New Jersey by Samuel Morris which was announced for this week has been unavoidably postponed. It will appear in an early issue.

Books

Before the Summer Goes

By DAVID MORTON

Only remember, now, how summer brought
Green to the meadow, darkness to the trees,
And how the heavy, moveless airs are fraught
With sleepy sounds and fragrant silences—
And how the slope wore buttercups awhile,
So shining and so delicate and still
We walked around it, went an extra mile,
To set no bruising foot upon that hill.

When fields are stubble and the trees are thinned
For sunlight or for starlight filtering through,
We shall be listening how a little wind,
Lost in the world, may find naught else to do
Than cry and cry, and never will be still,
For green things gone, for yellow from the hill.

A Note on Gertrude Stein

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. By Gertrude Stein.
Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

IT must be recognized, first of all, that Miss Stein's new work is the most "comprehensible" and therefore, in a sense, the least characteristic work of hers that has appeared. The reason for this is twofold: it is presumably not her book at all, but the autobiography of her secretary-companion, Miss Toklas; and its subject matter is of a traditional kind. Although she cannot help falling into her own syntax and idiom most of the time, Miss Stein makes at least as great an effort to be faithful to the style of her narrator as Defoe in writing "Robinson Crusoe." Such phrases as "awe-inspiringly" and "the house of our dreams" are intended to indicate Miss Toklas's sensibility rather than Miss Stein's own; and because this sensibility is a more familiar one most readers will have less difficulty in following it. The other reason that the book is so easy to read is that it can be enjoyed for its gossip, its fund of wit and anecdotes, its revelation of a "personality." Read in this way, it should provide inexhaustible fodder for the newspaper reviewers and abundant, if somewhat superficial, enjoyment for a large section of the reading public. Indeed, it is all too tempting to plunder some of its rarer bits for the purposes of this review; to repeat what Miss Stein has to say about Matisse, Picasso, Whitehead, Hemingway, among others; to destroy the reader's own pleasure in discovering these things for himself. For among books of literary reminiscences Miss Stein's is one of the richest, wittiest, and most irreverent ever written. In it she makes ridiculous all those who have ridiculed her for the last twenty-five years with the charge that she has had "nothing to say." She shows that she has a great deal to say of the sort that historians, biographers, and literary gossipers are in the habit of saying: Miss Toklas's "autobiography" is, among other things, a critical history of modern French painting and an account of the post-war generation in American letters. But if it were only this it would be an even less characteristic book by Miss Stein than it is; others could have given us these facts, but only Gertrude Stein can give us Gertrude Stein. And the deepest interest of the book lies in the insight it gives us into

the genesis of the mind and sensibility reflected in Gertrude Stein's other and more characteristic books.

There have always been only two questions about Gertrude Stein: What, precisely, has she been trying to do these many years? What, if any, is the value of what she has done? The first, which has never been satisfactorily answered, is a question that has to do not only with her method, style, and processes of composition but also with her view or "vision" of experience. The second, which cannot very well be answered before the first, is a question involving all the questions of evaluation involved in discussing any artistic work. Most of the confusion in regard to Miss Stein's work has come from the attempt to answer the second question without adequately recognizing the difficulties of the first. For Miss Stein, who happens to possess at once a highly trained metaphysical mind and an extremely refined aesthetic sensibility, offers unusual difficulties to the critic—more perhaps than any other creative writer of our time. Before disposing of her work with any real comfort it is necessary to know a great deal not only about William James and Bergson and Whitehead but also about Cézanne and Picasso and Juan Gris. Her so-called naive and primitive writing, moreover, represents such a complex synthesis of these influences that the most painstaking analysis is required to reveal them with any degree of clarity. In the end, it is much easier to turn to a "difficult" writer like Mrs. Virginia Woolf. All that will be pointed out here is that, in the general character of her mind and in its central orientation, Gertrude Stein is not nearly so isolated and eccentric a figure in American letters as is so often believed.

Before Gertrude Stein went to Paris in 1903 she had been a favorite student of James at Radcliffe, she had published a paper in the *Harvard Psychological Review*, and she had spent four years at Johns Hopkins, where her researches had been praised by Halstead and Osler. She did not take her degree there because, as she says, medicine bored her. In Paris she immediately met Matisse, Picasso, Braque, and other young painters who were busily overthrowing the "literary" painting of the previous generation in favor of an ever more abstract practice of their art. Under their inspiration she appears to have done her first literary work; "Three Lives" was written, literally, under the shadow of Cézanne. The effect of this worship of abstraction on a mind already trained in metaphysical speculation was to alienate its owner even farther from the concrete life of her own time and country. In the rue de Fleurus Miss Stein settled down to the creation of a form of writing which in style attempted to reproduce the movements of consciousness as described by James and Bergson, in form and diction to conform to the ideal of austere simplification followed by the new school of plastic artists. Like them, she hated "literature" and sought "the destruction of associational emotion in poetry and prose." Like them also, she was indifferent to the qualitative aspects of subject; she merely "rendered" people, landscapes, and events. And because her passion for "elemental abstraction" appealed to a generation that had just been through the concrete discomforts of a world war, she became in time a kind of High Priestess. Although a follower like Hemingway, remaining "nine-tenths bourgeois," never got away from the "museum smell," her non-associational prose became one of the greatest single influences on the prose of her time.

In her detachment, her asceticism, and her eclecticism, Miss Stein can only remind us of another American author who lived in Europe and devoted himself more and more exclusively to the abstract. The principal difference between Henry James (whom Miss Stein reads more and more these days) and Gertrude Stein is that the former still kept within the human

realm by treating moral problems. (Miss Stein has a more absolute aesthetic ideal: "the intellectual passion for exactitude in the description of inner and outer reality.") Moreover, what Miss Stein has in common with James she has in common with Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, and several other important and characteristic American writers: an orientation from experience toward the abstract, an orientation that has been so continuous as to constitute a tradition, if not actually the American tradition. Of this tradition it is possible to see in Miss Stein's writing not only a development but the pure culmination. She has pushed abstraction farther than James or even Poe would ever have dared—to the terms of literary communication itself, "Words and Sentences." The final divorce between experience and art, which they threatened, is accomplished. Not only life but the traditional means of communication in life are "simplified" to suit the patterns which she offers in substitute.

WILLIAM TROY

Can Cuba Recover?

The Crime of Cuba. By Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Company. Thirty-one full-page photographic illustrations. \$3.

THE amazing revolution of affairs in Cuba has stirred an interest about the island in the United States more intense than there has been for twenty years. Carleton Beals's colorful work appears as a timely response to prevalent curiosity as to what is back of the headlines. Why did the Cubans fail to love the kindly-seeming (in his photographs) Machado? In this book you may read of the crimes of the vanished regime, recounted bluntly in overpowering but discriminating detail. Beals adheres steadfastly to matters of public concern, barely hinting at the scabrous background of the Machado despotism. Much of the material is of course difficult of verification, in the same sense that it is difficult for our public prosecutors to convict a racketeer. But there is substance and to spare to support the characterization of the late administration as "a sawed-off shotgun government."

It does less than justice to the breadth of this book, however, to present it as a chronicle of atrocities. That chapter in Cuba's sorrowful history has closed since Beals set pen to paper. We may hope that it has closed forever. But governments of thieves and assassins do not spring into being spontaneously in a void. The crimes of Machado form but an episode in the tragic tale of the crime of Cuba. His conduct of public affairs as a private racket was a function of Cuba's social environment, the refinement to a high degree of a set of skills elaborated there long since by Spanish and American and Cuban predecessors. The claim of "The Crime of Cuba" to long-time usefulness lies in the thoroughness with which it explores the Cuban scene and the emphasis which it places upon abiding factors with which the new provisional government (or any government seeking the general good of Cubans) must reckon. There is no work either in Spanish or English that undertakes with such breadth of scope to display the fundamentals of Cuban society. It is based, as the reviewer can testify, upon accurate use of the best sources.

The first part of the book, nearly a fourth, is devoted to analysis and portraiture of culture patterns. Two themes are intertwined. There is first the absence of roots, which we might have been reminded is the characteristic of immigrant civilizations, the result of the selective processes which impeded the transit of either European or African culture as an integral whole to this continent. There is, second, the gulf between Creole culture, represented as upper-class, urban, but retrospective, and mestizo culture, represented as rural, degraded, but

vital. Beals steers skilfully around the view that these patterns are racially transmitted, but is impressed by the degree to which growing race consciousness serves as a cultural barrier. He accepts the Fernando Ortiz theory of growing Africanization. He also undertakes, without explaining his method, to revise the Cuban census figures to show a great minority of pure white stock.

This section is a fascinating piece of work, with a style and spirit more characteristic of French than American journalism. The patterns described are there and they are most important, politically as well as socially. My complaint would be that a full perspective demands portrayal also from other points of view. This cultural dichotomy is imperfectly correlated with economic forces. It tends to ignore features common to both patterns. It leaves Beals with an inadequate explanation of the rise of the A. B. C. secret society. It does not account for the Cubanization of Spanish and other immigrants (American, for instance). It leaves the impression, which is misleading, that industrial and commercial mores, where found in Cuba, are merely an alien intrusion. Beals's data elsewhere in the book supply evidence to the contrary.

It may be suggested that an alternative approach to the problem of Cuban cultural differences and similarities may be found in an examination of the impact of successive economic systems upon a subtropical frontier. There has been frontier economy itself, never extinguished and now the bulwark of Cuban rural subsistence. There has been the plantation system, which nurtured both Creole and mestizo culture. And there has been modern industrialism. Cuba has, however, never known small-scale competitive capitalism either in the countryside or mill. And it is this which gives a sense of romantic unreality to the political fetishes of nineteenth-century liberalism as applied to Cuba. As Beals reiterates, Cubans do not own their land, and the basis for general participation in the control of enterprise has been a progressively narrowing one.

The central theme of this book is, however, political. It may be best summarized in the author's own words:

Every government has owed much of its origin to American business interests or to the direct intervention of the United States, or both; and these governments have been maintained in power, legally or illegally, by these same factors constantly operating. The main objective of American capital in Cuba has been to reap the largest profits possible without regard for the welfare of the Cuban people; the main objective of the State Department has been to maintain the status quo, to insure stability often regardless of the wishes of the Cuban people. . . .

"For all the blood and sacrifice of our people, of your people, we merely changed masters. . . . We are exiles in our own land. . . . That is the crime of Cuba."

The Cuban, aware that his country is a protectorate of the United States, that his government functions in a realm of unreality, that the final resort is American banking interests and our State Department, refuses to get profoundly excited about politics. Rightly or wrongly he believes any solution answering basic Cuban needs can meet only failure.

The factors in the Cuban situation here correctly stated have been relatively little affected by the passing of Machado. And at a time when the conduct of American diplomatic and banking policy has led to the utter collapse of Cuban economic society, the near-bankruptcy of every American enterprise in the island, and the unemployment of at least half a million American workers to counterbalance that of as many Cubans who no longer buy American goods, it is opportune for Americans to be reminded of the neglect of their moral responsibilities which has contributed to the result.

Beals goes much farther in his specifications of personal and public responsibility. His book in substance charges Stim-

son and Guggenheim, Woodin and Percy Rockefeller, Charles E. Mitchell and the Chase National Bank with aiding and abetting for pecuniary ends the Machado despotism. He charges wholesale neglect on the part of our embassy of many supposedly American interests, lest the Cuban government be injured. He charges ambassadorial callousness concerning the life and property of Americans not well connected, lack of vigilance regarding Japanese espionage, connivance in the use of embassy premises as an observation post for the Cuban police, and misstatement of facts on the part of Ambassador Guggenheim in public pronouncements and official reports.

The Guggenheim issue has played a great role in opposition propaganda during the last three years, and in the mind of Mr. Guggenheim himself. It is perhaps a more charitable view to say that he was an incompetent ambassador. The circumstances of the overthrow of the Machado regime are the most eloquent testimony to what American diplomacy could have accomplished at any time during the last three years had it set about it with the skill and objectives of Sumner Welles. Nevertheless it must be pointed out that Welles has had a different Administration at Washington to serve.

Beals's pessimistic view concerning the policy likely to dominate the Roosevelt regime has been happily falsified by events. But what of the future of the economic and political intimacies which underlie the shifting panorama of personalities? Whatever the role of Cuban workers, soldiers, and the A. B. C. in the recent revolution, the support of the United States (calling it a constitutional process) was still a factor. Is it "control" when Guggenheim presses advice which is not taken, and something else when Welles produces "new deal" counsel and is listened to? The realities of Cuban-American relations cannot be escaped by legal correctness. They are there and likely to remain, to the embarrassment of both countries, even though the permanent treaty be modified. Beals, while lamenting the conversion of Cuba into a sugar factory, urges in the interest of American security that we give preferential treatment to Cuban sugar as against Philippine and Hawaiian products. The long lists of interlocking directorates with which Beals occasionally interrupts his narrative are certain to remain a part of the Cuban scene unless and until a Communist revolution sweeps them from the whole American stage. How can these factors be reconciled with a "new deal" that will be of significance for Cuban society? Readers of this book, written before the revolution, will be more impressed with the living death of the Cuban republic than with the resources and remedies that might be applied for recovery.

But there are young men and young women who think otherwise. Societies, like organisms, have hidden reserves that may be rallied in the phenomenon of rebirth. A younger generation of Cuban leaders may yet arouse latent metabolic processes for the recovery of their country. If they are to succeed there is a long time of sacrifice ahead for the comfortable classes. Havana cannot maintain the scale of living that glittered from 1917 to 1927. It is equally true that the United States may aid most effectively by curbing the intrigues of the financial racketeers, who are even less lovely in looting Cuba than in their depredations at home. The beginning of wisdom does not consist in floating a refunding loan in the New York money market. American enterprise has been ruined by its own mistaken greed. It may flourish again in security only if Cubans can find a way to a new orientation of their national life. The magic of "experts" has been tried. Foreign investment has proved a perilous stimulant, like strychnine, a poison in an overdose. Unless the people can be returned to the fertile land, and the land to the people who need it, without too cautious regard for legal and financial niceties, Cuba's future will with difficulty rise above her past.

LELAND HAMILTON JENKS

The Giants of Wall Street

The Mirrors of Wall Street. Anonymous. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

NO time could be more appropriate than the present for a penetrating analysis of the great figures of Wall Street, of the men who have dominated the financial and industrial policies of the nation to the misfortune and bewilderment of the great mass of its citizens. But the glass which the anonymous author of "The Mirrors of Wall Street" has held up before the clay-footed giants of finance is cracked and distorting.

Most of the expected figures are included in the scene—Morgan, Mitchell, Lamont, Otto Kahn, the younger Rockefeller, Baruch, Dillon, Aldrich, Eugene Meyer, and others. Some enter less directly, such as A. H. Wiggin, Owen Young, and Andrew Mellon. There are a few prominent omissions, such as Raskob, the du Ponts, Matthew Brush, and Charles Hayden. There is random information, a considerable fund of gossip, and a great deal of generalization.

The attitude of the present book toward the great financiers is mildly "debunking," a debunking interspersed with a kind of half-praise which fails to reveal any consistent insight into their true motives. The author, for example, is apparently unable to detect the patent opportunism underlying Winthrop Aldrich's blast for banking reform, delivered last February when the Chase Bank was on the brink of an inquisition similar to the one which shook Charles E. Mitchell out of the National City Bank. "Mr. Aldrich has dared to damn the very practices that his neighbors, his legal brethren, and his financial colleagues have grown rich on," the author declares, without questioning the reasons for Aldrich's sudden penchant for reform. "In one statement, Mr. Aldrich has done more to clear the atmosphere than could have been done by any other save Mr. Morgan."

The real fabric of the Wall Street system is only hinted at. In an introductory chapter the author discusses Washington and Wall Street, certainly a ripe opportunity to illustrate the means whereby a numerically small group of men were able to control many of the important functions of government during the twelve long years of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover regimes. But aside from small gossip about Andrew Mellon and the principal figures on the Federal Reserve Board, all that this chapter contributes to public knowledge on this subject is the self-evident fact that under Wall Street pressure the Federal Reserve Board carried on in the early years of the boom a program of open-market purchases of government securities which supplied much of the credit for the rampant speculation in that period. Moreover, after announcing that "there is nothing mysterious about the causes that underlie today's so-called depression," the author attributes sole responsibility for the depression to this same open-market policy, which, while undoubtedly contributing to the extremity of the boom and hence of the slump, is hardly explanatory of the world-wide breakdown of credit, prices, and trade which has occurred since 1929.

This conclusion is typical of the superficial generalizations which run through the book. In the chapter on J. P. Morgan the author tells of the somewhat romantic scene in August, 1914, when Morgan agreed to take care of Great Britain's financial needs in the war, declares that he is antipathetic to Jews, and praises his impeccable family morals. But the vital significance of Morgan's position to the people of the country, as well as the vast network of power which he exercises through the public utilities, railroads, and businesses of all types under his influence, receives only passing mention and no development worthy of the name.

At its best the book offers personal details of varying interest and piquancy about men who appear before the people chiefly as names or as symbols for institutions. At its worst it slips into misinterpretations of the most naive character, as when the writer says of Charles E. Mitchell, "But he was above immediate profits. Money meant little to him anyhow." Perhaps the most significant expression of the author's attitude toward the evils of Wall Street occurs in the passage in which he looks back wistfully to the days of the elder Morgan and writes: "A pity 'tis that his span of life was not delayed for a couple of decades. He would have held the lines at Armageddon. His voice like a thunderbolt would have annihilated the so-called bankers . . . before they . . . tricked the nation into bondage."

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

Brilliant and Tedious

The Farm. By Louis Bromfield. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THE subtitle of Louis Bromfield's new novel could be "the story of four generations of an American family," and there are no other nine or nine hundred words better suited to indicate its unevenness, brilliance, and tedious detail.

The unevenness throughout "The Farm" leaves the reader with the impression of having read two books at the same time. The long stretches of dull prose read as if Bromfield had sat day after day over his writing pad working with gritted teeth to fill in the hundred-year outline or to die in the attempt. The lines and paragraphs of brilliant writing scattered over the 346 pages are something else; the reader is here brought face to face with a writer who moves us as only a few novelists in America have the power to do. If these passages are not the work of a superior talent, then there is no such thing as creative writing.

But the detail—the tedious detail! Perhaps it is the average reader who demands this itemizing in his novels. The popularity of such novels as "The Farm" would point in that direction; but why must the rest of us be choked with minute descriptions of clothes closets and kitchens, wearing apparel and thoughts? Not even the solitary traveler who unsuspectingly stumbles into one of Bromfield's forest clearings can escape until he has been subjected to the embarrassment of being catalogued from beaver hat to union suit.

"The Farm" is one of the better examples of the novel without characters. In this instance, regardless of what can be said for or against the tendency to write about masses of things rather than specimens of humanity, there is little lack of interest on that account. Bromfield's scores of walking characters—which is to say, characters who come and go without adding to or detracting from the story—are too fleeting to make any lasting impression, good or bad or indifferent, on the reader. Rather, we are held and urged on to the next page by the feeling of a seething mass which, we innocently hope, may break open on the following page and reveal men and women real enough to thrust forward a hand to greet us. And strangely enough, when we turn the final page, we discover that we bear no resentment against Bromfield for having told us a story merely about things, without the help of a single outstanding character.

It is to be hoped that Bromfield will institute a more intensive search in his next novel for the source and causes of America's regression. In "The Farm" he touches lightly on the more obvious symptoms of decay and decadence; and so, well and good. But since the future of the novel lies in its willingness or unwillingness to utilize its unique medium of expression, it is to be hoped that novelists like Bromfield will render the form secure by writing intelligently on peculiarly American expressions of morals, religion, and economic relationships.

In the meantime "The Farm" will find a large and ready-made band of readers, not a few of whom will be disappointed because dirt-farming is squeezed out by detailed descriptions of knickknacks. But, as if by chance, the story resembles the script treatment of a Hollywood screen play, and at some future time the disappointment may be assuaged by a faintly familiar version of "The Farm" accompanied by process shots of cows and chickens and fade-ins on the farmer's daughter.

ERSKINE CALDWELL

"Then I Saw the Congo . . ."

Congo Solo, Misadventures Two Degrees North. By Emily Hahn. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.75.

MISS HAHN is a young woman of great courage. Though it is quite true that Africa is no longer "dark," that road-building is an occupation of such importance that entire Congo villages are depopulated in order to furnish labor to construct highways, and that dugout canoes on the river are propelled by outboard motors, it is still no small matter for any person without previous knowledge of the bush country to embark on the venture reported in this book. That Miss Hahn came through safely was due to her adaptability both to new situations and to human personalities.

Beginning with her departure from Europe on a French West African mail boat (third class, which of itself is something of an adventure), she recounts in diary form her arrival at Matadi—where she was almost refused admittance into the Congo Free State because of the paucity of her funds—her trip into the interior, her experiences as unofficial assistant to a friend in charge of a hospital, her adventures with various members of the Belgian administrative staff, and finally her quarrel with her friend and the beginning of her trip out by way of the East Coast. While in the interior she gave hypodermics and even anaesthetized a patient during the amputation of his leg; she went on an elephant hunt; she made pets of a deserted native boy and a number of simians of various types; she assisted at court councils; she bought Paris perfumes at an interior trade center; and always she was bitten by the innumerable insects that plague the European in the African interior.

The book makes no pretense of being anything more than an account of the experiences of its narrator. Here and there certain observations concerning colonial policy appear: "Of course this country isn't like Australia, I said. Here they don't want to kill off the Negro, they want to help him increase, because they need his labor." But not much of this is found: "Well, I must wait a few days before settling the world. I can't decide on everything this Thursday." Certainly, a picture of Belgian colonial administration that is none too flattering is implicit in these pages; but it is no more than implicit, for apart from the interplay of situations involving Miss Hahn, her friend "Den," three or four officials, one or two natives, and the simians, there is little that is explicit in the book.

Yet this is in keeping with the character of the writing, for it is frankly a personal narrative, not a disquisition either on ethnology or political economy. As such, it is readable and entertaining. The tale it tells is obviously a true one, and there is no attempt—for which one gives hearty thanks—to play up the horrors of the jungle or the mystery of the African bush. That it is a significant work is probably not maintained by the author herself. But it does give a picture of a type of existence lived by Europeans in Africa, and it does emphatically suggest the query as to the worth of such existence in terms of any values that can be associated with human living.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

A Dated Liberal

From Chaos to Control. By Sir Norman Angell. The Century Company. \$2.

PAMPHLETEERING for a quarter of a century against those particular forms of wickedness, such as war and higher tariffs, which are most hateful to liberals and in favor of those manifestations of righteousness, such as peace and good business, so dear to liberals, has elevated Sir Norman Angell to a knighthood and first rank as an international publicist. His latest work has the weakness of his earlier writings and of the contributions of most liberal writers today—namely, a lack of philosophical profundity. This shortcoming is pardonable in men like Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler, Mitchell, and Ivar Kreuger, who succeed, even if only for a short time, in getting things done their way. But when a man who admits that he has never been able to get people to do things his way sets himself up as an expert on what is wrong and how to right it, he ought, at least, to think things through. And that, precisely, is what the outstanding exponents of British and American liberalism fail to do.

The very title of this book raises questions which it ignores or begs. For instance, is there not control in the fortuitous play of innumerable factors maintaining the equilibrium which Sir Norman Angell calls chaos and which some people call life? Is the jungle more chaotic than a conference of experts? Or is the chaos in the Western world between 1929 and 1933, or 1800 and 1933, better or worse than the greater relative degree of order that reigned for centuries in Egypt, China, Babylon, or Peru? And just what is Sir Norman Angell's opposite of the present chaos? It is much easier to visualize the world dream of a Caesar, Napoleon, Mussolini, Hitler, or Lenin than that of Sir Norman Angell, whose values are largely negative—no war and no bad business. Of course he would add to the list the elimination of avoidable unhappiness for the people, but he would fail to define or comprehend what happiness and unhappiness mean. He cannot apprehend the fact that most people find happiness in suffering and dying for a person, a symbol, or an ideal—for king, flag, or the conquest of a mountain peak. He assumes that a normal person must crave easy living, when, as any true scientist in the field of human behavior, or as any experienced parish priest, family physician, or army sergeant knows full well, most men want to live dangerously, at least at certain times. Sir Norman Angell does not preach an adventure of humanitarianism as a substitute for war, or the sublimation to a higher ideal of the sadistic-masochistic drives which normally express themselves in military mass murder and lofty patriotism. His message is that war is bad business, and he is probably unable to appreciate Professor Whitehead's profound observations that "unfortunately life is an offensive against the repetitious mechanism of the universe," and that "a policy of sociological defense is doomed to failure."

The positive objectives of Sir Norman's idealism appear to be a smoothly working international capitalism under which the state and individuals would cooperate in some unexplained way. The results would be fair (what is fair?) and ample (?) profits for traders, happiness (?) for the people, and the reign of peace and liberal righteousness revealed by liberal experts to the educated democracy. And, of course, freedom would ring.

In a chapter on the present deplorable disbelief in economic sanitation we are assured that the experts are as agreed about the fundamentals of economic sanitation as they are about the essentials of public hygiene. (Sir Norman Angell, Frank Vanderlip, and Nicholas Murray Butler agree on tariff reduction and debt cancelation.) Wars, tariffs, and intergovernmental debts are pestilential germs which the people stupidly

tolerate because they heed the wicked nationalists and militarists instead of the nice liberal experts. The idea that international trade competition or modern industrial capitalism may be necessarily a self-destroying social pattern is never even seriously entertained.

In answer to the question, "Do we know what we want?" Sir Norman gives a despairing reply. "Democratic control, however real and effective, would avail nothing while the ideals of patriotism still dominated the mind of the people." "The conditions of successful planning" are discussed in terms of cooperation between government and business rather than in terms of a new cultural synthesis. Spiritual or emotional dynamics have no place in the Angell evangel.

A chapter on Where Education Falls Short tells us that "to be educated did not mean to be politically wise"—hence the war of 1914-18, which might have been averted. Our troubles are due to our education having "failed to develop the skill or habit of applying to social problems simple truths inherent or self-evident in the common facts of daily life." We must "develop the skill for seeing the meaning of facts and drawing the socially useful conclusions from them."

To Sir Norman the "meaning" of the "facts" of international trade and the transfer problem is that the war debts should be canceled. To him the American provincial is an economic illiterate for not seeing a truth so obvious. To the American farmer the meaning of the facts of high taxes, large debts which the farmer has to pay, low prices, and the size of the British navy is that England should pay. To him the defaulting foreign government is a welcher. To me the meaning of these "facts" is that Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas were right about usury. Sir Norman is not enough of a thinker to perceive that all debtors have a transfer problem today and that all large classes of debts must stand or fall together.

It is a pitiful liberalism which assumes facts to be objective realities having identical appearances to all educated minds and indicating certain obvious conclusions to all experts alike. The experts reach conclusions about social problems in much the same way as the masses, and every social decision is an expression of preference rather than a selection between truth and error. "From Chaos to Control" is a piece of immature discussion by a dated liberal. It is irrelevant to the world of Stalin, Hitler, or Franklin Roosevelt. Its basic assumptions were never relevant to any situation which existed outside the minds of a few nineteenth-century liberals. The book has no broad human appeal because it strikes no responsive chord in the hearts of the world's unhappy millions who are not looking for a life of controlled ease under experts but for bread and adventure—mainly a great adventure which will give meaning to life.

LAWRENCE DENNIS

Shorter Notices

To Be or Not to Be: A Study of Suicide. By Louis I. Dublin and Bessie Bunzel. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$3.50.

The most interesting and original part of this book is the opening section, which consists of a statistical survey of the prevalence and environmental influences of suicide. In this field Mr. Dublin, who is statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, is in his element, and writes with undoubted authority. Many of his statistics, since they are derived from the files of the Metropolitan, are especially valuable. Some of the data only confirm general expectations, but others are rather surprising—for instance, when they establish the fact that suicide is most frequent in the jocund month of May. The race distribution of suicide will also surprise some readers. While

American Negroes and Italians have a low suicide rate, that of the Germanic races is very high. It is interesting that the Jewish suicide rate, which used to be very low, has increased tremendously in recent decades. The rest of the book is very readable although it offers no new theory of suicide. The story of suicide among primitive peoples and in various civilizations ancient and modern is followed by an exposition of the legal and insurance aspects of suicide. Then the psychology of suicide is examined, with much reliance upon psychoanalytic interpretations. In conclusion Mr. Dublin, as is very natural, since he is in the life-insurance business, engages in a little propaganda for life, but he seems to have missed Samuel Butler's famous observation that suicide is a problem for an embryo, not a man.

Down and Out in Paris and London. By George Orwell. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

This interesting and rather painful document has been compared to a "populist" novel like Eugène Dabit's "Hôtel du Nord," and indeed, in its vivid, unforced fashion, it is more absorbing than any novel of that sort, since all experience, honestly set down on paper, is more interesting than experience derived through the sieve of fiction. The author is, or was, an old Eton boy and ex-civil servant who became a dishwasher in Paris and a bum in his own country. His account of these experiences has attracted great attention in England. Several reviewers have dealt with his book in a semi-autobiographic fashion, commenting that it is rather pleasant to be down and out by the Seine, but not so pleasant by the Thames, and so on. This commentator would state, like Mr. Orwell himself, that it is not pleasant to be down and out anywhere. No writer submitting himself for the nonce to a horrible existence, for the sake of material, could possibly convey so powerful a sense of destitution and hopelessness as has Mr. Orwell, on whom these sensations were, apparently, forced. If we are correct in this conclusion, if this book is not merely a piece of "human nature faking," it is a restrained and all the more damning indictment of a society in which such things are possible.

The Russo-Japanese Treaties of 1907-16 Concerning Manchuria and Mongolia. By Ernest Batson Price. The Johns Hopkins Press. \$1.75.

Never has a scholar more ably dissected the secret of Russo-Japanese treaties than Dr. Price has done in this slim volume. But his analysis is more than an examination of words and phrases written into diplomatic documents, for it lays bare the adroit technique of modern diplomacy. "Special interests" defined in public conventions become "vital interests" in secret treaties, and from there it is but a short leap to the exercise of political sovereignty. The public treaties into which Russia and Japan entered during this period ostensibly promised that both powers would respect the political and territorial integrity of China, but the secret agreements arrived at at the same time were actually arrangements looking definitely toward the further partition of China. All that was necessary was a simple shifting of phraseology. Dr. Price suggests, though with justifiable caution, that the last of the secret treaties, those negotiated in 1916, were in all likelihood directed against the United States. Additional study may reveal, indeed, that even as this country was preparing to enter the World War on the side of Russia and Japan those two countries were forming a military alliance against the United States. Dr. Price's work will prove invaluable to scholars seeking a clearer understanding of the present conflict of interests between the Soviet Union and Japan.

Charles II. By John Hayward. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

Mr. Hayward does his best to vindicate Charles II by humanizing him. But to prove that a throned sensualist and

double-dealer was no worse than the average man might be in the same circumstances cannot alter the historical indictment. By the very nature of the situation it is criminal for a man in a position of great responsibility to be a mediocrity; though perhaps not so great a crime as being a successful autocrat, like Charles's more brilliant contemporary, Louis XIV. Mr. Hayward's book would have been cleaner without the patches of humanizing whitewash, but it is very readable.

Beethoven. By Alan Pryce Jones. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

Beethoven was so much the creature of music—which, of all arts perhaps, derives most from the subconscious—that his conscious life resembles a blundering and only partial awakening out of the subconscious. Impulse dominated his actions, and he showed incredible stupidity and insensitiveness in his relations with his intimates. As a consequence his life, racked additionally by his physical torments, was a sad one. Mr. Jones presents it in fluent narrative, but his estimate of the value of Beethoven's music is too extreme to be just. It is true that the art of a past period can only exert a part of its potentialities in the present, but that is because in any period men can find use only for a portion of what is given them, even of contemporary achievement.

Wagner. By W. J. Turner. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

This is one of the most interesting of the eighteen volumes thus far brought out in this series. Within its brief compass it contrives to give a well-rounded, even detailed impression of the personality of Wagner, one of the most successful men who ever lived, and a penetrating assessment of Wagner's place in the history of music. Now that his career can be seen in perspective, Wagner appears a monstrosity of brilliant egotism. Rarely in history has one man been able to use others so cleverly for his own ends, and coat the act with such a convincing whitewash of idealistic sentiment. Mr. Turner's judgment upon Wagner's music is probably too harsh; but it is evident already that its one-time "profundities" are pretentious and deceiving.

"I found more meat in it than in a dozen previous efforts to interpret Hitler and Hitlerism."—LEWIS GANNETT

GERMANY ENTERS THE THIRD REICH

By CALVIN BRYCE HOOVER

Author of "Economic Life of Soviet Russia"

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Joshua Reynolds. By John Steegman. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

Reynolds's life was one of the most fortunate in history. He was happy, healthy, distinguished, popular, rich, and long-lived. His satisfactions were so many that he never required or missed the consolation of a woman's love. He was fortunate even to the point of having Gainsborough, his younger and only serious rival, die before him, leaving him undisturbed in the pleasing consciousness of being indisputably the greatest living painter in England. Mr. Steegman tells his story entertainingly but a little too worshipfully; and the portrait lacks what Reynolds's own portraits often lacked, sufficient social background.

The Brontës. By Irene Cooper Willis. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

It is not often that the circumstances that beget authorship are so plain as in the case of the Brontës. Charlotte, Emily, Anne, and their brother Branwell grew up in a depressingly lonely household, early left motherless and dominated by a discouraged, eccentric, and hypochondriac father. The false laws of gentility barred them from friendships; the companionship of books was all that was available to them; their chief play as a consequence was literary. As adults they met life shut up in shells. Branwell, broken by a disappointment in love and a failure as a painter (there was a compulsion on the Brontës to practice one or another of the arts), became a drunkard and drug addict and died young. Emily and Anne also died young; Charlotte outlived them but died in her first pregnancy. Even the pleasure of literary recognition was enjoyed only by Charlotte. Miss Willis tells their touching story interestingly and sensitively, but wastes a good deal of her small space at the beginning by a pointlessly detailed description of the Brontë house at Haworth.

Yonder Lies Jericho. By Samuel B. Harrison. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$2.

"Yonder Lies Jericho" is the success story of Aaron Burrell, born Aaron Berele Hochstein, who comes as a penniless immigrant to the Texas of 1865, and eventually founds a merchant dynasty in the Southwest. Although there is an interesting background to the story of Aaron's rise—the cattle drives, the oil booms, the first coming of the railroads—Aaron himself

is a generalized figure, with all the stock emotions of the Jewish business man of popular tradition. The dialect in which he speaks, diluted Milt Gross, is unfortunately chosen, and lends a burlesque touch to the melodramatic crises of his life. One feels that this novel, dealing with phases of Southern expansion and with Jewish life in the South, is an attempt to conform to two current literary vogues; but that the material has not been integrated into a convincing whole by the author.

Original Design. By Eardley Beswick. Minton, Balch and Company. \$2.50.

The original design in question is conceived by an earnest young chap who is a draftsman in the factory which provides an authentic setting for this English novel. Although crafty people in the works manage to steal credit for his invention, it still saves the business from catastrophe after roughly 350 pages of one thing and another—seductions, a suicide, a ball game. The inventor's troubles tie fairly plausibly into the story of an industrial depression; but while all this commands interest of a sort, it is not exactly stimulating, nor does it pretend to have much bite as regards the social scene.

Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland. Collected and edited by Elisabeth Bristol Greenleaf. Music recorded in the field by Grace Yarrow Mansfield and the editor. Harvard University Press. \$5.

Ten years ago, when teaching one summer in a school of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell's Mission on the west coast of northern Newfoundland, the editor of this sizable volume found herself in a region where old ballads were still the songs of the day. She collected the words and music of all the songs she could coax forth in that and the following summer. Then she dropped the project for a time, but in 1929, with assistance from Vassar College, she returned to Newfoundland with Grace Yarrow Mansfield, a trained musician, and finished the collection of the material which has gone into this book. Many of the ballads, of course, are old favorites from the British Isles, especially England and Ireland, although often with local variations. Some were composed in Newfoundland, usually on English or Irish models. A lesser number are American, Canadian, or French songs. The book has been produced with both enthusiasm and care. A large number of songs have been assembled, with footnotes on their origin, so far as traced, and on their appearance in other collections, when found. The result is a genuine contribution to the folklore of this continent.

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NEWS FROM CUBA further confirms the contention previously expressed by *The Nation* that the State Department errs seriously in withdrawing Sumner Welles at the very moment when the real task for an American ambassador at Havana begins. Revolt has broken out in the Cuban army. Among the discordant elements are a part of the rank and file who, urged on by student groups, resent the continuation in high command of Machado appointees. But the entire army, maintained by loans from the Chase National Bank, was Machado's instrument for the self-perpetuation of his power, and remains a sinister legacy of the regime for which the United States was so largely responsible. As so often in Latin American countries, the Cuban army has served not as an implement of national defense against a potential foreign foe but as the implement of dictatorial oppression. It is almost inevitable that following the fall of this dictatorship the Cuban army will either become the subservient tool of some similarly noxious force or act as a Pretorian Guard, an anti-social, indigestible body motivated only by the patriotism of its pocket. This is only one of the many aspects of the Cuban tangle which require the utmost tact and wisdom in the policy of cooperation to which the United States is committed while the Platt Amendment en-

dures. Sugar is another problem. With the sugar industry now chiefly controlled by American banks—banks whose leadership has been thoroughly discredited at home, whose interests are antagonistic to those both of the Cuban and the American people—it is disturbing to picture American policy conducted by Jefferson Caffery. Mr. Caffery's ready services to American oil and banking interests in Colombia under the Hoover Administration disqualify him for his new task. But his appointment apparently was sponsored by Mr. Welles, who believes that he can direct Cuban policy from Washington. The task, however, calls for a first-rate man on the job all the time. Mr. Welles should stay in Cuba and see through what he has begun.

ATROCITY STORIES would be superfluous. Nazi Germany itself, publicly and proudly, proclaims ideals and intentions and acts which must create more resentment and foreboding in other lands than any tales of terror that refugees have brought out. At Nürnberg, before great congregations of district leaders and troops and youth organizations gathered in a nation-wide Nazi demonstration, the chiefs of Hitler's Third Reich—Hitler himself, Rosenberg, Goebbels, and others—defended their performances and glorified the crude policies of repression which, when others have described them, they have repudiated as slander. The Jewish policy was justified on grounds of national needs. Not only is it necessary to eliminate from Germany the dominant Jewish influence—which is decadent where the Nordic genius is creative and constructive—but all other nations will be forced to adopt tactics of a similar nature. Germany's foreign policy was discussed in vague terms; but the parade of 150,000 equipped and trained men was more eloquent than any words. Hitler solemnly insisted that Germany has no wish to win further laurels on the battlefield because no war could bring greater honor than it had won in the World War; but this mystical victory has not yet sufficed to enlarge German territory to the east or restore lost provinces. For the achievement of these proclaimed aims Hitler must, it would seem, depend upon the legions which made so brave a showing in the park at Nürnberg.

THE EFFECT OF ALL THIS, and of Germany's provocative tactics along its borders and especially in Austria, has been to increase tension all over Europe. The Allied Powers promptly granted Austria's request that it be permitted to raise a special corps of 8,000 men for duty against "terrorist elements." Russia has signed a non-aggression pact with Italy, and has received a special visit from Herriot. Most sensational and significant of all, Stalin has issued an invitation to his old enemy, Marshal Pilsudski, to come to Moscow as the guest of the Soviet Government at the Red Army celebration on the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution in November. No stranger bedfellows than these two have been made by the Nazi menace. It is considered possible that a military agreement may be signed by Poland and Russia to reinforce the non-aggression pact arrived at in London. The British government is much concerned over

the German threat to Austria; and the creation of a new British consulate at Innsbruck has been interpreted by the press as a sign that a Nazi coup in the Tyrol is considered possible. Meanwhile Premier Daladier has been engaged in inspecting a vast chain of underground fortifications stretching for 100 kilometers along the German frontier—a veritable underground city with roads and railways and dwellings, and tremendous machines of destruction designed to end in that sector the danger of invasion from the east. And the Belgian government has announced that it will float a loan of 1,500,000,000 francs to be used in rushing its border-fortification program through ahead of time.

FURTHER LIGHT on the London wheat agreement must compel some modification of the editorial view we expressed last week based on the official text then printed. The importing nations have apparently agreed to reduce their tariffs not merely in general but in specific terms. They agree to reduce their tariffs by a cent a bushel for every cent that wheat rises above a price of 63 cents a bushel in gold. In other words, if wheat at Liverpool were to rise to a price equivalent to \$1 in gold, the Italian tariff, which is now \$1.07 a bushel, would be reduced by the difference between \$1 and 63 cents, or 37 cents a bushel. If some such reduction were not provided for, then it is obvious that every future rise in the world price of exportable wheat would permit a potential rise in the domestic wheat of the importing countries by the same amount. If world wheat rose to \$1 a bushel, then Italian wheat, protected by a tariff of \$1.07 a bushel, might rise, if sufficiently restricted in supply, to \$2.07 a bushel before the world price of exportable wheat would prevent it from going further. This would tend to lead to a still further overexpansion of wheat acreage in the importing countries. It is obvious that this particular agreement will do nothing to improve present conditions. It will, however, have an important effect in preventing a still further overproduction of wheat in the event of a price advance, and is so far valuable. Secretary Wallace has already announced that the American wheat acreage will be reduced by 15 per cent.

THE ADMINISTRATION should think twice before going ahead with the present proposal to make direct loans to industry. This would be a return with a vengeance to the principles of Hooverism. It is better to assume on the whole that the banks are anxious to employ their funds wherever they feel that they can do so with safety. For the government to make loans to industry would be for it to risk the taxpayers' money in business firms in which bankers or private persons refuse to risk theirs. If it were true that the NRA had raised costs of production to such a point that many firms could no longer make the profit that they would otherwise be able to, and were hence being refused credit by the banks, it would be much better for the NRA officials to reconsider their first policy than to go on with it and try to finance it by pouring more government money into private industry. It is not likely that many sound banks would take advantage, either, of the proposal to borrow more money from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to lend to industry. Loans from the R. F. C. at present cost the borrowing banks $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Prime commercial paper, on the other hand, is selling at a discount of only $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

To borrow money at more than 4 per cent to lend at less than 2 per cent is not sound banking. Finally, it must be pointed out that some of the Administration officials have fallen into the same fallacy that Mr. Hoover fell into: they assume that a revival has to be started with a credit expansion. The sequence is the other way round: a revival in business is followed by a credit expansion, for when prices are higher and a greater volume of production is called for, manufacturers and merchants need to borrow more money, and when the banks see that these stand to make a profit, they are willing to lend more money.

SELDOM has there come to our attention a judicial action more unsound and out of keeping with the times than that of Justice Selah B. Strong of the Supreme Court of New York in denying the right of picketing to Locals 505 and 509 of the Confectionery Workers' International Union. Not only does Justice Strong's law seem to be out of line with numerous decisions in State and federal courts upholding the right of picketing, but the circumstances under which he granted the injunction add to its unreasonableness. Picketing had been authorized by the unions against certain bakeries in the New York metropolitan district in furtherance of a strike to prevent reductions in wages. The case first came before Justice Strong in Brooklyn on August 1, at which time Matthew M. Levy, counsel for the unions, asked for an adjournment on the ground that he had received only the day before the brief of the employers. Justice Strong refused an adjournment and later granted the sought-for injunction on affidavits submitted by the employers, without hearing witnesses or argument by counsel. In his order Justice Strong said:

The mere walking back and forth on a sidewalk with placards is sufficient to annoy the public and create a public nuisance. Picketing frequently leads to malicious mischief, and sometimes it leads to disorderly conduct and violence. . . . There can be no question that the defendants have been guilty of all three charges of malicious mischief, disorderly conduct, and violence and that the so-called peaceful picketing could not be.

IT IS UNCERTAIN from the language whether Justice Strong maintains that there never can be peaceful picketing or that there cannot be such in the strike in question, but it does not matter much. In either case the duty of the courts is to prevent violence, not to interfere with a fundamental and recognized right of organized labor. If Justice Strong regards two pickets with small placards as a nuisance, then his only hope of making the sidewalks free from annoyance is to prohibit the public from using them. Justice Strong's injunction was not concerned with the National Recovery Administration, but it comes right after the absurd attempt of Grover Whalen, in charge of the drive of that organization in New York City, to prevent the picketing of NRA shops. In that connection the International Juridical Association has issued a statement pointing out that the recovery act exempts from prosecution under the Sherman act (not the Clayton act) combinations which under the anti-trust laws might have been illegal. It does not take away any rights granted by those laws. Previous to 1921 mass picketing had been permitted in a number of cases. Since then it has been common to follow the rule

laid down in that year by the United States Supreme Court in the case of the American Steel Foundries, limiting pickets to two or three at each entrance. Picketing is so essential to organized labor that the fight in its behalf must be carried to the highest courts and maintained, if necessary, by a general strike.

ONE-FIFTH of the country's population may be affected by conferences in New York seeking to regulate the milk industry for unspecified areas of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Vermont. Under the regulation established by New York State a few months ago the price to the consumer has risen, and the poorer families have come to realize that government control may mean for them not only greater expenditure but even less milk or milk of a lower grade than they have been accustomed to buy. Decreased milk consumption and consumption of lower-quality milk raise important questions of health, present and future. They also affect the earnings of the producer and tend to offset the benefit he expected from laws avowedly enacted to help him out of the depression. The conferences are therefore of great moment, particularly if they lead to any measure of federal control. The federal milk administrator, Dr. Clyde King, was present at the outset of these discussions but absent in the later stages. However, the pronouncements from the conferences indicate that the national government will have a hand in establishing or enforcing agreements to be made by the conferees. If this is to be the case, it behooves the Washington officials to avoid mistakes which helped to embarrass the activities of the recently created State boards of milk control. The Secretary of Agriculture ought to announce publicly who asked for federal intervention and the reasons which induced Dr. King to step in.

THE SUSPICION that men purporting to represent producers or impartial interests have enjoyed affiliations with the big interstate distributing companies has not been wholly without justification. In the case of each man claiming to speak for groups other than the distributors, it is important to know whether he has been an officer or director of distributing companies, whether he owns stock of such companies, and whether he has been enjoying favors at their hands. The grading and classification of a producer's milk can be employed by distributors, and have been employed by some of them, to recompense or win amenable "representatives" of the body of producers. Another protection which the federal government can provide, if it has or expects to have anything to do with the proposed five-State agreement, is to require that all sessions and discussions of the eighteen representatives attending the meetings in New York shall be thrown open to the public. In addition to open sessions, there must be open hearings, conducted on the spot, where the farmers' and consumers' organizations can take part. Our new administrators in Washington should make their work privilege-proof and suspicion-proof.

FERVID PATRIOTS and rabid Marxians have one theory in common, namely, that the times produce the man. In the first case a higher power and in the second the power of the masses always projects into the scene "the man of the hour." We had been as skeptical of this theory as we are of the "nosebleed theory" of history, which, if we

remember correctly, maintains that William the Conqueror would not have landed in England on that historic day in 1066 if Harold had not been unavoidably detained by a protracted case of nosebleed. But we are deeply shaken by the black eye of Huey Long. It has been established since the incident at the Sands Point Bath Club that at least half the population of this country has longed to sock the Kingfish in the eye. On the night of August 26 the number apparently had reached a great popular majority, for in a hitherto obscure washroom on Long Island a "man of the hour" who is appropriately nameless squared off, and with the pent-up desire of the American people in his fist, knocked Huey so far out of the political arena that he will probably never find his way back. Since then, with almost indecent haste, steps have been taken to make it final. Owen P. White, who proposed that a medal be struck off in honor of the Sands Point battle, reports that already more than enough funds have been received for that purpose and announces that the surplus will be turned over to the Women's Committee of Louisiana, which has for its object the elimination of Huey Long from the United States Senate. Huey himself, after a brief and profane sojourn in Milwaukee, went back to Louisiana sans patronage, sans prestige, sans everything. There are those, like Heywood Broun, to regret the loss of one who for all his sideshow manners was a bit to the left on public questions. But we can think of more persuasive proponents of radical ideas than a demagogue in green pajamas, with an unsurpassed record for crude graft and a propensity for treating washroom companions as if they were second lieutenants.

THE LATEST politician to emit an impassioned defense of the American home is Mayor Moore of Philadelphia. This time the home is menaced not by reds or bomb throwers but, if you please, by nudists, 250 in number, who applied openly for police permission to use a gymnasium and to swim without either bathing suits or interference. The roar which Mayor Moore let out is worth recording. The nudists, he says, "would not command respect in darkest Africa or amongst the aboriginal wild men of America." They would "turn back the hands of time 6,000 years and not even use a fig leaf. They cannot practice this belief in this great city of American homes." Philadelphia, it will be remembered, is also the city in which for generations the politicians have been linked with crime and the underworld for the degradation and prostitution of a large number of its men, women, and children, whose slums are among the worst in the country. But it must now be defended from the wickedness of a group of "doctors, lawyers, architects, engineers, and social registerites" who have decided to be unconventional and to adopt the conventionality of Japan and Russia, to say nothing of the numerous nudist organizations in America, England, France, and, until recently, in Germany. Well, Philadelphia is safe for the present. But will somebody please remind Mayor Moore of the once bitter outcry against the one-piece bathing suit and of the fact that the first woman to ride horseback astride in New York was fined \$25 for indecent exposure of her limbs. If he should, by any chance, want the truth he would find out that the overwhelming testimony is that nudism does not make for immorality, but precisely the reverse. But what are facts to a politician defending the American home?

The Future of the Dollar

THE President's executive order, permitting the producers of newly mined gold to sell their metal at the world market price, and compelling American commercial buyers of the metal hereafter to pay this same world market price, will do much to relieve an anomalous situation. Since the United States officially abandoned the gold standard in April, the paper dollar has suffered a decided depreciation. Largely in reflection of this, the price of all the "international" commodities—wheat, cotton, sugar, hides, petroleum, wool, silk, rubber, coffee, copper, silver—rose violently in terms of paper dollars, and many domestic commodities rose in sympathy with them. Only one international commodity failed to rise—gold. There was no open market for it in this country, and none was permitted; it was not allowed to be exported, and it could be sold only to the government at the fixed statutory price of \$20.67 an ounce, though the open-market price in London had risen to the equivalent of \$29.50 an ounce.

Naturally American producers began to complain. They alleged that as a result of the depreciation of the paper dollar and the NRA program their costs of production were either increasing or threatening to increase, and that as consumers their cost of living was either rising or threatening to rise, while they were the only producers prohibited from getting the higher market price for their product. They held that dentists and jewelers and other commercial users, on the contrary, were getting their gold at an arbitrarily cheap figure. Moreover, bootlegging was beginning to develop and new gold was being shipped out of the country for the higher foreign price. What the President's new order now does, in effect, is to permit American producers to sell newly mined or refined gold at this world-market price, and to compel commercial buyers to pay it. The order does not permit the establishment of an open market. It accepts the prices established by the market in London. The Treasury Department is to act as the agent between buyer and seller. The seller must prove that his gold is newly mined, not old hoarded gold. The buyer must prove that he wants the gold for "legitimate," normal commercial needs.

It is obvious that this arrangement is a compromise, and it is still to be seen whether it will work satisfactorily. A completely free gold market would certainly seem to offer several important advantages. To accept the London open-market price for our gold, without permitting our own supply of, and commercial demand for, the metal to affect that price, is almost as dubious a procedure as it would be to forbid an open market in wheat and to order all American wheat to be bought and sold at home at the price daily established in the Liverpool market. In view of the fact, moreover, that the amount of gold remaining in the hands of hoarders is estimated at several hundred millions of dollars, it is difficult, when we consider that the current annual new production from American mines amounts to only about \$50,000,000 a year, to see how extensive bootlegging operations are to be prevented. For the hoarders who are anxious to be rid of their gold—which, in the language of the underworld, has become "hot"—will be willing to accept less than

the market price, and commercial users who would otherwise have to pay a premium of approximately 45 per cent over the former statutory price of gold will be tempted to buy gold offered for less than the new market price.

Finally, there would be a certain advantage from the standpoint of intellectual clear-headedness if a genuine open market were established. Most persons are still, for example, measuring the rise and fall of the international value of the paper dollar not directly against gold, as they should, but against the British pound. This leads to a good deal of mental confusion. The dollar is said to be falling when the pound goes up in dollar terms, or rising when the pound goes down in dollar terms; but as the pound is also merely a fluttering piece of paper, it does not take an Einstein to recognize that we cannot tell from the two quotations whether it is, in a given case, the dollar that is falling or the pound that is rising, or whether both are rising or both falling, with one moving faster than the other.

It is obvious that the new executive order, therefore, is a compromise, and that it is partly lack of an understanding of the situation and partly a desire for face-saving that prevented the establishment of a free gold market. For when the United States abandoned the gold basis, the Administration made dire threats against gold hoarders that have no parallel, historically, since the French Revolution. By its constant renewal of threats without action the Administration has presented a ludicrous spectacle. On April 5 President Roosevelt issued an executive order demanding that all holders of gold coin, gold bullion, or gold certificates should turn them in before May 1 under penalty of a \$10,000 fine and ten years in jail. On April 20 another executive order was issued to the same general effect. On April 25 Secretary Woodin issued a final warning. The order was flouted by many known gold hoarders, and it was said that a test case would immediately be rushed to the courts. Former Senator Thomas's offer on May 3 for the government to "come and get him" for hoarding was ignored. On June 5 the Treasury submitted to the Department of Justice a list containing the names of more than 1,000 persons suspected of hoarding gold, and it was held that about \$600,000,000 in gold and gold certificates was still outstanding. On June 6 a "drive on the hoarders" was announced, but some of them defied the government. On June 26 Attorney-General Cummings announced an extension of time, but threatened to publish the names of the hoarders. On August 12 the Attorney-General was going to announce that week whether gold hoarders would be prosecuted. Finally, the President's latest executive order permitting the sale of newly mined gold at the market price also makes hoarding a crime subject to \$10,000 fine and ten years in jail.

No doubt the government has failed to carry out its threats because it doubts that it has any constitutional right to impose these penalties. It might also be well for it to ask itself whether it thinks many juries would send a man to ten years in jail simply because, as the *London Times* has put it, "he had sufficient foresight to realize that the gold dollar is more valuable than the paper dollar," or merely

because he took advantage of the convertibility offer that the government had been making on its bills for years. Perhaps the government does not like to see speculators profiting from our action in abandoning the gold standard. It will then have to explain why it is discriminating against the gold speculators and neglecting the commodity and stock speculators, nearly all of whom have made a greater percentage of profit than the gold hoarder stands to make even if a free gold market is allowed.

The truth is that the government's attitude toward the gold hoarder is neither wise in the long run nor necessary. Such penalties were not found necessary in England, which immediately established an open gold market. Even in England, France, and Germany in war time, when the drive for gold was imperative, no such penalties were imposed or threatened: a mere patriotic appeal was deemed sufficient. Finally, the government has no real need for the gold; the amount of gold in the Federal Reserve System is now the largest in the system's history, far exceeding that in 1929, and it is not now, as then, subject to withdrawal by anybody on demand. What the government is doing, in effect, is to threaten to put a man in jail for ten years for refusing to sell it gold it does not need at a price 30 per cent below the market value.

The best way for the government to get itself out of the untenable position in which it has put itself is to prepare to devalue the dollar and return to gold convertibility at the earliest opportunity. It can hardly be argued that a depreciated dollar will help our export trade. In the last months of the Hoover Administration, when we were terribly worried because of the "dumping" of goods here from countries with depreciated currencies, and were considering special tariffs or embargoes for protection, Robert L. O'Brien, chairman of the United States Tariff Commission, remarked succinctly that whatever export advantages a depreciated currency gave that were not illusory were temporary, and whatever advantages were not temporary were illusory. This applies to our own depreciation. So long as it continues, however, other nations will fear us; and there is nothing to prevent them from putting up further embargoes or so-called "compensating" tariffs. Such embargoes and such "compensating" tariffs always overcompensate; and the probable result is that while the dollar remains depreciated, our export trade will be injured rather than helped.

It is frequently said in Washington that the dollar will not be devaluated until "we see where it is going to settle," or until "we get the price level we want." But a dollar divorced from gold has no intrinsic value; it will settle at the point where speculators think it is going to be devaluated. Its mere depreciation, however, cannot bring the rise in prices that devaluation at the same level would; for a fluctuating depreciated paper currency puts an element of uncertainty in the way of every business transaction. A return to gold, on the other hand, would not only in itself create certainty and confidence, but the mere announcement by the United States and Great Britain, if they could be brought to act together, that they were both returning to the gold standard at a devaluated level for their currencies at some definite date in the future, would in itself show that these governments had sufficient confidence to take firm action; and that demonstration of confidence would generate confidence in private business everywhere.

Austria's Sad Plight

ON August 9 the Italian government informed the British and French ambassadors in Rome of Germany's promise to put an end to all radio and airplane propaganda against Austria. On August 13 the German Reichstag deputy, Habicht, appointed by Hitler as Nazi propaganda chief for Austria, delivered an attack on the Dollfuss government from the state radio station at Munich, which penetrates far into Austrian territory; his speech was printed in hundreds of thousands of copies and scattered over Austria from airplanes. On August 20 he delivered a second attack. This shameless betrayal of a promise he had accepted and passed on in good faith prompted Mussolini to send an immediate invitation to Chancellor Dollfuss. The two prime ministers met in Riccione, where an agreement between Italy and Austria was concluded on the basis of an offer by the Italian dictator to open a part of the port of Trieste to Austria's foreign trade. Austria gratefully accepted the proposal, and will henceforth direct its exports—which, lacking harbors of its own, it had heretofore sent by way of Hamburg—through Italian channels. And since it will not be in a position to build its own mercantile fleet for years to come, Italy's shipping industry will gain what Germany's has lost by this transaction. Moreover, both nations agreed to grant to each other sweeping tariff reductions that will cut sharply into British, French, and German exports to the Danube state. Not quite three days after the publication of the Riccione agreement Premier Daladier announced, during a demonstrative inspection of the new fortifications on the Franco-German border, that France would under no circumstances tolerate an attack on the autonomy and sovereignty of the Austrian Republic.

But there is more than meets the eye behind this apparent accord between the two nations most vitally interested in the fate of Eastern Europe. Far from patching up old differences, Austria's desperate plight has spurred them on to a new race for commercial and territorial advantage, for control over Austria will ultimately extend to Hungary and to the other smaller Danubian states. Always a bone of contention between Italy and France, this issue has overshadowed all others since Hitler's coming to power made Germany a menacing third in the race. The success of his Anschluss plans would mean the extension of Germany's domination over the other Central European and Balkan states into the spheres of influence claimed by France and Italy.

The positive programs of Paris and Rome in relation to Austria are dictated by sharply conflicting economic and political interests. France is determined to prevent a union between Germany and Austria. It wishes to bring both Austria and Hungary under its direct control. Paul-Boncour, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, recently declared that "healthy cooperation with France" could be most effectively accomplished through a Danubian federation that would include Austria, Hungary, and the nations of the Little Entente. Italy likewise favors a restoration of Austro-Hungarian relations, as the frequent visits of the Hungarian Premier, Gömbös, to Rome and Vienna clearly show, but preferably as a monarchy under a Hapsburg prince.

Today the states of Europe, in their fear of the war-

fomenting Hitler regime, are being forced into a united front that at the time overshadows the antagonistic interests of France, Italy, and the states of the Little Entente. But this conflict is not dead. The contest between Italy and France for hegemony over the small states of Europe will have to be fought to a finish, just as the states of the Little Entente—Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania—for their own national self-preservation will have to oppose to the utmost the revisionist movements of Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Greece. So long as Germany's fight for control of Austria remains undecided, the united front among the other states of Europe will remain unbroken. But this harmony is likely to be short-lived. The days of the present Austrian government are counted. Before long Chancellor Dollfuss and his Christian Social Party will doubtless have to retire before the National Socialist movement, which, financed, directed, and controlled by Germany and supported by a despairing population, is growing to invincible proportions. Last week the *Reichspost*, the Dollfuss organ, was forced to admit that the Austrian Fascists control most important parts of the postal system of the country, that they open letters and telegrams, listen in on telephone conversations, and exercise a rigid censorship.

A government that has permitted the National Socialist foe to gain and hold such strongholds in its own body politic cannot long endure. The Nazi menace has grown beyond the strength of 8,000 military border guards, beyond the power of reassuring words from foreign statesmen, to control

More Speed by Rail

IT is probable that the next important advance in rapid transit in this country will be by rail. This prediction may be surprising to a generation preoccupied with the automobile and latterly with the airplane to such an extent that many persons have come to regard the railroad as an obsolete form of transportation probably doomed to eventual extinction. But this is too hasty a conclusion. The railroad is menaced—and already has been greatly injured—both by the automobile and the airplane, but the menace by no means covers the entire field and it has been exaggerated by a public unduly influenced by the spectacular. Although the railroads are much handicapped at the moment by their bad financial condition, experiments are nevertheless coming to a head which indicate a restoration of their prestige through the development of short, streamline trains, drawn on pneumatic tires by oil- or gasoline-electric engines at nearly twice the speed now attainable.

It was the automobile, of course, which gave the railroads their first and most terrific body blow. Indeed, the arrival of the automobile at the beginning of this century, although it increased incredibly the scope of private transportation, set back public transit for at least twenty years. At the outset of the century an extensive system of suburban and rural electric trolley lines was developing, and promised to spread all over the country. The automobile killed this in a decade without supplying—so far as public transit went—anything in its place. It was not until the coming of hard-surfaced roads after the World War that the motor bus began to furnish public transportation in an important

way. Motor buses, which numbered 10,000 in 1920, have now increased to more than 100,000. The railroads need not have been as much injured as they were by the automobile, but coincident with its arrival they were falling into the inefficient hands of the bankers, and they met the new competition first with ill-advised contempt and later with disastrous inertia. They continued to operate long, heavy, expensive trains, and their only answer to the inroads on their traffic by the automobile was to discontinue services and abandon trackage. They ceased efforts toward greater speed, and in fact a number of fast trains were either withdrawn or put on a slower schedule. The consequences were appalling. Although the railroads still handle the vast bulk of the country's freight, their passenger revenues have declined by 70 per cent since 1920.

Yet the situation of the railroads is far from hopeless. There are, in fact, distinct portents in their favor at this time. The railroad continues to be incomparably the fastest and cheapest means of moving bulk freight, and although it has lost considerable short-haul, small-merchandise business to motor trucks, it is in a way to regain part of this by organizing its own collection and delivery service. Its passenger losses are more serious. The motor bus is carrying passengers more cheaply and the airplane more rapidly than it does. It can never hope to equal the airplane in speed, but the latter is, and for the near future promises to be, considerably more expensive. Until the airplane can rise and descend vertically, it is physically incapable of handling a great volume of traffic, because too much space is required for the manipulation of a single machine. For those who can afford it, the airplane will snatch an increasing number of long-distance passengers from the railroads, but it is doubtful if it can save much time on stretches of less than 500 miles. Between New York and Washington, for instance, a railroad train takes five hours as compared with two hours in an airplane, but another couple of hours must be added for getting to and from the airports, so that the total saving in time is not considerable.

To date the motor bus has been a much more formidable competitor for railroad passenger business than the airplane. It travels on a roadbed laid by the public and can haul travelers at about half the cost of that in the present heavy railroad train. At the same time the motor bus probably has reached the limit of speed under existing conditions, and increasing congestion of traffic may even retard it. The railroad has an immense advantage from the standpoint of speed in owning its highways, and it is claimed in behalf of the new three-car, streamline, motor-propelled trains with which the Union Pacific is experimenting that they can be operated not only twice as fast as a motor bus but slightly more cheaply.

Europe beat us with the first new-style, high-speed train—from Berlin to Hamburg—which travels ninety miles an hour. But a somewhat similar train was recently tried on the Long Island Railroad. It did seventy miles an hour, but was said to be good for ninety. The new trains with which the Union Pacific and the Burlington systems are experimenting are expected to run between Chicago and Los Angeles at seventy miles an hour. The opportunity for greater speed lies before American railroads, and there are signs that some of them are waking from their quarter of a century of disastrous hibernation to grasp it.

Issues and Men

Six Months of Franklin D. Roosevelt

THE President has passed the first important milestone of his four-year term. Six months have passed since he assumed power, and it is now a trite fact that more has been crowded into that brief period than into any other peace-time Administration in Washington. It may even be contended that the first six months of Wilson's war Administration were not so momentous so far as legislation is concerned. Beyond question no man is able to visualize, or even to guess, how far the New Deal may take us. It is like war. You begin a war in Cuba and end on the other side of the globe in the Philippines, which scarcely an American had ever heard of before. You begin to battle in Belgium and you fight in Asia, Africa, and all over Europe before you are through. The country has started on a new path of controlled industry and economics and no one knows what the outcome will be—whether we shall hold on to our institutions, or whether we shall end completely socialized, or with a fascist dictatorship.

But that uncertainty need not keep us from trying to evaluate today what Mr. Roosevelt has accomplished and his manner of doing it, for that frequently counts for more than the actual achievement. Nor need we be deterred by the fact that the President has been actuated by no predetermined policy or program. He has not moved in accordance with any deep-seated political or economic philosophy—I still feel this even though, in his acceptance of Mr. Moley's resignation, he spoke of the latter's "participation during these two years in the development of policies based on our common ideals." During his term as Governor of New York there was not the slightest sign of advocacy of, or adherence to, any far-reaching policy of social reorganization. Nor did his speeches during his campaign in any way mark him as a radical reformer. Indubitably he has been governed, since he has been in Washington, by the immediate needs of the hour, especially at the very outset, when the banking collapse was upon us. To a certain extent that was inevitable; but to go on through three and one-half more years without a definite, clear-cut vision of the goal, or goals, to be achieved may easily prove to be a very different matter. The day may come, sooner than the President now realizes, when he will be faced with the question, "Under which king, Bezonian?" and have to decide once for all.

But today it is proper to pass judgment upon what Mr. Roosevelt has so far done without stopping to consider the remoter implications. I think we can all agree that his unbounded courage and cheerful self-confidence have had a vital effect upon the public. He has carried his tremendous burden almost jauntily—perhaps because of a certain streak of incurable youthfulness in him. In any event this attitude of his has helped to ease the national strain and to change the American mentality, and that, as I have already said on this page, is one of his greatest achievements. That we can today discuss and authorize radical measures without being called Bolsheviks is, I repeat, a tremendous step forward, for which we cannot feel too grateful. Side by side

with that let me put the extraordinary spectacle of our greatest steel, coal, oil, and other magnates coming down to Washington, not to give orders as has been the habit of these privileged masters of capital, our real rulers in America for decades, but to sit like schoolboys before General Johnson, to be rudely lectured and told what they have got to do. What a reversal of roles! What a New Freedom for our government! Woodrow Wilson, the author of the New Freedom slogan, it will be remembered, undertook to do this very thing. His Assistant Secretary of the Navy has accomplished vastly more in six months in this respect—with the vital aid of an economic collapse and panic—than Mr. Wilson achieved during his entire term.

Then I want to praise here and now Franklin Roosevelt's attitude toward his high office. He has held it in the best American tradition, with complete simplicity, and has done nothing to augment, and much to decrease, that alarming tendency in Washington to adorn the Presidency with the trappings of royalty. He has been affable, approachable, modest, unassuming. Have you noticed that whereas Herbert Hoover was guarded at his summer camp by a company of marines at government expense—they made roads for him when not protecting his precious person—there is no such flummery, not a uniform, at Hyde Park? To some the President's going off on a little schooner seemed an affectation; to me it was an extraordinarily happy procedure. There were no plain schooner yachts in the days of Cincinnatus and Israel Putnam. Had they existed, those patriots, after returning to their plows, would probably have treated themselves to similar simple vacations. Like Grover Cleveland, Mr. Roosevelt has, so far at least, exalted his office by regarding himself as a citizen temporarily projected into a high place, seeking no personal enhancement. I have not heard definitely, but I do not believe that Mr. Roosevelt enters the public parlors in the White House, when they are full of visitors, preceded by a bugler, as did the pitifully small Herbert Hoover, whose subconscious realization of his smallness made him surround himself with ceremonial.

So the manner in which the President has borne himself in office, the charm of his radio voice, the friendliness which everybody has felt for him have all done their share in winning the public to him. I believe he would carry every State in the Union if the people were called upon to vote for or against him today. At least it is true that he has done away with partisanship, and not by strident patriotic appeals. There is Congressman Goss of Waterbury, Connecticut, a typical rich manufacturer-Republican and apostle of that protection by which he and his class and group have profited so largely. Did he not assure an NRA gathering in Hartford the other day that he, who had voted and worked against Franklin Roosevelt, wished now to testify that he had never in his life seen such courage and such devotion as the President has shown since March 4? This is disarming your enemies with a vengeance!

I have not space for further listing of the things that

impress me favorably about the President. But the other side? Yes, there is another side which must be portrayed if justice is to be done and the scales held evenly. On the side of our foreign relations Mr. Roosevelt's record is bad, almost disastrous. Like his predecessors, he has parceled out many of the highest diplomatic positions to large contributors to his campaign funds or paid political debts with them. He too has degraded the newspaper profession—or better, business—by giving offices, such as the London Embassy, to newspaper supporters. He has done nothing in regard to Manchuria; he has shown no teamwork with Norman Davis and made no genuine contribution to disarmament despite his moving appeal to the nations to ground arms. On the contrary—and this is the worst of his offending—without warrant of Congress he has ordered the building up of the navy to treaty size by the petty subterfuge of "emergency public works," thus initiating a new armament race which has already produced the inevitable repercussions in England and Japan and may easily lead to another world war. He has given no lead in dealing with Hitler's Germany, and no voice to American indignation thereat. So far the inter-Allied debt situation is worse befogged under his failure to lead than it was before. His treatment of the World Economic Conference was literally scandalous; his change of mind on currency stabilization, and his berating of the conference because he had changed his mind, wrecked the meeting and reduced American influence to its lowest ebb. His repudiation of the gold clause in our bonds has also contributed enormously to the decline of American prestige.

At home the President has not yet really come to grips with some of the greatest vested interests, such as the protection barons. His attitude toward labor is in great need of clarification—as is that of the NRA, too. Yet it is a fact that he has abolished child labor—by accident if you please; and it almost looks, as one observer just back from Washington writes me, as if the government were "building a labor movement in America." He has, as I have said, no real chart by which to sail the ship of state, no deep philosophy, no real aim, no clarified vision of the America he wishes to create. Even his homily of the other day, that hereafter we are to treat all groups in the nation as neighbors have treated one another and allow no actions hurtful to anyone within the nation's boundaries, lacks clarity. Hence, if NRA fails and the emergency compels, we may yet see Franklin Roosevelt go to the fascist right as easily as to the radical left.

His severest tests are yet before him—especially the test of his leadership. He—and we—may sometime look back upon the just completed half-year as the golden period of his rule. As to that we shall know a great deal more when the next period of six months ends. Meanwhile, we can all be grateful for the good things that he has accomplished; wish him well every hour of the day and night; pray for his complete success, and help him, too, by rigid and faithful and unyielding criticism whenever and wherever criticism is due.

Quincy Garrison Kilgore

Russia's Mental Revolution

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, August 17

COMMUNISTS derive much pleasure from pointing out the inner contradictions of the capitalist system, from pointing out the close proximity of luxury and dire poverty, for instance. Yet the Soviet Union has its own inner contradictions. Under certain circumstances plenty is a problem in the U. S. S. R. too. Thus the enrichment of the peasant between 1923 and 1926 precipitated the Stalin-Trotsky crisis in the Communist Party, and stimulated a demand for measures that would prevent further enrichment. The middle peasants and kulaks were increasing their production. At the risk of diminishing national wealth and income, the Kremlin had to check that increase. A mujik with two cows was a good citizen in 1925. But if one cow did the un-Bolshevik thing and gave birth to a calf, the mujik became a persecuted kulak who had to give up all three animals and thereby reduce the country's supply of meat and dairy products.

Agrarian collectivization was conceived as a means of eliminating this inner Soviet contradiction. In essence, collectivization is an attempt to foster peasant enrichment without thereby creating an economically powerful class that will oppose socialism and the soviets. The peasants are to grow rich collectively but not individually. Yet this year's excellent crop has already set people thinking whether collectivization can achieve this goal. One begins to foresee new

struggles between the city and the village. One begins to suspect that collectivization is not the last step in the evolution of Soviet agriculture.

In 1917 the Bolsheviks nationalized land. The peasant held his land in usufruct. But he retained his draft animals, cattle, and equipment, and, after 1921, he could sell his produce privately. He was therefore a private capitalist—120,000,000 private capitalists in a socialist country of 145,000,000 inhabitants!

The purpose of collectivization was to take from the peasant his horse, ox, plow, and harrow, and to collectivize them. By collectivizing the peasant's means of production the government proposed to destroy him as a capitalist. Those Communist village administrators, therefore, who in 1929 and 1930 and again in 1932 also collectivized the peasant's cow, hogs, chickens, and vegetable plots were following a very healthy Marxist instinct, and it is no wonder, accordingly, that Moscow closed an eye to these activities. The peasantry, however, fought violently for its capitalist vestiges. It fought directly by means of sabotage and arson, and it fought indirectly by slaughtering the animals threatened with collectivization. (Hence today's meat and fat shortage.) As a concession to the village the Kremlin finally allowed the collectivized peasants to keep their dairy and small animals and poultry, and, moreover, to till their truck gardens for their own, as distinguished from the collective's, benefit.

In May, 1932, as a further concession calculated to relieve food scarcity, the party and government legalized the peasant's open-market sale of his surplus products.

Now, the one big step forward, collectivization, plus these two apparently small steps backward, produces the following situation: The vast majority of Russia's peasants are organized in artels or collectives. They own no land, no working animals, no machinery. They plant and harvest the big crops, like grain, cotton, flax, and so forth, in common. From the common collectivized economy the peasant receives compensation in accordance with the size of the crop and with the quantity and quality of labor which he and his family have contributed during the year to the collective. He may consume this compensation himself, but in good years he has a very appreciable surplus of grain or potatoes to dispose of on the market. Here, then, ■ a unit in the collective, the collectivized peasant is a socialist producer and at the same time a private merchant. In addition, however, each member of a collective may and often does have a cow, a few pigs, some sheep, ■ few chickens, and a small area around his privately owned house where he grows vegetables, hay, sunflower seeds, and such minor crops. These are his own property. What he saves from personal consumption he can sell to individual city residents. Here the peasant is a private producer and a private merchant as well.

The Soviet agrarian collective, or *kolhoz*, accordingly, is not yet a purely socialist form of society. No one can say that Russian agriculture has been completely socialized. The present bastard unit is bound to pass through further evolutionary stages. It may be that the government will be forced to interfere with the growth in productivity of the *kolhoz*, as it interfered with the kulak's growing productivity in 1927.

Since socialism cannot be built in Russia until the village is socialist, it is probably no exaggeration to say that the fate of the collectives will determine the course and fate of the Bolshevik Revolution. Isolated facts, logic, and ■ knowledge of Soviet psychology combine to suggest what may be the next development in this important field. A collective peasant's cow gives birth to a calf. His sow gives birth to a litter. His private, capitalist economy around his house and in his barn begins to branch out so that he can live well on what it yields him. But he is still a member of the *kolhoz* and it is solely by virtue of that membership that he enjoys the privilege of maintaining his individual farming enterprise. He therefore gives the collective his perfunctory services in planting, reaping, and threshing, but concentrates chief attention on his private household and on merchandising its surpluses. The *kolhoz* supplies him with fodder for his animals, bread for his family, and with an approved social status. His own enterprise makes him a well-to-do farmer.

The government could meet this situation by levying heavy taxes on the *kolhoz* member's private economy or by prohibiting him from owning more than one cow, ten pigs, and five sheep; such measures would reduce production and check national progress. It could insist that he give the common activities of the collective a minimum number of work-hours during a season; this might compel him to neglect his private activities. It would certainly arouse his resentment.

What would prevent the Bolsheviks from allowing the present mongrel socialist-capitalist *kolhoz* to exist undis-

turbed? It combines individual and social initiative to produce ■ satisfied, prosperous village and a well-supplied city. It would be natural to suppose that the Bolsheviks, anxious for a period of rest and growth, would refrain from tampering with ■ system that is yielding concrete results. Yet such are the inexorable laws of ■ revolution that this peaceful acceptance of the status quo is less likely than a more dynamic development.

Every time I pose the question of the collective's future to Russian Communists they reply that in the end cattle, barnyard animals, and so on will also be collectivized; that is, the peasant's private economy will be taken over by the common group, or, at least, the collective will acquire the commercial increases to the individual member's stock, allowing him to retain only those animals which supply his family's consumption requirements. The decree of August 14 allowing 772,000 *kolhoz* members to buy calves from peasants owning two animals is an initial step in this direction. If the *mujik* really grows well-to-do and happy in the *kolhoz* he will resist such measures less violently than he did the first steps toward collectivization. For after two or three years the collective member, I assume, will appreciate the advantages of collectivization. He will be inclined to believe that a further and logical development of the collectivization process will do him no harm. He did not think so in 1929 and 1931. If the Bolsheviks and especially the village administrators check their radical zeal, and if the collectivists' experience during the next few years is pleasant, the Soviets will have won their battle for ■ socialized village. The question is whether they will wait till the peasant is convinced or whether they will try, as in the past, to "convince" him by force, by collectivizing his individual enterprises. Such further collectivization would introduce the problem of incentive and labor discipline which exists on the big state farms (*sovhozi*) and in Soviet city factories. In fact, such collectivization would bring the *kolhoz* much closer to the organizational cast of the *sovhoz*, where the state owns everything and where the peasant is ■ industrial worker receiving wages but no share in the harvest. Theoreticians here, indeed, are of the opinion that the present collectives will first have to pass through the stage of *sovhozi* or farm factories, which make the peasant a proletarian, in order later to rise to the ultimate and highest social form of ■ collective with no private capital and no government capital. That collective, which may not evolve for many years, will be the true and free cooperative unit or commune. When it is remembered that these mutations are social and cultural as well as economic and that they affect every minute of the lives of 120,000,000 people, it will be realized how important any change in collectivization is to Russia. What is happening in Soviet fields represents the first revolution in agriculture anywhere since the bourgeois industrial revolution made the serf a peasant and farmer. Now, in effect, the tendency toward *sovhozi* in the U. S. S. R. threatens, or promises, to make the farmer a workingman.

Meanwhile, the *kolhozi* are more efficient than the big *sovhozi*. The collectives seem to be working very well because they learned last year that bad work brings them suffering, because they now know that the better they work the more they will earn, and because they realize, finally, that there is no way back from the collective to purely private capitalist farming. In fact, the apparent success of collec-

tivization and the difficulties of factory directors in finding workers induces the Moscow daily, *For Industrialization*, to wonder whether urban workingmen are not returning permanently to their villages. It answers this question in the negative—for the time being—but adds that collectivized peasants are likely to avoid seasonal labor on city construction projects unless working conditions are improved. This is an interesting instance of reverse action of village on city. For decades it was the badly situated village which sent surplus population to the more comfortable city. Now the city is warned that it must become more comfortable if it is to attract villagers. Things happen quickly in the Soviet Union. I would venture the prediction that if the conditions of urban labor are not materially improved, there will be a serious shortage of industrial workers in Soviet cities.

In the early years of the revolution pressure of surplus population from the underfed countryside forced Moscow to adopt a more ambitious industrialization program. But a prosperous countryside will demand more goods, and will therefore likewise force the Bolsheviks to stimulate industrial production. For with all the rise in factory output, supplies are still inadequate. During the last bad year the peasantry bought comparatively little, and Moscow, for instance, is consequently well stocked with commodities. One sees strange sights here. Many windows display signs reading "Prices Reduced," while several furniture shops have introduced the instalment system with no increase in prices. A number of department stores have staged spring sales. But in a few weeks the peasantry from the Moscow region will swoop down upon the city and probably wipe it clean of industrial articles. Then a loud cry for more goods will rend the air.

Very striking tendencies can be observed in the buying activities of kolhoz peasants. Not one would think of buying a horse. He has no right to own a horse. Here is a

real farmer. But he would no more think of buying a plow than a factory workingman would think of saving up to buy a turbine. The Russian peasant, in other words, can spend a decreasing amount of money on the acquisition of capital. He will use his money instead, to eat more, clothe himself better, and live more comfortably. This is another factor, Russians say, undermining the capitalistic instincts of the mujik. I wish I could convey the momentousness of such psychological changes. They amount to a national mental revolution.

One must distinguish, however, between capitalistic instincts and private-property instincts. The Soviet worker and to an increasing extent the Soviet peasant are losing their capitalistic psychology. They do not want to own machines or draft animals or business real estate. They are content to be employees of the state. But there is no objection in Bolshevik theory or practice to the holding of personal wealth—furniture, apartments, clothes, cows, bicycles, watches, libraries—and in view of the present scarcity of goods, the yearning for these worldly objects becomes abnormally strong. The utopian Communist ideal envisages a plethora of goods in communal unguarded warehouses from which, since there will be no private trade, no one will take more than he can consume. No one hoards air or water. But the converse is also true—the importance attached to material objects increases if their number is small and inadequate. And the fact is that a great deal of the ugly moral phenomena manifested in the acquisition of living quarters, petty privileges, and commodities in the Soviet Union can be traced directly to the general scarcity, which, all improvements in production notwithstanding, is considerable. Perhaps it is more significant that the desire to be a capitalist is disappearing in Russia. But even the temporary reinforcement of the acquisitive sense in a society which strives to become socialistic is a strange contradiction.

The NRA: Pin Pricks and Brickbats

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

CONCERNING the resignation of Raymond Moley as Assistant Secretary of State it would appear that more arrant nonsense has been uttered than about any other past or future event except the second coming of Christ. Published gossip on the subject ranges all the way from the characteristically irresponsible guess of Will Rogers that the "brain trust" is being dissolved, to Mark Sullivan's lumbering and cloudy thesis that the Administration is returning to "normal party traditions." It is true that the realistic and nationalistic professor was not exactly happy with the idealistic and internationalistic politician who was his nominal chief. It is also true that Moley was the victim of some extremely bad publicity while in London—a circumstance not unrelated to the presence of Herbert Bayard Swope, concerning whom most American correspondents feel strongly. It might be remarked parenthetically that Moley did not choose Swope for a traveling companion. However, the truth about the resignation is, like most truth in similar situations, too simple and primitive to be readily believed by a dotting public accustomed to mysteries. Moley quit for the

simple and sufficient reason, as he put it privately, that "Vincent Astor showed me more money than I knew existed." Like other participants in the New Deal, he had experienced difficulty in maintaining three residences on an annual salary of \$6,800, and when Astor took him to the top of the mountain, he succumbed. He is just as close to the President as he ever was, and had he elected to remain in the Administration, neither Cordell Hull nor the gates of hell could have prevailed against him.

IT is hardly conceivable that the progress of NRA can be seriously diverted by the dainty pin pricks of *The Nation* and the *New Republic*, but Hugh Johnson will do well to keep an eye out for the axes wielded by the New York *Herald Tribune*, *Washington Post*, and other disgruntled Hooverites who are prepared to sabotage his program at every opportunity. The Reids and the Meyers are determined people. They have not forgiven Roosevelt for last November's landslide nor are they likely to forgive him.

Moreover, they speak for great vested interests which are rapidly arriving at the correct conclusion that the recovery program is a spear aimed at the heart of the existing profit system. If anyone believes that this outfit will surrender without a battle he is unacquainted with the native tenacity of the American hog. A symptom of this disposition is already seen in the widespread refusal of banks to finance business institutions during the period of expansion contemplated by the recovery program. The situation became so threatening that Roosevelt was compelled to hurl the R.F.C. into the breach, thus again raising the question of how long American business and the American people will be content to have a public function such as banking remain in the hands of private individuals who have shown themselves to be completely unresponsive to the obligations of their position. It is my personal opinion that the bankers are treading on thin ice—but then, who ever expected a banker to learn anything? Where there is no feeling there is little sense.

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THERE have been intimations that I resent any criticism of the NRA. That is silly. What I object to is criticism which misses the mark, from critics who have not the vaguest idea what they are talking about. There are plenty of sore spots in the NRA, and I purpose without further delay to indicate some of them. So far as national headquarters is concerned, NRA is, on the whole, sound and amazingly well equipped with talent. The principal danger to its eventual success lies, I believe, in local administration. It is dismaying to hear from the lips of a supposedly sensible Midwestern mayor the statement that "it looks like our main trouble will be with the Communists." It is positively appalling to see a preposterous popinjay like Grover Whalen conducting the reemployment campaign in New York City. After taking a look at the mayors and the chairmen of mayors' committees who called on Johnson this week, and listening to a few of them, I went home with a painful headache. Already there are complaints that the Blue Eagle is being used to avenge private feuds, and that local chambers of commerce have not yet learned that the law protects the right of employees to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing, free of coercion or interference. National headquarters is aware of these abuses. In time, I think, they will be corrected with a heavy hand. Johnson has been so busy wringing codes out of the major industries that he has simply been unable to attend to such details. Eventually, unless I am greatly mistaken, they will be attended to—and how!

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NEXT to the frailty and corruption of local administration, the greatest threat to the success of NRA consists of sabotage from within. Johnson brought with him some fourteen deputy administrators, chosen, as he said, on the basis of personal friendship. To use his words: "I am responsible for the acts of these men, and I must have men I can trust." He has discovered already that in certain instances his trust was misplaced. There is evidence that deputies authorized to obtain codes from great industries utilized their contacts with the great industrialists to feather their own nests for the future. Indeed, at certain hearings which Johnson and Chief Counsel Richberg were unable to attend,

the attitude of the deputies was such as to bring serious complaints from labor representatives, who asserted that they were not permitted to make a case. In consequence, the General read the riot act at a staff meeting, declaring that if anything of the sort happened again he would "throw the guilty man out on his ear." He has gradually awakened to the fact that his old buddies in the army and industry do not fit very well into the NRA picture. Of the fourteen, he has come to lean almost entirely on Simpson, Colonel Lea, Whitehead, and Muir. To a vastly greater degree, however, he now leans on Richberg, Wolman, Sachs, McGrady, John Lewis, and others who personify the interests of labor in the recovery program. Brains will tell. The Consumers' Advisory Committee, up to this week, was a total loss. Its chief purpose seemed to be to give Mrs. Mary Harriman Rumsey a season in Washington. Within the last few days, however, the activities of the committee have been placed under the direction of a first-rate economist, Dexter Keezer. Now there is a possibility that it will do something really useful.

* * * * *

NEVERTHELESS, NRA has its lighter side, and nothing could be more amusing than the havoc it has wrought in the minds of my more distinguished colleagues, such, for example, as Walter Lippmann, Mark Sullivan, and Samuel G. Blythe. Lippmann's case is the most pitiful, perhaps, because his stock in trade has always consisted in seeming to know everything. He appeared recently at NRA headquarters with a list of prepared questions for Sachs to answer. Sachs, probably the most brilliant statistical economist in America, glanced over the questions and laughed aloud at their sophomoric naivete. Virtually all of them disclosed a complete misunderstanding of the fundamental purpose of NRA, and each called obviously for an answer which would fit neatly into another Lippmann schoolboy theorem. Having furnished Walter, free of charge, with most of his economic ideas over a period of years, Sachs offered to talk to him, but declined to supply answers to the hand-made questions. Two or three days later "Today and Tomorrow" reported that the recovery program seemed to "lack direction," but the author felt there had been a distinct improvement in human nature under the Roosevelt Administration. As for Sullivan—poor Mark, I knew him well under Hoover! In those days he was sure of himself. Now he potters around in something of a daze, composing kindergarten pieces to the general effect that NRA is designed to increase mass purchasing power. This startling fact, I suspect, was imparted to him by some *Herald Tribune* newsboy. There was a time, perhaps, when Sam Blythe was the best newspaperman in the United States. For the *Saturday Evening Post* to yank him out of his retreat on the Pacific Coast in this day and age and toss him into the Washington maelstrom was a selfish and brutal act. To him what is happening here is merely a "kaleidoscope," seen through the eyes that are still filled with the images of McKinley and the elder (and lesser) Roosevelt. There is such a thing as indecent intellectual exposure. If the ghost of Sam Blythe is betrayed into stating that Lew Douglas stands ace high with Roosevelt; if it is permitted to refer to Dolly Gann as "Mrs. Polly Gans," the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post* are to blame. However, the world does move.

BURLINGAME

-D.R.V.

Utility Profits in New Jersey

By SAMUEL MORRIS

RESOLUTIONS by municipal, commercial, and civic bodies and letters from countless numbers of individuals have poured in on the New Jersey Public Utility Commission urging cuts in utility rates. In addition, an intensive campaign for reduced rates was launched by the Newark *Star-Eagle*, with the result that the Utility Commission, on August 3, 1933, began an inquiry into the electric rates of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey. On the opening day of the inquiry the board heard one witness and also the plea of the president of the corporation that a reduction of rates would be contrary to the spirit of President Roosevelt's NRA program. The hearing was then adjourned until August 22, 1933, at which time the board heard another lone witness, and on the plea of the vice-president of the corporation that "this is no time to be bothered or fussed with formal rate hearings; it usually takes years and we probably will get nowhere," the hearing was then adjourned until September 14, 1933.

Although the utility commission belatedly undertook this investigation, it is interesting to note that it had stated only a short while before, when the public was pleading for action by the commission to lower utility rates, that it required \$100,000 to finance a full investigation of the Public Service Corporation's rates, in spite of the fact that for the fiscal year of 1932 the legislature had appropriated the sum of \$264,044 for the commission's expenses. As the Camden *Courier* very aptly remarked:

Just why facts are so costly to unearth, especially when the utility commission maintains a staff of engineers, we cannot imagine. One would think that a careful system of records would show, rather quickly, what properties any given utility possesses, their age, and their value when acquired. . . . To be sure, the maze in which holding companies have involved the utility game does complicate the issues, such as management, service, and finance charges. . . . But surely it ought not to cost \$100,000 to dig those out. . . . We cannot believe that it costs Public Service \$100,000 every time its officials want to find out how much money it is making—or how much any subsidiary is making or losing.

In conducting an investigation of this sort, it is necessary to determine whether or not the present rates charged by the Public Service Corporation to the consumer are fair and just. Let us take, for instance, the Atlantic City Electric Company, which operates in Atlantic City and a very large portion of southern New Jersey. This company reported that for the year 1931 the cost of producing one kilowatt hour of electricity was 0.194 of a cent, or less than one-fifth of a cent. Again, the Public Service Corporation, which operates in the northern and central part of New Jersey, reported that for the same year its kilowatt-hour cost was 0.30 of a cent, or about one-third of a cent. Yet the charge in south Jersey for domestic current is 9 cents per kilowatt hour and the Public Service Corporation charges \$2.50 for the first thirty kilowatt hours, or about 8 cents per kilowatt hour. Some may wonder that these companies can operate

so successfully on such a predatory scale. Why is the sale price about 2,700 per cent higher than the cost of production? Why is a company allowed, as hereinafter shown, to overcharge the consumer by more than \$25,000,000 in three years? The answer lies in our system of regulation of the utilities. As Lincoln Steffens says in his autobiography, we are having "regulation by the regulated."

It is evident that the public-utility industry has been operating during the depression with boom rates, maintained with the approval of the utility commission. Unlike any other industry, the utilities have received a guaranteed return on an inflated valuation, free from the vicissitudes of ordinary business—that is, competition and the law of supply and demand. The utility, naturally, has everything to gain from this lack of competition; the consumer loses. Suppose there were but one butcher in your home town and everyone had to buy meat at his store or go without it. How much more would you pay for meat? There is but one electric or gas company in your community. You must take its service at its rates or be without service.

A very apt illustration of the beneficence of competition in the public-utility industry under private operation is to be found in a recent case decided by the United States Supreme Court.¹ In this case the Great Northern Utilities Company, operating a gas plant in Shelby, Montana, a village having a population of 2,000 people, charged 60 cents for the first thousand cubic feet of gas. A new company was formed, known as the Citizens Gas Company, which installed a plant and supplied gas at 35 cents per thousand cubic feet. The Great Northern, realizing that it was losing its customers, cut its rate to 20 cents per thousand cubic feet. The Montana Public Service Commission enjoined the Great Northern from this cutthroat competition and required it to charge 35 cents per thousand, the same rate charged by the new Citizens Gas Company. The United States Supreme Court upheld the order of the Montana Public Service Commission. Obviously, the Great Northern would never have cut its rates if it had continued to have a monopoly. Theoretically, a monopoly should work in the interests of the people by cutting down the costs involved in competition; but in practice the consumer does not benefit by monopoly.

A public-service company, like any other business enterprise, must be conducted on a profit-making basis if it is to continue and prosper. It must have a fair return on its business. But what is considered a fair return? In a leading case² the Supreme Court said: "We hold that the basis of all calculations of reasonableness of rates must be fair value of property being used by it for the convenience of the public." In a case³ decided as recently as January 9, 1933, the Supreme Court affirmed the decree of the lower court which held that a 7 per cent rate of return was adequate. And on May 8, 1933, the same court in a utility rate case⁴

¹ Public Service Commission of Montana vs. The Great Northern Utilities Company, 53 Supreme Court Reporter, 546.

² Smyth vs. Ames, (U.S.) 42 L. Ed. 819.

³ Wabash Valley Electric Company vs. Young, (U.S.) 77 L. Ed. 349.

⁴ Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation vs. Railroad Commission, (U.S.) 77 L. Ed. 820.

sustained and approved as adequate a 7 per cent return. Do the New Jersey utility companies under discussion receive a return of 7 per cent or does the percentage of return go beyond the point which the courts have ruled is fair?

Let us examine for a moment some of the data taken from the records of the Public Utility Commission with respect to the Atlantic City Electric Company, operating in southern New Jersey, and the Public Service Corporation, operating in the northern and central part of New Jersey.

FIXED CAPITAL AND RETURN THEREON 1929-30-31

	Atlantic City Electric Co.	Pub. Serv. Co. (Elec. Dept.)
Year 1929		
Fixed capital	\$30,376,707	\$245,801,554
Net revenue	2,515,014	25,847,920
Rate of return	8.27%	10.50%
Return on 7% basis	2,126,369	17,206,108
Excessive earnings over 7%	388,645	8,641,812
Year 1930		
Fixed capital	\$32,461,214	\$289,524,894
Net revenue	3,203,573	28,308,799
Rate of return	9.90%	9.80%
Return on 7% basis	2,272,284	20,266,742
Excessive earnings over 7%	931,289	8,042,057
Year 1931		
Based on average 1931 prices		
Fixed capital	\$ 40,784,221	\$296,504,913
Net revenue	3,082,660	29,555,155
Rate of return	7.55%	9.97%
Return on 7% basis	2,854,895	20,755,343
Excessive earnings over 7%	227,765	8,799,812
Total excess	1,547,699	25,483,681
Total excess earnings of both companies in three years	\$27,031,380	

Thus, for one product, electricity, these two companies have overcharged New Jersey consumers \$27,031,380—a sum which would be much greater if not based on inflated valuations.

Better to understand the use of inflated valuations for rate-making purposes, it is interesting to note that in an effort to defeat certain mandamus proceedings instituted by this writer in the New Jersey Supreme Court in 1931 for the purpose of compelling a referendum vote on public ownership, the chief statistician and accountant of the utility commission was engaged to appraise the book cost new of the plant and equipment of the Atlantic City Electric Company, *allocated for use in Atlantic City*. The plant and equipment were appraised at \$8,670,968, whereas this company's identical property in Atlantic City was assessed for the year 1931 for purposes of taxation in the sum of \$4,208,000.

The results of the present investigation are problematical, but the outlook seems dark for the reason that the entire conduct of public-utility commissioners indicates that they are chosen by and for the utilities. Attend any hearing before a utility commission. Observe the servility and deference of the commissioners toward the utility company's representatives. Observe the commission's intolerant attitude toward any protesting consumer or consumers' representative. Of course, some utility commissioners appear hostile toward the utility company at the hearing, yet strangely enough, in the majority of instances, the decision favors the company.

The utility commissioners do not spend their time exclusively on the work of the utility commission. They have their own business and professions to attend to. Some utility commissioners are bankers, and during the recent financial crisis and prior thereto they required the utilities to deposit funds in their banks to help them to withstand runs. To illustrate the anxiety of the utilities for their pet commissioners, let me cite the following:

A short while ago this writer instituted in the New Jersey Supreme Court a *quo warranto* proceeding to test the right of a certain member of the New Jersey Public Utility Commission to hold that office at the same time that he held a municipal office. It was argued that since this commissioner was guilty of dual office-holding, he forfeited his membership on the board. The courtroom, at the time of the argument, was crowded with utility executives and representatives, buzzing encouragement to the commissioner; it looked more like a utility convention than a court proceeding. It was quite manifest from the conduct of the utility executives toward the commissioner that they had an unusual interest in this member retaining his position. In fact, counsel for the utilities was present and assisted in the commissioner's defense. The court refused to remove the commissioner at the time; and a short while afterward the legislature of New Jersey passed a special act which validated his position as utility commissioner.

This unholy alliance between public officials and utility companies is not peculiar to New Jersey. It is universal. It is the reason why, though the purchasing power of the American dollar increased tremendously from 1929 to 1933, utility rates were permitted to remain practically stationary. There is but one remedy for the evils of a system which works such hardship on the consumer, and that remedy is public ownership.

Public ownership not only affords the citizens of municipalities lower utility rates, but enables them to reduce the burdens of taxation and government by appropriating to the cost of government the profits earned from municipal operation. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation is lending money for self-liquidating projects; a publicly owned utility is an excellent example of a self-liquidating project. An example of successful operation of a municipal utility is the Atlantic City Water Department. Atlantic City, which owns and operates its own water plant, charges the citizens 12 cents per thousand gallons. Private companies in the vicinity operating water companies supply water to citizens at 45 cents per thousand gallons, plus additional service charges.

The cause of public ownership is making great progress. We have on our side such liberal minds and honest and indefatigable workers as Senator George Norris, David Lilienthal, Judson King, Morris L. Cooke, Donald Richberg, and others. Recently, Governor A. Harry Moore of New Jersey approved a bill submitted to him by the writer, facilitating and simplifying the procedure for a vote on public ownership of the utilities. The matter is now in the hands of the legislature, and if it is approved, New Jersey will be able to avail itself of the opportunity pointed out by President Roosevelt when, on September 21, 1932, in Seattle, he said:

Where a community, a city, a county, or district is not satisfied with the services rendered or the rates charged

by the private utility, it has an undeniable right as one of its functions of home rule to set up, after a fair referendum has been taken, its own governmentally owned and operated service. . . . I might call the right of the people to own and operate their own utility a birch rod in the cupboard to be taken out and used only when the child gets beyond the point where mere scolding does no good.

The whip of public ownership will, if properly exercised, not only give the people lower utility rates, but afford them profits which can be used to reduce taxation.

[This is the tenth of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer. The eleventh will appear in an early issue.]

The Dramatic Variety of Sidney Howard

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE theatrical season which began in the fall of 1924 was made remarkable by the appearance of two very original plays from the pens of little-known playwrights. The first was "What Price Glory?" by the Messrs. Anderson and Stallings, the other "They Knew What They Wanted," by Sidney Howard. In many respects the two were different enough, but they were commonly mentioned together for the very good reason that they were the first thoroughly successful efforts to express in dramatic form a realistic attitude marked by certain novel features. All three of the authors were fresh from their experiences in the Great War, and the fact may very well have had something to do with the tone of the plays, but the best way to describe them would be, perhaps, to say that both were essentially serious without being in the slightest degree "highbrow."

This in itself was a kind of novelty. The "new American drama" written by the "experimental playwrights" who had grown up around the Provincetown Playhouse and the Washington Square Company had been very self-conscious and very much under foreign influences. Sometimes it tended to be a kind of neo-Ibsen problem play, sometimes it was "arty" in much less substantial ways, but it was very much inclined to think of itself as a thing apart, as the product of a "movement" if not actually of a cult. Mr. Howard, on the other hand, had somehow managed to escape from all that. The Theater Guild produced his play for a general public which found it highly acceptable, and one way to define the fact that he was a new kind of "new playwright" would be to say that he was writing for the commercial theater. But to say that is to imply something much more important than the fact itself. It is to imply that he had thoroughly assimilated the attitude of the generation which had been busy rebelling against the long lingering Victorianism of our theatre, and that, without arguing or explaining, he could assume it as the point of view from which men and women were to be presented. The "new drama" had lost its self-conscious newness. It was taking itself and asking that it be taken as a matter of course.

Underlying the play was a moral attitude which a Victorian would certainly have found incomprehensible and which an anti-Victorian would certainly have made it his chief business to expound. The heroine is the mother of an illegitimate child conceived on the eve of her marriage to a kindly old man whom she does not love; the hero is this kindly old man, who discovers the wrong which has been done him but who ends by accepting the child because a

child was what he really wanted. What an opportunity—entirely neglected by Mr. Howard—to expound a paradoxical morality, to define Love, to explain the Case for the Unmarried Mother, and, in general, *épater les bourgeois*! But the explanation supplied by Mr. Howard for these events is not intellectual at all. They become understandable and acceptable purely in terms of the characters; convincing and satisfactory as a series of concrete situations which work themselves out in that way. The play, in other words, is not a play about ideas but a play about men and women, and the same may be said of all its author's best work. Behind that work may of necessity lie a point of view and a philosophy; but the concrete situation and the concrete persons who find themselves in it always come first. They are not invented to illustrate a thesis. The thesis, if any, is discovered by the audience—and I suspect by the author as well—by contemplating them.

"They Knew What They Wanted" was Mr. Howard's third play. He had come from California and the University of California to spend one year in Professor Baker's class. After that he had served in the ambulance corps on the western front during the early days of the war and as a captain in the flying service after the United States became involved. He had also collaborated on a book of reporting, "The Labor Spy," and produced "Swords" (1922) and "Bewitched" (1924)—the latter in collaboration with Edward Sheldon. The first of these plays was a romantic melodrama with more than a suggestion of pastiche; the second a romance rather poetic than realistic. Both achieved a certain *succès d'estime* without attracting any large audience, and both were apprentice work for a man who found himself as a dramatist in "They Knew What They Wanted."

Since the latter was produced—and won the Pulitzer prize—Mr. Howard has had nine plays on Broadway. The themes of the nine show a variety which would probably be impossible for a playwright who did not, like him, find his inspiration in the concrete situation, and they have met a variety of fates—ranging all the way from flat failure like that which attended "Half Gods" to the triumphant success won by "Ned McCobb's Daughter" (1926), "The Silver Cord" (1926), and "The Late Christopher Bean" (1932). In the meanwhile he has also found time for a very successful career as a writer in Hollywood, and, as an active member of the Willard Straight Post of the American Legion, to help that post be a thorn in the side of the national organization.

All this suggests the energy and vigor which are so characteristic of his work. Being enthusiastic and impulsive rather than primarily reflective, he is both prolific and not the best judge of his own work. Indeed, the public has been more right than he, and his finest plays since his first success have been the other successes, "Ned McCobb's Daughter," "The Silver Cord," and "The Late Christopher Bean." Moreover, each is, despite the variety of moods and materials, like "They Knew What They Wanted" in that the author has devoted himself in each to the task of presenting concrete situations and concrete characters. He has, to be sure, a conspicuous gift for achieving a clear, straightforward dramatic construction; he has also been lucky in having a series of excellent actors—Pauline Lord, Richard Bennett, Alfred Lunt, Laura Hope Crewes, and Walter Connolly—for his best pieces. But essentially their effectiveness has been due to the fact that they were less comments on contemporary life than presentations of it. One never knows what Mr. Howard is going to say. With him, one sometimes feels, a conviction is an enthusiasm and, like any other enthusiasm, likely to disappear as soon as it has emerged. But one is always sure that the situations will be dramatic, the characters vivid, and the motives understandable.

"The Silver Cord" is the only one of his plays which develops in accordance with a rationalistic formula. It deals quite explicitly with a mother complex, and the most dogmatic Freudian would find nothing to disagree with. Yet Mr. Howard is known to have quarreled violently with the Theater Guild because its directors insisted upon discussing it in Freudian terms, and the fact is significant of his temperamental antipathy to intellectual formulas, of his impatience with anybody's ideas even though they happen to be also his own. Last year he was one of those writers who signed the manifesto in favor of William Z. Foster. Put that fact alongside the further facts that he rushed into the war as soon as possible and then, once it was over, helped organize the obstreperous Willard Straight Post of the American Legion. Together they give you the picture of a man who loves a row, or, rather, who loves a joyous participation in dramatic events. That also is the man who writes the plays. In them the clash of creeds and temperaments interests him for its own sake. He can take sides enthusiastically but he can also change them. He is, whether he knows it or not, pretty certain to be on the side most likely to precipitate a dramatic crisis and pretty likely, in his plays, to see to it that one takes place. Being also a man of intelligence, his attitude is usually intelligible and his crisis significant. But it is the happening which interests him and the happening which interests his audience.

Under the circumstances it would obviously be useless to inquire what his leading ideas are. He is not, like Mr. Kelly, primarily a moralist. Neither is he, like Mr. O'Neill, a writer of tragedy, nor, like Mr. Behrman, a consistent writer of comedy. He can expound Freudianism in "The Silver Cord," approach tragedy in "They Knew What They Wanted," declaim rather intemperately in "Half Gods," and achieve a serene comedy in "The Late Christopher Bean." But none is more characteristic of him than the rest. Neither is there anything common to them all except the vigor of the characterization plus a certain robust delight in the conflict for its own sake. Their unity, therefore, is only the unity of a temperament, and the only way to describe what

kind of plays Mr. Howard writes is to describe what sort of man he reveals himself to be.

To witness one of his plays is to experience the same sort of exhilarating pleasure that one gets from the society of an active man with quick and vigorous perceptions. One is plunged at once into a series of happenings and made to share the whole-hearted interest of a writer who throws himself into everything with an unreserved enthusiasm. The characters are observed with extraordinary intentness and set down in sharp bold strokes. Something of the author's own decisiveness is communicated to them, and the dialogue has something of the crisp clarity of his own speech. Subtlety of a kind is by no means absent and poetry of a kind is also present. But the subtlety does not exhibit itself as hair-splitting and the poetry is neither rhapsodical nor dreamy. The men and women are plain people with their feet on the ground; the scene, some very definite corner of our particular America. Obviously Mr. Howard hates any sort of artistic pretentiousness as much as he hates intellectual dogmas. He is determined to exercise his subtlety in the accurate observation of familiar things, to find his poetry in the loves and hates of people who may be distinguished by the strength and the clarity of their passions but who remain, nevertheless, essentially familiar types.

His is, therefore, a daylight world, in which common sense is still the standard by which everything is judged. An epigram may flash forth here and there, but in no other way does he ever permit himself to approach a conventionally literary style. There are no Orphic utterances, no purple patches, no evocation of what the more esoteric devotees of the drama call "moods." Nothing ever eludes the spectator, nothing ever seems vaguely to mean more than it says. But what it does unmistakably say is enough for anyone capable of sharing Mr. Howard's very active pleasure in straightforward passions and straightforward events. His plays are not highbrow plays because their author is not a highbrow, and they teach no doctrine because he is not a doctrinaire. Essentially tough-minded, he is interested in facts and out of them he builds his plays. It is for that reason, no doubt, that the captain of aviation never wrote a patriotic play nor the supporter of Mr. Foster a communistic one. He took part in a war and some day he may, conceivably, help along a revolution. But it would be safe to wager that he will never either preach loyalty to the flag or write a treatise on dialectic materialism.

Writers who are intelligent without being "intellectual," and artistic without being in any sense "arty," frequently get from critics somewhat less consideration than they deserve. They are too clear to require explaining and too popular to need defense. Your critic, accordingly, all too frequently prefers to discourse at more length upon the merits of those persons whose excellences are less evident. But the fact remains that Mr. Howard's plays are among the best ever written in America. They have, in addition, probably had more influence upon dramatic writing than can ever be directly measured. Mr. Howard stands very near to the head of the list of those who rescued the popular drama from that sentimentality which for some reason continued to be considered indispensable there long after it had disappeared from most serious writing in other forms.

[This is the fourth and last of a series of articles on contemporary dramatists.]

The Engineer and the Depression

By W. A. SHOUDY

THE engineering profession is possibly the first to feel the approach of a business depression and among the last to benefit by recovery. This sentence is not written in a spirit of complaint but rather as a statement of a principle which the engineer fully recognizes, even though during the last boom period he completely ignored it. The engineer is a vital part of the capital-goods industry; he is principally concerned with new machines, new processes, new projects, all of which require new capital, and when capital expenditures cease, the engineer is unemployed. Only one class of engineers can be excepted—those who are concerned in the operation of the machines of the essential industries: food, clothing, heat, the utilities, and such maintenance of shelter as cannot be postponed. A large percentage of this class is still employed, though at greatly reduced earnings, but those identified with the capital-goods industry are in bad straits. Since the volume of business done by these industries has shrunk to 20 per cent of normal, it has been impossible for the employer to hold the engineer; and not only the engineer but the non-technical employee has suffered severely because of this drastic reduction in business volume. A similar situation occurs, though to a lesser extent, with each depression or threat of depression, and the employment situation of the profession is a fairly accurate indication of future business conditions. In 1920 and 1921 and early in 1928 unemployment among engineers became a serious problem. At the time it was carelessly considered as a temporary condition; actually it was an accurate indication that boom times were about to end.

No accurate information can be obtained as to the extent of unemployment among engineers in this depression, principally because the engineer is essentially an individualist and does not ask for help until he has tried every line of self-help. He has never been highly paid, but he has been provident and usually owns his home, though in many cases he has invested his savings as unwisely as have others. The man who lives in a small community has managed to meet his taxes and possibly interest on a small mortgage and by one means or another has not had to ask for help and is not registered among the unemployed; but the man in the large city has had to meet his monthly rent and now with his savings nearly gone must ask for help. The type of man asking for aid from our professional committees is far higher this year than it has been in preceding years. Although an engineering employment service through our national societies has been established for many years, hardly more than 25 per cent of the membership has ever made use of such service. Largely because of this self-sufficiency the numerous engineering relief agencies have reached only the most serious cases. Questionnaires are neglected, and almost invariably the destitute engineer must be urged to accept financial assistance. Only one engineering society has been able to make a reasonable estimate of unemployment, and then only because a large proportion of the membership is employed on large projects and in groups whose activities can be traced. Other societies can base their estimates on the only facts available—

non-payment of dues and the decrease in contributions for unemployment relief. These studies indicate that possibly one-half of the country's engineers are without work and that the combined earned income of the profession may not exceed 25 per cent of what it was in 1927. Yet in spite of this most serious condition the engineer has not asked for help outside of his profession. He has contributed to the support of his less fortunate brothers and to the public relief funds, but he has made sure that the destitute members of his profession receive their just proportion of the tax-paid welfare funds. He has been at the forefront in the creation of public-works programs to relieve unemployment—in fact, without his technical guidance such programs would be feeble indeed. For more than twenty-five years engineers have been urging the preparation of such programs to absorb unemployment during depression. This movement was given concrete form in 1920 by the organization of the American Engineering Council, which has continuously urged public-works programs on a public deafened by prosperity.

Probably the most accurate indication of the condition of the profession is found in the statistics collected by the Professional Engineers' Committee on Unemployment for the Metropolitan District of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. This committee, representing the local members of the Societies of Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, and Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, a total of about 12,000 members as of 1928, has been compelled to confine its major efforts to the man approaching destitution.

It has enrolled a total of 4,525 engineers, of whom 2,589 were not members of these societies though many were members of smaller organizations. These men are classified in accordance with their degree of destitution and this classification is changed monthly. Of the total enrolled, over 1,600 have not now sufficient funds to carry them for four months, and more than 700 have funds for less than two months. The emphasis of the committee's work has necessarily been on relief for this latter group. The type of registrant can best be illustrated by the following age and salary classifications:

Age	Number of Registrants
20 - 30 years	1,584
31 - 40 "	1,644
41 - 50 "	916
Over 50 years	381
<i>Former Salary</i>	
Over \$6,000 per year	226
\$3,600 - \$6,000	1,041
\$2,400 - \$3,600	236
Less than \$2,400	1,222

As to training, 388 have had no collegiate education, 793 attended foreign colleges, and the remainder attended American colleges, all but 800 having completed the course. In two years 1,955 placements have been made, many temporary, making it necessary to place a man several times. Only 368 placements have been in engineering positions, the others have been in made work and non-technical jobs. These jobs, how-

ever, represent a relief in salaries earned of nearly \$900,000. More than \$160,000 has been contributed by the local members of the engineering societies. This money has been applied to immediate relief in the form of loans, of food, clothing, and shelter, and of made work. The committee, cooperating with the municipal authorities and the Red Cross, has succeeded in placing many men in public made work and has acted as an agent of the Red Cross in food distribution. The social-service division of the committee has collected and distributed clothing and provided food, shelter, hospitalization, medical and legal service, and so on to an extent represented by a value of more than \$50,000. A committee of the Engineering Women's Club has contributed money and food in generous proportions, but most of all has provided that friendly touch that is so badly needed in cases of real destitution. Every unemployed engineer in the metropolitan district who has been heard of by this committee has received some help if his situation deserved attention. This is a magnificent accomplishment, but the majority of those who still have funds have not been reached and are threatened with a loss of morale because of inactivity. We have attempted to relieve this situation in part at least by the establishment of a rather thorough course of graduate instruction through lectures at the engineering-society headquarters and by securing free admission to the universities of the district in courses for which the unemployed engineer has had the necessary preliminary education. But this is not enough. The engineer has created substantially all our industries; why should he not now devote his attention to the creation of new industries which will absorb not only those now unemployed but the rapidly increasing number of wage-earners?

The word engineering has been used so loosely that it may be well to recall Tredgold's classic definition of 1827, when he called engineering "the art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man." The misuse of the term is in fact a compliment to the profession, for it is never used without the implication of usefulness. The engineer is recognized by accomplishment, not by formal education. The easiest path is through college and apprenticeship, for only the exceptional man can now attain recognition through home study and experience. His recognition consists in engineering employment, professional society membership, or professional license. Such recognition requires a broad yet specialized education, which in turn necessitates a high degree of intelligence and an analytical mind. It is true that many have been called engineers who do not possess these qualifications, but these are men who have been trained rather than educated. They have become skilful in one field from which they cannot depart. They are a type which fortunately is being replaced by the broadly educated type.

A more homely definition of long standing is, "An engineer is a man who for one dollar can do what anyone can do for two." Hence the engineer is vitally concerned with money. He is often called an expense but it is more accurate to call him a watchdog of the treasury. He can never be proud of his work if it is a financial failure, nor can he point with pride to his latest achievement if there was a cheaper way to accomplish the result. He has been forced to add much of the social sciences and accounting to his studies, and it is his profession which initiated and is leading the development of the science of industrial management. Just

as the machine has been misused, so this budding science has been seized upon as an implement for quick profits rather than as a basis for sound planning for an equitable division between employer and employee. As early as 1923 the American Management Association was wrestling with the problem of technological unemployment, but its warnings were lost in the noise of unlimited speculation.

If we accept Tredgold's definition we must admit that we have had the engineer with us since history began, though for only a little more than a century has his profession been recognized. His has been the inquiring mind with the patience for experimentation. It was he who investigated fire and learned to kindle it; he studied the rolling log and invented the wheel; he studied metallurgy and created the Iron Age; he brought potable water to the villages and made them cities; and to the engineer we are indebted for the age of mechanical power and the industrial era. James Watt's first rotative steam engine, in the Albion Flour Mills, was destroyed by an incendiary fire because the engine threatened labor's jobs, but the best of machine-made flour can be obtained now in any part of the globe, and Watt's steam pumps cleared the mines, making possible England's industrial recovery. As we look back over the depressions of this country's history we find, following each one, new industries springing up, creating new employment and industrial prosperity. Though the steamboat, the steam railway, the harvester, electric power, the automobile, and the much-maligned mass production have displaced old industries, they have created new and larger ones and have absorbed an ever-increasing supply of wage-earners.

Frequently there has been a period of technological unemployment because economic conditions would not permit starting a new industry, but always there has been an industry waiting to be born. The steam turbine was invented in the second century B.C. and again appeared in the seventeenth century A.D., but labor was so cheap it did not pay to develop it and it remained an interesting toy. Had Watt lived a century earlier he would have had little incentive to develop the steam engine. Fuel was cheap and fuel economy was not important and the existing mine pumps were reasonably successful, but when England's fuel supply was threatened, Watt's economical pumping engine had a waiting market and the industrial era began. The electric-light plant became the power plant and the industry soon surpassed the early dreams of Edison; the automobile became more than the horseless carriage; and the radio created an amusement industry as well as a means of communication. Behind all these industries were men quietly working to "direct the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man." They may not have been known as engineers but they complied with Tredgold's definition. Does it tax our faith too much to believe that this type of mind which has existed from the beginning of history has not died out but rather is waiting with new industries when capital is ready for investment? If my lips were not sealed I could name a few, but it is no secret that the principle of the common radio tube bids fair to revolutionize the transmission of electric power and that this electronic tube is daily finding new uses. Nor is it a secret that fully 50 per cent of our factories have equipment which is already out of date.

Although the several relief committees throughout the country have succeeded in supplying some relief to every

case that has been discovered and have helped many to permanent positions, the mass of necessary detail has given little time to the volunteer workers for constructive thinking, and the engineer with financial resources has received little help. Yet his problem is as serious as the destitute case. Only the exceptional man can maintain his morale during long periods of enforced idleness. He is needed by society and we must maintain his morale. Few of this generation of engineers had to look long for a satisfactory job. My recent contact with the unemployed has convinced me that the engineer's experience in job-finding has lost him his self-sufficiency. He has made jobs for others but has had no experience in creating one for himself. No engineer wants a job unless he can return to his employer or client more than he is paid, or do a better job than an equally well-paid man. He has usually waited till the employer discovered the need of an engineer—now he must show the employer a need that has not yet been recognized.

The New York committee has organized a subcommittee completely removed from the details of immediate relief, giving the members freedom for constructive thinking. They are waiting for the engineer, but it is only he who can discover opportunities for engineering usefulness. There is not an oversupply of engineers. In every industry opportunities are waiting for the engineer but it is only he who can disclose them, and the average engineer is ignorant of the technique of selling his services. This is the committee's most serious problem; it is being met by the best placement advice. Gradually, as the engineering need is discovered, the qualified engineer is found and trained to sell his services. Progress is necessarily slow but we are confident the work is fundamental and expect to continue it after unemployment has ceased. It should be a major effort of our engineering societies and universities.

What, therefore, should be the future program of this profession? The engineer has demonstrated his ability to conceive and establish new industries, he has proved his skill both as a business man and as a constructive critic of industrial management, but he has waited for opportunities instead of creating them. In his interest in his immediate task he has forgotten the immediate future, with a resulting loss to the public as well as to himself. In his hands rests the future of the industrial age; his responsibility no longer rests with the machine but extends to its social impacts, and he must share the onus of its misuse. He must become more vocal, not for his own benefit, but to warn the public of approaching danger. Every new device must be studied to determine its effect on the public, and the dangers must be advertised even more clearly than the advantages. This is the responsibility equally of the professional societies and of the colleges. Education, both adult and collegiate, is not sufficient if only the sciences and humanities are included. Emphasis must be placed continuously on the opportunity for service rather than financial gain and on the fact that the safest basis for that service is the self-sufficiency of the engineer. He must be taught the science of job-finding—to study industry and his own personal qualifications and uncover that job which gives him the opportunity for service. Then, when the next depression comes, he will *make* a job, not *hunt* one.

[This is the sixth of a series of articles dealing with the effect of the economic crisis on the professions. The seventh will appear soon.]

In the Driftway

HUMAN civilization, so the theory runs, developed in the first place because human childhood is such a protracted affair. Security is essential for the rearing of children, and security, once it has advanced beyond the attainment of three square meals a day and a dry place to sleep, gives rise to more complicated and subtle pursuits. And the Drifter wonders how much of the world's wealth and energy has gone into keeping the human child not only secure but amused and occupied between the moment it is born and the day it gets a job or falls in love. The speculation was aroused by a visit the Drifter made to a fascinating display of "Children's Books of Yesterday," which was recently, and may still be, on view at the New York Public Library. According to the exhibit, the first children's books were designed to be instructive rather than amusing. The earliest specimen is a French abecedarium made in 1520, which employs the principle of those folding sets of views one sends home from world's fairs. With what a difference! Each picture illustrates a French verb with homely scenes printed in charming colors that four hundred years have not dimmed. The English and American abecedariums of the eighteenth century were sober affairs, almost invariably equipped with the shorter catechism or "moral precepts" and avowedly designed to uplift the youthful mind. It was not until much later apparently that English and American children were introduced to books that were merely amusing or beautiful to look at. The first edition of Blake's "Songs of Innocence" with his exquisite illustrations, of which a facsimile is on view, came late in the eighteenth century. A home-made picture book drawn, colored, and written by Lewis Carroll when he was nine years old presages the part he later took in what must be the Golden Age of children's books in English, with "Alice in Wonderland" and the "Nonsense Songs" of Edward Lear leading the list. The little girls for whom "Alice" was written are famous, but the Janet Symonds for whom *The Owl and the Pussy Cat* was composed at Cannes in 1864 was hardly less favored. At least in these two instances the story and the poem were the result of a direct cooperation and unobstructed understanding between the child and the author, and that no doubt is the principal reason for their great success. The child, who lives almost entirely in a physical and direct world, automatically rejects intellectual or complicated stimuli. And this is his protection against deliberately manufactured books.

THE formula for toys is as difficult as that for books. A child of two of the Drifter's acquaintance illustrates his point. The twentieth century has produced an overwhelming wealth of toys that for ingenuity and variety have surely never been equaled. The Drifter's small friend has been presented with a good share of those modern playthings designed, after careful research, to interest her particular and important age. She has rejected them almost unanimously, and when last the Drifter saw her she preferred, above all, the following "toys": a common stick; a black home-made doll which was really a stocking with stuff-

ing in it but equipped with most engaging home-made features done in red thread; and an ordinary handkerchief, which she spreads and respreads with incredible absorption.

THE child mind remains a land of physical sensations which is for most adults forever lost. To explain a child's physically enormous but intellectually simple problems in terms he can understand remains one of the most baffling of tasks for the grown-up mind. It was the same two-year-old friend who recently asked the Drifter to pick a flower for her. That was simple and pleasant enough. But when, two minutes later, she said in a matter-of-fact tone, "Put it back," the Drifter experienced a helplessness he has never felt in the presence of the most overpowering adult. Putting a flower back would be only a little more difficult than making clear to a two-year-old child that it can't be done.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Reactionary Nation

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The article Six Months of Hitlerism in your August 2 issue is so bad it is funny. You should consider that there are among your readers some with German connections, who know the truth; the truth being, of course, that Hitlerism has saved Germany and accomplished greater things for that country in six months than were ever before achieved during any equal period of its history.

"Harrison Brown is a British journalist," you explain in your "Contributors" column. That is not sufficient. You should have added that he is a Jew. That Jews write today about Germany in that vein is understandable and pardonable; nobody else could. By publishing such rot and sponsoring a League Against Fascism *The Nation* shows itself pitifully lacking in historical sense. You are hopeless reactionaries.

Portland, Ore., August 11

A. HOCHSCHEID

[Harrison Brown is not a Jew.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Publisher Explains

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In *The Nation* of August 2 one of your subscribers protests against the publishers' practice of padding short books so that they look big. May I show why the practice is likely to persist?

Padding out a short manuscript to two or three hundred pages by means of large type and wide margins is indeed a fraud upon the incautious purchaser who wants to buy a lot of words for his money. But 99 per cent of the book-buying public (if there still be any) would rather buy a fat book than a lean one. Supposing "Henry Adams" had been made 150 pages long and sold for \$1.50. The publisher would have received 90 cents per book at wholesale. The iniquitous padded \$2.50 book brings the publisher \$1.50 at wholesale. In order to recover his investment, he must sell three or four hundred more copies of the short than of the padded book. But in the case of a serious book by so famous an author as James Truslow Adams, the difference in retail price between \$1.50

and \$2.50 will not, publishers' experience seems to show, make any very radical difference in the total sale.

The \$1.50 price is an odd, uncomfortable one, halfway between the dollar reprint and the standard two-dollar novel. And its very lowness suggests some sort of inferiority in a new book by a well-known author—that it is slight or ephemeral.

We may be crooks, but we know which side our ledgers are red on!

New York, August 16

J. B. MUSSEY

Mr. Fischer Replies

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of July 26 there is a letter from Ella Winter about my review of her book. I'm sorry she is so venomous. She says I am wrong about Soltz's stand. I did not confuse Soltz with Professor Zalkind. That would be silly. Soltz is a liberal as far as justice is concerned but a Puritan in sex matters. I could quote him endlessly to prove this.

I did suggest that Ella write a book on sex, family, and the like, but I thought she would limit herself to facts and leave the philosophy alone.

Moscow, July 31

LOUIS FISCHER

A Seaman Speaks

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As an able-bodied seaman and lifeboat man in the American merchant marine, who has been unemployed for the past fourteen months, I have just sent the following letter to the NRA in Washington:

I cannot understand how ship-owners can contend that a shipping code would conflict with the laws already in effect when such laws as the Seamen's Act of 1915 and other enactments have been openly defied by fleet owners, disregarded by their shipmasters, and ignored by shipping commissioners under the Department of Commerce. The unknown seaman works twelve hours a day, both deck and steward's departments, and extra hours in and out of port without extra compensation. This holds good for the high seas and Great Lakes, especially on passenger ships. Such are the so-called laws my former employers so proudly speak of as likely to conflict with the new code, if we should by chance secure any benefits under the NRA.

We are blacklisted by our employers, discharged forever after putting in our younger years in their service, for even mentioning the Seamen's Act to secure our rights and fair play. We are even hounded for demanding compensation for injury sustained by us on board ship in the line of duty, through negligence on their part, working with defective gear. I wish to quote you the case of Garlick vs. SS. Leviathan of the United States Shipping Board, April, 1928, Municipal Court, New York City. This seaman was defeated in his claim for back wages, a matter of \$8.36, because he refused to work more than sixteen hours a day in the port of New York.

This unemployment situation in our calling is not so much due to the depression as to the blacklist system and the reducing of crews on a large scale. We believe that hundreds of men can be reemployed if full crews are put on ships again the same as in the past without any great hardship to the fleet owners and without taking any ships out of the boneyard.

Ship-owners have received their new deal under the Jones-White Act. I hope that we too will be given some consideration under the new Democratic Administration.

New York, August 29

HERMAN GARLICK

British Greed in India

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Cotton Spinners' Federation of Japan has voted to buy no more raw cotton from British India. An effort has been made to show that the trouble is merely over the rate of exchange. But there is much more to it than that. This is the latest of a long series of misfortunes brought upon India by British rule.

"Foreign cloth" has long been a sore subject with the Indians. Before the British came, India made all the cloth for its own wearing, and sold large quantities abroad. Its textile industries were deliberately destroyed by the British government in order to keep them from competing with British textiles, and in order to make of India a great market for British cloth. How it was done is a matter of history. It is a shameful story, too long to be told here. A systematic effort has been made in India to substitute British-made for Indian-made goods, in all lines. This is one great cause of the extreme poverty of India's people. In England, everyone is exhorted to "Buy British." In India, to advise anyone to "Buy Indian" is punishable with six months in prison.

When Gandhi made it a patriotic fashion to wear homespun, and set the people to spinning the thread for it, he lifted millions of peasant families out of the depths of destitution and enabled them to get a little more food. But the government looked upon the movement with an unfriendly eye. More than a year ago the Viceroy forcibly abolished the spinning schools that had been started by patriotic Indians. Lately, in some parts of India, the police have been beating up anyone whom they found wearing homespun.

As the Indians cannot yet make all the cloth they need, they have been buying cloth largely from Japan. To stop this, India's British government has raised the duty on Japanese textiles six times since 1930. The alleged reason was the depreciation of the yen and the need to prevent dumping, but the Government of India has now announced an increase of 50 to 75 per cent in the import duty on all non-British cotton cloth. This is practically prohibitive. It marks a persistent effort to force the Indians to buy cloth from England against their will. England sells two-thirds of her own textile products outside the empire.

V. J. Patel, former Lord Mayor of Bombay, during his recent visit to the United States pointed out that the Indian "delegates" to the Ottawa trade conference were not elected by any commercial body, but were appointed by the British Viceroy. He found half a dozen Indians who were willing to "sell their country for a mess of pottage" and who agreed that India should give a 10 or 12 per cent preference to goods from Great Britain.

This was contrary both to the interests and to the feelings of the Indians in general. As a matter of business, it was in their interest to deal wherever they could get the best terms; and as a matter of sentiment, they would rather deal with any other country than with England.

They were boycotting British goods, and this peaceful boycott has been their strongest weapon in the effort to get home rule. Now the Government of India charges three times as high an import duty on Japanese as on British cloth, and in retaliation the Japanese Cotton Spinners' Federation votes to buy no more raw cotton from British India. Thus British greed has lost to the Indian peasants a profitable market for their raw cotton, and has afforded another object lesson—one of many—that India is governed primarily for Britain's benefit, not for its own.

Chilmark, Mass., August 1 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

Finance

Armour and Company Attempts a Coup

CHICAGO, which was the focal point for the financial philanderings of Samuel Insull, has recently been the locale of one of the most brazen attempts at large-scale corporate juggling, cloaked behind all the unctuous veils of business respectability, that has developed since the dawn of the New Deal for security holders. The owners of the Class A and Class B common stocks of Armour and Company, controlling one of the two largest meat-packing businesses in this country, have escaped by the narrowest of margins a proposed capital reorganization of their company which threatened to slash their equity in its capital and surplus to 10 per cent from 62 per cent, and to delete their voting interest for the election of directors to 10 per cent from 87 per cent. Under the terms of the plan, only by paying an assessment of \$62,500,000 in new capital could the common stockholders have retrieved part of their past position in the company.

What saved the junior stockholders from this raid on their investment was merely the inability of the management, which was the aggressive sponsor of the plan, to obtain a sufficiently overwhelming number of proxies in the first momentum of its high-pressure campaign to put the plan over. When the management was compelled to postpone the vote on the plan, time was allowed to rally enough opposition to offer serious legal objections if the management forced the plan through.

However, the fact that the management came within a few thousand shares of the legal two-thirds' majority necessary to ratify the plan demonstrates once again the general helplessness of the scattered, unorganized investing public when its interests are opposed by vested management. Moreover, the tactics of the management afford a good object lesson in the established big-business procedure of pulling the wool over stockholders' eyes. The Armour plan was put forward as a means of simplifying the capital structure of the company, of reducing depreciation charges and hence inflating profits by writing off \$80,000,000 in assets, and of eliminating approximately \$110,000,000 in accumulated unpaid dividends on the preferred stock. Of these three points only the last provided any conceivable justification for the demand that the common stockholders surrender the greatest part of their interest in the company. Even in this instance the necessity of the plan as it stood was largely invalidated by a recovery in profits which, even at the current level, indicated that the accumulation on the preferred could have been paid off within two or three years.

The plan proposed to exchange new common stock for the present preferred, Class A, and Class B stocks. After the exchange the preferred stock, which now has a claim of \$67,000,000 (including the dividend accumulation) against the capital and surplus, would have had an equity in \$89,000,000 of the assets of the reorganized company. On the other hand, the Class A and Class B stocks would have had their present equity of \$112,000,000 reduced to \$10,350,000, unless the new capital of \$62,500,000 were subscribed. The distribution of future profits would have followed a similarly inequitable basis. If net profits in any year amounted to \$10,000,000, for example, the holders of the present preferred would have had an equity in \$8,950,000 of these profits as opposed to the \$4,000,000 to which they are entitled under the existing capital structure.

The severity of these terms would be appropriate to a forced reorganization in which threatened or actual insolvency

required a radical readjustment of the capital structure. But in this instance there was not the slightest question of the solvency of Armour and Company. The management itself stated clearly that the company needs no new working capital, despite the huge assessment demanded by their plan as the price of continued large participation in the company's profits by the common stockholders. What, then, were the real motives behind this plan? The management solemnly declared in advertisements that the plan "affords to all classes of stockholders a real opportunity to improve the financial structure of their company and . . . to place themselves in a position directly to benefit from such improvement." But the patent inequity of the plan suggested either that the Armour management was so inept financially that one must seriously doubt its ability to conduct a business which in past years has exceeded \$900,000,000 gross volume annually or that it had a personal interest at stake in attempting to turn the company over to the preferred stockholders. The latter was the rallying point for the various committees opposing the plan, particularly in so far as it would vest 89 per cent voting control in the preferred, which now is entitled to only 13 per cent of the total votes.

The strenuous efforts of the management to secure stock proxies for the plan were not symptomatic of an impartial stewardship offering a plan for the considered vote of its stockholders. In addition to its control of the official proxy machinery and its use of the company's money for an advertising campaign in support of the plan, the management enlisted its officers, agents, and employees in its campaign to whip the stockholders into line. Furthermore, the market action of Armour preferred during the weeks preceding the management's first public admission that a reorganization was being planned gave all the familiar appearances of a gold mine for insiders. From

the end of March until June 12, Armour preferred soared from 10 to 62 on a volume of 227,000 shares, or 40 per cent of the total issue.

In the face of all these danger signals to the common stockholders, at the meeting called to ratify the plan on August 22 the management was able to muster proxies for 62 per cent of the total stock, while only 6.6 per cent of the stock was voted in opposition. But by falling 5 per cent short of the required two-thirds' majority, the management was compelled to postpone a final vote until September 1. This interval gave just enough time for a new opposition group, backed by sufficient resources for effective advertising, to broadcast charges of excessive salaries paid to banking members of the Armour board and of wholesale manipulation of the company's stock by leading members of the management. The result was that the directors were compelled to withdraw the plan on August 30 by the prospect that large minority interests would demand their legal right of being bought off at the assessed value of their stock if the plan were put through. In the meantime, the market value of Armour preferred, which reached a peak of 93 after the reorganization plan was announced, has declined to 58, testifying to the market's real appraisal of this issue after it has been stripped of its excessive rights under the management's plan.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

Next Week in *The Nation*
Professor William F. Ogburn
will discuss
The Consumer and the NRA

GERTRUDE STEIN'S THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS

THE REVIEWS

"In the *Autobiography* she offers the odyssey of the most intelligent American woman alive at present. I could add many things, but only the book matters; there is so much life in it that it is the fullest and gayest book I have read for many years."

BERNARD FAY,
Saturday Review
of Literature

"Among books of literary reminiscences, Miss Stein's is the richest, wittiest and most irreverent ever written."

WILLIAM TROY,
The Nation

Gertrude Stein's life story, told by herself "as simply as Defoe did the autobiography of Robinson Crusoe." It is a curiously vibrant record of an age of great change, with the center of change in Paris, with Gertrude Stein shaping words into new patterns, when artists, writers, and musicians were painting, writing, talking, thinking in new ways. The scores of figures that appear in the book, the intimate revelation of Gertrude Stein's enormously influential personality, and a sense of her complete integrity as a writer and a person, these are the salient excitements of this distinguished book.

THE REVIEWS

"Aside from the personality of Gertrude Stein, or the vitality which springs from every sentence of the book, the subject material is itself fascinating . . . It is also a historical event in American writing, as well as in American art."

LOUIS BROMFIELD,
N. Y. Herald Tribune

"Strong, straightforward, exciting . . . Gertrude Stein must be one of the great personalities of our day."

LEWIS GANNETT,
N. Y. Herald Tribune

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NEW YORK

Books and Films

The Horse of Poetry

By HORACE GREGORY

The muse, the muse? There are no muses, poet,
not what you mean, I know them well,
the girls,

broken in art museums, the Greek lady
with too large feet, her eyes in darkness, crazy
and beautiful, her lips a quarter smile
toward death in ruins.

There, the black stallion
leaping, the horse of poetry, black behind white,
the dance in quietness, museum twilight,
theirs, forever falling.

Or this steel cut, the picture
engraved in Florence. See, the girl is headless
and the arms are gone, but the stone breast unmoved,
down the creased navel and the delta,
dreams at midnight in sleep of Roman legions.

Or here, the icon, Mary,
the golden girl in blue and the messiah baby
new born and round his head, spring flowers,
the paternoster said in catacombs
under the streets of Paris.

These were the ladies
of good dead poets overseas, but we,
the delicate
barbarous steel in flesh, die when we echo
the voice not of these maples or the pine,
nor straight tall cities at sea's edge or over
inland oceans.

Turner, Marx, and the A.F. of L.

The American Federation of Labor. By Lewis L. Lorwin.
The Brookings Institution. \$2.75.

IN *The Nation* of July 26 Louis M. Hacker, one of our most stimulating historians, raised some fundamental issues in American social history and theory by his savage attack on Frederick Jackson Turner's interpretation of the role of the frontier in the making of America. The attack was from the Marxian position. To my mind Mr. Hacker failed, as a Marxian. After seemingly disposing of Turner for not having recognized the class struggle in our history, it still remains for him to show why our dominant labor movement failed to engage in it. The history of the American Federation of Labor, astutely if timidly recorded in Dr. Lorwin's study, certainly bears out the Turner thesis, just as Marx and Engels foreshadowed it some twenty years before Turner worked it out. The real value of Mr. Hacker's contribution, unique among those of our professional historians, lies in his mere effort to relate Turner's theory of the frontier, with all its implications, to the Marxian dialectic of society. This correlation will undoubtedly be stressed increasingly by our best social historians. But it will have to assume an *American* orientation if it is to explain our peculiar class relations. Mr. Hacker's wish, so characteristic of our recent Marxian converts, to fit America into an orthodox Marxism, to which Marx himself so insistently objected, leads not to social clarity but to social caricature.

Turner's theory has dominated American historiography ever since the stockyards began making Frankfurters of the frontier. The theory is a syllogism. Until 1890 or so, Turner posited, this country grew by waves of westward free-land settlements; that gave us our rugged individualism. Once the frontier was closed, runs the second premise, America found itself a veritable picture puzzle of hostile sections, where rugged individualism ran itself ragged trying to fit into a national economy. The conclusion of the doctrine, a peroration of no historical necessity, holds that the original spirit of the frontier will yet weld all sectional contradictions into the grand finale of an integral American Atlantis. Whereupon it is customary for the American Historical Association and kindred sociological Sanhedrins, which are really all One Big Turner Verein, to rise and sing the Star Spangled Banner.

But the significant thing about Turnerism is not its romantic curtain scene. Its significance lies in the fact that, so far, it is the only indigenous dialectic of American history trying to explain itself. The thesis is the frontier. The anti-thesis is sectionalism. The synthesis is the "promise of American life," the typical romantic vision of dialectical idealism. And just as the old Hegel and Fichte wound up as the romantic apologists of the Prussian wonder-state, so the old Turner and Beard wound up as the romantic apologists of the social gospel of "enlightened" big business. The same romantic apologetics moves our "scientific social work," our "liberal" college, our "modernist" church, our "social" historians—in fact, every progressive phase of our contemporary culture. They all forever rub the covered wagon with an elixir called the "American adventure" and then breathlessly watch it change into a Cadillac sixteen, in which the American nation will swiftly ride on a perfect evolutionary highway straight into Utopia. The basic philosophy of this social dream is pragmatism, which hides its romantic idealism behind a fake "instrumental logic," which is merely the philosophical defense of opportunism, merely the belief that the best social philosophy is to have none; a social philosophy which Gompers worked out to its most inept perfection. In short, from Walt Whitman through Turner and Gompers and Jane Addams to Beard and Dewey and James Truslow Adams, the characteristic American thinker was a sociological adventurer, a compromiser with Utopia, an interpreter of dreams. Or, in other words, he was and still is a social frontiersman.

It is this opportunism in American social criticism that Mr. Hacker wishes to attack. He wishes to turn the dialectical idealism of the Turnerites into a dialectical materialism which might explain more scientifically the correlation of our social forces. But unfortunately, in his orthodox Marxian fervor, he throws out not merely the "American dream" but also Turner's theory of the role of the frontier, which is sufficiently profound to *explain* the dream, and his theory of sectionalism, which can be verified by merely looking at the *Congressional Record*. According to Mr. Hacker, and our neo-Marxians in general, the frontier merely fulfilled "the historic function of extensive agriculture," a woefully inadequate conception to convey the tremendous psychological effect of the frontier upon our national mentality. And once the frontier was closed, he argues, not sectional divergences but a pure and simple class struggle determined our fate. With all the free land gone, "the United States once again was returning to the main stream of European institutional development." Only in the most cursory fashion he remembers that the frontier had something to do with the anti-revolutionary obsession of American labor.

The fact is that without Turner's key to the frontier the abnormality of the American class struggle remains a mystery. It is the theory of the frontier, of which the theory of section-

alism is a conditioned consequence, which explains how deeply we furrowed into the free soil of our nineteenth century the libertarian doctrines of eighteenth-century individualism. The frontier fixed and arrested these sesquicentennial views of freedom in the American subconscious, which explains why today we have such a tragic time in thinking through the Socialist demands of a new revolutionary epoch, the demands of social planning in a world of social anarchy. After the geographical frontier was closed, we carried over its spirit of individualism and adventure into finance, industry, and labor. Our capitalism in the eighties and nineties was a buccaneer capitalism, and our labor leaders, during the formative years of the American Federation of Labor, were primitive tribal chieftains, each craft a tribe, who fought back with desperate guerrilla tactics. It was the frontier tradition in American industry which made our dominant labor movement despise pragmatically all "social philosophy," for any philosophy is "radical" in that it hampers rough and ready unionism. In time, of course, this contempt for social thoughtfulness turned the "class struggle" between our capital and labor into a trough struggle. More and more, labor fought for the social spoils—"hours, wages, and working conditions"—and less and less for a scheme of social justice. And where there is no vision, petty politics and graft soon follow. Hence today we can witness the ironic situation in which the government is trying to drive the A. F. of L. into organizing the basic industries, which the A. F. of L. is impotent to do.

Dr. Lorwin is a research Brahman in the Brookings Institution, which has a sort of High Church Episcopalian attitude toward the "objective" sanctity of social science. In this high-faluting view clear opinions are offensive in a gentleman and scholar, and all sorts of idiotic committees pass on the objective propriety of each study. Under such paralyzing auspices even so good a man as Dr. Lorwin could not produce the kind of volume to which his competence and wisdom entitle him. But even so, he managed to write the best overt history of the A. F. of L. we have. And covertly, between the lines, he develops and interprets the whole sad story. With subtle implication he brings out the abject failure, the social cretinism of the jurisdictional jealousy, or in other words of the permanent civil war, which has been disrupting our organized labor movement. He brings out the fundamental folly of "pure and simple" unionism in a highly complex order, of "non-partisan" political action, the growing ineptness and softening in the higher ranks of the oligarchy, and the growing gangsterism and corruption in its lower ranks. Of course, there are exceptions. But on the whole that is the price the A. F. of L. has had to pay for its "practical" business unionism. The author caps his history with some mild, ineffectual, and timorous counsels. He would have the federation tend, ever so cautiously, toward greater craft collaboration, toward a clearer political self-consciousness, toward a wider social attitude. Well, it no longer matters much. The NRA by its mere insertion of clause 7A has done more to enliven our prostrate labor movement than the A. F. of L. has done in twenty years.

But what is of main interest to the social historian in this study is the justification of the Turner theory of the influence of the frontier, in this case on our labor movement. In 1886, one might say, the A. F. of L. was formed as a vague alliance of autonomous Indian tribes. With tomahawks and arrows and piercing yells they attacked the outposts of the trusts. Occasionally the tribes of labor won. Occasionally a reformist government passed a few crumbs of legislation their way. But after the frontier spirit disappeared in industry, when the trusts became monopolies and the monopolies the mere pawns of finance capital, the labor unions were assigned to their respective craft reservations, from which they were not allowed to move. Injunctions, boycotts, the police, their own internecine jealousies,

and social circumstances in general have kept them there to this day. Now the NRA is trying to turn the A. F. of L. into a semi-governmental agency. It has taken over the only protection our craft unionism had to offer to American labor—a little more money, a little less work, and a little better plumbing in the washrooms. The NRA is a true social revolution in the simple sense that it expresses the most significant thing in our national life—the realization that the social frontier is also over. And with this change the old A. F. of L. is through. What new forms our dominant labor movement will assume and undergo is unpredictable. But one thing is certain. The Marxian critic will have to be a great deal more sophisticated in his analysis of our social forces than he has been until now.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

A Light Fall

The Snows of Helicon. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THE high literary polish of Mr. Tomlinson's style has heretofore been its own reward. It did not matter that "Gallion's Reach" and "All Our Yesterdays," professing to be novels, were not. Sufficient satisfaction was to be found in the rich comprehension of landscape which they contained, in the essence of men's moods which such landscape induced or appeased, and in the quiet intimation of civilized man's urgent temptation to seek a Golden Age elsewhere than in the home counties. It was enough for Mr. Tomlinson's admirers to rest among his charmed similes and in the cool density of his sentences, reminiscent as they were, now of the Bible, now of Sir Thomas Browne, and occasionally of Hardy. That the human figures encountered made only the shadows of men was unimportant, for the author's purpose was otherwise and his style was conviction enough of his right to his privilege. In "Snows of Helicon" what for so long—from the very beginning, in fact, from "The Sea and the Jungle"—was only implication becomes the bare statement of an artist's challenge to an industrially organized world.

Still, like its predecessors, the new book is closer to the reflective essay than the novel form. The slight plot of Travers's flight from his wife and the pursuit by his wife and friend, who finally become more concerned with themselves than with him, circumscribes but a minor part of the author's intention. The discontented architect, Travers, impelled to lay hold on beauty once in his life, must reach Colonna in time to prevent Lord Snarge from blowing up the ruins of a Greek temple in order to erect a wireless station in its place. But on his way Travers must detour to Parangua for no more obvious reason than to permit Mr. Tomlinson once more to recall a tropical shore line, and, for a better cause, he must take long enough on his journey to serve as the mouthpiece for Mr. Tomlinson's monologues on the poverty of a civilization which pays no apparent tribute to those human qualities which make man but a little lower than the angels.

It is not because such a technique is haphazard—indeed, the construction of "All Our Yesterdays" was equally desultory—that the book is the poorest of the author's work; it is because the issue here involved is more than a mood, less abstract than mere speculation or descriptive record, and calls for a firmer binding. Nor is it because the issue itself is one of perennial complaint—to believe only Shelley and Gauguin; it is that the complaint in its most interesting aspect produces deep and vivid dramatic effects of which Mr. Tomlinson catches only the febrile symptoms. To be convincing the malady must attack a man of fuller stature than the wavering outline called Travers; to know his surmises and conclusions is not enough

if the reader is to understand that Travers's vision and forebodings constitute a portion of his own failure.

It is evident that Mr. Tomlinson was aware that the compensations of his earlier style were not to be depended upon. Except for a brief description here of a field of cabbages, there of the sea about Colonna, descriptions which give but hollow echoes of the pictures in "The Sea and the Jungle," the quality of this prose is brittle and staccato. The sentences are brief, direct, and beat with a didactic impulse. But the force is soon spent in what is the chief disappointment of the book. Travers's thoughts are not only adolescent but trite. For several years the waters have been rising about Philae, while at the same time the Western world has been paying a heavy toll to realize that integration, especially for the artist, must be compounded of elements inherent within his own era. There is no escape from the past, but the artist lives by observing, before the eye of ordinary mortal can, the revelation of the future. Mr. Tomlinson's symbol is inadequate.

FLORENCE CODMAN

The Mellon Saga

Mellon's Millions: The Biography of a Fortune. By Harvey O'Connor. The John Day Company. \$3.

FEW great American fortunes have had the petty, sordid origins of the Mellon millions. Thomas Mellon, the founder of the fortune and Andrew's father, was a farmer's son who became a lawyer and acquired wealth as a money lender. He used mercilessly the legal devices of the law, among them a form of contract by which a borrower, under legislation intended to protect debtors, waived all his rights, including the right to jury trial, immunities, and exemptions. By foreclosing and buying up property for a song during the hard times of 1873-79 he added rapidly to his gains. Though his interests expanded into real estate, industry, and banking, Thomas Mellon was never more than a money lender, miserly, astute, and hard; he had no pioneering part in the great economic changes of his age and took no chances with his money, merely levying tribute on the enterprise of others.

With the start old Thomas's money gave them, Andrew and his brother greatly increased the Mellon wealth. Unlike his father, Andrew adapted himself to the age of large-scale industry and its financial needs. The family's private bank was transformed into a trust company, a new device which yielded great profits in corporate financing and promotion. The Union Trust Company and the Mellon National Bank became, through their interlocking directorates, the focal point of the most important industrial and financial interests of Pennsylvania, as of its corrupt politics and its apparatus for suppressing labor. The Mellon interests expanded into all sorts of enterprises, imitating the system of financial centralization and control of the Morgans and the Stillmans and using the methods characteristic of the age. Andrew was an ally of Frick, that hater of the workers and lover of Renaissance splendor; among their exploits was the intimidation of United States Steel into buying a competing steel company at an extortionate price.

Few men have piled up a great fortune with so little originality and daring. Andrew Mellon was neither a Rockefeller, who organized and exploited a whole industry; nor a Carnegie, who developed a model of integrated industrial enterprise; nor a Morgan, who perfected the monopolist capitalist system of financial control of industry. Although he adapted himself to the new age, Andrew, like his father, was essentially a money lender—a sort of disembodied spirit of money, miserly, secretive, shadowy.

The Mellons became identified with aluminum by sheer chance, without realizing its great potentialities. In the Alumi-

num Company of America the Mellons dominate the one complete monopoly: it controls the sources and production of bauxite, the output of crude aluminum, and a large part of aluminum manufactures. The company, moreover, has the distinction—a point this book overlooks—of being in control of the only existing world trust: in 1931, after the breakdown of the aluminum cartel, the Mellons were instrumental in forming the Alliance Aluminium Company, with its chief offices in Basel, a trust which merged international interests and controls practically the entire world output and marketing of aluminum. The Aluminum Company of America is an extraordinary case study in monopoly; in consolidating its control it crushed competitors by control of patents (involving considerable unpleasant litigation), and when the patents expired, by control of all sources of raw material; it forced agreements upon independents and refused to supply recalcitrants with aluminum. Prices and profits were high. And in the Golden Age of American prosperity, 1923-29, the company was protected by the Department of Justice and sustained by the courts against charges of monopoly. The money lender had become Secretary of the Treasury, a bewildered, incompetent old man whom prosperity and ballyhoo shaped into the image of a titan, and who spent his time reducing the taxes of the rich, making "refunds" of billions to individual and corporate taxpayers, and encouraging speculation—a symbol of plutocracy triumphant, and senile.

O'Connor's "Mellon's Millions" represents a workman-like job of original research. It throws floods of light on the origins and ramifications of a fortune of which little has hitherto been definitely known. The book is not the wish-fulfilment of an awed journalist, like Winkler's "Morgan the Magnificent"; nor is it a persuasive but deceptive apology, like Hendrick's "Andrew Carnegie," or a superficial, wrong-headed "original" appraisal, like Flynn's "God's Gold." The facts mercilessly tell their story in "Mellon's Millions." One might wish that the facts had been more thoroughly mastered and integrated, more definitely related to the transformation of the American economy into monopolist capitalism and imperialism—a process with which the Mellon fortune is intimately identified. The mere piling up of facts becomes tedious at times; the book has neither the invective and passion of the muckraker nor the social-economic analysis and synthesis of the Marxist.

It is, moreover, a pity that O'Connor has exposed himself to attack by the loose use of figures. He writes, for example, that J. P. Morgan "coolly pocketed \$62,500,000" for organizing United States Steel. As a matter of fact, J. P. Morgan and Company received \$12,500,000 as managers of the underwriting syndicate, the other \$50,000,000 being distributed among the syndicate's subscribing members, in which the Morgans, however, partly shared. This and similar inaccuracies are unimportant, but they tend to raise doubts. More important is the exaggerated estimate of the Mellon fortune. It is correct to say that the Mellons, by means of stock ownership, control or influence corporations with assets of over \$10,000,000,000. It is incorrect to apply the stock-ownership percentages to assets and consider the resulting "share" of assets "owned" as wealth, by which method O'Connor estimates the Mellon fortune at over \$2,000,000,000. Obviously the Mellon "share" of the assets is not an indication of Mellon wealth, if for no other reason than because a large part of corporate assets is offset by corresponding liabilities. Accepting O'Connor's percentages of stock ownership as correct (they may not mean ownership, as the phrase "per cent assets controlled by Mellon" is used), I have estimated that in 1931 Andrew Mellon, his brother, and his nephew may have owned over \$630,000,000, par value, of common and preferred stocks in various corporations. That figure must be reduced for several reasons: the market valuation was much smaller; the percentages, even if they mean ownership of common stock, probably do not apply to preferred; and the per-

centages may, in addition, be exaggerated. O'Connor's statement that the *market value* of the Rockefeller holdings in 1932 "could easily be matched" by the Mellons with the \$743,000,000 *assets* of "just one of their corporations," Gulf Oil, proves merely an extraordinary misunderstanding of the meaning of figures. The Rockefellers are still, I suspect, richer than the Mellons. But the efforts to suppress "Mellon's Millions" are caused by its truth, which is basic, and not by its errors, which are incidental. O'Connor errs in his estimate of the Mellon fortune, but he is right, and this is the important thing, in his exposure of Mellon control and influence over corporations and the means by which the power was acquired. The truth, not the errors, makes the Mellons wince.

LEWIS COREY

Massachusetts Doesn't Want to Know

The Untried Case: The Sacco-Vanzetti Case and the Morelli Gang. By Herbert B. Ehrmann. The Vanguard Press. \$2.

THOSE unfamiliar with the Sacco-Vanzetti case will find these pages packed with excitement, clues, deductions, suspense, and finally a spanking denouement. Those acquainted with the celebrated cause will find the blame for the South Braintree murders and pay-roll robbery thrown squarely upon five men whose names are given and whose records are documented. If these readers have believed Nicolo Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti guilty, their faith in Massachusetts will be shaken; if they have believed the two men innocent, dubious points surrounding the automobiles used in the crime, the bullets and shells found at the scene, and the confession of Celestino F. Madeiros will be clarified. The book thus becomes an important, if not a vital, addition to the library which has grown out of the trial.

Mr. Ehrmann was counsel, with William G. Thompson, for Sacco and Vanzetti, not during their trial but after their conviction. Mr. Thompson assigned him to investigate that slip of paper smuggled from the cell of Madeiros to Sacco's cell in the Dedham jail: "I hearby confess to being in the South Braintree shoe company crime and Sacco and Vanzetti was not in said crime." Madeiros was not, as was commonly reported, in the shadow of the electric chair at that time; he was awaiting a second trial of his case, based on a bank robbery and murder subsequent to the South Braintree crime. He was tried again afterward, convicted again, and executed.

If Mr. Ehrmann were not a successful young Boston attorney, he might become a successful writer of detective fiction. Yet his narrative gift and his skill in organizing his material do not prevent him from supporting his statements convincingly step by step. We follow him to the Bluebird Inn, a disreputable roadhouse where Madeiros had once served as bouncer; to the court records in Providence, where he learned that "Joe" Morelli had been sent to prison for robbing freight trains bearing shoes from the very factory whose pay roll was stolen, and that the robbery and murders occurred while Morelli was awaiting trial and desperately in need of ready money; we follow him to his talks with Morelli and "Tony" Mancini, and to the discovery that Mancini used an automatic pistol of foreign make—a Steyr or Steyer, sometimes called a "Star"—in a murder (after the South Braintree crime) on the steps of Police Headquarters in New York City.

Joseph Morelli, two brothers, Madeiros, and Mancini were the occupants of the death car at South Braintree, according to Mr. Ehrmann's findings. Joe Morelli's "outstanding quality

was executive ability in the criminal field," he says; and my own extended acquaintance with Morelli has convinced me that if he had been born in a Red Cross neighborhood instead of the slums of New York's lower East Side, he would have been a captain of industry, not a gang leader; he knows how to get along with men, how to manage them, how to plan their work, and he has that flexible type of conscience which would have stood him in good stead in big business. In the bank robbery for which Madeiros was convicted he aped the methods Morelli is accused here of employing at South Braintree, even to using two automobiles, one for the approach and getaway, the other for the actual job.

Fact upon fact, document upon document, date upon date, Mr. Ehrmann builds an imposing structure. Joe Morelli has denied the South Braintree crime under oath; the denial is duly set down, and the circumstances in which it was hatched. The obstructions, subterfuges, and passions of Massachusetts officials and officers are recorded calmly, without denunciation, and in some cases are attested by affidavits.

Joe Morelli need lose no sleep on account of this book. Neither need Tony Mancini, a "daring and ruthless killer," who was serving a sentence in Auburn Penitentiary for the New York murder when Mr. Ehrmann saw him, and wrote a remarkable pen picture of him. Neither of these two need worry, for there is no probability that Massachusetts will molest them. But citizens who value the reputation of their State for integrity and justice must worry a lot, for this volume is a damaging document to Massachusetts.

SILAS BENT

Docility and the Depression

The Plebeian's Progress. By Frank Tilsley. Covici-Friede. \$2.25.

MOST of the novels of the depression—and fewer have been published than might have been expected, fewer also, one suspects, than have been written—have contented themselves with presenting the docile progress of the unemployed to their doom. Such novels as Catherine Brody's "Nobody Starves" and Hans Fallada's "Little Man, What Now?" have not only proposed no alternative to this docility, for which they have been duly praised by critics with a horror of propaganda; they have shown very little consciousness that an alternative existed. Yet Miss Brody, Herr Fallada, and Mr. Tilsley as well are obviously distressed about the depression and wish that the unemployed did not have to suffer so. What they apparently assume is that if their readers, persons of the better class of course, could be made to realize what is going on, they would do something about it. But pity, in Miss Herbst's phrase, is not enough, and the effort to arouse pity is likely to lead to sentimentality.

"The Plebeian's Progress" is less sentimental than either "Nobody Starves" or "Little Man, What Now?" The hero, Allan Barclay, is a little like Fallada's Johannes Pinneberg in that he is at best a rather ineffectual member of the lower middle class. But his story seems more representative than Pinneberg's. We see him as a not very happy boy, doing badly at school, losing a brother in the war, compensating in his dreams for his failure to master life. After he marries, gets a good job, and starts to buy a home, he is superficially a typical petty bourgeois, but something of his old dissatisfaction remains, expressing itself in an articulate but quite passive variety of utopian socialism. After he loses his job, he writes innumerable letters of application, makes several unhappy ventures in salesmanship, has a great deal of trouble about the dole, and casually participates in an unemployment demonstration. One finds it easy to accept both his character and his story and to believe

that they throw some light on the present state of England. Only the ending seems forced: Mr. Tilsley cleverly manipulates the details of the murder and execution, but his skill cannot conceal the artificiality of the device with which he has chosen to finish off the story of Allan and Anne. In this and in other minor points Mr. Tilsley is less adroit than Herr Fallada, but the book makes us more sharply aware of the devastating effects of the depression because it brings them closer to our experience.

"The Plebeian's Progress," however, raises the same question as "Nobody Starves" and "Little Man, What Now?" There are certainly millions of unemployed, both factory workers and white-collar workers, who hope for the best and starve quietly. But there are also millions of unemployed who refuse to die without a struggle and who don't intend to die at all if they can help it. Many of these have learned the strength of organization and have come to look beyond the immediate ends for which they struggle. The story of the docile unemployed deserves to be told, but so does the story of the fighting unemployed. And to anyone who believes in the final triumph of the workers the latter story seems much the more important, and the former story, when told by itself as it is in these three books, appears to be rather less than half the truth. But such writers as Miss Brody and Herr Fallada have a different scale of values: they cannot conceive of the workers' helping themselves, and they therefore appeal, though indirectly, to the relatively prosperous members of society to help them. Mr. Tilsley seems slightly critical of this position, and he avoids some of its faults. Even utopian socialism such as the hero's helps the reader to recognize the stupidity and brutality of the system behind the depression. "The Plebeian's Progress" may not rouse its readers to action, but it ought to set them to thinking, which is better than merely moving them to tears.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Democracy Slips Downward

The People's Choice. By Herbert Agar. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

HERE'S a curious dish. Mixed together in a single volume are biographies of the Presidents, a running history of the United States, and a thesis. At least it can be said of the compound that it is modern. Mr. Agar knows the current historical fashions and he has read the latest syntheses and the most recent psychographs. But his account of the various Presidents, often perfunctory in the case of the inferior ones, carries no inspiring message as did such narratives a generation ago. His history of the nation, out of the Beards, Morison, and Adams, to mention no others, is up to date enough, but it follows its sources too closely to have any originality.

The thesis, however, has elements of novelty. "Why is it," asks Mr. Agar, "that whereas six out of the first seven [Presidents] were men of great ability, only four out of the remaining twenty-two are above the common average of politicians?" In seeking an answer to this problem, the author divides American history into three epochs. The first, labeled "oligarchy," extended from the inauguration of Washington to the defeat of John Quincy Adams in 1828. The next era was one of democracy, particularly in the West and South, where different sorts of democracy prevailed. This age terminated with Lincoln and Davis. The third era was one of plutocracy, in which the "worst form" of democracy had triumphed—"the democracy of massed city populations, ignorant foreign laborers, graft, and 'machine politics.'" In this epoch big business ruled although the forms were those of popular government.

Apparently Mr. Agar sometimes feels the squeamishness of the historian about expressing an opinion. But the reader will

have no difficulty in discovering that he does not like the outcome of American development. Democracy irks him; for him Jackson introduced the deluge—and the spoils system. What he really admires is the government and the governing class from Washington to Adams. Then agricultural economics were generally in the saddle, and then the nation was governed by Virginia gentlemen and such New England rarities as the Adamses. A nostalgia for the old South with its "Greek democracy" and fixed social order also haunts Mr. Agar. In short, he hankers for a return to the days when the educated and the privileged led the nation.

A matter-of-fact critique of this notion could attack the author's estimate of the early leaders in the Republic. Even James M. Beck, the palladium of Pennsylvania, who sees eye to eye with Mr. Agar on the evils of direct democracy, could write in 1924 that "a Cleveland, Harding, or Coolidge has the same courage, sincerity, and common sense as the strong men of earlier generations." The inclusion of the last two worthies would certainly not meet with Mr. Agar's favor. But it is not necessary to wage an academic war over personal judgments. For Mr. Agar's solution for the difficulties of the present reflects the inadequacy of his analysis.

Something must be done, he asserts, to meet the evils of democracy and untettered capitalism. We need to plan a new social order and a new government "suitable to a super-industrialized, urbanized society, and capable of administering a modern capitalist state in the common good, and in accord with the Christian moral code." Obviously this can be done only by dictatorship, although it will probably take a revolution to wrest the franchise from those who possess it. A dictatorship by the Communists would mean "the end of the American effort." Mr. Agar obviously inclines to a dictatorship by conservatives, but when he scans the American horizon for acceptable ones, he seems to find only plutocrats. So he flees backward for over a century to a time "when America was young and had a soul" and knew that she must be "disciplined." It is not necessary to be a feverish left-winger to detect in such a prescription a hint of fascist rhetoric divorced from economic realities. Without quibbling over the merits of the first Presidents, it may be pointed out that the aristocracy they formed and the government they administered were facets of the economic life and classes of that era. No emphasis upon "good men in politics," "Christian ethics," and "a new social order" can conceal the futility of drawing a lesson from the agricultural era of 1800 for the urban, industrial civilization of today.

EDWARD C. KIRKLAND

Gorki's Challenge

On Guard for the Soviet Union. By Maxim Gorki. With an Introduction by Roman Rolland. International Publishers. \$1.50.

I HAVE come into this world—to disagree." This line from an early poem by Gorki might serve as his life slogan. The larger part of his sixty-five years he has spent in active nonconformity, in exposing and fighting things as they are. It is only in recent years that he has learned to conform, in a quite orthodox manner, with an order of things which seems to approach his positive ideal. Since 1928 he speaks the language of official Moscow.

He speaks with "passion," as Romain Rolland observes, and most often "in a caustic, violent, ruthless style" which does not quite please the palate of the urbane Tolstoyan. But that is Gorki's style, especially when he is outside his province, belles-lettres. As a publicist he makes one often regret his vehemence and crudity, makes one wish for the calm and good

umor that go with conviction and certitude. He is in his element when he disagrees, and he cannot disagree serenely. This is why the bulk of his collected articles presents a devastating attack against the enemies of the Soviet Union, and comparatively few passages espouse the "positive ideal."

This collection of papers is primarily a challenge to the intellectuals of the Western world. Will they continue to serve the "doomed" class, to be "comforters of the bourgeoisie," like Emil Ludwig, Paul Valéry, Hendrik van Loon, Oswald Spengler, *et al.*, or will they, in the words of Rolland, "cross the barricade and shake Gorki's fraternal hand"? There is no third road. Gorki flagellates the "third warrior," the "toiling individualist," the compromiser who advocates a position somewhere midway between capitalism and communism. In a letter to "citizens D. Smith and T. Morrison," two Americans who have exhorted Gorki in the name of love and culture and Christianity, he takes pains to prove that their "American idealism" "can grow only on the soil of profound ignorance." By the same token he objects to the soft-heartedness of Heinrich Mann and Albert Einstein, who readily lend their signatures to protests against acts of official violence in Soviet Russia, such as the execution of food wreckers.

Himself once a pacifist, Gorki now avows his readiness to fight as a common soldier in defense of the cause of the Soviet Union. In the early period of the revolution he bitterly criticized the Bolshevik methods of violence, but he has come to regard the coercive policies of the proletarian dictatorship as "indispensable for the reeducation of tens of millions of people who were formerly the slaves of nature and of the bourgeois state and for making them the sole masters of their country and of its vast resources." This "compulsion" is as justifiable as the compulsion of children to read and write. Force must be used for the development of "the consciousness of man." All his life Gorki has championed culture for his uncultured countrymen, and in the light of present experience he has coined for it a militant formula: "Culture is violence organized by reason and exerted on the animal instincts of man."

It is a pleasure to note that in his advice to writers Gorki does not allow his militancy and devotion to the cause to narrow his literary criterion. He has little use for the literary Torquemadas of Moscow, or for their New York errand boys.

ALEXANDER KAUN

Shorter Notices

The Gold Falcon, or the Haggard of Love. Anonymous. Har-
rison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

This is the story, by an English writer who chooses to remain anonymous, of another English writer who came to the United States, after having distinguished himself as an aviator during the World War, in search of excitement, wealth, and love. America being what it is—to visiting English writers—he of course found all three. Beautiful but often inebriated young ladies fell in love with our hero and he gallantly reciprocated, although not without a thought now and then for his wife and son in Cornwall, whom he could not bear to live with but loved passionately *in absentia*. At the end, like a modern Don Quixote, Manfred, our haggard, in order to make a quick trip home, mounts a decrepit Rosinante in the form of an airplane belonging to the son of his American publisher. The plane is minus the necessary gadgets to make it stay up in the air, much less cross the Atlantic. So the English wife in Cornwall, safely through her travail of childbirth, is a widow, and Manfred, having been thoroughly drowned, appears to her once more as a falcon with a head of gold. In the midst of all this chitter-chatter, the anonymous author has

written many pages that are poignant and powerful. And the transatlantic flight, accepted as a gesture of reckless daring, is described with considerable dramatic force. The novel has been hailed in England as another work of genius which shows for still another time how the generation which fought the war was devastated by it. In America it is more likely to be received as the work of a competent and experienced writer in an off moment, whose acquaintance with New York was not sufficient to save him from many egregious errors of fact and of taste.

A Bibliography of the Works of Robinson Jeffers. By S. S. Alberts. Random House. \$10.

This beautifully made book is not merely a necessity for collectors; it is a compliment to Mr. Jeffers and a record of his fame. Few poets have come during their lives into such esteem as Mr. Jeffers has known throughout the past eight years of his career, and it is doubtful if any poet has ever seen such a book as this one published about himself. It appears to be an exhaustive account of every word published by Mr. Jeffers in any form or in any place, and a scarcely less exhaustive account of the words written about him, in books, in pamphlets, in periodicals, and in letters not only to the poet but to the bibliographer—sometimes to neither, as if Mr. Alberts could divine what letters in the world's mail touched on his chosen subject, and possessed the power to intercept them for his purpose. The extent to which the volume is up to date may be judged by the fact that there is a complete account of "Give Your Heart to the Hawks," Mr. Jeffers's latest book, which was to have been published last spring but whose appearance has been postponed. Mr. Alberts gives the reasons for the postponement and prints the correspondence between Mr. Jeffers and his publishers upon the whole matter. This letter, incidentally, like every other letter, review, or article by Mr. Jeffers reprinted in the volume, is an excellent piece of prose; for Mr. Jeffers is one of the best contemporary writers of American prose.

Gladstone. By Francis Birrell. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

In formal terms, Gladstone boxed the political compass. But in doing so, in making the complete turn from Tory to "radical," he illustrated the basic opportunism of political parties. Disraeli, the "conservative," enacted a reform bill far more "radical" than the proposed bill which Gladstone, the "liberal," failed to carry; and Gladstone's budgets were models of conservatism. Gladstone's career is that of an able politician, somewhat more principled than most, but little more effective than most in bringing about important social changes by political maneuvering. Mr. Birrell's biography inclines to partisanship toward Gladstone as against Disraeli; and it counts too much on an intimate acquaintance with English history to be easy reading for most Americans.

Wesley. By James Laver. Appleton Biographies. D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.

John Wesley. By Bonamy Dobrée. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

Of the two books Bonamy Dobrée's is the wittier and more subtly allusive; James Laver's the more complete and more fluent in narrative. Each provides good reading; and for the reader with a special interest in John Wesley there is sufficient difference in emphasis and method to make both worth having. Neither volume, however, dwells upon the dependent and almost reverent attachment to his mother which was the source of Wesley's emotional life; nor upon the changing economic situation, the beginning of the Industrial Revolution in England, which made possible the emotional release in pietism which Wesley worked on so capably.

Films

Concerning "Narratage"

INTERESTING for a number of different reasons, "The Power and the Glory" (Gaiety) will be found chiefly interesting for its attempt to introduce a new narrative technique to the screen. The story opens with what is really its conclusion—the funeral services of the hero, a great railroad executive, who has killed himself and whose memory is reviled by all but one of the people who have known him. This one is his former secretary, a boyhood friend to whom he has always been kind, and who as a result defends his reputation. By relating to his wife all the steps in the dead man's career, from the time he was a rail walker in the West to his days of "power and glory," he tries to show her that the opinion the world had of him was false and uncomprehending. The method used to retrace the past is not the old-fashioned flash-back, which once established always continued for a time without shifting back to the present, but rather a rapid and skilful juxtaposition of recent events in the hero's life with the remoter events that explain them. Most of the scenes, of course, are projected directly with dialogue and action, but certain of them, distinguished by a semi fade-out in the lighting, represent what are supposed to be re-creations of the narrator's own memory or imagination. The narrator supplies the transitions, marks the contrasts, and interprets what is happening. A mixture of dramatic action and recited narrative, the result has much in common with the earliest Greek plays, in which the leader of the chorus had much the same function as the narrator in the film. But "narratage," as the Fox Company has dubbed the method, has a closer parallel in a variety of novel technique, perfected long ago by Henry James and illustrated in its more popular mutations in the fiction of Joseph Conrad. It is not possible to review all the advantages that the so-called "oblique point of view" had for these novelists—that of supplying an interpretation of events not by the author was only one of them; but the purpose behind it was clearly to show that reality is a much more complex thing than novels and plays usually make it out to be. What made Conrad have his Marlow tell Lord Jim's story in such a tortuous and apparently capricious manner was the desire to communicate Jim's "inscrutable" mystery to us exactly in the order in which it was revealed to one man—therefore, not in any systematic order, but in unexpected flashes that were like "rifts in a fog." The same impulse is behind the technique of "The Power and the Glory," and the result is that Spencer Tracy's railroad president is one of the fullest characterizations ever achieved on the screen. At the same time, few pictures have offered so much interest in their sheer construction, which is another and different result of the method. "Narratage," therefore, opens possibilities to the screen of combining the methods of both the drama and prose fiction. Its only danger is the danger of any method—that of being misused; and it must be recalled that as used in fiction it seemed to lead to a certain indifference toward subject matter, in James to an increasing tenuity of substance, in Conrad to an ever cruder romanticism. Neither of these charges, however, can be made against the picture which introduces it to the screen: its subject is the great American Myth, and its theme is futility. Even five years ago such a parable of the self-made American business man being pressed on by a hard-driving, power-mad American female to misery and self-destruction would have been too much for the movie public to stomach. Now its elements have been so well absorbed that interest can be directed to what is made of them. In other words, "The Power and the Glory,"

if it is not satisfactory in all its details, answers to most of what we expect of a work of art.

It would be pleasant if one could say as much of "Turn Back the Clock" (Capitol), in which the novelty, such as it resides in the conception rather than in the technique. Dunsany's "If" and Balderston's "Berkeley Square" are the immediate dramatic sources of the idea behind the picture—the idea of a man's being suddenly given the opportunity to live a whole period of his life all over again. Unfortunately, the idea here very lamely worked out, and only the animated tableaux of Lee Tracy in the principal role save the picture from being very dull indeed. "Dinner at Eight" (Astor), the creaking heir of the "Grand Hotel" tradition, comes to the screen in a form that is just about as good and as bad as the original stage version. Perhaps Billie Burke is better than the hostess in the play, perhaps John Barrymore makes fewer sacrifices for his role of the broken-down actor than did Conway Tearle, or perhaps Marie Dressler suggests an ex-washerwoman more successfully than an ex-siren. But these are very small points; the film is sure to divert and repel to the same degree as the play. "Bitter Sweet" (Rivoli) is a British production of the operetta of several seasons ago which was one of Noel Coward's less happy inspirations. The scent of old Victorian lavender becomes almost too imperceptible in the scientifically air-cooled atmosphere of the cinema palace.

WILLIAM TROY

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FILM



FILM

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THE DAILY PRESS has recorded fully Henry Ford's lack of enthusiasm for the NRA and his refusal to "sign" the automobile code. That Mr. Ford should not welcome the Roosevelt experiment with open arms is not surprising. He has never been diffident in expounding his thoroughly individualistic views. In an Associated Press interview on March 14, 1931, he declared that government should "stick to the strict function of governing. That is a big-enough job. Let them let business alone." He told a New York Times reporter on January 31 last that it would be a bad thing for the workers to organize. "Organization," he said, "best serves evil purposes. Independence best serves good purposes." Despite Mr. Ford's individualism, out of place in this day and age, he appears to have been getting something less than an even break from the newspapers. True, the picture of a great industrialist standing out against the Roosevelt recovery machine can be described in exciting terms by gifted reporters. It has all the elements of human drama. But, alas, the description has not been wholly accurate. For one thing, Mr. Ford has been under no obligation to "sign" the automobile code. This document has not been signed by any automobile manufacturer. The entire industry, including the giant Ford enterprise, automatically came under the code the moment it was approved by the President.

So it is not a question of Mr. Ford's accepting or rejecting the document, but simply a question of his abiding by it. Should he violate any of its provisions, he would be subject to penalty, precisely as would any other motor-car maker.

MR. FORD has also refrained from signing the blanket code which would entitle him to display the Blue Eagle on his plants and products. The blanket code is a temporary, volunteer agreement to speed the shortening of the working week and bolster wages pending the adoption of permanent codes. Why should any automobile manufacturer subscribe to the Blue Eagle code now that the permanent automobile code has been put into effect? In complying with the regulations of the latter he is doing everything that would be required of him under the blanket code. Yet the press and many public men are roundly abusing Mr. Ford for his refusal to fly the Blue Eagle. They are talking of boycotting his products. On the basis of the known facts there would be no justice in such a boycott—unless and until Mr. Ford violates the permanent code. Even then a boycott would be unnecessary, for the National Recovery Act definitely provides that "any violation of any provision" in a permanent code "shall be a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof an offender shall be fined not more than \$500 for each offense, and each day such violation continues shall be deemed a separate offense." In addition, the President may license the entire industry and refuse to give Mr. Ford a license if he does not behave. In such event the Ford Company would have to go out of business. Moreover, we might ask just who would benefit by a public boycott. Certainly not the public. Indeed, the benefits would go almost entirely to Mr. Ford's competitors. We must be pardoned, therefore, if we note our suspicion that much of the storm raging about Mr. Ford's head has been inspired by clever publicity men in the pay of these competitors.

THERE IS ANOTHER ANGLE to the Ford controversy. It is not only possible but probable that the storm was raised partly to divert public attention from the labor provisions of the automobile code. In any case it has had just that effect. The code contains the usual roseate promises with regard to maximum hours and minimum wages. Actually, however, the automobile workers are no better off than they were before. A few of the less skilled mechanics, or so it is presumed, have had their pay increased, but a majority of the workers, hitherto fairly well paid, may have their wages cut before long. There is nothing in the code to prevent it. Indeed, other industries have been prompt to take advantage of this weakness in the NRA formula by discharging their higher-paid employees and rehiring them or other workers at the stipulated minimum rates. The automobile industry itself followed a similar practice in the early years of the depression in order to maintain the fiction that wage scales were not being cut. The permanent code sets up a thirty-five-hour week, but here again we find a trick in terminology. The thirty-five-hour week may be "averaged" over a period of three months. In other words, the

companies may work their men over time in rush seasons and lay them off in slack times so long as the number of working hours in a three-month period does not exceed an average of thirty-five hours a week. That is exactly what the motor industry has always done. It is hard to see how this scheme will make more jobs. Lastly, the employers may hire and fire individual workers and advance or demote them on a basis of merit or efficiency quite without regard to collective-bargaining agreements that might be entered into. Which, of course, makes the collective-bargaining guaranty of the National Recovery Act practically ineffective in the automobile industry.

THE ADDRESS of Jesse H. Jones, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, before the convention of the American Bankers' Association was somewhat surprising. Mr. Jones said that the banks would have to be more liberal in lending to industry, which was well enough, but he went on to insist that it was the duty of the banks to borrow from the R. F. C. even if they did not need the money! "Let us assume," he told the bankers, "that you do not need any new capital in your banks, is it not wise, as well as patriotic, to go along with the preferred-stock program?" And he remarked at another point: "If a bank did not actually need additional capital, but should issue preferred stock and sell it to the R. F. C. and immediately invest the entire amount in $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent government bonds, its direct loss would be infinitesimal." In other words, a bank should not only borrow from the government money it does not need, but it should even do so for the purpose of lending the money back to the government, and at a lower rate! Mr. Jones is seeking to convert what the framers of the law originally regarded as a privilege granted to the banks into a duty imposed on them. Not only is his proposal fantastic, but it is altogether probable that if the banks were to make loans of the type that Mr. Jones by implication wants them to make, they would face the immediate opposition of the Comptroller of the Currency and the State and federal bank examiners.

IT IS TRUE that many bankers are still shell-shocked from the March collapse, and retain a pathological desire to keep liquid. Mr. Jones's proposal, however, does not point to the way to restore their nerves and confidence. It indicates, rather, an almost reckless desire to risk the loss of more public funds in private business. It is probable, moreover, that even now most businesses are able to obtain sound short-term loans for merely seasonal needs. What many of them desperately need is new permanent working capital. Such capital is ordinarily supplied through the securities market. That source is not at present functioning, partly because underwriters are unwilling to assume the responsibilities imposed on them by the new securities act, and partly because the investing public has shown no desire to buy new securities. In this situation it may be well for Mr. Jones and others in the Administration, instead of attempting to compel the banks to make loans of a nature that they are either unwilling or unable to make, to consider David Lawrence's recent suggestion that intermediate-credit corporations be organized, one in each Federal Reserve district, to make from three- to five-year loans to sound business, and that the R. F. C. buy the preferred stock.

THE APPOINTMENT of John V. A. MacMurray to be Minister to Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania has given rise to reports, to quote the *Baltimore Sun*, "that he virtually will be the unofficial and unaccredited Minister of this country to Soviet Russia." The *Sun* goes on to suggest that Mr. MacMurray may become the first American Ambassador to the Soviet Union. These suggestions seem to be the outcome of an attempt to explain why a man who has been Minister to China and head of the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations should accept a relatively minor diplomatic post. Somewhat similar stories were published concerning Laurence Steinhardt when he was named Minister to Sweden. The reports have a common origin. Since 1920 every diplomatic and consular official assigned to a country bordering the Soviet Union has been specifically instructed to keep an eye on Russian affairs and to pass on to the State Department all pertinent information. In this sense we have had dozens of unaccredited ministers to Soviet Russia, although, to put the matter more frankly, these officials have really been engaged in a sort of genteel espionage. We do not know whether the Roosevelt Administration is planning to recognize Russia and send Mr. MacMurray or someone else to Moscow, but it is high time Russia was recognized and our relations with that country reestablished on a frank, open basis, if for no other reason than to put an end to this disgraceful and humiliating practice of depending upon a circle of diplomatic spies for information concerning a country as important and independent as our own.

THE REMOVAL of Otto C. Kiep from the German Consulate in New York is one of the hardest blows dealt to the United States by the Hitler Government. When Hitler came into power Germany had an able and useful Ambassador, Baron von Prittwitz, in Washington, and in New York Paul Schwartz and Dr. Kiep as Consul and Consul-general respectively. Now all three have been relieved. In Washington we have as Ambassador a former president of the Reichsbank, Hans Luther, who on his recent arrival in New York after his summer vacation repeated the old lies that Hitler had saved Europe from communism and that the Jews were not being ill-treated. Evidently the pre-war type of German official mentality still remains in some places; indeed, there is every reason to believe that Hitler and his immediate entourage, notably Dr. Rosenberg, his adviser on foreign affairs, are as ignorant of the psychology of other people as were the Kaiser and his aids when war came. As for Dr. Kiep, he had been extremely successful in winning friends for Germany and reestablishing the old relations of good-will—until the coming of Hitler undid it all. The United States would be the gainer if he should decide to remain here permanently.

THE CONFERENCE of progressives which met in Chicago at the beginning of September had among its delegates many representatives of the various farmer-labor movements as well as of the League for Independent Political Action, and decided to undertake the welding of all such groups into a national farmer-labor party. Headquarters are to be in the Middle West. In view of the present popularity of President Roosevelt this decision may seem surprising. The gathering was, however, radical in mood and aggressive in spirit. It was none too friendly to the NRA; it did not

feel that Mr. Roosevelt had made it clear in what direction he ~~was~~ really going, and alarming reports from Iowa and other farming States as to actual conditions there made the delegates unanimous in feeling that a radical—although non-Communist—opposition should take form at once. The farmer delegates said frankly that they believed neither in plowing under parts of crops nor in the government's buying hogs to slaughter. They reported greater distress than ever.

THE PURCHASING POWER of the nation is apparently rising. According to Hugh S. Johnson, some 2,000,000 persons have been restored to the nation's pay roll, adding perhaps \$30,000,000 a week in purchasing power. This is the first estimate to be given by the Recovery Administration. A recent statement by the National Industrial Conference Board gives an increase of 14.1 per cent in man hours worked in July compared with June and an increase of 10 per cent in actual persons employed. According to this statement, the added number of hours of employment has resulted in an increase in average weekly earnings of 3.6 per cent. But a disquieting fact is disclosed which partially offsets these encouraging figures: the cost of living increased in July sufficiently to balance the reported increase in average earnings. More people had wages and the total purchasing power was raised, but the real wages of employed persons remained stationary. The relation of rising prices to the success or failure of the Administration's efforts to restore prosperity should be included in any statements from Washington on wages and employment. These three factors go together, but the movement of prices is too often ignored. As Professor Ogburn pointed out in his letter to General Johnson announcing his resignation from the Consumers' Advisory Board, indices of prices and purchasing power—so far lacking—must be developed if the consumer is to be protected from costs which threaten to go up considerably faster than wages.

IN CREATING a Central Statistical Board, the President has taken a step necessary to any successful operation of the industrial-recovery program. The board is to consist of members appointed by the Secretaries of Labor, Interior, Agriculture, and Commerce, the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, and the National Recovery Administrator. It will gather statistics showing the extent of reemployment, the amount of wages added to pay rolls, changes in hours, and information which might bear upon the allocation of production. It is to be hoped that the statistics compiled will not be merely for the purpose of trying to prove the success of the recovery act. The board ought to attempt to learn the effects of the act in all directions. For example, wherever the minimum wage fixed is substantially higher than that previously existing, the effects of this both upon the earnings of the concerns involved and on employment should be followed closely. In some districts in which labor has been exploited, for example, the new minimum wage may result in raising the income of some of the workers and in forcing the laying off of others entirely, especially the older ones. We should learn as much as possible not only of the number of such persons laid off, but of their subsequent success or lack of success in getting other employment. Even if the act should result in a substantial net increase of employment, the fact should not be allowed to obscure the fate of those whose

earning capacity under existing conditions is below the new minimums set. Compilation of such figures, for one thing, may help to keep attention focused on the need for unemployment insurance and continuing relief.

IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, capital of the Confederacy, Negroes will serve on grand juries at the October term of the Criminal Court for the first time since Reconstruction Republicans ruled the South. This important decision is the direct result of another important decision, handed down by Judge James A. Lowell of the Federal District Court of Massachusetts last spring in the ~~case~~ of George Crawford, Negro. Virginia is attempting to extradite George Crawford in order to try him for the murder of Agnes Boeing Ilsley. The story of this crime was strikingly told in our issue of March 8. Judge Lowell granted a writ of habeas corpus, thereby halting extradition, on the ground that since qualified Negro citizens are not permitted to sit on grand juries in Virginia, Crawford had been denied that "equality of protection which has been secured by the Constitution." Judge Lowell's decision was appealed and in June was reversed by the Circuit Court of Appeals, which ordered that Crawford be surrendered. Crawford's lawyers appealed to the United States Supreme Court, which will hear the case some time this fall. If the Supreme Court supports Judge Lowell, a great victory will have been won for the Negro. But even if the Circuit Court is upheld, and Crawford is sent back, the action in Richmond indicates a civilized attitude toward outside criticism quite different from the hysteria which prevailed in Alabama during the Scottsboro trials.

JOHAN STRACHEY, who loves so much to dwell upon the ironies of capitalism, must deeply regret that his book appeared too soon for him to include the latest speech of the British economist, Sir Josiah Stamp. That speech presented the rather complete irony of an economist appealing for the retardation of science before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Sir Josiah remarked that if changes in social forms and human nature could not be made rapidly enough, science might end by ruining economic progress. This seems to bear out Mr. Strachey's contention that our modern capitalist economists, given a choice between capitalism and science, will choose capitalism. It still remains to be seen, however, whether science and capitalism have really become incompatible, or whether even the Communist system would solve the problem that rapid scientific changes create. That problem is primarily one of transitional unemployment. It may involve the dropping of men because machines have been discovered that can make the commodity better and more cheaply than they can, or because new discoveries have rendered the commodity obsolete. Some of these men can in prosperous times be quickly absorbed in other industries; others, even in the most prosperous times, may have acquired skills that have been rendered obsolete, and are forced either to learn new skills or to accept the wages of unskilled labor, if they can get even that. But the solution is never to slow up scientific progress, but rather to accelerate social progress. At the very least, capitalism must accept full responsibility for the technologically unemployed. For their insistence on the importance of this problem the Technocrats deserve our gratitude.

Our Job in Cuba

HOWEVER well-intentioned the Roosevelt Administration's Cuban policy may be, the rapid succession of events there has made plain that the State Department was inadequately prepared. It should have known, as *The Nation* has repeatedly emphasized, (1) that the removal of Machado was only an inevitable first step; (2) that the political, social, and economic consequences of that seven-year tyranny were not eradicated with the dictator and that their legacy would complicate Cuban affairs for years to come; and (3) that the satisfactory settlement of the Cuban problem is not a minor diplomatic task, as Ambassador Sumner Welles seemed to think, but a vital and integral part of our whole Latin American relationship. It is highly pertinent to assert here that the one fruitful field for our foreign policy today is in this hemisphere. Events in the Orient are being arbitrarily shaped by Japan. The failure at London emphasizes that we have relatively little to achieve through diplomatic means in Europe. But Latin America remains a great potential domain for a new diplomacy of rapprochement and good-will which, if properly executed, could produce incalculably great returns, material and spiritual.

The State Department is at present inadequately staffed for this major undertaking. Mr. Welles's assumption that he could settle Cuban affairs by disposing of Machado, and then dash to Washington and Montevideo to dispose of the rest of our Latin American relations, displayed a lack of appreciation of the importance and complexity of the Cuban problem. It will require the vigorous full-time attention of the ablest diplomat that we can produce, not for a few weeks or months, but for several years at least. Nor was it well considered to place the entire emphasis of the Welles mission on removing the dictator whom a previous United States Administration had kept in office, one who without such implicit support would long ago have been overthrown by the Cubans themselves. In venturing this criticism, we pay tribute to Mr. Welles's high purpose, his industrious devotion to the task, and to the transformation of his outlook from his imperialistic attitude of ten years ago.

Nevertheless, Mr. Welles, the department's ace in Latin American affairs, failed to plumb adequately the depths of the Cuban confusion. The revolt took him unawares. The nearly four months' delay in getting rid of Machado after Mr. Welles's arrival, following the years of intense suffering, had brought the temper of the Cuban people to the point where further explosions were inevitable. Nor did Machado's removal bring with it any solution of what is a new complicating factor in Cuba, although it is familiar in other Latin American countries—the professional army, which is bound to be a source of trouble until it is completely demobilized. Let this be stated as axiom number one of the Cuban situation. Machado's army, well equipped and paid through his loans from American bankers, was essentially a "white guard," in no sense needed for the defense of the country, but for the enforcement of dictatorship. With the dictator's flight, that army may be likened to an abandoned pirate ship, with all the menace to peaceful navigation of the derelict. Axiom number two is that, however tactfully

achieved, the virtual selection of an administration by the United States dooms it as far as popular support within its own country is concerned.

As we go to press, Dr. Ramon Grau San Martin y Madrid has been elected provisional President of Cuba. Cuba has gone our brain trust one better. This professor of anatomy was one of the junta of five brought into power by the revolt of the rank and file of the army. In its inception this revolt did not represent any particular national aspiration or social idealism. It originated in the dissatisfaction of the rank and file, who, though better cared for under Machado than other proletarian Cubans, received in contrast to their officers only the crumbs of the feast. The revolt was an extension of anti-Machado sentiment and a quest for a larger share of perquisites. A report that the privates' pay and numbers were about to be reduced kindled the mutiny. The desire to eliminate Machado officers was understandable; but a Pretorian Guard is hydra-headed—those who replace the ousted officers are of the same stripe and more numerous. However, before this movement had gone far, it was partly captured by the student group, the Directorio Estudiantil. This, broadly speaking, is the youth of Cuba, high-minded, high-spirited, idealistic, hot-tempered—roughly of the same type, if we seek an American analogy, that dumped British tea into Boston Harbor and that fought at Lexington and Concord. It is not Communist, though there may be theoretical Communists in its ranks. It is radical, as the American revolutionaries were in their day, in that it feels that no mere reform solution will suffice and that the absentee ownership and financial control of the United States will have to be liquidated before the Cuban problem can be satisfactorily solved. This group had not the support of the more seasoned anti-Machado groups, represented by the old-line politicians who, however superior to Machado, have not in their previous control of Cuba's destinies exhibited social vision or political ability. The A. B. C., which integrates the most intelligent elements in different walks of Cuban life, is only in part represented in this student movement—though the two overlap. Neither group was enthusiastic about the mediation that resulted in the Cespedes coalition. The A. B. C. would doubtless not have moved as the students did, would not have approved the barracks revolt, would not have selected a junta composed of José Miguel Irizarri, Porfirio Franca, Dr. Guillermo Portela, Sergio Carbó, Sergeant (later Colonel) Fulgencio Batista, and Dr. Ramon Grau San Martin, and would not have picked the last as provisional President, although his general outlook is acceptable.

But revolutions do not move logically and on a schedule preordained—ordained, as in Cuba, either by the American Ambassador or by the native "best minds." Certainly Dr. Grau San Martin and his new associates, such as Dr. Chibas, represent a high degree of political integrity, of patriotism, of social vision and a greater sense of reality than the slow-moving Cespedes conglomeration. That recognition should be withheld even temporarily while the United States determines whether this administration is able "to maintain order" is another blunder on our part. The contrast between

our automatic recognition of the Cespedes Government and the subsequent watchful-waiting policy connotes clearly that Washington is dubious, and furnishes aid and comfort to antagonistic elements. If there is antagonism in Cuba, well and good—but our own neutrality should be absolute. The United States can cause the downfall of every Cuban administration by withholding recognition until the Cuban people draw the cards we desire from the pack. All this furor of naval mobilization, this rushing of warships far beyond any need for the protection of life and property, is in effect a piece of international pressure politics. It would have been wiser to have kept the two or three destroyers, one each at Havana, Santiago, Cienfuegos, originally sent. They would have been ample. We have, moreover, a naval base at Guantanamo. That the Administration in part realizes how subject to misinterpretation its hasty and almost hysterical activity was is demonstrated by its later wisdom in not permitting Secretary Swanson to land at Havana. This unique incident, coupled with President Roosevelt's gesture in explaining matters to other Latin American diplomats, goes far to demonstrate our good intent.

But that is not enough. The situation is packed with dynamite. Intervention is to be avoided at all costs, and to succeed without it is the acid test of the effectiveness of our diplomacy. Washington should clearly understand that after allowing Machado for seven years free rein for his butcheries, it is highly paradoxical for us now to rush a vast flotilla to protect life and property, if and when menaced. The greatest contribution that we can make to Cuban reconstruction is to cease the obstructive interference of non-recognition and that implicit in fleet mobilization, and to appreciate that the best government in the long run for the Cubans is one which they develop for themselves. The full fruit of this assumption will, of course, have to be the scrapping of the Platt Amendment when our present inevitable responsibility shall have been fulfilled. And that fulfilment must include a new sugar agreement which will greatly enlarge the present Cuban quota and modify the strangulating tariff.

Johnson's Coal Code

GENERAL JOHNSON'S coal code was probably not intended for the purpose of showing up the motives of the operators, but it succeeded in doing just that. Its terms were based upon the endless negotiations previously carried on and the twenty-odd conflicting codes previously submitted. The result, strangely enough, is not hash but rather a careful synthesis of the material at hand. And it expresses the Recovery Administration's final verdict on the labor issue in coal. On the one hand, the miners are guaranteed the right to organize and bargain collectively, not only in the general terms of the original statute, but in specific provisions for adjustment boards in the industry representing the "organized employees" and the employers; on the other hand, no single labor organization is given a monopoly of the field. Theoretically, at least, any union that establishes effective control even locally can claim the right to represent the miners.

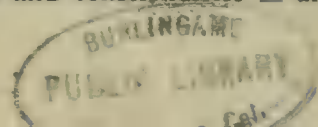
The wage scale suggested is open to question. Why should miners in Alabama be paid \$3 a day; in southern

Colorado, \$4.25; in northern Colorado, \$5; in Montana, \$5.63? These differentials are only partly based upon actual variations in living costs; for the most part they are mere habits arising out of local labor conditions. The proposed code also provides for checkweighmen chosen by the miners and gets around the debated question of the check-off by ruling that "any deductions from employees' pay shall be a matter of agreement" subject to the scrutiny of the administration. With certain specific exceptions, the hours of work are set at from 32 to 40 a week, and no more than 8 in any one day. The code also forbids the operators to compel employees to live in company houses or to trade in company stores, ending the vicious system of feudal domination in force in the coal fields. Fair prices for coal are to be fixed by agencies set up in the industry under the supervision of the Recovery Administration. The selling of coal below the fixed price will be a violation of the code. Other "unfair practices" are similarly defined, and authorities are established for administering the affairs of the industry, for marketing coal, and for handling disputes and grievances. The code will be reconsidered at a conference on December 1 between representatives of the employers and employees and the Recovery Administration.

Such, in brief résumé, is the code proposed by the government. Without doubt it was considered a workable plan and intended for adoption. But its effect was that of a hand grenade. The coal operators, with a few exceptions, blew up. Their reactions were violent, Administrator Johnson's counter-actions were even more violent, and diplomatic relations were temporarily in peril. But conversations were again resumed, with most of the operators drawn up behind a pronunciamiento which claims that the proposed code "deprives the owners of practically all of the rights of management and will destroy any efficient and economical methods of production." This document, which takes the form of a letter to General Johnson from the Alabama operators, says the code implies "political control of the basic functions of wages, prices, and distribution." It points out that the "sole function of government is political." It asserts that "political socialization of industry was not authorized by the recovery act." It calls attention to Mr. Richberg's repudiation of such aims and insists that "the so-called basic code" reversed the principles he laid down. It points out that the code excludes "any collective bargaining except that entered into by organized employees or unions," and mutilates "the principle of minority or individual representation." It criticizes the fair-price provisions of the code, and objects that the actions of the divisional "authorities" are to be "subjected to modification or veto by the administrator" or his agents. "The audacity of that clause is sufficient to disclose the theory of the code."

As we go to press the issue is joined between these operators and the emphatic but not always unyielding General, backed by a number of union operators and the United Mine Workers—though in both cases with some reservations. So far the Recovery Administration has stood by its guns and its assurances to the thousands of Pennsylvania miners who called off their recent strike at the President's request. If General Johnson succeeds in establishing his code, he will have gone far toward overthrowing an industrial autocracy as hard-bitten and ruthless and conscienceless as any in the country.

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE
BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.



Protecting the Investor

INVESTMENT bankers, realizing that security legislation was inevitable, told Congress last spring that they favored and welcomed the proposed regulation of new issues—that is, in principle. They claimed they were only concerned that the law be fair and workable. Investment bankers, however, have a very high estimate of their own standards. In so far as the law prescribes a standard other than that they have been wont to follow, they are apt to take it for granted that the law is bad and their own standards are right. "Reputable" bankers still cling to the idea that security legislation was intended for the upstarts, not for the aristocrats of finance. The abuses connected with the Alleghany Corporation, Pennroad, Kreuger and Toll, Bolivian and Peruvian bonds, the National City Company, and the Insull flotations were just little accidents that happen in the best of families.

The nation's credit having been put back of the banks, insurance companies, and railroads, and some degree of economic stability having been achieved, many investment bankers would like to prepare for business as usual. The long-term market for new issues had been as unfavorable for months before the passage of the Securities Act as it has been since. There are few sound issues in which the bankers can see a quick profit with little risk. The absence of a new-issue market is due to many complicated economic facts in no wise related to the Securities Act. New issues of rails and municipals—which are exempt from the rigors of the Rayburn-Fletcher measure—are conspicuously few.

Yet reports emanate from banking circles that the new Securities Act is hampering business improvement. New construction, it is said, lags because of the absence of new capital issues, which bankers are unwilling to float in view of the onerous liabilities imposed by the Securities Act. Nothing is said of the fact that these liabilities attach only for failure to make a full and frank disclosure of the facts that should be available to investors. According to General Hugh S. Johnson, the bankers have not been very eager to assist in the field of short-term credits, to which the Securities Act does not apply. But when officials discuss with the bankers government and quasi-government loans, which are wholly outside the Securities Act, the bogey of the Securities Act is raised.

Veiled pressure and threatened strikes on the part of bankers are pretty poor tactics and are likely to prove a boomerang. Twenty years ago Justice Brandeis, in "Other People's Money," advocated the direct sale of government and municipal bonds without resort to the bankers, and Senator Costigan with penetrating prescience introduced a bill in the last session of Congress to make every postal-savings office a market for the purchase and sale of United States government bonds.

Sound new issues are not forthcoming now because of the uncertainties of the economic situation, but it is fortunate indeed that the Securities Act stands in the way of fraudulent unloading of unsound securities in the excited atmosphere of rumored inflation in connection with our future financial policy. This is the time of all others to protect the investor.

Genius for Sale

RECENTLY we spent an evening with one of the most famous of modern astronomers. For several hours he talked with that brilliance for which he is noted, and succeeded in making us feel as small as a mere human being must always feel when confronted with the immensities of space and time. Megaparsecs of distance and light years of time were the only units he deigned to use, and he proved quite conclusively that neither man, the earth, nor even our own little solar system is of much importance *sub specie aeternitatis*. Life itself he dismissed as a phenomenon associated only with certain colloidal aggregates which might be entirely eliminated from the universe without making more than an infinitesimal difference in the bulk of existing matter; and, sometimes, he said, he wondered if we did not make entirely too much fuss about such trivial phenomena as war, revolution, and even "prosperity." After all, the whole history of mankind has occurred in what is less than the wink of an eye when measured by any reasonable scale of time.

In our ridiculous, homocentric fashion we protested that it was difficult for a hungry man to contemplate the universe, but he replied only that it really makes little difference whether the universe is contemplated or not; and it may be so. Nevertheless, as we look back upon the evening we realize that the remark which sank deepest into our time-bound and most unc cosmic little mind was a remark only incidentally connected with astronomy at all. Our visitor was alluding to certain mathematical aspects of cosmology concerning which he himself was not an expert and which, as a matter of fact, are so abstruse that laymen like ourselves cannot even understand what it is that we do not understand. He was also telling us about a young man, insecurely connected with one of the great universities, who does know a great deal about the particular subject—more, indeed, than anyone else in the world—in spite of the fact that he is only twenty-three years old. The young man, it seems, is a real genius: one of those men simply born with a brain so far above the normal human level that he can do very easily what most persons cannot do at all. "Incidentally," concluded the astronomer, "he is looking for a job. If you would like to have a really high-powered man around, you can—for about \$1,500 a year."

The remark brought us back to earth. Perhaps the depression has something to do with the price at which the services of this "really high-powered man" can be had, but probably hard times are not much to blame. Genius seems to be always more abundant than the uses which can be found for it in this blundering world, and it seldom can be sold in anything except a depression market. Indeed, we could not help thinking that the young man in question is lucky to have turned his mind in so abstruse a direction, for the simple reason that it will at least get him into less trouble than it would if he had happened to concern himself with dangerous matters like government, politics, and human welfare. He may starve; but in all probability no one will take the trouble to crucify him, and that, at least, is something to be thankful for. Who said that in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king? In any event, whoever said it was wrong. In the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed are usually kept in jail. They see too much.



The Shadow

Issues and Men

Sir Edward Grey

IT is never an easy thing to write of a deceased statesman. If you praise him, your eulogy is discounted, for plainly you do not wish to speak aught but good of a dead man. If you criticize him, then it is quite obvious that you are lacking in the essential decencies; you do not know that it is the worst possible taste to speak ill of a man who has hardly reached his grave. So you are expected not to tell the truth—even if the air is full of falsehoods about him. You are not to confute those lies when they are made, but are to wait until some more fitting time, presumably when his body has moldered in its grave and nobody cares any longer.

I am moved to these reflections by some of the comments on the death of Viscount Grey. Here is the *New York Evening Post* saying that in 1914 "Lord Grey stood to us as the symbol of the righteousness of the Allies and the unrighteousness of the Germans"; "he stood for the character and integrity of England against the atrocious Teutonic manhandling of the truth." Colonel E. M. House announces that "Lord Grey was one of the noblest figures I have ever known in public life. . . . His spoken word was as good as his written word. . . . With his death the world loses a statesman of the first rank, and one with an unsullied name." When I read such words as these it is not possible for me to stay my pen. For truth has greater rights than those of friendship, and I, for one, cannot but recall certain facts which cannot be spoken or written away—least of all by Colonel House.

What are they? First, that Sir Edward Grey, as he was known in 1914, was, more than anyone else, responsible for England's entering the war; and, second, that having made a binding verbal agreement with France to fight for it under certain contingencies and having repeatedly denied publicly that any such agreement existed, he demanded of the British people that they make the horrible sacrifice of their sons because of the commitments which rendered any other course incompatible "with the honor of the nation." As David Lloyd George, then Prime Minister of Great Britain, put it in the House of Commons on August 7, 1918, shortly before the Armistice:

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: We had a compact with France that if she were wantonly attacked, the United Kingdom would go to her support.

MR. HOGGE: We did not know that!

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: If France were wantonly attacked.

AN HONORABLE MEMBER: That is news.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: There was no compact as to what force we should bring into the arena. . . . Whatever arrangements we come to, I think history will show that we have more than kept the faith.

Mr. Hogge was wrong. He could and should have known that Mr. Lloyd George was right, for on August 6, 1914, at the very beginning of the war, Lord Lansdowne, speaking in the House of Lords, said that England must go to war for two reasons: "treaty obligations, and those other obligations

which are not less sacred because they are not embodied in signed and sealed documents." He then continued:

Under the one category fall our treaty obligations to Belgium. . . . To the other category belong our obligations to France—obligations of honor which have grown up in consequence of the close intimacy by which the two nations have been united during the last few years.

If further evidence is needed there is any amount of it. Marshal Joffre testified before a Paris commission on July 5, 1919:

The intervention of England in the war had been anticipated. A military convention existed with England which could not be divulged as it bore a secret character.

In the French Chamber, on September 3, 1919, M. Franklin-Bouillon referred to the protection of the Anglo-French understanding of 1912, "which assured us of the support of six divisions." Lord Haldane, in his book "Before the War," stated that as far back as 1906 the military problem before him as Minister of War was "how to mobilize and concentrate at a place of assembly to be opposite the Belgian frontier" a British expeditionary force of 160,000 men. In the official records of the war, published in Great Britain, is to be found a memorandum of Sir Eyre Crowe to Lord Grey, dated July 31, 1914. He argued that it was quite correct to say that there was no written agreement binding England to France, but that the very existence of the Entente forged a moral bond compelling England to side with France and Russia: "This honorable expectation has been raised. We cannot repudiate it without exposing our good name to grave criticism." Lord Loreburn, in his book "How the War Came," says not only that there was an obligation, but that "the concealment from the Cabinet was protracted and must have been deliberate"—by the honorable Sir Edward Grey. There is the then Prime Minister, Asquith himself. Speaking on August 3, 1914, in the House of Commons, he said "that Great Britain was fighting to fulfil a solemn international obligation." If it be argued that he referred to the Belgian obligation, let us quote Austen Chamberlain in the House of Commons, February 8, 1922:

We found ourselves on a certain Monday listening to a speech by Lord Grey at this box which brought us face to face with war and upon which followed our declaration. That was the first public notification to the country, or to anyone by the government of the day, of the position of the British Government and of the obligations which it had assumed.

This was not a pacifist who spoke, nor an anti-government and anti-war man, but Austen Chamberlain, the pro-war Conservative himself.

Now where did Sir Edward Grey stand during this time, this great lover of truth whose spoken word was as good as his written? On November 27, 1911, speaking in the House of Commons, he said:

First of all let me try to put an end to some of the suspicions in regard to secrecy. . . . We have laid before the

House the Secret Articles of the Agreement with France of 1904, and there are no other secret engagements. . . . For ourselves we have not made a single secret article of any kind since we came into office.

As Lord Arthur Ponsonby, to whose "Falsehood in War-Time" I am indebted for the preceding quotations, put it: "The whole of this is ■ careful and deliberate evasion of the real point." But assuming that Sir Edward Grey told the truth on that date, and that the commitment to France took place in 1912, the fact is that Sir Edward Grey continued his denials of any such alliance before the war, during the war, and after the war. For instance, on March 10, 1913, Lord Hugh Cecil said in the House of Commons:

There is ■ very general belief that this country is under an obligation, not ■ treaty obligation, but an obligation owing to an assurance given by the Ministry in the course of diplomatic negotiations, to send ■ very large force out of this country to operate in Europe.

To this Mr. Asquith replied: "I ought to say that it is not true." But the unrest in the House of Commons would not down. On March 24, 1913, just two weeks later, Sir William Byles and Joseph King asked the Prime Minister what obligation there was "to France to send an armed force in certain contingencies to operate in Europe," and Joseph King asked "whether in 1905, 1908, or 1911 this country spontaneously offered to France the assistance of ■ British army to be landed on the continent to support France in the event of European hostilities." Again there came the official denial. When war came, however, Sir Edward Grey was of the first to declare that the honor of the nation was involved.

It then appeared that these agreements had not even been made known by him ■ Foreign Minister, or by Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister, to the entire Cabinet. Only a small group of ministers inside the Cabinet was permitted to know the truth. Even on August 3, 1914, Grey insisted "that we have no secret engagements which we should spring upon the House and tell the House that, because we had entered upon the engagement, there was an obligation of honor upon the country." In his book he defended the answers to the King-Byles questions by stating that they were absolutely true. "Parliament," he said, "has unqualified right to know of any agreements or arrangements that bind the country to action, or restrain its freedom. But it cannot be told of military and naval measures to meet possible contingencies." Compare this casuistry with Lloyd George's statement ■ late as April 7, 1930, when he praised Prime Minister MacDonald for his readiness to consult with the leaders of the Opposition concerning every phase of the negotiations of the Naval Disarmament Conference, and said: "We should know what we are being committed to because these commitments are matters of peace and war." Referring to 1914, he then said:

If we were committed, we were committed to something which was very vague, but where it was ■ question of honor, whether there was a real commitment or not, we gave the benefit of the doubt to the others. We don't want those conditions to arise again. We don't want any commitment by which the French will assume we have incurred certain obligations which we did not intend to incur.

Needless to say, Viscount Grey, ■ he then was, never challenged these words of Lloyd George.

In the generations to come, if there is any reason left

in the world after that World War to which England was committed so frivolously and so needlessly, people will everywhere wonder at ■ state of things by which the fate of ■ nation could be disposed of by ■ few high officials acting in complete secrecy. More than that, they will wonder that ■ Foreign Minister of Great Britain could be a man so little interested in the rest of the world that when the foreign affairs of the United Kingdom and its colonies and dominions were intrusted to him he had never but once set foot outside of Great Britain. Then he went over as a "tripper" to France for a Saturday and Sunday!

During the war nobody was more earnest in his propaganda to bring the United States into the conflict. No wonder Colonel House praises him. Together they had committed the United States to coming into the war in certain contingencies long before Mr. Wilson's campaign for reelection on the plank, "He kept us out of war." Not even Colonel House denies this now. One thing Viscount Grey wrote in ■ preface to "America and Freedom," an English edition of President Wilson's statements on the war, is worth quoting today:

If the result of this war is to destroy in Germany the popularity of war—for before 1914 the prospect of war was popular, at any rate in books that were widely read there without resentment, if not with approval . . . then the world may have ■ peace and security that it has never yet known. . . . We want to be sure that when this war is over Germany will not begin to prepare and plan for the next war.

Lord Grey lived long enough to see Germany fall into the hands of a far more dangerous autocrat than the Kaiser ever dreamed of being. He lived to see Hitler and his associates pronounce war the greatest objective ■ country could possibly have, to see them expel or imprison all pacifists and the leading workers for the League of Nations, and begin the task of drilling and arming the youth of Germany from the age of ten years up, as they were never drilled by the militarists of the Kaiser.

In other words, he lived to behold, and Colonel House with him, the complete futility of all the bloody sacrifices of 1914-18 and the worse than futility of the so-called treaty of peace. If such men had real consciences—but let us not touch upon that. Perhaps their incredible belief in their own rectitude and infallibility and wisdom, and their admiration for one another's nobility and truthfulness, is ■ divine dispensation—so far as they are concerned. But the fact remains that between the nobility of the Kaiser, and the nobility of Lloyd George and Asquith, and the nobility of Sir Edward Grey and Colonel House and Woodrow Wilson and the Czar of Russia and ■ few others, liberty has perished in Germany, Russia, Italy, and Poland; and General Johnson assures us (last week in Chicago) that "the dictatorship in force in Russia, Germany, and Italy is repugnant to Americans, but we may have to resort to these methods if the NRA fails."

The next time international war comes, I'm in favor of having ■ few liars and dishonorable people in charge of several governments!

Dwight Garrison Villard

The Consumer and the NRA

By WILLIAM F. OGBURN

THE New Deal has two aspects. It is designed to meet an emergency but it also implies the realignment, over a long period, of social and economic forces. As emergency measures, the National Recovery Administration, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, and the Federal Emergency Relief Administration have, it seems to me, favorable prospects for success, though I know that some of my very able colleagues in economics feel differently. The aim of these measures is to set the wheels of industry turning again and to put millions back to work by the time snow falls. Social and economic forces at the moment are working with the Roosevelt Administration. This is shown by the fact that the upturn in European countries has in general proceeded much as it has in this country although Europe has neither a New Deal nor a blue hawk.

By way of speeding up the process here we are trying to develop a market. In recovering from other business depressions we have had an expanding foreign market, a rapidly growing population, or some new industry that was buying heavily. None of these factors is operating strongly today. Therefore we are trying to build up a market among ourselves by increasing wages and thus purchasing power.

The theory runs that we can pay these higher wages out of sales of goods to ourselves. But the payment of wages comes before sales, and at this point assistance is needed from the banks, which can help by the expansion of bank credit. Industry figures it can pay higher wages if it can sell its goods at higher prices. The question seems to resolve itself into a race between higher wages and higher prices. Higher wages can be paid if we have higher prices, but to buy at higher prices we shall have to have still higher wages. These alternately increasing prices and wages can be met if we can increase the volume of money and credit. Such is the process of inflation, and indeed also of recovery from depressions. The progress of recovery, once it begins, will be aided by the fact that prices have dropped so low; purchasing power will increase more rapidly than wage rates because of the increase of employment and the demand for raw materials and producers' goods.

The real issue is price. If prices go up too fast and too high, they will get out of range of wages, salaries, and industrial purchasing agents, and a setback to recovery will occur. There may be some danger of that now, because of the talk of inflation, which acts as a tremendous spur to prices. The operations of the NRA, unless they are guarded, may have this effect temporarily. It is obvious that prices ought to be watched. The good to labor of raising minimum wages may be brought to naught if prices go too high, for if that occurs increased money wages may mean a decrease in real wages, that is, in their buying power. On the other hand, industry will not pay any wages at all unless it can get prices high enough to pay all costs and a little more. The question is how much more? This is a delicate problem—how to get prices high enough to lure industry but not too high for consumers. Consideration of price is, I think, the greatest need in the NRA today.

In order to attack this issue of prices, we need data. The codes now being formed should contain provisions for collecting data on costs regularly, extensively, and quickly, and such data should be sent either direct or in duplicate to the federal government. This information would be of value as far as the prices of single articles were concerned; and it would also provide basic data for forming more general index numbers on purchasing power and prices. In the absence of data necessary for planning and control, what is likely to happen? Price-raising is frowned on by President Roosevelt and General Johnson; but current index numbers show price rises, and complaints of particular prices indicate great increases. It is easier to mark up the price of what you sell than to pay higher wages.

The economics of the emergency program of the NRA can probably be made to work with the help of the commercial banks, with the help of the public-works program, and if need be with the help of additional supplies of money, now that we are off the gold standard. That it will move forward so rapidly that we shall not have millions to feed next winter from relief funds seems impossible. That it can be made to work so as to increase now the standard of consumption is not at all certain, and depends on whether prices can be kept sufficiently low to reduce the margin between selling price and cost price.

President Roosevelt and General Johnson are leaders of great ability, whose able services ought to be utilized as fully as possible for the gain desired. But like all successful leaders, they are subject to pressure. If the conservatives make a great show of strength, the line seems to give a little. When labor breaks forth with a bombardment along the industrial front, the line is pushed back. And no doubt if consumers called loudly enough for price boards they would be forthcoming. But it would be of course a great mistake for consumers to exert their pressure by not buying if they have money to buy with. Such tactics would destroy the market which is the basis of the whole program of recovery. But since consumers comprise both industries and housewives, their interest is that of both employer and employee; the consumers' call for a fair price is to the advantage of both capital and labor.

The New Deal is not only trying to pull us out of depression; it is doing an even more important thing. It is effecting a long-time realignment of industrial and social forces. Industry is organizing on a scale and at a speed never known before in our history. Labor has the best opportunity to organize that it has had since the Great War. Apparently not much growth of consumers' organizations is taking place, and the purchasing agents of business have only a loose organization. Cooperatives have never thrived greatly in this country. In view of the difficulty of organizing the great mass of ultimate consumers, the government, especially at a time when it is encouraging the organization of industry and labor, might well undertake to render the consumer certain services of an informational nature.

The first service should be prompt information on prices.

But the consumer is not only interested in prices. He is also interested in quality. The advertiser gives some information about quality; but often it is misleading or erroneous. The code for retailers and the work of the Better Business Bureaus help somewhat, as well as such special legislation as the Food and Drug Act. But something much more extensive is needed, something approximating a bureau of standards for the ultimate consumer. This is said to be impossible politically. Suppose, it is pointed out, this bureau of standards demonstrated that the Never-Dull razor blade became dull ten times as fast as the Miracle razor blade, and the government disseminated this information widely. The Never-Dull people would at once set up a lobby in Congress to have the bureau's appropriation cut off. Multiply this illustration ten thousand times for paint, for disinfectants, for tires, and so forth. Obviously the life of such a bureau of standards would be snuffed out in record time, unless the experiment were conducted on a scale sufficiently grand to capture the imagination of the country. It would also be more feasible politically if there were numerous buyers' clubs to rally to its support. The movement toward a more adequate description of consumers' goods is slow; it greatly needs to be speeded and extended.

Perhaps the most significant development of the long-time set-up is the organization of industry in such a way as to weaken the forces of competition. To the idealist this is a step toward a planned society, a new order, because with competition lessened or eliminated the way is opened for social control. To the hard-boiled realist, on the other hand, it seems to be a push toward monopoly. He claims that we are likely to find ourselves, after all the fireworks are over, with a set of powerful cartels. Perhaps both forecasts are extreme. Actually the codes under which all our industries are organizing are making it possible to eliminate some of the factors of competition, thus enabling the industries to get closer together on price agreements.

Here is an illustration. A shirt-maker employs labor at \$1.75 a week. He does not want to pay starvation wages but his competitor pays a still lower rate. Under a code which sets a minimum wage of \$12 a week for the whole shirt-making industry no one will have competitive advantage. Of necessity, prices will be correspondingly higher for the consumer, but he is willing to pay in this case because he does not want an advantage that rests on sweatshop labor. So also the variations in costs resulting from child labor or long hours of labor are lessened by the codes, with the result that competition is weakened but the social welfare is improved.

The proposed codes, however, do not always arrive at such socially desirable results as the abolition of child labor and the setting of minimum wages and maximum hours. Sometimes an attempt is made to limit the hours of work of machines, in order to head off competition from a double or triple shift. For similar reasons attempts are made to prevent sales below cost or cost plus, or to make it obligatory to pay the middleman's differential. The elimination of such competitive factors as these is not so attractive to the consumer, who does not quite understand why he should have to pay higher prices when the social gain is not clear. The recovery act makes it legal to eliminate unfair competition, but not fair competition. Evidently there is need for interpretation of the term "unfair competition" and no doubt the

courts will in time make it. Until then it will be necessary for the NRA to make its own interpretations. At this point, the advice of the Consumers' Advisory Board and of the legal department of the NRA must be considered. Sometimes it may be difficult to decide what is socially desirable and what is unfair. For instance, a proposed code restricts the extension of plant equipment. This restriction presumably lessens supply and hence weakens competition. The price may be higher as a result. Yet unrestricted competition has in general led, it is said, to overequipment on which the consumer pays interest. Is the construction of new plant equipment unfair competition?

If the interpretations are generous, industries may eliminate progressively more and more of the factors of competition. If they should go to the theoretical limit, the result will be no more variation in price than we have under the purest monopoly. How far the industries may go in thus restricting competition we do not know, for in the years to come public opinion will change, as will also legislation and the personnel of the bench. In any case, the NRA has given industries a big boost in getting together, in understanding one another's problems, and in coming to agreements mutually advantageous.

Is it the aim of the New Deal to help industry along the road to cartels? Perhaps a partnership with the government is contemplated. Will this partnership mean chiefly the policing of agreements? No doubt the New Deal intends that the government shall furnish social guidance in this development. The greatest need for guidance will be on the question of prices. Under our present system prices have been kept down by competition. But as competition recedes, what will keep prices down? Consumers may buy substitutes at cheaper prices. They may refuse to buy, en masse, every few years, but at a social cost not unlike that of the depression of the past three years. Is this what the New Deal is leading to? No one, not even conservative business, wants to have to resort to more frequent and severer business depressions in order to check prices. Is the alternative price-control boards, or shall we enlarge the scope and call them planning boards? The countries in Europe with cartels have found it necessary to have such boards. It may not be difficult to develop a sentiment for price boards in this country if cartels develop. For it is probable that only a few industries will early become cartellized and these are likely to be the key industries, which directly supply the great mass of businesses with raw materials and producers' goods and indirectly supply the ultimate consumer. How effectively such boards may work is also an open question.

These realignments of industry are taking place today through the codes that are being adopted by the NRA. If we think that competition should be maintained, then only a few provisions restricting competition should be allowed in the codes. And when monopolistic practices appear, the services of the Federal Trade Commission, the courts, and other agencies should be invoked. If we like the idea of a transition from a competitive economy to a planned and controlled economy, then we ought not to delay the planning and control too long. For the game is on. The codes now going into effect should be watched very carefully by the Consumers' Advisory Board for the many restrictions on competition which are being proposed. The industries should furnish adequate statistics on costs, wages, employment, and

prices. The government should make speed in furnishing more comprehensive data on retail prices at more frequent intervals than at present, and it should develop better reporting on pay rolls and purchasing power. Perhaps the best technique for control, especially in regard to business depres-

sions, is an index of the ratio of total money values of goods and services to total purchasing power. In some industries planning and control boards should be thought out and perhaps put in operation soon. Sooner or later the problem of price control will become acute.

Danger Still in Austria

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, August 25

THE inner history of the Nazi onslaught on Austria during the past few months is one of the strangest stories ever heard anywhere. A big country, Germany, has set out to conquer a small one, Austria, by political and economic pressure instead of military force. Pamphlets instead of bombs are dropped from airplanes and the sibilant whisper of radio replaces the thunder of guns. The business has not been merely "an obvious outrage on the accepted usages of international intercourse," not merely an attempt to incite revolution in a neighboring country. For this there would be precedents. The German attack on Austria is something quite new. It is a sort of war. The frontiers have been crossed, albeit bloodlessly. Austria is to be seized, punished, and assimilated—without fighting. But war it is.

This sort of warfare has no rules. There are no regulations in the textbooks about it. Hence some of the extraordinary confusions that have resulted. The diplomats fumbled in Berlin, not realizing they were trying to checkmate no ordinary diplomatic process but a subtle and dangerous experiment in bloodless belligerence. So far the Nazis have failed. But there is no telling what the next attack may bring about.

Hitler wants desperately to gobble Austria for a variety of reasons. (1) Hitler himself is an Austrian, and emotionally he views Austria's "misbehavior" as direct repudiation by his own people and thus an unforgivable assault on his personal prestige. Not enough has been written about the implications of Hitler's personal Austrianism. It is not generally known, for instance, that his private residence in Berchtesgaden, where this summer he has spent most of his time, is within five miles of the Austrian frontier and only an hour's journey from the Austrian valley town where he was born. (2) Assimilation of Austria is the top point in the official Nazi program. Hitlerism means Pan-Germanism or nothing. How can the Nazis assert the pure and dominant unity of the reborn German nation while 6,500,000 Austrian Germans are laughing at Berlin? (3) Faced with a succession of catastrophes in foreign policy the Nazis simply had to try and make good their Austrian boasts. Their domestic prestige demanded it. Moreover, a divertissement on the Austrian border cloaked unpleasantnesses at home. (4) Should Hitler succeed in incorporating Austria into the Reich—against the same opposition which defeated Brüning on the customs-union plan—the might of the new Germany in international affairs would trenchantly be proved.

The struggle to accomplish this has written one word out of European politics and added another. There is little talk of Anschluss any longer. True, Austria is to be annexed, but by a less direct process than formal amalgamation.

The Germans realize that formal Anschluss is possible now only at the cost of real war, and they don't want real war—yet. So Austria is simply to be *gleichgeschaltet*, reduced to conformity, as were Bavaria and Saxony, without political change of the frontiers. Let there be a Nazi prime minister in Vienna getting daily instructions from Berlin, and the job is done. The Austrians are not only going to be conquered; they are going to be made to conquer themselves. Thus the paradox that this extremely belligerent policy of a nation militaristically inclined had to be expressed in "peaceful" terms. The process was a sort of spiritual draughting; bullying with the white flag wrapped around the big stick.

The fight has gone through several distinct phases; I should say three. The pain and astonishment in Germany when Austria refused to lie quiet and be eaten were enormous. Almost from the outset the Germans treated Austria not as an independent country but as an obstreperous and rebellious province.

First came a phase, roughly from March 5 till the middle of June, during which the Nazi Party was allowed legally to exist and operate in Austria, and the most convenient means of pressure was direct domestic propaganda. In this period came a great deal of Nazi swashbuckling throughout the country: the visit of the German Minister, Dr. Frank, and his expulsion; Chancellor Dollfuss's first trip to Rome to look for help; the rapid growth of Nazi sentiment in the big towns; Nazi flirtations with the Heimwehr; the expulsion of the Austrian press attaché, Dr. Wasserbäck, from Berlin; and much agitation by German agents working on Austrian soil. A young Junker named Von Alvensleben attempted to assassinate Dr. Steidle, the Tyrolese Heimwehr leader. He had a false passport furnished by the Munich police. Some Heimwehr lads were mangled by a bomb thrown by Nazis near Krems. Then on June 11 Chancellor Dollfuss replied by outlawing the Nazi Party, thus ending this phase of the struggle.

Meantime Hitler had sentenced any German tourist applying for an Austrian visa to a 1,000-mark fine. This was a serious weapon. The tourist industry is extremely important to Austria, and in Salzburg, Vorarlberg, and Tyrol probably 90 per cent of the summer visitors are customarily German. This was phase number two, and there presently emerged a curious sort of indirect terrorism. In late June and early July bombs popped all over Austria. They seldom did much damage. There were few casualties. The bombs were used for their nuisance value. They were designed to frighten visitors other than German from entering Austria. It was a peculiarly mean sort of warfare, fought on the issue of tourist traffic.

The third and last phase was overt attack. Airplanes, by mid-July, were flooding Salzburg and other border towns with leaflets vilifying the Dollfuss Government. The Munich radio barked bitter denunciation of Austria. Dollfuss had jailed or thrown out of the country all the Nazi agents he could find; the exiles, notably Theo Habicht, Hitler's "inspector for Austria," clustered in Bavaria and started to propagandize Austria into submission. There came border raids and pot-shooting along the frontier. The planes continued to pepper down their pamphlets. They are masterpieces of bullying slander. The tension presently grew intolerable, not only for Austria but for the strained nerves of the Great Powers, and on August 7 the Powers protested in Berlin.

Now occurred one of the oddest diplomatic imbroglios on record. The British charge d'affaires and the French ambassador, after having to wait cooling their heels for two days, presented an identical *démarche*. The case was put that Germany's activities in Austria violated both the new Four-Power Pact and Article 80 of the Treaty of Versailles guaranteeing the independence of Austria. But meantime the British and the French had been informed that the Italian government, independently, had procured promises from the German government that Germany would "do its best" to halt the airplane and radio raids, and that Germany, while accepting no responsibility for the acts of terrorism committed against the Austrian government, disapproved of them. This satisfied the British and the French. They had forgotten all about "scraps of paper." This was a verbal one. Not two hours after the British and the French left the Wilhelmstrasse, the official Wolff Bureau brought the news that the British-French *démarche* had been rejected by the German government, in curt terms, as "inadmissible."

Thus the German government told Mussolini one thing, and the British and the French another. The British, annoyed, nevertheless announced to the Austrian charge d'affaires in London that the German pledge to Mussolini would presumably hold good. It did—for about half a day. That night, August 9, again Herr Habicht's voice roared through the ether, piling calumny on calumny against the Dollfuss Government. The airplane raids, it is true, ceased. But the radio campaign, far from halting, was intensified. Then came the revelations of the Austrian official organ, the *Reichspost*, uncovering the secret espionage system of the Nazis in Austria, and alleging both the formation of an "Austrian Legion" on German soil for subsequent use against Austria and the participation of the German legation in Vienna in illegal—not to say undiplomatic—activities.

Germany promised Italy, be it noted, only to "do its best" to halt these outrages. Its best was not very good. Germany being a totalitarian state, the inescapable inference is that it did not try very hard. On the other hand, the pledge to Italy has not been talked about in detail by the Germans, and the Italians have never elucidated its concrete terms, if any. The most charitable explanation of the seeming breach of faith is that the broadcasts, for reasons of internal prestige, could only be tapered off gradually; and the hope is that eventually they will indeed stop. If they don't, Mussolini's own prestige is bound to suffer. It is almost as dangerous for a statesman to be lied to as to lie. The British and French, meantime, are furious. And Mussolini went out of his way to be politically and personally cordial to Doll-

fuss when the little Austrian went again, on August 20, to visit him.

There is great quality to this little Dollfuss. I admit he is a black Catholic reactionary. It is unfortunate that he has to tie himself to the Heimwehr. But it is extremely fatiguing for those of us here on the firing line to hear from points some thousands of miles away complaints about his malefic qualities. Certainly he is anti-Marxist. But the Marxists ought to thank their stars that he is on the job. The big point is to keep the Nazis out. Dollfuss is the only man in Austria capable of success in this immense task. The Social Democrats themselves know this perfectly well. Many Social Democrat leaders have, it is true, simply stuck their heads in the sand and pretended that the events of these past few months have never happened, or are only a bad dream. But most of the others know that it is better to be mildly grilled than murdered. Dollfuss is, at the moment, the best defense of the achievements of socialism in Austria against the Nazis. He is a chin stuck out on behalf of the Socialists to take Nazi blows. The Socialists, if they have any sense, will use him in this capacity to the utmost, and take their chances later, if he survives, in resumption of the traditional Austrian fight between his party and theirs. If he goes down, they go too, and into a Nazi purgatory.

In his fight Dollfuss faces several acute dangers which might be outlined as follows. (1) Defeatism. Most Austrians don't like fighting. They fear that they "can't win." Heroism does not become the gentle, sophisticated, civilized Austrian nation. And there is always the peril, so to speak, of Austria reverting to type. (2) Dollfuss is fighting both an external and a civil war. His people are, after all, Germans. The Nazis would poll probably 25 per cent of the electorate. He is thus fighting not only 65,000,000 Germans but a quarter of his own people. (3) Economic distress. The best ally the Germans have is the Treaty of Versailles. Austria is not *viable*. And the worse the depression grows, the richer food Hitlerism has to fatten on.

But Dollfuss is in an interesting tactical and strategical position. The more violently the Nazis attack him, the better pretext he continues to have to rule semi-dictatorially. The Nazis, by an odd paradox, need *electoral* success for victory; they have to persuade the people to vote away their liberty. The alternative is violence, and in Austria violence has been tried to such an extent that there remain only the weapons of overt Putsch or civil war, neither of which, probably, the Nazis will try. Meantime, by adducing the gravity of the crisis, Dollfuss can stave off elections almost indefinitely. Moreover, Dollfuss has veritably awakened something of an Austrian national spirit. The very vigor of the Nazi campaign has backed Austria against the wall of its own patriotism.

There have always been three academic "solutions" to the Austrian "problem." Austria must unite with Germany in an Anschluss, with Hungary in a rump-resurrection of the empire, or with the Little Entente in a Danube federation. Dollfuss has calmly said no to all three. He is convinced that Austria can live alone; he wants to turn Austria into a sort of Switzerland, incorrigibly neutral, peaceful, and independent. It is a fight against long odds. He certainly needs money. He even got it. The Lausanne loan, bringing some \$40,000,000 to Austria last month, was a drop in the bucket, but it was something of a triumph in these bone-

picked years to get anything at all. Of course, by the loan the Powers are simply lending Austria enough to continue payment on the service of old debts.

The chief actor in the whole story is probably neither Hitler nor Dollfuss but Mussolini. He in particular and the Powers in general do not want a *Gleichschaltung* between Germany and Austria. This would wreck the structure of the peace treaties, encourage Germany to further experiments in prestige politics, and bring Prussia to the Brenner Pass. Indeed, the solicitude of the Powers has not been primarily for Austria. There are nasty little episodes almost daily these days: a Nazi incursion into Switzerland, kidnappings in the Saar, propaganda in Scandinavia, much Hitlerite activity even in what was formerly German East Africa. Dollfuss himself believes that if the Nazis take Austria they will inevitably turn to Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia next, even to Switzerland and Denmark.

Yet Mussolini needs friendship with Germany and must write his Austrian policy with great caution. His present objective seems to be an Italo-Austro-Hungarian bloc. Hitler

flirted with Hungary, in rage at first being turned down by Austria; it is even said that he promised Gömbös a "slice of Burgenland"—that is, "German" territory—as eventual reward for an alliance; but Mussolini quickly called Hungary to order. Some people believe that Hitler and Mussolini may make some sort of deal; that the chief danger to Dollfuss is, in fact, his dependence on Italy. I have even heard it said that France and Czecho-Slovakia would be willing to "sacrifice" Austria, knowing that the resultant Austro-Germany would force Italy once and for all into French arms. But this is unlikely. Mussolini remains the best possible mediator between Germany and Austria. And meantime the major reaction to Hitlerism throughout all Europe remains the same. Out of common apprehension of Germany almost all the Powers are getting together. The Little Entente wants to make terms with Hungary, and Italy with Jugoslavia. The Bessarabian question between Russia and Rumania seems settled. Hitler has served to housebreak Mussolini and make even Litvinov semi-respectable. Such are the miracles Nazism brings daily to the world.

Can Life Insurance Be Made Safe?

By JAMES P. SULLIVAN and DAVID D. STANSBURY

NO list of popular American pastimes can be complete which does not include the very intriguing game of chasing the savings and investment dollar. And no list of the chasers is complete which does not include the legal-reserve life-insurance companies. Originally intended to afford complete protection for the funds of widows and orphans, these companies have been perverted into an unsound species of banking concern; they are today primarily demand-banking houses investing their depositors' funds on long-term, non-demand-banking principles; the payment of death benefits to widows and orphans has become a secondary function.

By reason of the cloak of mystery with which they have succeeded in surrounding the mechanics of their operations, these companies have been particularly well fitted to bear the expense which intensive and extensive participation in the game calls for. No concern selling securities or investments to the public on a conservative and decent basis can afford to disburse more than a very small percentage of its income as selling expense. But the life-insurance company receives, say, a first premium of \$100. Of this amount only \$40 is needed to cover the cost of the life insurance afforded; the remaining \$60 is paid in as a savings deposit to build up the cash value. Yet the company has been able to pay the selling agent anywhere from 50 to 90 or even 100 per cent of the \$60 for his success in bringing it in.

With such an advantage over their competitors in the race for possession of the savings dollar, it is but natural that the life-insurance companies have secured more of the quarry than any other type of investment concern. At the last count they held over twenty billions of these savings dollars. Just naturally the sales managers and agents, with such high rewards for sales, have been very successful in dressing up the article they have to sell with features which appear attractive and profitable to the unwary buyer; the sales propa-

ganda at times verges on misrepresentation and in not a few instances is complete misrepresentation, discoverable, however, only by an initiate. Even as recently as nine months ago the leading spokesman for "life insurance as an investment" evoked a vision of the day when every savings dollar would be put into what he called "investment life insurance" to the exclusion of what he called "speculative" investments—that is, all other usual forms of savings and investments.

In a myriad of sales letters, talks, and leaflets the life-insurance policy has been endowed with the following qualities as an investment: (1) extraordinary safety and security, second only to a government obligation; (2) unequaled marketability and collateral value, better (*sic*) than a government obligation; (3) almost entire freedom from taxation, a particularly attractive quality; and (4) a compound-interest return (*sic*) in excess of 5 per cent. That combination has been labeled a "fake" by one of our most intelligent and honest bankers, but any such criticism is easily laughed off as destructive by the beneficiaries of the high commissions and salaries and the extravagant profits.

Of course the day of reckoning had to come for this type of operation. However, the bellwethers of the business did not realize that they were going to be called on to make good on their four promises—security, availability, low taxation, and high interest return. Not until they were well into the present depression did they awaken to the seriousness of their situation. After two years of the crisis they began to take measures to meet the serious condition.

Did they then begin to cut expenses and salaries? No, indeed. Did they cut or eliminate dividends? Not in many instances, and then only very slightly (the so-called return must be kept up in order that old business may be induced to continue paying and new sales be expanded). Did they soft-pedal the investment sales talk, in order not to pile up more and more demand obligations to be met at a later, more

difficult, date? No, indeed. Did they allow the weak members to be closed up and liquidated ■ their financial condition became obviously very unsound? Not at all.

The measures taken to meet the depression were all purely palliative. Securities were given fictitious valuations, fixed by the convention of insurance commissioners but not obtainable in any market, in order to make it possible for companies to make annual statements which gave the appearance of solvency; the effort to sell more and more high-premium policies, containing very little real life insurance, was doubled and redoubled, in order to keep the inflow of new cash ahead of the demand by old depositors; the manifold benefits of life insurance as a readily liquid investment were advertised more than ever before; dividends which were not earned were paid to both policy-holders and stockholders in order to keep unimpaired the confidence necessary if the new cash was to be kept coming in; loans were obtained from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation on such of the almost frozen assets ■ would be accepted by that friendly lender of the public funds; every possible effort, whether economically sound or not, was made to keep every company, no matter how near to insolvency and receivership, open for business. The plea was that the good name of life insurance ■ an investment must be preserved at any cost.

The whole program of the life-insurance business for meeting the problems of the depression, up to March, 1933, can be briefly stated as follows: We must keep the inflow of new investment dollars up to such a figure that it will suffice to meet all expenses, claims, and cash- and loan-value demands (the banking withdrawals) without compelling us to sell or liquidate any of our badly frozen and depreciated securities at the market prices. It was nothing more or less than the old Ponzi racket on a gigantic scale. It ■■ countenanced by the public because of public fears that if anything were done to the life-insurance companies the millions of interested widows and orphans would be injured.

But like every other effort to work the Ponzi system, and in accordance with Mr. Vanderlip's definition of an investment "fake," the day of reckoning came at long-delayed last. By the end of 1932 it was apparent that even the hypodermics of fictitious values, R. F. C. loans, unearned dividends, and forced sales at high pressure could not save many of the shells which such methods had developed. The problem was perhaps the most serious single problem of our domestic condition. There was no question that something must be done and done quickly if dozens, and even hundreds, of receiverships among the companies were to be avoided.

As usual the companies and their managers chose ■ palliative, not ■ cure. A moratorium which has distinctly impaired the "good name" of legal-reserve life insurance "as an investment" ■■ chosen ■ the solution of the problem. Fortunately for the weak companies, the utter necessity of some such step came at a time when the national banking moratorium had to be declared. In the feeling of awe and consternation of those early March days the life-insurance moratorium was accepted by the general public in the same spirit of cooperation and acquiescence with which the banking moratorium was accepted. It was generally thought that the need for ■ moratorium on life-insurance cash and loan values ■■ caused by the ■■ forces which made the banking moratorium necessary; it was generally thought that the two moratoriums would be handled in the same manner—

that when the banking moratorium was lifted, the life-insurance moratorium would also be ended.

But it soon became apparent that those two general impressions were much mistaken; the necessity for the life-insurance moratorium was much greater and was caused by much more serious inner impairments than that of the banks; and the life-insurance moratorium is still on in most States, even though a majority of the banks were open for business within a comparatively short time.

No one who knows the condition of these life-insurance banking concerns questions the necessity for some action to save them; in fact, some action should have been taken ■ year, or even two years, before March, 1933. But time will show that the moratorium was not only an unwarranted but an ineffective measure. These companies, ■ they are now conducted, are unquestionably more banking concerns for deposit and accumulation of savings than they are insurance concerns. The moratorium affects only the paying teller's window of these frozen banks. The withdrawing saver cannot get his money. But during the more than five months of the moratorium, the receiving teller's window has been wide open. New deposits have been freely accepted; in fact, the agents have been actively at work soliciting new deposits, and the successful agent has been rewarded as usual with his regular high commission for his success in securing new deposits for the receiving teller; the companies have even gone to the extreme of telling old depositors that unless they continued to make deposits, by paying their renewal premiums, they would be penalized by the loss of protection!

We have seen many new developments in the economics of the capitalist system in the past few months but none which defies ■■ explanation as does this performance of the life-insurance companies. For the buyer and the policyholder the principal result is that he has been kept in utter darkness about the condition of the banking concern to which he has had to send his money unless he was willing to leave his wife and children without life-insurance protection. For instance, early in May the insurance commissioner of Illinois, appearing before the State senate in opposition to ■ resolution calling for an investigation of the life-insurance companies, and in favor of ■ law which would make him a dictator over all life-insurance companies and their contract obligations, stated that he knew that 5 per cent of the life insurance in the country was in insolvent companies; that one-fifth of that amount ■■ in Illinois companies which were insolvent. This was equivalent to saying that to his knowledge ■ total of \$1,100,000,000 of the insurance in Illinois companies was in insolvent companies. At the last count there were twenty-four companies in Illinois; their total insurance in force was \$1,600,000,000. Thus 70 per cent of Illinois life insurance was carried by insolvent companies, according to the insurance commissioner's informed statement.

Yet all the Illinois companies are continuing to operate under the cloak of the moratorium. No announcement has been made by the commissioner as to the names of the insolvent ones; they still accept deposits with all the brazen front of ■ solvent company; their agents continue to solicit new purchases by unwary buyers; the companies themselves compel continued deposits in the regular way!

The condition in Illinois is not unique; practically the same condition exists in the other States of the Union, in some ■■ not quite so bad, in others worse. And the mora-

torium of over five months has not operated to improve the condition. Of course the whole proceeding is strictly illegal and unconstitutional because it impairs the obligation of the contracts (policies). If the moratorium were working a cure, making the strong companies stronger and putting the weak companies on the road to solvency, it might all be worth while, unconstitutional as it is. But all the evidence is the other way. The *Insurance Field*, a trade paper existing on the advertising money spent with it by the companies and agents, on May 26 last said editorially:

When the insurance departments began imposing restrictions on loans and surrender values, many anticipated that the companies would build up cash reserves against the time when the restrictions would be relaxed. But that has not followed for several reasons. A large proportion of old policy-holders are taking advantage of the permission to use their cash values to pay renewal premiums instead of paying in cash as formerly, while the new business is below normal and a heavy lapse ratio has reduced renewal premiums. In addition, the payment of interest and principal on mortgage loans has fallen off.

The *National Underwriter*, another trade paper supported in the same way, on May 19 last said editorially:

The situation confronting life companies at present is far from being roseate so far as their cash position is concerned. . . . The number of applications for loans has not abated. . . . The danger of runs on companies for loans and surrenders has so far not been averted.

No evidence has been produced to show that the general situation has improved since those editorials were published.

The problem which faces the individual policy-holder at this juncture can be given only cursory treatment here. It can be said, however, that if a man who wants his money will have a good lawyer write a letter stating unequivocally that court action will be taken if the money is not forthcoming at once, he will receive what is due him under his policy contract provided he is dealing with a company which is able to pay. He will not have to make any affidavits of necessity or pauperism. Of course if he is so unfortunate as to be insured by a company which is not able to pay, he cannot get his money, but he can at least determine whether he wants to put any more money into such a concern.

Wrong and shortsighted as have been the methods pursued in the past three years by these demand-banking concerns, there is still a way out for those companies which are willing to go to the root of the trouble and perform the operation of complete separation of the banking department from the insurance or risk-coverage department. In fact, without further delay, every company which is not able and willing at once to open its paying teller's window as widely as its receiving teller's window should be taken in hand by the courts or the commissioners and reorganized for honest operation as a life-insurance company without demand-banking obligations. This can be done through an amazingly simple method. The banking assets to the amount of the total cash- and loan-value obligations should be turned over to a trustee for liquidation if, as, and when possible. Every policy-holder should be given an "asset-participation certificate" for the amount of the present cash value of his policy, less any outstanding loans against it; this certificate should be freely transferable, so that he can sell it and get some cash if he so desires without losing his life insurance. As the

trustee liquidates the old assets, the certificate holder receives his share of the cash funds, just as he does in the liquidation of any bank or trust.

At the same time that he receives his certificate of interest in the assets the policy-holder should be given a rider to attach to his policy by the terms of which he is given all the life insurance, to the last dollar, which was in his original policy, at the same rates of premium which the companies pay to each other, very safely, when they buy insurance from each other. The form of his policy, as reorganized, will be exactly the form of policy which the companies buy from each other in the process called reinsurance. This would reduce the amount of cash premium required from each policy-holder by from 30 to 90 per cent of his old premium; not because his new life insurance is any cheaper than his old, but because, under the rider, he would no longer be required to pay in the bank-deposit part of his premium. The rider should provide for conversion back to the higher premium form at will by the insured, except that after such reconversion the policy shall be without demand-banking privileges of any kind.

As above stated, every company which is unable or unwilling to meet its obligations in full today should be compelled at once to reorganize on this basis. Any company which is farsighted enough to be willing to reorganize thus before it is compelled to do so should be given that privilege. Whenever any sound company gets into a condition of unsoundness it should be compelled to reorganize. A great sum of money could be saved for the public by creating one huge trust into which the frozen assets of all reorganized companies could be put for liquidation at a minimum of expense.

The foregoing is a brief statement of the general principles underlying the only kind of reorganization of unsound companies which will save the institution of legal-reserve life insurance for the benefit of the people for whom it was built—beneficiaries, widows, and orphans. Any company so reorganized will be able to meet its only obligations—death claims and expenses; its expenses of operation will be enormously reduced; it can then continue to accept premiums, and solicit new premiums honestly, because it will be making good on every promise in its contracts. It will be beyond danger from banking panics because it will not be in the demand-banking business. There is no more sound reason for the close hook-up between life insurance and demand banking which has existed for the past forty years than for the affiliation of savings and commercial banks with investment and security houses—a relationship which has been found to be so unwise that national legislation has been passed against it.

Unless the life-insurance bellwethers now finally look the facts in the face and take the necessary steps to get at the root of the trouble, we are sure finally to have a debacle in life-insurance banking which will make our other banking tragedies seem like pink teas. When the solution is so simple, so practical, so actuarially sound, and so certainly necessary, it is difficult to see why it is not adopted at once. Only the high-salary, high-commission, high-stock-dividend groups oppose it.

[This is the first of two articles on life insurance. The second, *Honest Life Insurance—the Massachusetts Plan*, by William L. Grossman, will appear next week.]

In the Driftway

WHETHER it is his natural sympathy for the underdog or his usual contrariness the Drifter cannot tell, but he finds himself inclined to tender a bouquet among all the brickbats that are flying in the direction of Huey Long. Of the incident which gave rise to the Senatorial black eye the Drifter has heard only a little more than he read in the newspapers (which at times are marvels of discretion), but that little is not such as to make him pro-rather than anti-Long. He thinks that if the Gentleman from Louisiana, like the night, had "a thousand eyes," he would be lucky to have fewer than 999 of them in mourning. But the war is over, and should not be carried on, like that against Germany, beyond the battlefields. The Drifter approves of the eye-blackening administered to the Kingfish, but he regrets to see it followed by a campaign in Louisiana to deprive the spectacular Huey of his seat in the Senate. That is carrying a black eye too far.

FOR after all the Drifter can think of few men in the Senate that give the public more for its \$10,000 a year than Huey Long. He is one of those picturesque, individualistic figures who still linger in public life and raise sessions of the Senate above the level of boredom. He may be 90 per cent wrong but he is 99 per cent entertaining. He represents an old tradition in public life, going back at least as far as President Jackson. In recent years men of his type have come mostly from the South, the last home of individualism in politics, and though they may have shamed their constituents at times, they have titillated the rest of the country almost continuously. The Kingfish belongs to the eminently useful genus of hell raisers. His virtue is that he is not constructive. While his constructive colleagues are cooking up legislation in behalf of special interests and writing various kinds of mischief on the statute books, he is occupied in denouncing them, and he does so much denouncing that he is bound to hit the bull's eye now and then. We live in an age in which little is to be expected of our legislators save bread and circuses. Those who pretend to supply the bread often pass out only boloney, but Huey Long never fails with the circuses.

THE *Police Gazette* is back on the newsstands, full of memories for many who in their early years absorbed much useful but improper—or useful because improper—information from its pages while waiting their turn in the barber-shop. The old *Police Gazette* began to dwindle years ago, and finally was disposed of at a bankruptcy sale last year for a few hundred dollars. It has been revived with the old title head, the old pink paper, and much the old character, though as a concession to the times the paper and the illustrations are better. The new editor—is that also a concession to the times?—is the daughter of a Methodist minister and a graduate of a college of that denomination in Oregon. Not only is the body of the magazine reminiscent of older days, but so are the advertising columns. There are offers of vim and vigor to discouraged men, there are sug-

gestions to "lonely hearts" to join correspondence clubs and so find ideal mates, there are announcements of "real French art photos" (you know the kind), there is the lure of the "hot memoirs of a sin sister," and—this is a strictly modern touch—there is an advertisement of a book on "Rackets Within the Law."

THE revival of the *Police Gazette* is in keeping with the modern cult for the old-fashioned—with the digging up of the biographies of early American worthies and unworthies, with the restoration of old houses, with the craze for sailing-ship models, Currier and Ives prints, hooked rugs, and all that. But there are some obstacles. The great appeal of the old *Police Gazette* was as a peep-hole on sex. For this purpose it was sufficient to show about two inches of a woman's stocking above the shoe top (women's shoes came just above the ankles in those days) with the skirt tossed up as by a bold and indelicate wind. Some excessively daring pictures would show a woman's knee. It is hard to conceive what clothes an artist or photographer can take off nowadays to carry the suggestion of wickedness that went with those old pictures. Perhaps they will try bundling the modern woman up in muslins and calicoes instead. Anyhow it will be instructive to watch the life or death of the new-old *Police Gazette*. There is no accounting for what people will read nowadays. Some of them read even this column.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The New Deal in Hollywood

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The strike which recently "ended" in the motion-picture studios of Hollywood was due to the producers' refusal to deal with the sound technicians, although they had agreed to do so in a pact signed with the unions in 1926, intended to settle such situations. These men, who are highly skilled, were working up to twenty hours a day, seven days a week, with no additional pay for over time, at a rate of from \$25 to \$60 a week, amid high salaries ranging from \$100 to \$5,000 a week. Moreover, they had periods of unemployment between pictures ranging from one to four weeks. The sound men's union finally called a strike. Two days later the other crafts went out in sympathy. The producers set about immediately tying up a group of camera men, the men hardest to replace, with contracts calling for fabulous salaries.

Then the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, a union which had an agreement with the striking unions (I. A. T. S. E.) giving the latter exclusive jurisdiction over all electrical workers actually employed in the making of pictures, was called upon to, and obligingly did, supply strike-breakers. The I. B. E. W. then claimed that they had jurisdiction over the sound and electrical workers. The producers agreed and immediately signed a contract with them to supply all their future needs. Another union, the United Brotherhood of Carpenters, filled the places of the striking studio grips (stage hands).

The strikers found themselves not only in a battle with their powerful employers but also with two organized unions affiliated with the "great" American Federation of Labor, which were out to gain something for themselves while their fellow-unionists were backed against the wall. The strikers appealed

to the United States government to force the producers to arbitrate. Secretary Perkins sent two federal conciliators. The producers refused to see these men and evaded any and all arbitration or mediation. Nevertheless, the conciliators recommended that the strike be ended and the men taken back upon the same terms and without prejudice. Appeals to President Green of the A. F. of L. to do something about an affiliated union's strike-breaking brought only telegrams of condolence which meant nothing. The strikers then appealed to the newly created National Labor Board of the NRA. Dr. Leo Wolman, its acting chairman, asked Governor Rolph to appoint someone to mediate. Timothy Reardon was appointed and his recommendations were the same as those of the federal conciliators. Evidently these recommendations were lost in transit.

The strikers were desperate, as they saw that nothing was being done and that more camera men were being signed by the producers. Judge Ben Lindsey went by plane to Washington. Appeals were sent to *The Nation* and the *New Republic*. William Evans, chief of the Los Angeles headquarters of the NRA, also went to Washington to demand immediate action. After three days of blah the Labor Board finally reached its decision. The striking workers went mad with joy when Leo Wolman wired:

The National Labor Board announced yesterday afternoon the following decision for the settlement of the motion-picture workers' strike in California: (1) that strike be called off at the suggestion of National Labor Board; (2) that employees be taken back without prejudice, strikers to be given preference before new employees are taken on, and that they may retain membership in their organization, it being understood that this involves no change in the industrial-relations policy of the motion-picture industry; (3) that there be no discrimination against membership in any union; (4) that jurisdiction questions be settled by the A. F. of L.—pending settlement of these jurisdiction disputes no strikes shall be called; (5) that disputes as to the interpretation of this agreement shall be decided by the National Labor Board and both parties agree to accept decision of this board as final and binding. The board is assured that all parties will cooperate in carrying out this agreement.

The next morning the men crowded outside the studio gates. Just about a hundred men, in most cases the highly skilled ones who could not be replaced, were taken back. The rest, close to four thousand, were politely told that the jobs were filled—by union scabs. But in the future, should there be any openings, they would be hired "without prejudice," providing they joined the strike-breaking unions. The strike overnight became a lockout. The men are helpless, as they are bound by the NRA Labor Board decision not to strike again. The leaders wrote the motion-picture producers a very polite note reminding them of the NRA decision, but they are still waiting for a reply.

So the "new deal" has come to Hollywood in the form of unemployment to men who have loyally worked in the studios for many years. The men are bitter. Some pace the streets in a daze. Rumblings are heard about murder, beatings, and sabotage. In one day the homes of two camera men were stoned. Several strike-breakers were beaten. What the men may do does not take much effort to imagine. The producers, though they accepted the decision of the NRA, have politely refused to abide by its rulings. In the meantime, one of the strongest unions in the country is broken in body and spirit; the men are locked out as a result of the treachery of a handful of camera men, the knavery of two unions, the brotherly spirit of the A. F. of L., and the great power and influence of the NRA.

Los Angeles, Cal., August 28

SYMPATHIZER

Mr. Troy Explains

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I should like to take objection to a rather bold statement made by William Troy in his absorbing article on the movies in the issue of August 30. This is not induced by any racial "chip-on-the-shoulder" attitude, but rather by a sincerely scientific desire to know how Mr. Troy arrived at his conclusion that the characters in the picture "Another Language" could not have been anything but Jewish.

It seems to me that the family as portrayed is a typical middle-class American family—not characteristically Jewish at all—lacking higher aesthetic and intellectual values so completely that it neither understands nor appreciates them in the wife of the youngest son. If I have overlooked some subtle points in the play that might classify the characters as typically Jewish I am interested in knowing what they are.

New York, August 30

SUBSCRIBER

[Perhaps my statement suffered in clarity and gained in "boldness" by being too much cramped between the parentheses which I believed the smallness of the point deserved. It was the intense solidarity and the matriarchal organization of the family group in Miss Franken's play which made me more inclined to identify it as a middle-class Jewish family than as a "typical middle-class American family," whatever that may be. If there was any criticism in the remark, it was directed not against the former important class but against Miss Franken, who apparently did not wish to take all the risks involved in limiting her background more explicitly.—WILLIAM TROY]

The Story of All Miners

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I once wrote a story about the coal mines. I am a miner and have written lots of stories about the mines, but here I am referring to a pathetic story that was different from the general run of mine stories. Nobody got killed in the story—it was about an old miner, Jake, who worked in the mines day after day. He never met with any serious accident. Often he smashed his fingers, cut himself with a piece of jagged rock shot down from the top, and often he lit a pocket of gas and crawling out from under it, got hot as hell. His joints got rheumatic from working in water, but the story wasn't about any of these. It was about the miners' work, day after day, and a sort of gnawing fear that went with it. Jake wasn't a coward—far from it—but there was something that seemed to eat him up from the inside, a static fear that was always present. The constant danger—danger of rocks that come crashing down, danger of rushing clouds of smoke and fire, many dangers. Sometimes, after an explosion in a nearby mine or after a neighboring worker had been crushed, this fear was more acute, but it was always there.

At the mine where Jake worked there was a peculiar kind of top. The miners called it a "silent top." It fell without any preliminaries of cracking and popping. You never heard anything until it hit the bottom; if it hit you, you never heard anything at all. The rocks fell out of the top in hemispherical shapes like kettles. The miners called them pots. No pots hit Jake, but there was the constant danger, the fear—not a hysterical fear, but a deep, gnawing fear.

I handed the story to a college professor of the short story in a large Midwest school. He criticized it severely. There was no story there, he said. It lacked climax and content. I

had written several stories that he liked very much—stories of shot firers stuck on mine walls like flies, and other disasters. After the criticism offered by the professor, I never submitted the story anywhere for publication; I never tried to rewrite it.

Since then I have thought much about the theme of the story. Maybe it wasn't well written, but the story, I contend, is the one great story of the mines—the story of all times and all miners. Stories of accidents and disasters are stories of incidents. They may be interesting studies but they are not fundamental. So far I have never seen this story in print.

HORACE BRYAN

Commonwealth College, Mena, Ark., September 8

Newspaper Writers' Chance

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

While the workers in the mechanical departments of American newspapers are very largely and very thoroughly organized, there exist in the United States at the present time only two unions of editorial-room employees—Newspaper Writers' Union No. 9, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Newspaper Writers' Union No. 3, in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Editorial-room workers on many newspapers in many cities long have been dissatisfied with the conditions under which they work and the pay they receive, but until now the "white-collar" tradition which differentiated them from their fellows in the composing-room seems to have been too strong to overcome. Their chance has come at last, however, and through the NRA, news and editorial writers now may organize under the protection of the federal government and with the assurance that they will not, in so organizing, be risking loss of their jobs. Unions so organized would eventually be affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, and the members of these organizations would be given the full benefit of connection with this powerful nation-wide labor organization.

Newspaper men and women who are interested in forming a strong protective organization are invited to write to the undersigned or to Charles W. Taylor, Secretary, Newspaper Writers' Union No. 9, 536 West Juneau Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Milwaukee, Wis., August 14

HERBERT H. RYAN

President, Newspaper Writers' Union No. 9.

"The Black Worker"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In his review of "The Beginning of Marxian Socialism in France" Benjamin Stolberg refers to "The Black Worker" as a study of unusual breadth and penetration. "The Black Worker" was written by Sterling D. Spero and Abram L. Harris, and was not, as Mr. Stolberg states, the work of Mr. Harris alone.

New York, August 5

WILLIAM VICTOR GOLDBERG

Letters of Matthew B. Brady

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am engaged on a biography of Matthew B. Brady, the Civil War photographer (1823-1896), and it would be of great assistance if you could print a note of inquiry for unpublished letters by or about Brady, personal recollections, and the like.

Brighton, Mass., August 21

CHARLES FLATO

THE NEW SCHOOL

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Books and Drama

Mr. Wells Again

The Shape of Things to Come. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THERE is plenty of life in the Old Master yet. There is enough meat in his sixty-sixth book to make the reputation of a new man, and while the basic pattern is little altered from that which he adopted *circa* 1912, still the new decorations are as original as those usually disclosed when an old place of public entertainment reopens.

"The Shape of Things to Come" is a sort of "Looking Backward." In it the course of human history from the World War to the year 2106 is reviewed from the point of view of a learned publicist of that date. In this fashion Mr. Wells has his little joke; he is able to say what he damned well pleases about the present and its dramatis personae; and he is not embarrassed by the necessity of stopping on July 1, 1933, in order to make the publisher's deadline. In fact he only notices the present in order that he may review the future. Mr. Wells's favorite word is *mañana*.

In the old days Wells used to have Utopia a-coming in with each succeeding spring; but the aftermath of the World War has sobered him a little and in this latest treatise he imagines that a century of pretty horrible suffering intervenes between the collapse of capitalism and the actual establishment of the World State. What goes on in that century is, briefly, this: the depression continues, deepening and deepening as the years pass by, and from 1935 to 1965 the world passes through the period of maximum insecurity; between 1940 and 1965 a succession of air and gas wars is fought in the Far East and Europe; they are brought to a conclusion by the economic exhaustion of the participants; schools close down, public services lapse, the world disintegrates into more or less isolated fractions with millions dragging out their lives at unskilful subsistence farming; but the impedimenta of capitalist civilization, material and mental, still clutter the earth. The foci of activity are the airports of the world, and along about 1950 the aviators begin to develop an international system of control which reintroduces trade and production for the market, but exists outside of the rudimentary remains of nationalistic state organizations and arbitrarily appropriates such factories and other production units as can be reconditioned. By progressive steps the aviators assert their dominance and in 1965 proclaim a World State and begin to consolidate their gains by initiating a long struggle with the vestigial remains of the old order, summoned into phantom activity by the revival the aviators have initiated. In 2059 they complete their task and the world, completely renovated, passes from their control into the hands of the true World Staters, who thereupon devote their energies to extending the basic principles according to H. G. Wells (or rather that great thinker Gustave De Windt, author of "Social Nucleation," 1942), with fancy additions from the repertory of experimental biology and other sciences.

But, you ask, where is the revolution? Well, it seems that while the Communists won over nine-tenths of the farmers and workers by 1945 they were unable to engineer an insurrection because of the opposition of the aviators, the experimental scientists, the engineers, and the intelligent sociologists like Raymond Fosdick, Charles Beard, and a sizable collection of Wells's other admirations. In brief, the book is grounded in the familiar Wells notions: Marxism minus the class struggle and the dictatorship of the proletariat, for which last is substituted the rule of the intellectual elite, in this book called the World Fellowship. Nevertheless, the book is fascinating—full

of vastly interesting ideas, extraordinary insights into contemporary affairs and future drifts, brilliantly "actual" portrayals of a possible future—and altogether well worth any man's money even if he winces when Wells hails Ortega y Gasset, Major C. H. Douglas, Maynard Keynes, and Howard Scott as people of prescience, the liberators of mankind. What a scramble of notions Mr. Wells has: Lenin and Scott, Marx and Harry Barnes, Henry George and I. A. Richards, all contribute to his store of wisdom. The mere range of reference is extraordinary. And H. G. Wells is sixty-seven this year.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Hitler via Ebert

The Kaiser Goes: The Generals Remain. By Theodor Plivier. Translated from the German by A. W. Wheen. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

IN 1923 a book was brought out here that is going to be increasingly referred to by all those who wish to understand what has happened in Germany. It was entitled "The German Revolution and After," and its author, Heinrich Strobel, was a prominent Socialist who was for many years editor of *Vorwärts* but broke with the party during the war and joined the Independent Socialists. His position among the Marxist parties of the period—the Spartacists, the Independent Socialists, and the Social Democrats—was therefore centrist, a fact which adds weight to his carefully documented analysis of Social Democratic tactics during and after the revolution of November, 1918. In the light of events which were the inevitable consequences of these tactics and to which Strobel in 1923 already refers almost as *faits accomplis*, it is a book that makes heartbreaking reading.

It is no detraction of Plivier's novel to say that it is a fictionalized version of Strobel's history. By localizing the anonymous mass eruption in typical fumaroles, by piecing out the thoughts, emotions, and conversations of the leaders from authentic speeches and letters, he has dramatized what Strobel has irrefutably documented, namely, that the German revolution of November, 1918, was not a "popular" bourgeois-democratic revolution whose object was merely to abolish the monarchy and institute a republic—the interpretation which the Social Democrats chose to read into it and which has been generally accepted abroad—but a distinctly proletarian revolution in which no other class had any initiative. To the very end the growing consciousness of national defeat inspired no thought of revolution in the upper and middle classes or even in the Social Democratic Party leaders, but only a desire for peace. On the fifth of October the last imperial Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, was able to write: "Thank God, in the Social Democrats I have men on my side . . . with their help I hope to save the Emperor." And when the revolution came despite the efforts of the Social Democrats to avert it, it captured its objectives with such thoroughness and celerity that no possible excuse was left for tactical compromise.

Plivier emphasizes that the compromise which the revolution was forced to make was not with the Junkers or bourgeoisie, for the crisis left both these classes without any bargaining power. The revolutionary proletariat was forced to compromise with its own Social Democratic bureaucracy, whose betrayal of Socialist principles during the war had not wiped out their symbolic appeal as the traditional standard bearers of the masses. And the Social Democratic bureaucrats, whose dread of revolution was a monomania to which all other considerations were subordinated, made use of the pathetic confidence of the victorious masses to disarm them and deliver them

back to their Junker turnkeys. The criminal insanity of this course reached a horrible *reductio ad absurdum* at the time of the Kapp Putsch, when the coddled Junker mercenaries of the Ebert regime decided that the time had come to seize nominal as well as actual power and the German proletariat in its last revolutionary spasm rallied to the defense of its "Socialist" government and crushed the rebellion by a general strike. After the counter-revolution collapsed, military tribunals headed by Junker officers were set up to pacify the country, and "workers who had armed themselves and risen in defense of democracy became the prey of those bodies of troops which had tolerated the rebels with unmistakable benevolence." Hundreds of workers were executed by the government they were guilty of saving until *Vorwärts* was obliged to come out with the cry "Down with the military tribunals."

One of the most effective chapters in the book is Plivier's almost cinematic portrayal of the Kiel mutiny. Here the author of "The Kaiser's Coolies," who must have been a participant himself, is at home. The growth of the mutiny out of a thousand "latrine rumors," its vacillating progress from ship to ship and from ship to shore until it burst upon North Germany in an inundating tide, are a vivid re-creation of mass dynamics. Finding himself a prisoner, the governor of Kiel wired to Berlin, which sent the Social Democrat, Noske, to negotiate with the sailors. When he arrived at Kiel, the wily Noske maneuvered to have himself elected president of the Sailors' Council. What Noske did at Kiel was repeated on a larger scale at Berlin. The Social Democrats maneuvered themselves into the guardianship of a revolution they had done their best to throttle, disarmed the workers and sailors, emasculated the authority of the Soldiers' Councils, and restored that of the officers. The novel ends on a note of ominous counterpoint. In the Reichstag the first meeting of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council concludes with three cheers for the German Soviet Republic. In the Chancellery Ebert is in communication on the phone with General von Groener arranging the terms of an alliance between the Officers' Corps and the Social Democratic Party "to fight bolshevism."

One of the brazen-faced myths which the Nazis are trying to erect into history is that their ascent to power was a revolution. If Hitler's accession was a revolution, never was there such close cooperation between a revolution and the government it was supposed to overthrow. Imagine a revolution in which the government invites the chief revolutionist to become Chancellor so that he may supervise its downfall. Imagine a revolution carried out under the protection of the government's own chief of police, with the army and navy in readiness to help. Plivier makes it abundantly clear why Hitler's march to power was a parade instead of a battle. The battle had already been won for him by Ebert, Scheidemann, and Noske.

ALTER BRODY

Static Pathos

Robino and Other Stories. By Umberto Fracchia. Translated from the Italian by Sir S. H. Scott. Robert O. Ballou. \$1.50.

The Black Boxer. By H. E. Bates. Robert O. Ballou. \$2.

UMBERTO FRACCHIA'S reputation has grown steadily since his early death three years ago as the result of an accident, and now Sir Samuel Scott has chosen four stories from "Piccola Gente di Città" to introduce him to the English-reading public. It requires a strenuous and immediate sympathetic adjustment to cope with or even tolerate Fracchia's sentimentalism, for he represents an Italian modality which finds no counterpart in English literature except in the rather

remote Victorian tradition. Fracchia filters his material from a sea of tears. In depicting the tragedy of small souls, of his "piccola gente di città," he overworks to exasperation whatever pathetic elements he can bring within his scope. He has, on the other hand, a special gift for adroitly capturing mood and atmosphere and for individualizing his characters. His *Autumn Rain*, for instance, contains no plot, no dynamic implications, yet one finds in it a rather effective picture, gray in tone, quiet, extremely touching.

This same spirit of static pathos permeates the eleven tales in "The Black Boxer" of H. E. Bates, a young English storyteller still in his twenties. Of course Bates endeavors to cultivate the heroic in place of the pathetic. The Ponto in *The Mower*, the Johann in *The Hessian Prisoner*, and the Pike in *A Threshing Day for Esther* have been molded from the same epic clay. Bates loves to depict the "he-man" in all his rugged, Rabelaisian masculinity. But otherwise most of the tales in "The Black Boxer" reveal the same frail quality which characterizes all of Fracchia's work. Without recourse to the obvious tricks of the short-story realists now in vogue, Bates portrays his farmers and shopkeepers and paints his landscape and mood in a way to stir the most apathetic reader. He attains this poignancy quite uncannily, with an ease and savoir faire comparable to Coppard's. His is, in brief, an art of suggestion and well-chosen words, and *Charlotte Esmond* and *The Hessian Prisoner* deserve unstinted praise.

But curiously enough, neither Fracchia nor Bates philosophizes about or ponders over the grievous social forces responsible for the characters' woe. In the case of Fracchia, it is because, wrapped as he is in a literary attitude, his morale points to Christian resignation, and the insidious, ineffective comment, "Life is like that," seems to recur in every climax. In the case of Bates, however, the agonists voice a deep note of discontent, but a note which emanates from inner conflict rather than from the palpable social disturbances actuating them. Despite this lack of social discernment one must admit that "The Black Boxer" is a distinguished accomplishment and marks a distinct step forward in Bates's career. He has given ample evidence of a more colorful variety, a richer diapason, and one feels all the time the presence of a first-rate story-teller.

ANGEL FLORES

Monetary Control Versus Industrial Control

Monetary Theory and the Trade Cycle. By Friedrich A. Hayek. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

Economic Cycles and Crises. By William C. Schluter. Sears Publishing Company. \$2.50.

DR. HAYEK'S book, a translation of a German work published in 1929, breaks into the current controversy over programs of economic recovery with a sledge-hammer blow at the announced policy of the Roosevelt Administration first to "reflate" prices to the level at which debts were contracted, and thereafter to stabilize them. For it is the aim of his book to refute the "theories which have led to the belief that by stabilizing the general price level all the disturbing monetary causes would be eliminated." And while Dr. Hayek emphasizes the monetary causes which start cyclical fluctuations, he has no confidence that one can cure a depression by monetary means. "To combat the depression by a forced credit expansion is to attempt to cure the evil by the very means which brought it about." In his view the easy credit policy of the Federal Reserve System in 1927, together with the attempts to prevent liquidation once the crisis had come, is responsible for

the exceptional severity and duration of the depression. It is therefore high time, he thinks, that the influence of the price stabilizers, whose advice "monetary policy all over the world has followed" for the last six or eight years, should be overthrown.

Unlike Wicksell, who was concerned with the effect upon the price level of the divergence of the money rate from the equilibrium rate, Hayek is concerned with the effect of this disparity upon the successive changes in the real structure of production which, in his view, constitute cyclical fluctuations. A "rate of interest which equilibrates the supply of real savings and the demand for capital" is by definition a rate which permits no expansion of bank credit, for every expansion of bank credit means that the demand for capital is in part satisfied not out of savings but from the arbitrary creation of purchasing power by banks. And it is this which causes all the difficulty. For once this artificial stimulus to capital formation is withdrawn, it is discovered that the investments in productive equipment have been so large as to render them unprofitable. A boom consists of a spurt of capital construction financed not from real savings but from bank loans. To prevent the boom one must prevent an expansion of the circulating media. And it is quite utopian to hope to prevent a depression if one fosters a boom. *For the boom is the cause of the depression.*

Dr. Hayek has no illusions that it will be easy for modern societies to eschew bank-credit sprees and thereby escape the headaches that come the morning after. It is pertinent to ask "whether the causes which bring it about that banks increase their deposits through additional credits in periods of boom . . . are inherent in the nature of the system or not." A competitive and profit-seeking banking system cannot resist a demand for additional funds, such as may arise, for example, from new inventions, the discovery of new resources, and the development of new industries. A competitive and profit-seeking banking system can, of course, be restrained somewhat by weapons at the disposal of the central bank, but these weapons are far from adequate to keep rigidly constant the money supply. Should one, then, not argue for the elimination of private banking? Dr. Hayek would reply that a government-owned banking system subjected to political pressures could probably offer even less resistance to the demand for credit expansion. He is therefore able to suggest no more effective reform than the subjection of banks to an extreme degree of publicity.

And may I add that even though a government-owned banking system operated with the utmost scientific precision, it would face no easy problem. For the effective money supply is a product of the decisions of innumerable individuals, not merely of the actions of banks. Hoarding and dishoarding, buying on credit and debt liquidation, rapid circulation of currency and the holding of idle balances, shifts in spending and saving—these suggest the complex factors involved. To devise a scheme of control which will so affect the decisions of competitive commercial bankers, of hundreds of thousands of entrepreneurs, of millions of income receivers that the end result will be a constant effective money supply is a task for the Olympians.

I am not able in this brief review to enter into a critique of Hayek's thesis. I can only state my view that even if we could achieve "money neutrality" we should not thereby reach the desired goal. For money neutrality is no adequate guaranty either of profit stability or of investment stability, far less of business stability.

Unlike Hayek, who in common with unilateral monetary theorists of all schools leans toward a mechanistic and superficially simplified point of view, Schluter is impressed with the great complexity of modern institutional arrangements and the behavioristic elements in the economic and social order. One is led "to believe either that the economic system is evolving into

such a state of complexity as to be beyond the possibility of mental grasp or intelligent understanding; or that, if we could explain it, our explanations would not lay the basis for any practical program of corrective measures or control." At any rate, the system has become "highly unresponsive to individualistic measures" and "overwhelmingly unmanageable by the quality of intelligence and action emanating from free competitive individualism."

Yet on one thing he is in agreement with Hayek. The root cause of the appalling breakdown of the economic machine is the improper functioning of the credit system. "The greater reliance by the present economy on the increasing infusion of bank-credit funds for exciting economic activity . . . bids fair to undermine our existing capitalistic structure. . . . As Lenin once said, 'Debauch the currency of capitalism and you destroy the capitalistic system.'" This the whole world has been doing during and since the war and, one may add, is still in process of doing. But Schluter does not believe that the solution can be found in mere reform of the credit system, desirable as many of the current proposals may be. "At this writing, the economic order is seriously sick, defying resuscitation by financial measures desperately employed." He therefore proposes the reconstruction of the business and economic system:

- (1) In the integration of business enterprises into larger organizations, vertically and horizontally, within the confines of a definitely circumscribed industry.
- (2) In the formation of industrial institutes that should be envisaged as centers of intelligence for developing industrial policies and administering these in the interest of the industry and of the economic system as a whole.
- (3) In the furtherance of trade-association activities for the purpose of collecting, systematizing, and promulgating data and facts representing trends in industry and economic conditions, to be utilized in the formation of policies by business enterprises.
- (4) In the inauguration of publicity measures through governmental agencies, or business associations and institutes, embracing uniform accounting standards and practices, governmental certified public-accounting supervision and checks, and the publishing of these financial data to serve as guides to investors and consumers, furnishing them with information as to the appropriateness of prices charged.

There is, moreover, to be a National Economic Council, composed of representatives from the institutes and federations but checked and balanced by the federal government.

The role of government in the proposed plan would be chiefly one of arbiter, of friendly, paternal advice; but in one respect its powers would be almost dictatorial—in that of control over accountancy, valuations, and capitalizations, and publicity in these matters . . . also in connection with the economic policies having to do with the distribution of money income and the determination of prices.

All this, I take it, sounds not altogether unfamiliar to those who are following closely the political revolution through which the United States is now passing.

Hayek, clinging as he does to the price system, logically approaches the problem of control from the standpoint of monetary stability. But the prospects for success are, I think, unfortunately not great. This is so partly because we do not yet know what kind of monetary stability we want—witness the disagreement between Keynes and Hayek; partly because the instruments of control are too crude to cope satisfactorily with a complex situation involving the psychological reactions of millions of individuals with respect to the disposal of their incomes; partly because a democracy is not likely to pursue, for long, a consistent monetary policy, particularly one which calls for great restraint in the use of credit. Indeed, Hayek himself impresses upon his readers "how little we really know of the forces which we are trying to influence by deliberate manage-

ment; so little indeed that it must remain an open question whether we would try if we knew more."

But the evolution of social control does not and cannot stand still. The monetary solution failing, or coming too late, inevitably opens the way to more direct methods of control such as those advocated by Schluter—the regulation of production and investment, of wages and prices, through industrial codes enforced by trade associations, trade unions, and ultimately by the government itself. And the economic system is so interwoven and interrelated that the effort to solve one problem raises innumerable new ones. One regulatory policy forces still others. There is no logical stopping-point short of complete economic regimentation.

The competitive price system is a scheme of social organization without resort to force. If and when this system disappears, a syndicalized society will face the terrific problem of social coherence. It is not difficult to see that this problem already looms on the horizon. Unwilling to bear the ills we have, we fly to others that we know not of. This, indeed, is the process of history.

ALVIN HARVEY HANSEN

Women of America

America Through Women's Eyes. Edited by Mary R. Beard. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

MRS. BEARD describes her book as designed to illustrate, "if in a fragmentary way, the share of women in the development of American society—their activity, their thought about their labor, and their thought about the history they have helped to make or have observed in the making." To this end she has collected some seventy-five or eighty extracts from women's writings, some of them contemporary with their subjects but a good many of later date, and strung them together with brief prefatory notes which combine a little history or biography with running comments upon the various selections or upon the characteristics of the events or periods to which they relate. The subdivisions in which the extracts are grouped begin with the colonial era and come down through the World War to the confines, at least, of the present struggle with chaos.

Many of the women whose writings are drawn upon bear familiar names, and their inclusion in such a symposium is naturally to be expected. It would not be possible to do justice to women's part in the Revolution without citing Mercy Warren and Abigail Adams, or to deal with women's ideas about slavery without mentioning Lydia Maria Child and Julia Ward Howe, or to pass over the Civil War without quoting Mrs. Roger Pryor or Clara Barton, or to review the emancipation of women from social and political restrictions without instancing Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Victoria Woodhull, Frances E. Willard, and Carrie Chapman Catt. A number of others, however, less generally known but with interesting records in experience or controversy, find place in Mrs. Beard's list. The letter in which Deborah Champion tells of her exploit, a young woman of twenty-two, in riding through the British lines at Boston in 1775 with dispatches for Washington is an entertaining mixture of artless recital and formal phrasing, and the extracts from "Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years" and the diary of Narcissa Whitman, wife of Marcus Whitman of Oregon fame, are vivid portrayals of personal experiences in frontier Ohio and on an early journey across the plains.

Industrial and social changes bulk large in the latter part of the book, and here Mrs. Beard calls in the specialists: Jane Addams for Hull House; Florence Kelley on labor and tenement-house legislation; Josephine Goldmark on the relation of fatigue to efficiency; and Alice Hamilton on industrial poisons.

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Helen Woodward, of course, writes with preeminent authority about advertising; Josephine Roche, described by Nancy Cattell Hartford, is properly singled out as a striking example of a successful woman business manager, and Mary Van Kleeck shows how a better distribution of wealth may be a better economic way out. The character of these later extracts seems to suggest that Mrs. Beard has been more concerned to exhibit women's part, as investigators, critics, or reformers, in the improvement of economic conditions than in their role as workers or employers, although it must be said that, of the two groups, the critics and reformers have been more vocal.

Perhaps it was not feasible in a book of moderate compass to make the representation of women's work and interests more complete, but the topical omissions are rather striking. The early constitutional period is passed over, slavery holds the field to the exclusion of almost everything else in politics or industry for the generation preceding the Civil War, and national politics everywhere is lightly touched. There is nothing, or next to nothing, about women's interest in art, music, science, philosophy, recent education, or sport, and no reference appears to be made to the great part played by women in the repudiation of national prohibition. The field of literary criticism is represented only by a brief extract from an article by Edith Wharton on the writing of fiction, and women as journalists do not appear at all. One gathers that the women's eyes whose glances Mrs. Beard has assembled are predominantly those of realists, keen observers on occasion but much like men in their attitude toward general issues, increasingly eager to improve social and economic conditions, and with a limited but active interest in causes and reforms. Of these aspects of women's thought and work, as of their personal experiences in widely varied situations, the book offers well-chosen illustrations.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

High Wind

Solal. By Albert Cohen. Translated from the French by Wilfrid Benson. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.40.

A GOOD novel is one we like; and to this incontrovertible and perfect definition may be added Ruskin's stricture, for the benefit of those who disagree with our tastes, that what you like shows you up for what you are.

I happen to like any novel wherein the characters live and the pages are blown by the high wind of creative fancy—let the wind blow from whatever quarter it lists, Hungarian, ovarian, Rotarian, or proletarian. I want a lift, and I'll take it gratefully from Abraham Adams, Corporal Trim, Tony Weller, Sir Willoughby Patterne, Ty Ty, or the Vicomte de Bragelonne, without asking for his blue-hawk button or red card. On the other hand, if the novelist is itchy with philosophic ideas, social problems, or economic theories, let him write articles in *Mind* and *The Nation* or otherwise hang himself. I go to a novel for life; and while life, I grant, is teeming with views, if the breath be absent no posturing of ideals and no fine talk can take its place. I want life, whether it be true or false, of this world or the next, so long as the *ruach*, the *spiritus*, the breath, is there.

This is why I like "*Solal*" and, liking it, proclaim it a first-rate work. Critics have called it romantic, meaning, I believe, to praise it. This is nonsense, as are all such labels. Realism is, of course, whatever our own generation likes, romanticism is what our fathers liked, and classicism is what our grandfathers liked. Incidentally—to recall a dead, buried, and rotted term—humanism is what we want to think our grandfathers liked. And if our grandchildren continue to like "*Solal*," in addition to being realistic, romantic, classic, and good, it will

earn the title of being a great novel. So much for its classification and pedigree.

Like all fine invention, the book contemptuously breaks these major literary bounds. Half of the action unrolls in the hands of a crew of mad Sephardic Jews buried in the remote, semi-Oriental, and, to the Westerner, altogether fantastic Greek isle of Cephalonia (*alias* Corfu). Yet these whimsical beings are painted with sober factual detail, even to the physiological eccentricity of Ironmaw which gave him the nickname of Captain of the Winds. The remainder of the story is spun around Geneva and Paris; and there, in the familiar heart of Europe, stuffy statesmen, stupid diplomatic receptions, withered Calvinists, and banal stage properties such as old châteaux and ministerial desks are blown out of all immediate recognition by a "romantic" gale.

Similar hash is made of the conventional categories of style. Like Joyce, Albert Cohen uses the full orchestra—the confidential ironic pipes of Sterne, the rowdy drums of Rabelais, the swift narrative horns of Dumas, and the linguistic, psychological jazz saxophones of Joyce himself. It is enough to make a translator throw his typewriter out of the window; and in the present instance it is a pity he did not.

If the author had been a mere imitator, if Joyce *et al.* were, in the cant of criticism, his "sources" and "influences," the result would have been a dull anarchy. Style and form, however, are born and ruled by an inward vision. The controlling "source" is Hebraic—that love of the world which made David sing, "I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord," and Spinoza repeat after him, "Wisdom is a meditation, not of death, but of life." Springing from this vision, which sees joy in creation—"loins raised by the Lord, loins lowered by the Lord, deep thrusts of the Lord"—and which conquers chaos and death, the sallies of style, the alternately languid and hurried narration, the digressions and asides, in themselves the reflections of the fecund jungle of God's world, are as logically and naturally Hebraic as the Talmud.

And where, except in that world, will you find creatures more endowed with life than Uncle Saltiel and his gallants of France, than Adrienne with the "violet splendor" in her eyes, than Solal, the incarnation of Israel? Who could be more alive than the nonagenarian Maimon, the palsied past of the race, borne throughout the globe—and the book—in his coffin? Plumped in Saltiel's colony in Palestine, he rises from his bier and asks, "Am I a population?" My lord Maimon, you are.

Here we touch upon the technical triumph of the work. Solal, the hero, is the symbol of Israel. His story is an allegory of his people from the first descent into Egypt to the last German atrocity, with all their miseries, scandals, sins, and glories. Nothing, you will grant, can be deadlier than symbols and allegories. If anything can, it is, moreover, precisely the one theme the author has chosen to animate his plot—the theme of marriage between Jew and Gentile, commonly treated as a weakly dramatized exercise in sociology. Yet see what happens. For the first time that I can recall, a writer—Albert Cohen—manages to throw the quickening spell of imagination upon this worn theme. The scene in the cellars of Solal's chateau is true creation—a poet come at last to legislate, as is his province, on intermarriage and "assimilation." And never, till the final pages, do symbol and allegory intrude upon the life of the narrative, and then only to transfigure it. "The sun lit up the tears of the blood-stained lord, setting out with his rebellious smile, madly in love with the earth, crowned in beauty, toward the morrow and his wonderful defeat. Solal rode on. He looked the sun in the face."

Uncle Saltiel, stricken in Palestine, puts in his dying words the sum of anti-Semitism and by inversion the spirit of the Jew and the faith of the author: "They don't like people who are too alive."

It is only fair to warn the English reader that the translation seldom rises to the power of the original and too often sinks beneath its weight of errors into sheer illiteracy. Even without government supervision and a pure-language act, publishers ought to show, like any craftsman, a minimum of respect for their own wares.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

Dissection of Modern Poetry

Form in Modern Poetry. By Herbert Read. Sheed and Ward. \$1.

THIS essay is one of a series called "Essays in Order" published under the general editorship of Christopher Dawson and T. F. Burns. The particular problem of "order" discussed by Mr. Read is the modern poet's. Mr. Read inclines, as do other critics, to break down the usual distinctions between the romantic and the classical traditions. His method, like Richards's, is psychological. Defining form as of two types, organic and abstract, he proposes to investigate organic form, "that form which art takes when it has its own inherent laws, originating with its very invention and fusing in one vital unity both structure and content." This leads him into a chapter on personality and character. From definitions by psychologists and comments by poets concerning their creative activity, he concludes that character, "a disposition in the individual due to the repression of certain impulses," is opposed to personality, "the general common denominator of our sentiments and emotions." The poets must have personality, therefore, rather than character. And the ideal personality, for the poet, is "that of a man ever capable of adapting his being to the movements of his thought and whose thought is in accord with the universal." Here Mr. Read is taking his theory in part from Fernandez, and implying that such use of the word "personality" is in agreement with Eliot's remarks on the necessary impersonality of a work of art. A poet who has this ideal personality achieves form without the loss of sensibility.

The earlier Wordsworth and Hopkins, according to this critic, prove how the "ideal personality" revitalizes poetry. Both poets, having cast off the tyranny of obsolete laws (character) were under the necessity of originating their own (personality). The great long poem, unlike the lyric, in which form and conception are unobtrusively present, relies on a kind of intellectual structure. In it the poetic personality is present in ordered units. The type of the long poem determines, apparently, the kind of units.

Mr. Read's last chapter brings these definitions to focus on modern poetry. He believes that the better moderns, living in an age neither romantic nor classical, according to the usual historical definitions of those terms ("in an age of satiety but not of solidity"), have had no alternative but to rely "on a coherence of the personality based on the widest evidence of the senses."

All of this is suggestive, but in Mr. Read's mere outline—an outline in which the relationship between one series of definitions and another is not always clear—it leaves many problems to be solved. The general tendency in much modern criticism is to turn to psychology for redefinition of the creative act. Such definitions neglect the historical view of movements, neglect the scene which is being absorbed by the artist, neglect the study of the work of art itself, in favor of a study of the mental processes by which the work came into existence. And in any study of the mental processes such as Mr. Read's we are, moreover, relying upon psychological definitions which may themselves soon be out of date. We should like to ask Mr. Read just what poets—other than Shakespeare, whom he names—have had this "ideal personality." We do not under-

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stand why it may not be shown that much great poetry has come from an overdevelopment of some one sensibility in an artist.

"Form in Modern Poetry" seems, indeed, a compilation and reassimilation on Mr. Read's part of much that has been stated and studied by other modern critics of poetry. Nor does his own position emerge plainly enough to contribute greatly toward clearing away the present confusion of philosophical, psychological, sociological, and historical theories in the field of aesthetics.

EDA LOU WALTON

Shorter Notices

Mandoa, Mandoa! By Winifred Holtby. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Belonging to the genre of whimsical satire, in which English wit seems especially proficient, "Mandoa, Mandoa" is a tale ingeniously conceived to exalt the barbaric virtues at the expense of a decadent white man's civilization. Taking her cue undoubtedly from the recent furor over an Abyssinian coronation, Miss Holtby creates the land of Mandoa, an independent principality in Africa inhabited by a mixed Arabian and Negroid race professing Catholicism and practicing slavery and other savage customs. She then betrays Mandoa into the hands of Sir Joseph Prince, head of Prince's Tours, Ltd., who decides on the audacious enterprise of modernizing the country and making it a popular resort for jaded Englishmen. The result is a highly diverting story, rich in comic situations and witty misadventures, all designed to explode the smugness of a "white man's burden" attitude toward the lower races.

The Summer Flood. By Goronwy Rees. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

A delicate and decorous little idyl about two Welsh lovers of eighteen or so who take 200 pages to come diffidently to an embrace and less than half a dozen to meet their deaths, drowned in the rough sea which had carried them safely, a few hours before, to their island of love. Although the writing is smooth and distinguished and the characters clearly outlined in the progress of a particular emotion, the novel lacks substance to bear the weight of its sudden and crushing end. This Owen and this Nest are too fragile to have embarked on so perilous a voyage. Mr. Rees should try again with something a distinguished and less fragmentary.

Volume the First. By Jane Austen. Oxford University Press. \$2.

At fifteen Jane Austen, like many another fifteen-year-old, was a prolific writer and constantly edified her long-suffering family with the effusions of her busy pen. These fragments from a copy-book comprise various chapters of unfinished novels and plays, a poem or two, and a few Miscellaneous Thoughts. They show that Miss Austen was determined to write if the skies fell, that she was as busy a reader as she was a writer, and that she already had developed the sharp nose for the pseudo and the overdone which she was to use so effectively when she grew up. She was capable of burlesquing the novels which she read and which later she improved upon. In these early heroines "every virtue met," particularly in one Lady Williams, "a widow with a handsome jointure and the remains of a very handsome face." Her heroes were "amiable, accomplished, and bewitching," of "so dazzling a Beauty that none but Eagles" could look them in the face. In other words, this is the most charming youthful horseplay at the expense of dull and stupid and tasteless writers. It is written very much in the tone of Jane Austen's early letters, when she was so impatient with the

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things and persons that bored her. And it springs out of the unquenchable exuberance of the born writer, who, before he has anything to say himself, will write about what others have written, even though it be merely to poke fun at it. In time some enterprising anthologist of humor will come across Miss Austen's early works, and thousands of readers will then be able to laugh at them. Meanwhile, the Oxford Press is to be congratulated on its steady progress toward a complete and definitive edition of all her writings.

Dictionary of American Biography. Edited by Dumas Malone. Volume IX: *Hibben-Jarvis*; Volume X: *Jasper-Larkin*. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$12.50 a volume; \$250 for the set of twenty volumes.

With these volumes the "Dictionary of American Biography" reaches its halfway point and becomes definitely appraisable; for in view of the consistency with which its program has been carried out through the first ten volumes one can predict what the ten to come will be. They will be, as on the whole these ten have been, authoritative, interesting, critical, and well written; and the work when finished will easily be the best thing of its kind ever attempted in the United States. Since the "Dictionary" was first noticed in *The Nation* there has been a change of editorship, the death of Allen Johnson necessitating a new appointment. But this circumstance has neither impeded the progress of the work nor brought about any discernible alteration in its character, Mr. Malone having been able, it would appear, not only to discover where his predecessor left off but to start from there with an excellent program of his own. Mr. Malone's article on Jefferson in Volume X might be compared, for instance, with Allen Johnson's earlier article on John Brown; in both articles there is a complete awareness of controversial elements in the subject matter under discussion, and a thorough acquaintance with the possible points of view, without, however, anything which sounds like partisanship or prejudice. At the same time the writing is firm and incisive, and the final judgment is fearlessly given. Such for the most part is the quality of the entire work. The contributors are chosen for their special knowledge; the editors apply the strictest standards of accuracy and good style; and the publishers produce a series of volumes whose dignity and taste are in keeping with the contents.

Jealous Mountains. By George Whitsett. The Centaur Press. \$3.

In England the fashion of pastorals and long-winded romances after the manner of Mademoiselle Scudéry lasted far into the eighteenth century, and some vestiges of its worse faults are to be found in the poorer American novels of the early nineteenth century. There is no reason for the general reader to remember them; they were the elaborately sterile ending of a good tradition which outlived its usefulness; but it is interesting to learn that they are so completely forgotten that the publishers of Mr. Whitsett's first novel should ask that it be considered as a new technique. It is true that the old writers were not so self-conscious or labored in their efforts to secure verbal effects—their vocabulary was largely ready made—nor had they such words and phrases as "micrograndeurs," "curving continuum," "valleculae," or "obedience of sentient" for which to find uses, but Boyle, to name only one, might readily have used lens for eye, had he needed it, and spelled drought, "drouth" as Mr. Whitsett does. Yet each of them equaled him in euphuisms, verbiage, and bombast, and all of them were more intelligible and, one hopes, more absorbing to their contemporaries. While the mixture of allegory, pastoral, moral tale, and utopian romance is dull, it is Mr. Whitsett's style which makes his book absurd. He does not, like Joyce, attempt to create a vocabulary, he merely uses words unnecessarily. His

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princess starts to climb through "a bay of blossoms" to the home of the mountain man Ernest, who looks like the Great Stone Face: "Following the dividuals, she at length surrendered—pursuing subsequence as far as the squills, along to the pisiform minutiae, climbing ever towards the tingling mood." The context offers no clue.

Drama

Left at the Post

IN the theater Labor Day is supposed to mark the division between a vague pre-season and the season itself. Sometimes it actually does, but this year the distinction was purely nominal, and up to the present writing at least, we have had only the outward and visible sign unaccompanied by the slightest evidence of spiritual grace. With one possible exception all the new plays now running are of the forlornly piffing sort which over-sanguine authors produce with their own money or persuade inexperienced entrepreneurs to undertake. The exception is William A. Brady's production of an English parlor entertainment called "The Party" (Playhouse), in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell gives an imitation of herself as a famous actress trading dirty digs with a younger performer supposed to represent our own Tallulah Bankhead. Probably the best of those which are not exceptions is "The Sellout," a commendable if somewhat amateurish attempt to achieve the impossible by making dramatic radio seem even funnier than it is generally recognized to be. Unfortunately, however, neither of these offerings is strong enough to have the slightest chance of giving this dubious theatrical year the happy beginning for which everyone is hoping. A few spectators may have cried "They're off!" but all the contestants were left at the post.

Meanwhile we are entitled to some comfort in the fact that the theater as a business institution has taken the NRA with sufficient seriousness to formulate a code which promises to set its own house in order and to do something for the public besides. Since both Actors' Equity and the various unions of theatrical workers are unusually strong, the code has comparatively little to say about working conditions except in as far as they relate to hours of rehearsal, but it does fix minimum wages for actors—dependent upon the number of years of the performer's experience and upon the price at which tickets to the performance are sold—and it promises complete abolition of the old, persistent, well-nigh intolerable evil of ticket speculation.

At first sight the code itself seemed alarmingly vague in regard to this last important matter. In one sentence it wipes out completely the fraudulent practice of distributing so-called passes which actually entitle the holder to a cut price; and in regard to the equally common practice of selling tickets through agencies at an advanced price it provides that a "reasonable number" of tickets shall be reserved for sale at the box office and that the remainder shall be disposed of only to such agents as charge no more than a "reasonable" fee for handling them—leaving the definition of "reasonable" to a national theatrical committee composed of five men representing the producers, the actors, the dramatists, the stage hands. Now, however, this committee seems anxious to do the right thing. It has begun by deciding to license all agents and to fix seventy-five cents as the maximum agency fee. The committee has also abolished completely what is called the "buy"—the practice, that is, of selling to agents in advance of the opening large blocks of tickets covering the first four to twelve weeks of a promising new offering. The practice was often advantageous to

the producer, who could thus finance his undertaking, but it put tickets to a successful show into the hands of agents who sold them at high prices to make up their losses upon the unsalable admissions to less successful plays which they had had the bad judgment to buy, or which, perhaps, they had been compelled by the producer to take in order to be allotted the tickets they wanted for some other show.

The difficulties in the way of a serious attempt to abolish the evil of speculation are, to be sure, enormous. The illegitimate agents have various ways of getting tickets even when the producer makes a serious effort to prevent speculation. Often, also, when the latter has a hit he yields to the natural temptation to sell tickets at a higher box-office price to these agents themselves, and often when he has refused to do so he yields to pressure or agrees to take his profit from an abuse which he has found it impossible to prevent. Yet there can be no doubt that the managers would themselves profit in the long run if the evil could be abolished. The theater cannot really compete with the moving pictures as long as theater-going is made so difficult, and the would-be patron of a successful show is compelled to embark upon an often difficult, uncertain, and highly expensive enterprise when he promises to take a friend to a certain play. It is much easier to decide at the last moment to go to the movies. One knows at least what one is in for.

The test will come of course, as it has always come in the past, when some manager with a hit on his hands decides to desert the ranks of his fellows, who, being momentarily less successful, are anxious to stick together. But if speculation is really abolished, Mr. Roosevelt will not have lived in vain.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Next week in *The Nation*
Can the NRA Succeed?
By Albert Evans



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THE COAL CODE, product of actual blood and sweat in the coal fields of Pennsylvania and in the conference rooms of Washington, is the typical product of compromise. In other words, it is, upon the whole, a "fair" code—and it satisfies neither side. It subjects an anarchist industry to checks and regulations which seem outrageous to the lords of misrule who own the industry. It sets hours and fixes wages which fail to satisfy the workers; and it establishes boards to administer the code on which labor is not represented. On the other hand, price-cutting and many other destructive practices are specifically held to be violations of the code; and labor is not only guaranteed the right to organize and bargain collectively but is included on equal terms in the boards set up to deal with labor relations. It is difficult to believe that so controversial a treaty will become effective without further struggle. For the coal code seems to be an epitome of all the sources of conflict in American industry—labor against capital, union against union, one geographical section against another, company against company, and finally the industry itself against the government. We admire the pertinacity and patience of General Johnson and the President in sticking to their avowed aims in the face of resistance which almost amounted to mutiny; but we believe that the task of taming our industrial autocrats has only begun.

PRESSURE FROM LABOR, the consumers, and the small producers may soon compel the Roosevelt Administration to go to the limit in using the tremendous power given to the President by the various recovery laws. Until now the White House and the NRA have been inclined to follow a middle-of-the-road policy. They have preferred to let contending factions within an industry settle their own disputes, Mr. Roosevelt and General Johnson laying down the law only when, as in the case of the coal operators, it has appeared impossible to reach an agreement without direct intervention. This method seemed to be working satisfactorily for a while, but in recent weeks there has been an increasing volume of protest from three directions. Leaders of organized labor now recognize that, despite the gains of the workers, the NRA is destined to fall far short of its goal. William Green fears that from seven to eight million persons will still be unemployed this winter, which is a moderate estimate. The true figure, if the present trend does not change, is likely to be well over ten million. Mr. Green said recently that organized labor could not "guarantee the stability" of the working class if drastic measures were not soon taken by the government to tighten the labor provisions of the codes covering the bigger industries and to insure a shorter working week. He argued in favor of a thirty-hour week in place of the thirty-five- and forty-hour weeks being granted. A great wave of strikes appears to be in the offing. Such unrest is bound to react upon the general public, increasing the pressure for more vigorous use of the unprecedented power reposed in the President.

THE SMALL PRODUCERS are also growing restive. Dissatisfied elements in the cotton-textile industry have persuaded the NRA to call new hearings with a view to changing the code for that group. Similar reports of unrest come from other industries. Hearings held by the NRA on the electrical-equipment code and by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration on the proposed live-stock marketing agreement clearly reveal the high-handed manner in which the large producers dominate their respective industries. It was testified by witness after witness that the electrical-equipment code was drawn up by the "industry," meaning primarily the General Electric-Westinghouse group, without even consulting numerous small manufacturers. In the same way many representatives of cattle raisers, farmers, and live-stock dealers appeared at the A. A. A. hearing to testify that the marketing agreement proposed for the meat-packing industry was exclusively the product of the big meat-packing houses. The agreement, these witnesses said, would give the big packing companies complete control of the industry, even to the extent of fixing prices to the producer. Lastly come the consumers, who have had to bear the burden of the general price rise and who have had difficulty in making their complaints heard because they are unorganized and weakly represented in Washington. If the comments flowing into the NRA headquarters in New York City are typical, the consumers throughout the country are about to demand that Mr. Roosevelt come to their assistance

by resort to dictatorial authority. As one person put it: "Roosevelt must be dictator. The masses will be with him, and he will win."

OUR AMBASSADOR IN CUBA, Sumner Welles, committed a curious and needless slip in denying publicly, on the day after the establishment of the present regime, that the United States would recognize the present de facto President. Since then the Department of State has pursued the fantastic and paradoxical policy of (a) going along on Mr. Welles's assumption that the United States has not yet recognized the Grau San Martin administration, (b) declaring officially through Secretary Hull that it wanted only to assure itself that the regime was strong enough to endure, and (c) assuring the Cuban administration through Mr. Welles of our complete sympathy and friendliness. This is muddling with a vengeance. Whether Mr. Welles was piqued at the coup d'etat which overthrew the Cespedes government, in the establishment of which he played so important a part and which we had recognized automatically, or whether he considered it evidence of poor judgment to recognize a government which he was convinced from day to day could not last another twenty-four hours, is not yet clear. Any Cuban de facto government should be recognized as a matter of common sense and sound policy, both to secure the declared objective of a "stable" government and in order not to negative by our action our avowed purpose of not dictating to the Cubans whom they should select. Otherwise we shall either be committed to the awkward and destructive policy of watching each succeeding administration with tutelary solicitude for a period of days to see whether it can, like the Spartan infant exposed on the mountain top, survive the period of trial, or we must reverse ourselves by hastily recognizing the next administration as soon as it takes office. The Roosevelt Administration's intentions in Cuba are excellent, but its acts have obscured and hindered the execution of its purpose.

THE LOAN of from \$50,000,000 to \$75,000,000 which the R. F. C. contemplates making to Russia raises certain questions which ought to be answered by the Administration, at least in its own mind, before the loan is made. It is an absurdity for our government to lend millions of dollars to a foreign government which it still refuses to recognize. It is true that we committed that absurdity in the \$4,000,000 loan made in July, but that is no reason why we should repeat it. By every rule of logic and consistency, recognition should precede lending. Another important question involves our future willingness to accept repayment of the loan. By this time, at least, we ought to have recognized the enormous importance of the problem of transfer; we ought to have learned that we can take payment on our loans only if we are willing to accept an excess of imports. In the post-war period our total imports from Russia have never in any year exceeded \$25,000,000, or from half to one-third of the proposed new loan; and these imports have been overwhelmingly offset by our exports to Russia, which have ranged from three to five times the imports annually. Russia's ability to repay a loan from us will not depend, of course, merely upon direct trade between the two countries—for in that case it would be hopeless ever to expect repayment—but upon Russia's total balance of trade with the

outside world, and the monetary settlement could be made through triangular exchange operations. But in order to let Russia repay us we must not only not be hysterical, as we were a year or two ago, when Russia again begins to sell us lumber and sausage casings, but we must admit more goods from other countries. This means in turn that we must lower our tariffs.

IF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT really succeeds in eliminating fifty army posts, as he has just told the War Department that he will do, it will be something of a triumph. There are now no fewer than sixty unused barracks and posts, and for decades past efforts have been made to close some of them and sell them. Every time this has been attempted, Congressmen, chambers of commerce, merchants' associations, and interested persons generally have swooped down upon the War Department and prevented action. The army, too, has wished to hold on to most of these posts for use in an emergency. But the World War showed that if we go to war again, such small housing units will be of no avail at all. There will have to be huge cantonments with extensive drill grounds. If anybody can ever put this reform through, Mr. Roosevelt ought to be able to do it. His enormous prestige and popularity should make it easy for him to tell protesting Congressmen that the welfare of the army and the country as a whole rises far above local graft or interest. That the army will benefit is indubitable; its strength is frittered away by stationing small detachments at many places. Moreover, the President has offered it a large sop by promising the expenditure of \$50,000,000 for housing in the fifty camps and posts which will survive—\$50,000,000 too much, in our view.

THE Tennessee Valley Authority has announced the domestic rates which will be available to consumers who buy current from Muscle Shoals. For the first fifty kilowatt hours the rate will be 3 cents; for subsequent blocks, 2 cents, 1 cent, and 4 mills. For small users, those whose appliances, besides lights, include an iron, a toaster, a vacuum cleaner, it is estimated that the rate will be about \$1.50 monthly. This contrasts with a domestic rate of \$4.57 in adjacent Knoxville and \$4.50 in New York City. For general users, who perhaps possess a refrigerator or a washing-machine, the 200-kilowatt charge for Muscle Shoals power will be \$4.50 monthly as against \$9.06 in Knoxville and \$10.85 in New York. Householders whose homes are fully equipped electrically will actually pay a one-cent rate for a large part of this service. Farmers' rates will be approximately as low. The rates are expected to cover not merely the cost of operation and maintenance, but depreciation and taxes as well. Here is the direct and effective answer to the extortion which the American consumer has been enduring from the privately owned utilities. Small wonder that these have bitterly fought public ownership and that their stocks were "off" in the market quotations the day after the announcement. The New York *Times* editorially views the new program at Muscle Shoals as a means "to beat into submission an industry which seems to have been singled out as an exception to the current theories of fair competition." To chide the Administration for ignoring the principles of fair competition in dealing with an industry which has never had to suffer competition of any kind, and has reciprocated for

this privilege with unconscionable profiteering, impresses us as highly amusing.

THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE, designed to bring more hope of peace to the world, reassembles at Geneva in an atmosphere of greater hostility, fear, and uncertainty than has existed since the Treaty of Versailles was signed nearly fifteen turgid years ago. That document, of course, is the chief reason for the present situation, and although there is no use in crying over spilt milk, one cannot but recur to the tragedy of the terms laid down at Versailles at this moment. For when at long last the Allies had reached a point where they would have been willing to relinquish some of the most revolting requirements, Germany—exacerbated by a too long humiliation—produced Hitlerism and made concessions almost impossible. Germany is sending a highly aggressive delegation to Geneva, and probably is seeking an excuse to walk out and thereafter thumb her nose at those who forced the crushing treaty upon her. Yet there is one germ of agreement in the recent declarations of Baron von Neurath, the Reich's Foreign Minister, in spite of the generally truculent tone of his remarks. He said that Germany would not accept disarmament control unless it were an international agreement applying to all nations. Why should it not be that? There is strong support for such action in France, and it is hard to see why any nation which is honest in its professed willingness to disarm should object to international supervision of its actions in that regard.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY of Spain is now meeting its first real test. It must defeat the plans of the newly installed Lerroux Cabinet to "modify" the revolutionary gains which the Socialists have thus far compelled the moderate republicans to accept. Indeed, unless it checks the new government, the party may find itself following the path of the British Laborites and German Social Democrats, a path that can lead only to abandonment of Socialist principles and ignominious surrender to the forces of reaction or fascism. It is not enough to say that the Socialist Party has the support of the trade unions with their million members, who will be called out on strike if the Lerroux Government attempts to divert the revolution into reactionary channels. The German Social Democratic Party likewise had its roots in a powerful trade-union movement, the most powerful in the world, but this did not prevent the rise of fascism. The British Labor Party has a similar foundation, and yet was not strong enough to save England from a "national" government. Mass strength is important, but not more so than clarity of purpose and devotion to principle. The Lerroux Cabinet will doubtless begin by seeking a compromise with the Holy See on the church and school questions. In short, it will begin by giving the republic's chief enemy a new lease on life. We should not be misled by Premier Lerroux's republicanism. The struggle is no longer between republic and monarchy. The struggle today lies between the masses of the population and the church, the landowners, and the relatively few but politically powerful industrialists. These conservative groups prefer a republic to the late monarchy, for they feel that they can control such a government more easily than they could the corrupt court of King Alfonso.

THE FASCIST MOVEMENT in the Irish Free State has taken a somewhat individual turn, but its goal differs in no essential respect from the objective of fascism in other countries. The state is to be glorified, the individual submerged. When he joined the movement, William T. Cosgrave, former President, called for "a unification of forces." "This is no time," he said, "for divided counsels or divided efforts"—which is precisely the language that was used by Chancellor Dollfuss two days later in announcing his authoritarian state, by Minister of Propaganda Goebbels in Germany when the Nazis came into power last winter and began to abolish other parties one by one, and by Mussolini when, after several years of cautious maneuvering, he finally succeeded in setting up an all-fascist parliament. The Irish movement seems likely to follow the German rather than the Italian pattern. It is built about the dynamic personality of General Eoin O'Duffy, former commander of the Irish Civic Guard and now leader of the Blue Shirts. His program calls for the elimination of all political parties, "reform" of the parliamentary system, and "coordination" of the country on semi-military lines. Dispatches from Dublin say that his followers are well armed and organized into military units, but lack the support of a majority of the population. This would suggest that General O'Duffy may attempt to seize power instead of waiting to come into office by constitutional methods as did Hitler in Germany. However, now that the Farmers' Party and Cosgrave's Nationalist Party have joined forces with the Blue Shirts, it may not be necessary for General O'Duffy to risk an insurrection. Whatever method he may choose, he may soon have his opportunity, for President De Valera, the only public man of consequence now opposed to General O'Duffy, appears to be losing ground rapidly in his efforts to overcome the deepening economic crisis in the Free State.

EASY ASSERTIONS are made on all sides of the educational value of radio, but such stations as are actually conducted for educational purposes are finding it hard to survive against the opposition of the program makers whose standards of education are set by manufacturers of tooth pastes, Virginia hams, and oil heaters. Thus after an expensive and time-consuming fight, Station WCAJ of the Nebraska Wesleyan University has surrendered and sold out to the commercial station which badgered it off the air. WCAJ was one of the pioneer radio stations of the country, having begun broadcasting in 1920. Shortly after the Federal Radio Commission was organized in 1927, WCAJ was put on the same frequency as WOW in Tulsa, Oklahoma, without division of time. Two months of heterodyning followed, and then a better arrangement was decreed whereby WCAJ received a seventh of the time. Unwilling to concede it even this, WOW early in 1930 demanded all the time. The Radio Commission set a hearing, and WCAJ officials were put to the expense of going to Washington to defend their station. Later a federal examiner reported in favor of WOW's application. More expense was incurred by Nebraska Wesleyan University in filing exceptions, and in 1931 the Radio Commission reversed its examiner. WOW was not satisfied. It went to the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia—and again it lost. Now at last one might have thought that WCAJ would have been left alone with its little one-seventh of the time for an educational

program, but the subterfuges of the law had not yet been exhausted, nor had the rapacity of WOW. Last May the latter again applied to the Radio Commission for full time. Whereupon the university felt that it could not stand the expense of further fighting and abandoned radio education to the makers of tooth pastes, Virginia hams, and oil heaters.

WE WERE IMPRESSED by the parade of 250,000 New Yorkers who turned out in honor of the NRA, but we wish we knew just what it was that impressed us and, especially, whether or not it ought to have done so. The marchers looked happy and they certainly looked, besides, so pleasantly unmilitary that it was hard to see any threat of fascism in their holiday demonstration. Bands played, banners waved, and whole detachments of youth pranced gaily along without exhibiting in their gait or expression the slightest sign of realizing that their future looks dark to most outside observers. Whether or not the bread is going to hold out we have no way of knowing. On September 14, however, the government provided them with at least one circus.

THE New York *Evening Post*, the oldest daily in the metropolis, has again changed its size, becoming a five-column paper—not a tabloid, it explains, but a small newspaper. In other words, it has reverted almost to the format in which it was first published in 1801. The question whether a high-grade small newspaper can succeed is an interesting one to the journalistic fraternity. Hence this experiment will be carefully watched. There can be no doubt that the strap-hanger likes a more convenient size than that of the standard dailies, but whether as much news can be printed and as well displayed is another matter. That the *Evening Post* has not been doing well since its purchase by Cyrus H. K. Curtis has been known of all men. Its editorial page has been without weight or character and its news columns have lacked a clear-cut policy, although containing excellent special dispatches from abroad. Being conservative, it lost its liberal following to the *World-Telegram*; on the other hand, it could not rival the evening *Sun*, which has just celebrated the centennial of the founding of the old morning *Sun* by Benjamin H. Day. Hence a change in the status of the historic *Evening Post* was inevitable. Its success now depends upon its ability to win a popularity based upon its convenient format combined with an adequate presentation of the news.

WHEN SCIENCE is *not* advancing, that's news. Indeed, what with technological unemployment and the constant danger that man may get still more power to blow himself up with, it has even come to seem good news. We welcome, therefore, the announcement made by Lord Rutherford before the British Academy for the Advancement of Science to the effect that there is no immediate prospect of tapping, for use or abuse, the energy locked up in the atom. We were beginning to fear that there was, and to be appropriately alarmed. Listen, however, to these reassuring words reported by the Associated Press: "The energy produced by the breakdown of the atom is a very poor thing. Anyone who expects a source of power from the transformation of these atoms is talking moonshine." All we have to worry about now is steam power, water power, dynamite, poison gas, and microbes.

What About Prices?

CONSIDERATION of price is, I think, the greatest need in the NRA today," wrote William F. Ogburn in last week's *Nation*. We agree with him, for it is the movement of prices that will settle eventually the success or failure of the entire recovery program. Prices in general are bound to go up if the recovery plan works at all. Higher prices are what the public bargained for when it accepted President Roosevelt's scheme, although a good many persons seem to have forgotten that fact and to be dismayed when confronted with an actual rise in the cost of living. Stated nakedly, the recovery program is intended to redistribute the national income so that certain classes will have a larger share than now. That means, of course—although this is not generally stressed—that other classes will have relatively less. The idea is more euphemistically expressed in the newspapers as "increasing the buying power of farmers and wage-earners." It would be too harsh to describe the program as robbing Peter to pay Paul. More correctly it is a concession of a little more to Paul on the part of Peter in order to enable Peter to retain anything at all. Also there are two Pauls: Paul I, the farmer, and Paul II, the wage-earner, whose interests are in many respects diametrically opposed.

Paul I is to be subsidized by raising the price of farm products through reducing their quantity. This is to be accomplished by payments to keep land out of cultivation, the money for which is coming from taxes—already effective on wheat and cotton—calculated to raise the price of farm products to all consumers, but bearing especially on Peter and Paul II. Meanwhile Paul II is to be assisted by shortening industrial working hours and so absorbing some of the unemployed. But the industrial codes are not just a spread-the-work scheme devised merely to extend existing wage payments to more persons. They propose by minimum-wage scales to increase hourly pay, which means higher cost of production and thus increased prices for both Pauls as well as for Peter. Paul I stands to gain only if the prices of what he sells advance proportionally more than those of what he buys. Paul II will benefit only if the average yearly earnings per worker increase more than the advance in his customary budget. An increase of the nation's total pay roll without any advance in average yearly earnings would mean that some of the unemployed had been absorbed but the standard of living of those who had been at work right along was as low or lower than ever.

It should be evident, then, that the movement of prices in the next few months will determine the fate of the recovery program. *The Nation* is supporting that program, in spite of all its dangers and possibilities of miscarriage, in the hope that the contemplated benefits will go to the two Pauls. If instead there is a runaway of prices and the increases to the average American's cost of living which are intended to go to farmers and wage-earners are absorbed by manufacturers, merchants, bankers, and a crew of promoters, manipulators, and speculators, then the national-recovery program will in fact become a rout headed toward destruction.

What are the indications so far? In regard to the

farmers, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics states that the farmer's dollar last June was 62 per cent of what it was from 1909 to 1914. By July 15 it had moved up to 71 per cent, but on August 15 it had dropped to 64 per cent. Farmers in the Middle West have been quoted in the newspapers as complaining that the price of overalls was going up faster than that of wheat, but on September 14 Fred C. Howe, consumers' counsel of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, stated that higher retail prices had been reflected generally in better payments to farmers:

Fifteen of the sixteen representative foods reported on [Dr. Howe said] show higher prices to consumers on August 15 than on February 15. We have analyzed changes in the farm prices of thirteen and find that the margin between farm and consumer prices has changed only slightly if the amount of the processing tax on wheat is deducted from the margins on flour products. This tax will eventually be used for the benefit of the wheat grower. This indicates that generally the farmers are getting the benefit of the extra money that consumers are paying out.

Increase in farmers' income is only half the story [Dr. Howe continued]. The other half is the increased cost of things the farmer must buy. The latter increased between February 15 and August 15 to an average of 11 per cent above pre-war level, against an average increase in farm prices of 23 per cent. While we have reduced the gap between these two prices in the first six months of the recovery program, we are still a long way from our goal of parity in prices for farmers.

In an effort to benefit the farmer and protect the consumer, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration is making public the extra cost of various articles which is legitimately chargeable to the processing tax. It states, for instance, that the tax on a cotton sheet 81 by 99 inches, retailing at an average price of \$1.16, is just under 8 cents, or 7 per cent. On work shirts selling on August 30 in twenty-two cities at an average price of 85 cents the tax is $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents, or 4 per cent. Recently some evidences of profiteering have appeared. Dr. Howe says:

Since these retail prices were collected, advertisements in the press and trade letters report much greater increases than had occurred up to August 31. In some cases these advances amount to as much as 50 per cent. I have before me now a list of the wholesale prices of five standard brands of sheets. The new net price of every single one is quoted at least 40 per cent above the March-April price; one is even 100 per cent higher. Another list of four different brands of cotton towels shows an advance of at least 75 per cent over the March or May quotations for each brand. One brand each of men's shirts has been priced up 40 per cent; cotton matrices, 84 per cent; union suits, 27 per cent; boys' shirts, 52 per cent, over their low price for the year.

In regard to bread the A. A. A. estimates that on an eight-cent loaf the processing tax amounts to about half a cent. Bakers in Atlanta, Charleston, Mobile, Savannah, Scranton, San Francisco, and Seattle have recently been asked to explain why they should charge a cent more for a pound loaf than the average national price.

It is only fair to say that the processing taxes of the A. A. A. are not the only extra costs. There are also, of course, the additional burdens imposed by the codes of the National Recovery Administration and the inevitable increase in price due to the action of this country in going off the

gold basis. These rises are more intricate and individual than those due to the processing taxes, and as yet the public has received no information in regard to what allowances should be made for them.

The control of prices must be undertaken adequately and promptly by the NRA if the public is to have any confidence in the honesty or effectiveness of the recovery program. We have an intimation already as to what direction price control may take. A provision has been written into the tentative code for retailers prepared by the NRA which would fix retail prices for food at $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent above wholesale cost and for other merchandise at 10 per cent beyond that amount. Such a method would be more immediate and direct than a limitation of earnings, but it would practically eliminate the reputed benefits of competition and entail the various disadvantages that experience has shown to be associated with the "cost plus" system. In any event, the necessity of price control is squarely before the Administration.

We Dump Wheat

THE Agricultural Adjustment Administration moves forward. Its latest move is to begin to subsidize the exportation of from 30,000,000 to 35,000,000 bushels of stored wheat from the Pacific Northwest. It plans to sell this wheat at a price from 15 to 20 cents below the domestic level. It expects to take a loss of up to \$7,000,000. This loss will be paid out of the proceeds of the processing tax. In other words, it will be paid ultimately by the consumer of bread, in proportion not to his wealth but to his need for bread.

It is to be hoped that the officials who are putting this policy into effect will not attempt to deceive either the country or themselves regarding its real nature. It is a deliberate, officially sanctioned, and officially organized policy of dumping. The American government in the past has always viewed dumping on the part of other nations—witness the hysteria over the alleged dumping of Russian lumber a year or two ago—with a mixture of dread and indignation.

It is hardly necessary to point to the unsoundness and the dangers of our new policy of dumping when the task has already been done so well by the Department of Agriculture itself. In the last session of Congress the Senate asked for a report on the status of world trade barriers in relation to American agriculture. The experts in the Department of Agriculture then prepared a voluminous report of some 370,000 words on the subject. The report was transmitted to the Senate on June 7 with an admirable covering letter by Secretary Wallace, and is now published.

There is a section in it devoted to export dumping. It begins with a definition: "The word 'dumping' is sometimes used loosely to indicate the selling of goods at excessively low prices, or regardless of price, but this is not what is meant here. In its more technical sense, dumping means the sale of exported goods at less than the price prevailing in the country of origin." There could not be a more exact description of the policy we are now about to adopt. "Dumping of farm products," the report continues, "is effected in some cases by an export subsidy, either direct or indirect." What is the effect of dumping? One of the first effects, the

report points out, is to lower the world price of the commodity concerned. One of the next effects, it continues, is to provoke retaliation both by countries that import the commodity concerned and by other countries that export it. The general tendency to raise world tariff barriers is strengthened everywhere. Anti-dumping provisions, the report points out, are already contained in the tariff laws of some countries, and other countries will naturally adopt such provisions. "In a struggle between a country offering an export bounty and an importing country which retaliates by tariffs or other import restrictions, it is usually the latter which is likely to win. . . . Furthermore, when dumping is applied to a product by one country, other countries are likely to take similar action in order to protect their producers against the price decline resulting from dumping by the first country. This tends further to reduce the world price," thus hurting producers everywhere. The report goes on to cite the unfortunate consequences in Germany and elsewhere when Germany began dumping rye a few years ago; as soon as Poland and other countries followed a similar course, the whole policy had to be abandoned. Export bounties have had similar bad effects in the case of sugar. The report concludes that whatever advantage an export bounty brings to producers in the country that adopts it is temporary, and that its long-run effects are always likely to be injurious to the producers themselves. A policy of dumping, in other words, is not only another move in stifling international trade and in increasing the intensity of the world trade war; it is shortsighted even from the most narrowly nationalistic standpoint. It may be that Secretary Wallace, in transmitting so voluminous a report, did not have an opportunity to read it. We commend the section on export dumping to his earliest attention.

God and Mathematics

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN is, in a sense at least, the layman's friend. He may once have remarked that there were only twelve men in all the world who could understand his theory of time and relativity, but no one can say that he has ever attempted to rub it in. When he talks to mere mortals he changes the subject, and he does not, like the Messrs. Eddington and Jeans, write long books which come down at last to the condescending assurance that of course the layman cannot hope ever really to understand what it is all about. Professor Einstein, indeed, is almost apologetic, and he is certainly the last man in the world likely to throw a differential equation wantonly in the face of any humble bystander. If he bewilders us—as he certainly does—it seems always to be rather because he must than merely because he thinks it fun.

For this reason it is all the more disconcerting to read the semi-popular Herbert Spencer Lecture* which he recently delivered at Oxford University. He still, to be sure, believes that this is a dependable universe ruled by law, and that opinion is something of a comfort to such of us as have been more than a little disturbed by these new prophets of indeterminism who are inclined to attribute a free will to

the atoms. But Einstein does, on the other hand, fall in enthusiastically with another current tendency almost equally alarming to the layman—the tendency to deify mathematics and to regard it not merely as a valuable tool or as a method of thought but as something extraordinarily close to reality itself.

Perhaps he does not quite say, as Bertrand Russell once did, that an equation is less a description of what happens than it is the happening itself. Certainly he does not go so far as another contemporary scientist, who has proclaimed that God and the calculus are so completely identical that the Creation was merely some formulas conceived in the mind of a great mathematician. But Einstein is, nevertheless, willing to express the opinion that the mathematician escapes from the limitations imposed by the purely human character of other methods of thought.

The axiomatic basis of theoretical physics cannot be an inference from experience, but must be free invention. . . . [Nevertheless] our experience up to today justifies us in feeling sure that in Nature is actualized the ideal of mathematical simplicity. . . . In a certain sense, therefore, I hold it to be true that pure thought is competent to comprehend the real, as the ancients dreamed.

Nothing could be farther from the tendency of those nineteenth-century philosophers of science who held that the only road to truth was through generalizations from experience, many of whom would have agreed that mathematics, far from being different in its nature from other devices invented by the human mind, was merely what Karl Pearson called the most convenient of the "conceptual shorthands" which man employs in his efforts to describe a reality with which he can never hope to come in contact. Professor Einstein, moreover, is obviously aware of the fact that he is, by an act of faith in his instrument, proclaiming his escape from the solipsistic predicament into which the philosopher of science has been sinking deeper and deeper since the days of Hume and Kant. He is, in other words, reviving the belief that, "as the ancients dreamed," human reason is not merely human but identical with Nature herself. Science, or at least mathematical science, is not merely what Pearson called "a description of the past and a belief concerning the future" based upon more or less dubious generalizations deduced from Nature's past behavior. Science, at least in so far as it is mathematical, is, on the contrary, reality itself. Laplace once remarked that "Nature laughs at the difficulties of integration." The phrase is one whose full wit can only be understood by those who know something of the difficulties which are met with when the calculus is applied to the resolution of physical problems, but Einstein would doubtless reply that Nature laughs simply because Nature is, herself, the supreme mathematician.

Far be it from us to have an opinion on the subject, but we realize rather uncomfortably that Einstein's attitude does tend once more to create a sort of priestly class. Formerly the scientist was merely a man who had a great deal of knowledge of the same sort as that of which we all had a little. He used the instruments which we used, even though he used them more skilfully, and he was as far as the layman from any comprehension of the ultimate mystery. Today the mathematician belongs to a special class of illuminati. We see through the dark glass of our purely human understanding, but he sees face to face. God is an equation.

* "On the Method of Theoretical Physics." By Albert Einstein. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

Issues and Men

Norman Thomas and the New York Election

I AM happy to give space to the following letter from Norman Thomas—regretting that I could not find space for it before now:

DEAR MR. VILLARD: I have just read with unusual interest your personally signed comment on Fiorello H. La Guardia in *The Nation* of August 30, 1933. In one paragraph you are good enough to say that "the best leader for the fusion forces would have been Norman Thomas," which gives me something of a personal claim on *The Nation's* space to thank you for the compliment and to explain my own position.

For me to have become leader of the fusion forces this year would have been an act of betrayal not altogether dissimilar in quality to Ramsay MacDonald's desertion of his old associates. I am a Socialist. The passion of my life is the establishment of the cooperative commonwealth. To have led the fusion forces as now constituted in New York City would have meant not only that I should put aside that great goal, at least temporarily, but that I should risk becoming Mayor at a time when the Mayor may be scarcely more than a receiver in bankruptcy under a broken-down political and economic system. Remember what fusion is at its best: an extraordinary conglomeration of incompatibles, united by a common hatred of Tammany or perhaps more accurately by a common hope that this year Tammany can be thrown out of office. Its backbone is still the Republican Party, and even in the unlikely event that Sam Koenig is defeated as leader of one of the five counties comprising the city, there is no reason under the sun to think that the Republican machine in Greater New York will be other than it has been—a despicable jackal of Tammany in local affairs and nationally the tool of the most Bourbon elements in the party of Coolidge and Hoover. If Republican leaders like Koenig give sincere support at all to fusion, it will be in the hope that they can get more offices that way than Tammany gives them under our bipartisan system. Under these circumstances what becomes of any hope of building up that effective political instrument which you have declared that you want no less than I?

I do not believe that you will answer my question by that hoary fallacy: "The government of New York City is merely a job for an honest and capable administrator. It does not involve political and economic issues." Of course it does. You cannot draw up a program for New York—something that the fusion conglomeration has not yet dared to try to do—without being inspired consciously or unconsciously by the desire either to perpetuate as long as possible in this great city the kingdom of private profit or to substitute social ownership for it. Even the most carefully framed progressive program for New York City will require at least permissive legislation at Albany and perhaps Washington. The coordination of this program requires a political party, not a mere fusion to throw out certain rascals.

You are not a Socialist as I am, but if I remember correctly, you were one of the enthusiasts for Lincoln Steffens's explanation of municipal corruption as an inevitable accompaniment and expression of class rule in our city. Tammany, as I have said a thousand times, is a political broker among bankers who have robbed the producing masses far more than Jimmy Walker and landlords who

have appropriated for themselves our common possession, the earth, and public-utility magnates and other members of an owning class. It keeps the masses quiet with a minimum number of concessions. Sometimes the leaders blunder. Their brokerage charges become too high and there is a temporary revolt. Men who in their hearts really want cheap government identify it with good government. Newspapers which were deaf to all I said about Tammany corruption in 1925 and to a good deal that I said about it in 1929 suddenly become roused for the purity of the city, and another reform wave is on us.

But it is always "practical." It chooses a comptroller, a banker without any special civic record, because he meets certain racial, religious, and geographical considerations. It renominates Harvey, Walker's Republican errand boy, who proposed his own salary raise at the beginning of the depression, and who escaped removal from office at the hands of Governor Roosevelt by the narrowest of margins. His presence on the ticket prevents it from having even the common denominator of conventional good-government idealism. It has no positive program and is held together only by a negative opposition to Tammany. My old friend Major La Guardia cannot save it under these circumstances. Had he given ten times the evidence that he has of possessing a positive program for redeeming New York from bankers, public-utility magnates, and landlords, inevitably he would be conditioned by his associates, some of whom in the past he denounced in language whose vigor I envy.

History supports all that I have said. Each reform administration has failed, and on the whole deservedly failed, to capture the imagination of the masses of the people, to whom the Tammany district leader, with all his crimes, is a more understandable and approachable figure than the more respectable representatives of a system which oppresses them. Surely in this great crisis it is not the time for men like you to be content with the little gain, if gain it proves to be, of turning the Tammany rascals out, only to have them come back in four years, perhaps with renewed strength. Nothing less than a new vision of the kind of city that New York can be made, not as an oasis in a desert but as a part of a cooperative commonwealth, and organization in the light of that vision will save us. It is my sober judgment that when men like you rally to the support of fusion on no more adequate grounds than you have given, you increase popular confusion and prolong the day of exploitation for the toiling masses. Men whose supreme purpose is the redemption of New York might well have rallied to the Socialist banner and to the Socialist program worked out long before some of our present moralists discovered in adversity the iniquity of Tammany. That is why I am fighting this year for the Socialist cause, for the excellent Socialist ticket headed by Solomon, Crosswaith, and Laidler. It is one more battle in the struggle for the emancipation of mankind, not merely from Tammany, but from the dying capitalist system of which it is an integral and not the most shameful part.

New York, August 31

NORMAN THOMAS

For Mr. Thomas's position I have much sympathy. I think none of my readers will accuse me of a fear of lost causes or unwillingness to ally myself with them. It is just thirty-five years this fall since I joined a handful of Mug-

wumps and "Goo-Goos" in nominating a third candidate for the governorship of New York after Theodore Roosevelt had broken his solemn word to accept an independent nomination from them. They asked him to promise to run on their ticket whether Boss Platt of the Republican Party nominated him or not and he did so. The Boss selected him and the Colonel broke his word—and this was not the only time. We had only the *Evening Post* and one or two other dailies supporting us, but we went ahead and held Theodore, with all his Rough Rider *réclame*, to a majority of 18,000—a change of 9,000 votes would have ended his march to the Presidency.

I cite this merely to reinforce the point that if by voting for the Socialist Party in the present mayoralty campaign one could make an effective protest against an untrustworthy "reform" leader, or if one could nail one's colors to the mast and go it alone for high and clear principle, I should not hesitate for a moment. But I cannot see the present campaign in that light. New York City has the best chance in many years to turn Tammany out. I admit that the fusion ticket is a ticket of compromises; at least one of the candidates for borough president, Mr. Harvey, is quite unworthy to be reelected. I admit that La Guardia is vulnerable in spots, that he has played the political game, and will probably play it to some extent if elected to the mayoralty. Everybody knows the Republican machine in New York City is about as corrupt and crooked as Tammany itself, and will make ruthless demands for patronage if La Guardia gets in. But Major La Guardia has proved his courage and his progressivism—he once ran on a Socialist ticket. His heart is rightly placed and his sympathy is with the masses. More than that, he realizes fully that a fusion victory will amount to nothing at all if there is no radical remolding of the city's charter. To this the Major is pledged. If he does not make good on this—with the help of the legislature—we shall have won nothing lasting. Finally, he is absolutely honest; he knows that the city faces a dreadful financial situation and is practically bankrupt, that it is entirely in the hands of the bankers.

What is the alternative? Reelected the stupidest Mayor New York has ever had, who was booed for twenty minutes last week by some of the NRA marchers? Give Tammany four more years of power—this filthy organization, held together only "by the cohesive power of public plunder," which lives on graft and by grace of our crooked corporations? Four more years, while city and nation are in the gravest crisis? Yet this is what might come to pass if the Socialist mayoralty ticket polled a large number of votes—sufficient to defeat La Guardia. Oh yes, I know the argument that one should take one's stand on abstract principles and I have done it many times when the lesson of such a stand was obvious and clear. Besides, I feel, with each month and each year, an intensification of my conviction that the Socialist Party cannot be made into the radical, progressive party that liberals everywhere are hoping for. No party under that label can, in my judgment, hope to achieve any noteworthy success in the United States. Can anyone doubt that after the record of the last campaign, when the Socialist ticket polled only one-fortieth of the total vote although it was headed by so able a man and estimable a character as Norman Thomas?

Certainly in New York City the party is making no

headway, even in this time of terrible depression. It is even losing some of its most valuable adherents, as, for example, Heywood Broun, and now Paul Blanshard—the latter just the type for leadership, an admirable campaigner, and one of the greatest authorities on conditions in New York City. He feels that the party cannot realize its great opportunity because the American working class has "come to think of it as an insignificant and permanently defeated organization." "Roosevelt," he adds, "with his program of managed capitalism has taken the initiative away from us in immediate economic change. . . ." Finally, Mr. Blanshard says, "there is a point at which further optimism concerning the future of the Socialist Party becomes deception, and each party member must judge for himself whether he has reached that point."

Norman Thomas is right: I shall not be "content with the little gain if gain it proves to be, of turning the Tammany rascals out." I shall continue, as I have for thirty-five years past, to preach a "vision of the kind of city that New York can be made, not as an oasis in a desert, but as a part of a cooperative commonwealth and organization." I was preaching much of that doctrine when Norman Thomas was still a newsboy in Marion, and I shall continue to preach it as long as I have a voice to lift up or a pen to serve. But I cannot feel the slightest compunction of conscience in throwing myself whole-heartedly into the campaign for La Guardia's election. The alternative is too terrible, particularly for the masses whom Tammany always exploits in the guise of being the best friend of the toilers. It may be that temporarily this fusion ticket will confuse the masses, but they are tremendously confused as it is, by the depression, by NRA, by the mixed advantages of Roosevelt's leadership, by the generally chaotic state of the world. We are at the beginning of a great upheaval. But if that were not the case I should still risk temporary confusion to land a man in office who realizes that there can be no genuine victory over Tammany Hall if the whole structure of government in New York City is not remodeled.

Those of us liberals who support Major La Guardia's candidacy will, of course, be under the most solemn obligation to keep after him, if he is chosen, in behalf of the reformation of the city charter; above all we must continue to fight for proportional representation. It will be our greatest duty to stress with Major La Guardia the plight of the unemployed, the destitute, the homeless, and the starving, to insist that the municipal administration throw itself into the task of abolishing the slums of the city by going into the business of itself erecting adequate housing for the poor at the earliest possible moment. With all due respect to Norman Thomas and the excellence of the Socialist ticket, this is not a year when there can be an effective protest vote under Mr. Solomon's leadership. I am very much afraid that the total party vote will be well under 100,000—it may even go down to 50,000. I hate to part company with Norman Thomas at any time, so fine is the man, and so essentially sound and true are his beliefs, but for me this year there is no other choice. I shall write and speak for Fiorello La Guardia until the polls close on election day.

Quincy Garrison Kilgore

Can the NRA Succeed?

By ALBERT EVANS

THE NRA is the greatest business venture ever undertaken in the United States. It is therefore natural that its day-to-day doings should hold the spotlight, and its program be dissected from every angle. The sophisticated big industrialists see in it a great opportunity for advancing the domination of big business. Old-fashioned business men are deeply stirred because it transgresses traditions and principles which they hold sacred and inviolable. Liberals, who become intoxicated by the sheer movement of good men and women, see in it endless possibilities for achieving many of their long-cherished dreams. Tired radicals discover in it the disguised approach of the Socialist commonwealth, while militant revolutionaries see nothing but fascism behind the sheltering wings of the Blue Eagle.

It seems everywhere to be taken for granted that the method embodied in the NRA is not only the sole economic means of bringing back prosperity, but that if its mechanisms are carried through successfully it must, of necessity, attain the ends it seeks. Few voices have so far been raised to ask the basic query whether the complicated and cumbersome structure of the NRA, which daily grows more top-heavy and unwieldy, really has in it the possibility of achieving the main objectives it has set out to attain, namely, an increase in the total national purchasing power and the abolition, or at least the effective reduction, of our army of from thirteen to fifteen million unemployed.

Before proceeding with our inquiry, it may be readily granted that the NRA program has been conceived and undertaken with the most honorable and unselfish motives. It has been devised by good and true men with none but the best intentions. The Administration's aim is definitely the promotion of the social good, and it is putting all its energies into making the NRA a success. It cannot be denied either that the entire program entails a basic change in social attitudes and may foreshadow real and vital changes in the American scene. These ultimate consequences, however, depend upon so many unknown factors that it is futile to speculate concerning them at this moment. What is of transcendent importance now is not the good intentions of the inaugurators of the NRA, or its possible ultimate results, but the very fundamental question whether this program, as it is being developed, has any real chance of increasing the total national purchasing power and restoring jobs to the unemployed. As a corollary, it must also be asked whether the massive and clumsy structure of the NRA was really the only method available to achieve these ends.

An examination of the NRA mechanisms seems to indicate that in essence they do not differ greatly from our innumerable previous attempts to achieve prosperity by lifting ourselves by our own bootstraps. The bases upon which the program is founded are far from realistic or scientific, and its instrumentalities inevitably run into circles. The NRA aims to increase the purchasing power of the nation principally through the following means: (1) the reduction of working hours per week, presumably in order to force the employment of workers now out of jobs; (2) the raising of

wages for the lowest-paid workers so as to augment their purchasing power; (3) the encouragement of workers to organize into effective unions in order to raise their standards of living; (4) the bringing of order and coordination into industry by the abolition of unfair competition and the introduction of a modicum of economic planning.

The reduction of the weekly working hours to thirty-five for industrial workers and forty for clerical workers is the cornerstone of the NRA program. It is generally taken for granted that this alone will, of necessity, force the employment of millions of new workers. It is this confident hope which caused General Hugh S. Johnson to make the extravagant prediction a few weeks ago of the employment of six million additional workers by Labor Day. But while this assumption might have had some plausibility in 1928 or 1929, when the average hours of work per week exceeded forty-eight, it has no such implications in 1933, when the average weekly working hours in manufacturing industries during the year's first five months were only 34.7.

The entire conception that the mere reduction of the hours of labor means the automatic addition of new workers is utterly unrealistic today. It ignores completely the stupendous technological developments during the depression. The extent of these factors is only partly told in the recent figures of the Federal Reserve Board. While industrial production last June increased 31 points over March of this year, factory pay rolls increased by only 9.3 points, and factory employment rose by only 7.4 points during the same period. This indicates that a considerable rise in productivity can be achieved without increasing either the number of employees or the amount of pay rolls. Moreover, a substantial increase in production per man-hour can be achieved with a force that is worked at top speed for thirty-five hours a week as against the pre-depression hours. The speeding-up process in industry has not by any means reached its fullest development.

Not only do all codes allow more than thirty-five working hours during seasonal periods, but some of the most important codes set up in their regular system a longer working week. The naive belief that the average manufacturing concern which found it profitable to work its employees fifty and sixty hours a week because they were cheap will continue to use the same number of man-hours when it has to hire new and dear help ignores a basic fact of modern industrial life. Unless the demand for goods greatly exceeds all immediate expectations, there is no assurance whatsoever that factory hours need be increased and extra workers taken on.

Indeed, there is already sufficient evidence to indicate that the reduction in hours of work, instead of resulting in increased employment and added purchasing power, is actually diminishing the purchasing power of those workers who were employed full time before the NRA program was instituted. The purchasing power of many workers in those industries which formerly worked their employees fifty and sixty hours has been greatly reduced. Instead of receiving, say, fifty times 40 cents per week, they now receive

only thirty-five times 40 cents per week. True, the code specifies that employers are to make an "equitable adjustment" in the case of such reductions, but it is up to the employer to decide what "equitable" means.

Only those businesses which cater directly to the public and cannot readily adjust themselves to the reduced hours of operation will be compelled to hire new employees. But since it is only natural to expect that they will seek every possible means for evading such additions to their pay rolls, the total result in increased employment growing out of the reduction of the hours of work cannot be expected to make any appreciable dent in the rolls of the unemployed, outside of other social forces.

The forty-hour week for white-collar workers does not from the start affect the hundreds of thousands of office workers who for many years have been working thirty-eight or thirty-nine hours a week. Indeed, thousands of employers who sign up for Blue Eagles not only have no intention of taking on new employees, but can honestly sign up because for many years they have maintained a standard of working conditions above that prescribed by the NRA. Furthermore, many employers can readily adjust their clerical forces to a somewhat reduced day without the necessity of adding new workers, since such workers can be easily speeded up. If cheap labor is no longer obtainable, employers will soon find that a mimeograph can replace quite a number of typists and an addressograph can replace scores of envelope writers. It may have been less costly to employ five girls at \$2 per day than to purchase an addressograph, but the latter may prove considerably cheaper if the five girls have to be paid \$3 per day. Thus, nothing in either the President's blanket agreement or the industrial codes warrants the assumption of considerable additional employment mainly as a result of the reduction in the weekly hours of labor.

The premise that a minimum wage ranging from \$11 to \$15 per week will *ipso facto* increase the total national purchasing power is also without scientific foundation. It is true that office boys, apprentices, store clerks, and low-paid workers in certain industries stand definitely to benefit by the codes and that their purchasing power will be augmented. But it does not follow that the net result may not involve an actual decrease in the total purchasing power for any particular industry or for the nation as a whole. Employers will discover before long that many of those who were formerly considered cheap and inefficient workers are really endowed with considerable talent and can do almost as good work as was done formerly by employees who received twice or more the minimum wages specified in the codes.

Although the codes prohibit the reduction of the weekly wages of workers who have received higher than the minimum prescribed, there is no possible way of enforcing this stipulation. It is not necessary for any employer to go through the motions of an official reduction. Since nothing in the codes prohibits dismissals and lay-offs, he need only inform his older or higher-paid employees that for one reason or another he is compelled to reduce his force or that the factory may have to shut down. American trade-union experience shows that as soon as such rumors spread, many workers volunteer to accept a reduction in their wages in order to stay on. Even union agreements won after bitter and prolonged strikes have been shattered by such tactics a

few weeks later. At the worst, an employer can dismiss or lay off his expensive workers and rehire them later at a wage more nearly approaching the minimum set by the code. The endless possibilities of such reductions are thoroughly unexplored, and there is no way of estimating at this time whether the possible reductions in the wages of higher-paid employees may not exceed the meager increases in the purchasing power of the lowest-paid wage-earners. Unless historical precedents no longer apply, there is real danger that the NRA program of minimum wages, with its unwieldy mechanisms for enforcement, may actually result in a serious decrease rather than an increase in labor's total purchasing power.

There is, of course, the hope that governmental protection of workers' rights in collective bargaining will bring the masses of workers into sturdy unions which will prevent such consequences. But this is at best only a faint hope. The obstacles inherent in the traditions and history of American workers and American trade unions do not warrant real optimism in this respect. Mere governmental sanction cannot of itself create a militant labor movement. Millions of workers in the United States had full freedom of organization before the NRA came into the field, and they shied away from labor unions as from the plague. There is no real foundation for the belief that the masses of workers in the basic industries where no unions exist will now eagerly form such unions.

American workers basically lack an understanding of the meaning of trade unionism. Their prejudices and often their experience with union organizations have made them almost as antagonistic and bitter toward trade unions as their employers. So long as the employer is halfway decent, the workers have an abiding faith in him and will rather take counsel from him than from "outside agitators." The great mass of unorganized American workers will probably continue to look to the employer for sanction of labor unions and sometimes even for espousal before they will join. The most that can be hoped for is that the more vigorous and energetic unions which already have a foothold in industry will gain strength through the codes.

Not only will the traditions of the workers prove difficult to overcome for many years, but anyone familiar with the background and history of the American labor movement knows that even a revived labor movement will for many years prove itself incapable, because of its inherent lack of social philosophy and leadership, of organizing and holding the unorganized and low-paid workers. Governmental approval is not sufficient to inspire a weak and diseased organism to perform miracles. Whether we like it or not, all students of American labor know that America simply lacks the fundamental basis for a vital unionism; and without strong and spirited trade unions there is no possible way of making the labor provisions of the codes truly effective.

Not infrequently, in order to prove its inevitable success, the NRA program is compared with such national programs as those adopted in Italy and Germany. No one, however, has yet been so rash as to assert that the programs of those countries have really resulted in increased purchasing power or a reduction in unemployment. But even if they had, it would prove nothing, since the NRA program is in nowise comparable to these foreign schemes. Italy and Germany have undergone vital spiritual revolutions of which their economic changes have been only secondary conse-

quences. These revolutions were preceded by great national movements and have been put into operation by groups of fanatical and ruthless leaders. Without minimizing in the slightest the deep social significance of the NRA program, it is obvious that its revolutionary elements consist chiefly in its mechanisms and not in its fundamental principles. The program leaves completely untouched the accumulations of great wealth. The profit system remains secure. The NRA is not based on a conscious national demand. Instead, there is merely the hope that the NRA will result in the creation of a new attitude, after its stupendous campaign of ballyhoo, Blue Eagles, parades, buttons, and four-minute speakers. And apparently what the Administration seeks to achieve is not a fundamental change in our present economic structure, but the creation of a more extended system of governmental regulation. The long and futile experience with the much easier job of governmental regulation of public utilities is sufficient to shatter any hope of considerable success in this task.

The success of the NRA program depends not only on labor but also on the public in general and the individual consumer in particular. But here even greater doubt of its effectiveness arises. As thousands of complaints pour in every day, General Johnson storms and threatens dire consequences while different committees issue conflicting interpretations as to what punishment will be meted out to non-conformers. The best that can be said is that so far the government has no idea of how to enforce its program and may not even contemplate it. It merely hopes that with sufficient ballyhoo, passion, intolerance, and patriotic browbeating it can arouse one hundred thirty million men, women, and children to see that the codes are enforced. It trusts to universal cooperation.

The NRA leaders hope that by using the methods followed during the Great War the program's success will be assured. They give no consideration to the completely reversed conditions. It was comparatively easy to browbeat lowly workers into buying bonds and enlisting when war passions were aroused and when big business was at the top, exerting pressure on the workers. It is quite a different story when humble workers, depending on their jobs, have to bring pressure upon the boss. The NRA program must depend for its enforcement principally upon the cooperation and assistance of the most helpless and unorganized workers, the habitually unprotesting American consumer, and the distressed housewife. The licensing provisions of the codes would require for their success a truly conscious working class, and we have none of that.

The final aim of the NRA program to bring order and coordination into industry inevitably counteracts all the good sought through its labor provisions. Sophisticated industrialists have been praying for such a program for many years. They have been willing to surrender some of their laissez faire privileges for the greater advantage of the abolition of the anti-trust laws and the regulation of competition. The industrial codes not only give them this long-hoped-for opportunity, but definitely select trade associations, which are naturally dominated by the largest corporations, to regulate their own houses. The trade associations are to establish the definitions of fair competition and fair prices. The government's partnership will prove meaningless, since it will take many years of study before a government administrator will be able to determine what each industry's new problems

really are in order to decide what "unfair" competition and "fair" prices are. Professor Ogburn's warnings in this respect should prove sufficient, although his suggested remedies would fall far short of solving the problem.

The history of American business associations shows that, despite their talk of "service," they have never been over-zealous where consumers were concerned. The tedious rate at which codes have been adopted and the difficulties encountered in the codes of the basic industries prove conclusively that there is little hope of the conversion to a new social ethics of those who hold the key positions. Industries are accepting codes only after bitter struggles and because they can find no way out. It is certain that they will attempt to pass on all the additional costs to the consumers. If, at very best, prices rise only in proportion to the rise in total wages, the nation will not have achieved a single additional penny in true purchasing power despite the stupendous effort and excitement. If the Administration desires really to control prices it will have to control profits, and once it starts in that direction it will require other means than those provided by the NRA.

In view of these considerations, it seems pertinent to inquire whether the NRA scheme is, in fact, the only one available for attaining the very desirable aims which the Administration has in view. America's problem during the past few years has not been the problem of complete national poverty, such as confronted many other countries. Our suffering is largely due to over-abundant wealth on the one hand and crushing indebtedness on the other. The chief trouble lies in the maldistribution of our national wealth. The oversubscription of every bond issue has demonstrated that the accumulated unproductive wealth in the United States is amply sufficient to lift the depression by the simple inauguration of a great program of unemployment relief together with a really extensive program of public works. Although it was plainly and disgustingly shown that the bulk of the very rich have escaped paying income taxes during the entire depression, the Administration has neglected to add a cent to the income taxes of the wealthy and ignored the plain truth that if there is money for the purchase of bonds there is money for taxation.

Not only have we failed to revise our ludicrous system of taxation and use wealth as a means of increasing purchasing power, but in selecting the untested, ponderous, and very doubtful scheme of the NRA, we have also failed to examine the simple, tested, and efficacious plans of social insurance such as have been adopted in democratic countries to meet the problems of the unemployed. Despite the outcries of English Tories, there stands, for instance, the example of Great Britain, which, through a better distribution of national income and through a simplified large-scale program of social insurance—which in 1932 expended seven dollars for every dollar spent in this country—was enabled during its long-drawn-out depression to keep its average unemployment down to 13 per cent for the decade 1921-31 as against our 30 or even 40 per cent of unemployment during the present depression.

In view of the long-tried and successful experience of Great Britain, it is indeed strange that we should have embraced instead the complicated and clumsy plan of the NRA, which, even if carried to a complete success, is at best uncertain to attain its very desirable ultimate ends.

The Blue Eagle Meets Bad Weather

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, September 17

ALREADY the Blue Eagle has encountered stormy weather, but it will see very much worse before it sees any very much better. Its tribulations are due in part to mistakes of policy and in part to natural circumstances, but to an enormously greater extent they are due to the inborn and seemingly impregnable stupidity of American industry. That the economic machine rolled as far as it did without crashing is but another sign of its almost boob-proof nature. When I see a pack of industrial barbarians, such as the soft-coal operators, desperately resisting every effort to preserve their property and the livings of their workers, I am inclined to believe that perhaps the Communists are right after all, and that the most direct course out of this morass would be to resort to several well-chosen hangings. The condition has been aggravated by the delay in getting the public-works and farm-relief programs under way, as compared with the speed at which General Johnson and his aids have rushed the industrial-recovery measures. A final complication is the failure of the so-called "capital goods" industries to resume production on a scale warranted by the country's physical needs and the activities of the federal government—a failure that may be laid to sheer cowardice and lack of foresight. Despite the superhuman efforts of the NRA staff, the future is far from assured. In some aspects, indeed, the prospects are thoroughly disquieting.

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THE delay in getting an acceptable coal code, which did more than anything else to impair public confidence in the Administration and to encourage recalcitrance among bankers and industrialists, was partly Johnson's fault. Despite all the talk about his being "hard-boiled" and "two-fisted," he is, in fact, one of the most patient men who ever trod shoe leather. In the case of the coal men he was entirely too patient. Some of them were encouraged to engage in a deliberate campaign of delay. Meantime they rushed production to capacity, and great industrial consumers such as railroads and power companies piled up huge winter stocks of coal mined at starvation wages. Consequently, when the code goes into effect, with its higher wages and shorter hours, a heavy percentage of the miners will be laid off—and that on the very eve of cold weather. The men realized the trick was being worked at their expense, and that knowledge was responsible for the strikes and accompanying disorders in Pennsylvania. During this time John Lewis, who had patriotically appealed to the miners six weeks ago to remain on the job, promising them there would be a coal code in three weeks at the most, was being subjected to unmerciful punishment within his own organization. It is a marvel and a lasting tribute to his character and vision that he did not throw up the sponge and call a national coal strike. The prolonged bickering over coal and oil has served one useful purpose—it has demonstrated beyond peradventure that the only permanent solution of

the problems of those industries is to nationalize them. By no other method will the federal government ever put a permanent end to the overdevelopment, overmanning, and undermanaging which plague them. Even under a code of fair practice, coal, in the words of the inimitable Alexander Sachs, probably will continue to exist "as an economic zombie, perpetually doomed to toil for other and competing fuels, without profit to itself."

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IN view of certain questions that have been raised about the friendliness of the National Labor Board toward labor, it is a pleasure to report that the first formal decision of the board constituted a sweeping victory for the workers involved, and that it left no doubt of the board's determination to enforce the exact language of the collective-bargaining section of the recovery act. The case involved a West Virginia textile manufacturer who had discharged seven employees for joining the textile workers' union, and who informed a committee of workers that he would deal with no one not in his employ. After a hearing the board held that he had violated both the code and the recovery act, and thus was subject to prosecution under both the recovery act and the anti-trust laws. It directed him to reinstate the discharged employees without discrimination and to deal with any representative chosen by his employees. The decision was unanimous, among those participating being Walter Teagle, Gerard Swope, and Louis Kerstein—large employers of labor on whose good faith some doubt had been cast. As I happen to know, these three men have stood up to their job under severe pressure from outside—some of it from their own customers. They have been accused by other employers of "selling out the country to organized labor," and of "failing to protect the interests of their own class." It required plenty of manhood to resist the heat which has been turned on them, and honest men everywhere should honor them for it.

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SPEAKING of heat being turned on NRA officials, it is interesting to note that its origin coincided precisely in time with the recent meeting of the National Manufacturers' Association. Since that event employers and chambers of commerce throughout the country have been bombarded with letters instructing them to insist on certain provisions in their respective codes. Without exception these suggested provisions are carefully designed to qualify or restrict the collective-bargaining section of the act. This campaign became much more active after the resignation of Dudley C. Cates as industrial adviser to the NRA. Cates, whom Johnson generously permitted to resign instead of throwing him out on his ear, as most employers would have done, had almost succeeded in demoralizing the organization before he got out. Since then he has been endeavoring—thus far without success—to peddle a series of syndicated articles about the NRA, and it has even been reported that he might head a

movement in open opposition. Henry Ford is acting just as I forecast in this place, and his attitude is influencing others. A few months ago business was so frightened over the bank holiday that it was willing to go along with almost any program. But in certain spots its old cockiness is returning. A lot of lawyers are hastening to give advice through which they hope to create new cases—and fees. The newspaper publishers are still up to their tricks: I venture to say that very few readers are aware that unions of editorial workers have been organized in Philadelphia, Camden, and Cleveland, although if that happened in any other group of workers it certainly would be news, and failure to publish it would be called deliberate suppression. Even so, I suspect the publishers will encounter some unpleasant surprises when their hearing is held.

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SENTIMENT for some form of monetary inflation is growing so rapidly that it is hard to see how the Administration can withstand it much longer. It arises largely from the failure of farm prices to keep pace with the prices

of those things which the farmer buys, and hence its leading advocates are from the agricultural States—although there are some notable exceptions. Inflation undoubtedly would accelerate the rise in farm prices, but it seems reasonable to conclude that it would produce a corresponding rise in other prices, and hence it is not exactly clear how the farmer's condition would be eased. It is no longer possible to doubt, however, that a vast number of farmers and a large majority of their representatives in Congress are convinced that it would help them, and they are clamoring for it accordingly. Unless Roosevelt makes some substantial gesture in that direction before January, it appears likely that Congress will make the present permissive inflationary measures mandatory. The President, in fact, is not going to have any honeymoon during the next session of Congress. Dozens of Senators are hopping mad over patronage, and it can hardly be said that Jim Farley has distinguished himself in choosing appointees. Moreover, a lot of Congressmen have had their toes stepped on down at NRA headquarters and are gunning for Johnson. Stormy weather ahead, mates, and plenty of it.

The Actor and the Depression

By ROBERT MIDDLEMASS

WHEN an actor has a job he is an actor—when he is “laying off” he is nothing. If anyone retorts that some stage folk, when not playing parts, are able to earn money by selling real estate or bonds or teaching contract bridge, I shall point out that I am talking about actors and not about part-time performers, manicurists, barbers, or society girls who may occasionally appear on the stage. I am considering the large number of persons—about 30,000 in October, 1929—who make their living by performing on the speaking stage, and I shall seek to convey how the depression has affected them. In this group of 30,000 people are included not only those employed in the so-called legitimate theater but also those in stock companies, vaudeville, and tent and burlesque shows. The stock companies, playing legitimate plays, have always been the proving grounds where the New York managers looked for new dramatic talent, and from vaudeville and burlesque it has been but a step to Broadway musical comedy. Florence Reed, Katharine Cornell, Frank Morgan, Fay Bainter, Alfred Lunt, Marjorie Rambeau, Ed Wynn, Clark and McCullough, Otto Kruger, Joe Cook, Eddie Cantor—to mention only a few—came to Broadway by one of these routes. There has been no barrier between stock, burlesque, and vaudeville and the narrow domain of the legitimate theater. George M. Cohan got his early training in the old variety theaters—the vaudeville of that day. In short, I am using the word actor to denote all those people—both men and women—who perform in person in theaters.

That actors are at present in great distress is beyond question. The Actors' Dinner Club, according to its president, Bessie Beatty, is “nightly serving 300 free dinners to unemployed actors”; the Friars Club and the Lambs, in default of dues from their members, are in a sorry plight. The Friars has already passed into the hands of a receiver and

the future of the Lambs is most uncertain. The Players, because of the generous bequest of its founder, Edwin Booth, is apparently able to ride out the storm. Actors have always tried to care for their own needy; they are doing this now, but every relief agency is strained to the limit. The Actors' Fund Home, the Percy Williams Home, and the Edwin Forrest Home are caring for the aged; the N. V. A. at Saranac Lake is caring for those in ill health; the Actors' Dinner Club dispenses food either free or for a nominal charge; the Stage Relief Fund provides shelter, food, and clothing; the Actors' Fund expends about \$200,000 annually in helping the sick, the aged, and the destitute; the Actors' Equity and the various social and religious groups, though not formed primarily for charitable purposes, are doing their bit. The amount of relief needed is indicated by the 70 per cent decline in paid-up memberships in the Actors' Equity Association. Those who still hold paid-up cards are by no means regularly employed, and their salaries have been reduced from 50 to 90 per cent.

In New York City last season two-thirds of the legitimate theaters were closed most of the time. Outside New York it was worse—there were no one-night stands at all, and the theaters in the larger cities kept open only a few weeks during the entire year. Big-time vaudeville, formerly employing thousands of actors, had already passed out of the picture. In 1927 there were 165 permanent stock companies; last season there were 30. Tent shows had decreased in number from more than 300 to fewer than 40. The old burlesque “wheels” gave up the ghost several years ago, to be supplanted by the present-day resident company in which the “strippers” play hide and seek with the police.

All this indicates unemployment and hardship, but it would not be accurate to say that this state of affairs is caused entirely by the depression. We think of November,

1929, as the starting-point of disaster, but long before this the theater was in trouble and actors were not altogether happy. Many things were wrong, but perhaps the gradual decay of the road—the very backbone of the theater—was the chief symptom of ill health. What caused the decay of the road requires more space than I have at my disposal here. Although the road was dying during the years of the big bull market, theatrical conditions in the big cities were far from bad, as a list of plays then current will perhaps show: for example, "Broadway," "Coquette" with Helen Hayes, "The Jest" with the Barrymores, "Rain" with Jeanne Eagels, "What Price Glory," "The Green Hat" with Katharine Cornell, "Strange Interlude," "Burlesque," "The Butter and Egg Man" with Gregory Kelly, "The Shanghai Gesture" with Florence Reed, "The Royal Family," "Street Scene," "Gambling" with George Cohan, "New Moon," "Rose Marie," "Journey's End," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Rio Rita," "Candida" with Peggy Wood, and "The First Year" with Frank Craven. The point I am trying to make is that although all was not well, the years just preceding the depression were theatrically far from barren. Perhaps it is close to the truth to say that the depression has intensified many times the troubles and evils that existed in the theater five years ago. And the actor has suffered accordingly, as have also other workers in the theater. Everybody has been hit—managers, authors, musicians, stage hands, right down the line to the stage-door man. But I have been asked to write about actors.

The acting profession has always been a precarious one. Previous to 1919, when the Equity contract now universally used came into existence, the actor faced many more uncertainties than he does now. When he put his name to one of the old-time contracts he practically signed his life away and was utterly at the mercy of irresponsible or dishonest promoters. In 1914, between June and December, I was left stranded three times. The manager in each case skipped out leaving his company unpaid for past performances and for transportation back to New York. Let me say parenthetically that one manager who skipped town with the week's receipts and abandoned the company in Atlanta is now a prominent member of the Actors' Equity Association and loudly raises her voice from time to time in condemnation of managerial villainies. It has always seemed to me that between rascality and honesty in the theater is a line of cleavage that is about as straight as a streak of forked lightning. Very seldom is a company stranded these days and contracts are generally lived up to, but even so, acting is still seasonal and irregular. However, during the Harding-Coolidge boom days actors were not faring badly. Most of them could reasonably expect to work from twenty to thirty weeks a year, and since the passing of the old road tours this has been considered satisfactory. Salaries were good—in some instances large. Dues in the Friars, the Players, the Lambs, and Equity were regularly paid; homes were bought; insurance premiums were paid in; and actors purchased such "investments" as Straus bonds and Insull stocks.

Then came the depression. As in every other business receipts fell off steadily, production was cut down, and workers were either thrown out or retained at reduced pay. I have already spoken of the closed theaters all over the country. To this let me now add something about the receipts of those few that have struggled to keep open. In 1928 it

was not unusual for a Scandals, a Vanities, or a Follies to take in \$35,000 a week. Little more than half this sum was considered excellent business for musical shows last season. Before the depression dramatic plays had to do \$15,000 a week to be rated in the hit class. The contract between the theater-owner and the play-producer usually contained a "stop clause" specifying that if the play should fail to gross \$12,000 a week for two succeeding weeks it would have to vacate the theater. Last season, theater-owners, with a liability instead of an asset on their hands, were glad to get plays on any terms. Most of the non-musical plays last season staggered along on grosses of \$5,000 a week or less—some on considerably less. One play actually took in only eighty cents at an evening performance.

This situation forced the manager either to go out of business or to reduce expenses. If he went out of business it meant so much less employment, and if he reduced expenses it was the actor who suffered most. In saying this I am fully aware that press agents, theater treasurers, even ushers and doormen have been working for less than they formerly received, that authors have waived royalty payments, and that managers have kept plays on week after week without a penny of profit. The author and manager can afford to mark time during the run of a play in the hope that profits will appear later in the form of a talking-picture sale or from rentals to stock companies and little-theater groups. The actor does not participate in these profits.

The musicians and the stage hands, with their stern organizations, are the groups in the theater that have suffered least from the depression. Their wage scale has been reduced only slightly; in the case of the stage hands the heads of departments now receive \$75 per week instead of the former \$82.50 and others have had correspondingly slight cuts, but the strict rules governing their employment are as comprehensive as ever. The item of expense represented by union labor in the theater is a fixed charge that since the depression has become more and more of a burden to the manager. Every manager to whom I have spoken says the same thing—that the union wage scale, though high for semi-skilled labor, can be met, but it is the rules that make the cost of union labor an incubus, and out of all proportion to other costs. These rules are arbitrary and inflexible and practically take the mechanical end of a production out of the manager's hands. Regardless of the amount of work, the rules dictate the number of men that a manager must employ.

Several years ago, for instance, the manager of the theater in Chicago where "The Trial of Mary Dugan" was playing complained bitterly of the union requirements. There was only one set in this play and the curtain was not used at all—in fact, there was not enough work to keep three scene-shifters busy—yet the union required him to employ twelve. Last season a play was produced in which a stage radio was used. This was operated off stage by one of the actors. It had to be operated by this particular actor because he spoke lines into the radio that bore a definite relation to the lines that were being spoken on the stage. Inasmuch as the apparatus was electrically equipped, the manager was obliged to hire an extra stage hand who did nothing but report to the theater and draw his pay. This man's pay amounted to about 7 per cent of the gross receipts. Two years ago Miss Mary Hart had an excellent stock company in St. Louis. For her production of "Lysistrata" she rented

the scenery that had been used by the original New York company. The union ruled that this made her stock company a road show and that consequently three men must go to St. Louis with the scenery. As the train on which they traveled took twenty-four hours and fifteen minutes to make the trip, Miss Hart had to give them two days' pay before they even reached her theater. Some of the rules are not far from being funny. Suppose, for example, that Brock Pemberton should arrange with Sam Harris to transfer a play from the Avon Theater to the Music Box. The stage doors of these theaters are only a few feet apart and it would seem sensible simply to carry the scenery along the street from one place to the other. The union, however, would not permit this. Mr. Pemberton would have to pay for the services of a transfer crew who would load the scenery on trucks in front of the Avon, then ride around the block and deposit the load at the Music Box only a few steps away.

Such instances could be multiplied indefinitely. The rules for the musicians are similarly rigid. Union labor can point out that in the days of great profit in the theater its members were not paid more than the minimum, that each rule is merely the answer to some old-time abuse, that if they

now give an inch they will sooner or later have to yield an ell; and it is a dull mind that cannot grasp the content of justice in these arguments. But the fact remains that the manager, in his desperate effort to keep his play going, has received almost no concessions from the unions. The actor has made many concessions. The musicians and the stage hands will not and so the actor must. In the conflict of capital and labor the actor—like many others in the white-collar class—is crushed between them. The public, with its buying power reduced to almost nothing, can hardly be blamed for giving up a luxury like the theater; the manager, with bankruptcy just around the corner, cannot be blamed for trying to reduce expenses; and union labor cannot be blamed for wanting to maintain its hard-won economic position. Nevertheless, all this does not ameliorate the tragic plight of thousands of actors—including some whose names once glittered in lights on Broadway—who are destitute and of thousands of others who are living from hand to mouth.

[This is the seventh of a series on the economic crisis and the professions. The eighth, on the trained nurse, by Carolyn C. Van Blarcom, will appear in the issue of October 11.]

Honest Life Insurance The Massachusetts Plan

By WILLIAM L. GROSSMAN

TWENTY-SIX years ago, as the result of one of the most bitter and extended fights ever seen on Beacon Hill, Massachusetts enacted a law which in the best of possible worlds would have started a new era in the history of life insurance. The experiment sanctioned by the Massachusetts law has been eminently successful, and has been widely publicized and discussed. Yet with all its success and recognition, it has had no imitators in other States. Every attempt to enact similar legislation elsewhere has failed. The reasons invite inquiry.

The Armstrong Committee's investigation of 1905 had uncovered, among other things, the fearful waste in the administration of life insurance. As a result of the investigation Louis D. Brandeis—not yet one of the famous two whom the late Justice Hough was pleased to call the "Bostonian twins of dissent"—had been retained as attorney by the New England policy-holders of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. After a thorough survey he concluded that only radical changes in the fundamental principles of life-insurance administration could achieve the desideratum of cheap insurance for persons of moderate means. The chief causes of high-priced life insurance—except for speculation and crooked management, both of which have largely disappeared—were and have always been the elaborate machinery for investments and, still more important, selling expenses, especially the tremendous commissions paid to agents. Other evils were, and still are, inherent in the practice of insurance salesmanship, especially when the buyer is a wage-earner of small means. In Mr. Brandeis's words:

The sacrifice incident to the present industrial insurance can be avoided only by providing an institution for

insurance which will recognize that its function is not to induce working people to take insurance regardless of whether they really want it or can afford it, but rather to supply insurance upon proper terms to those who do want it and can carry it—an institution which will recognize that the best method of increasing the demand for life insurance is not eloquent, persistent persuasion but, as in the case of other necessities of life, is to furnish a good article at a low price.

Before long Mr. Brandeis evolved a plan to diminish the expense involved in investment and salesmanship and to do away with the other evils inherent in selling insurance. The plan was simple enough in outline. Mutual savings banks, after complying with certain requirements to protect the persons to be insured, were to become insurers, aided and supervised by the commonwealth, and were to sell small life-insurance policies at actual cost without remuneration of any kind to selling agents. No personal solicitation of business was to be permitted. Banks that did not actually become insurers might, if they chose (and over a hundred have already so chosen), act as over-the-counter agencies for the sale of policies in the insurance banks, but were to receive no profit other than the increased business which might incidentally accrue to them.

The plan was greeted with loud guffaws on the part of private and mutual insurance carriers and agents. They repeated the old saw that "life insurance is sold and not bought," and prophesied immediate failure for the proposed experiment. But if the thing was so clearly impractical, it is difficult to account for the tremendous fight which the private companies put up against it. Why should they oppose legislation which could have no effect other than to cost the

commonwealth a few dollars, disappoint a few private citizens, and show the soundness and strength of the private carriers by comparison with the ineffectiveness of savings-bank insurance?

Yet a powerful lobby arose in opposition. Haley Fiske, who was then vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, no doubt keenly desirous of preventing the Massachusetts legislature from doing anything foolish, came all the way from New York to explain to the insurance committee that the proposed system could not last two years. Frederick L. Hoffman of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, an expert statistician, unselfishly contributed the benefit of his long experience. In view of the quarter-century of striking success which Massachusetts savings-bank life insurance has just completed, Dr. Hoffman's prediction—made in 1907—has only the antiquarian merit of quaintness: "One might as well attempt to run a car by animal power over a system of electric traction in the hope of developing a better transportation system as to attempt to run a savings bank in connection with an insurance company." Everywhere insurance men laughed the innovation out of court. The *Insurance Post* (February 2, 1907) announced that "nobody need lose any sleep over the dream of the Boston theorists, for the dream has about one chance in a million of coming true . . . the savings-bank insurance-while-you-wait plan is as chimerical as perpetual motion."

The struggle lasted over six months. Labor unions favored the bill. The Massachusetts League for Savings Bank Life Insurance came into being. Mr. Brandeis spoke every few days. Petitions and thousands of letters poured in. The opposition meanwhile never let up; the lobby used every possible weapon, even going so far as to intimate that the whole thing was out-and-out socialism. But on June 26, 1907, the bill became a law. Perhaps the last straw had been the appearance before the legislature of Harvard's liberal president, Charles W. Eliot, to speak in favor of the bill.

Despite the forebodings of those selfish interests that had sought to prevent its adoption, the experiment has been eminently successful. The savings banks offer the cheapest life insurance in the United States, and although no person can take out more than \$21,000 of such insurance—\$1,000 in each of the twenty-one banks which are permitted to issue policies—the system has over \$90,000,000 of insurance in force. It is hard to understand how anyone who looked at the matter without prejudice could have failed to see that the savings banks would undersell private carriers by a large margin. To begin with, the life-insurance agent is a highly skilled artist and commands a commission commensurate with his skill. Commission rates vary, but in representative companies the commission amounts to 50 per cent (some pay over 60 per cent) of the first annual premium and 5 per cent of the next nine annual premiums. In other words, approximately a full year's premium goes to the agent who sells the policy. Besides, many companies maintain general sales agencies. Naturally, the commission and other sales costs are a charge on the person insured. Take away the commission and you deflate the premium. The savings-bank life-insurance system has taken away the commission by eliminating the agent, and its premiums have therefore of necessity been smaller than those of private companies.

An additional source of saving has kept the premiums remarkably low. Private companies must establish special

departments for the investment of their assets, and these departments are expensive to maintain. Savings banks, however, are not novices at the art of investment. For them it is an old story. Their machinery, well regulated by the State, is ready, and the additional expense is relatively small. Perhaps an additional reason why savings-bank policies can be sold so cheaply—and this may have been a factor in inducing Haley Fiske to address the Massachusetts lawmakers—is that no one receives any fabulous salary for administering the funds. There are no quarter-million-dollar salaries or anything of the sort in State-supervised savings-bank insurance.

It required no expert, then, to predict that the new system would result in cheaper insurance. The savings banks in Massachusetts are fairly bursting with impressive statistics. But one need only consult the standard manuals to see that the savings banks sell by a phenomenal margin the cheapest life insurance in the State. It would be arbitrary to select any particular company for comparison; but to say that the average difference between the cost of insurance in savings banks and in private companies is 25 per cent is to be more than generous to the private companies. At the same time the actuarial soundness of the system is beyond dispute. The ease with which, although a young organization, it has breezed through the hardest years of epidemic and financial panic in insurance history, amply demonstrates its practical security.

When we turn to that bugaboo of life-insurance statistics, lapsed policies, the difference between the savings banks and private carriers assumes gigantic proportions. In the event that a person whose life is insured does not continue to pay premiums he is ordinarily entitled to receive a sum of money from the insurance company varying with the number of years the policy has been in force and representing roughly so much of the premiums paid—and not returned in dividends—as is not needed to defray the company's expenses and to pay a proportionate part of the money needed by the company for death claims. This "cash-surrender value," which constitutes an important attraction for selling agents to dwell upon, is payable under almost all life-insurance policies, but generally with the express stipulation that it shall not accrue until after two or three years' (in a very few companies, one year's) premiums have been paid. This means that if the person insured, after paying premiums for eighteen months, should lose his job or realize that he bought more insurance than he can possibly maintain and should have to discontinue the payments, he would lose all that he had paid in. This occurs more often than the companies care to talk about, and unfortunately is one of the points which the agents in their sales patter rarely discuss. In many cases such a lapse of a policy means great hardship to the impoverished policy-holder, but as the companies point out, it is in large part unavoidable. Before paying any surrender sum the company must naturally recover, in addition to other expenses, the tremendous expense incurred in selling the insurance. This expense is not diffused throughout the period of the policy but accrues in a lump at the very beginning. The agent's original commission must be paid by the company, whether the policy later lapses or not. Accordingly, if the companies paid surrender values after only a few months' premiums had been paid, they would actually lose money on the transactions. Eliminate the commissions, and

the surrender value can accrue almost immediately upon the issuance of a policy. The insured person may then rest secure, knowing that if at any time he cannot continue to pay he can recover all the money which he has already paid except so much as actually represents the value of the insurance which he has enjoyed.

All this is obviously correct mathematically, and the savings banks in Massachusetts have proved that it is also correct in experience. They grant surrender values after only six months' premiums have been paid, with the result that they have practically eliminated lapses. In 1931, the worst year the companies had so far known, the ratio of lapsed policies to newly issued policies in the savings banks was 1.24 per cent. Now, the most popular type of life insurance for workmen and other persons of limited means has been weekly-premium, sometimes called "industrial," insurance; and by the report of the Commissioner of Insurance the lapse ratio, as computed above, on such policies for companies doing business in Massachusetts was in that year 76.18 per cent. Over 7,000,000 poor devils had to discontinue their policies and take a dead loss. For ordinary policies the ratio was 35.61 per cent. In 1932, while the lapse ratio for the savings-bank policies rose only to 2.63 per cent, the ratio on industrial policies was 107.5 per cent—that is, the number of lapsed policies actually exceeded the number of newly issued policies. These figures, transcribed into units of human misery, strike home with a tragic intensity, and give some indication of the relief which Mr. Brandeis's innovation, if more widely adopted, might effect.

Even the private companies have finally recognized the success of savings-bank life insurance, if one may judge by the sincere efforts they make to do away with it. One of their chief objections is that the commonwealth has paid a part of the expenses of the system. The actual contribution by the commonwealth has not been large; and now that the system is securely on its feet, recent legislation makes it henceforth altogether self-supporting. To many persons the fact that the State has helped the banks a little will hardly appear objectionable if the result has been the relief of hardship and the supplying of a virtual necessity to poor people at low cost.

One of the most interesting truths which savings-bank life insurance has brought to light is that there are many thousands of workmen with sufficient understanding and foresight to buy life insurance without expert salesmen to cram it, often in indigestibly large pieces, down their throats. Not, of course, that publicity has been altogether dispensed with. The system employs two "instructors" to speak to groups of workmen about the advantages of the insurance, but these instructors receive no commissions of any sort and can hardly be called solicitors. The critics who reckoned that no one would buy life insurance except under intense sales pressure underestimated the intelligence of the ordinary workman. The savings banks have already over 100,000 policies in force.

How can we account for the fact that other States have not taken the cue and imitated the Massachusetts plan? Mutual savings banks exist in seventeen States, among them New York, and many of these banks would no doubt welcome the opportunity to sell life insurance, not merely for the sake of the insurance business itself but because, as the Massachusetts banks have discovered, people who start as purchasers of insurance often become regular savings deposi-

tors. As a matter of fact, bills inspired by the Massachusetts law have been introduced in several State legislatures, but they have never got very far. One was introduced in New York last year and did not come out of committee. Most proposed legislation presents moot questions, arguable pro and con; but here, if anywhere, is a practicable innovation so obviously beneficial that there can hardly be anything to debate. As we have shown, its theoretical soundness is a matter of simple arithmetic. Indeed, the idea has gone beyond the stage of theory: it has been put in practice with most substantial results.

Can it be that the various legislatures have felt the influence of the powerful private companies and their formidable lobbies? That influence, as Mr. Brandeis proved, is not an insurmountable obstacle. Speaking of a Rhode Island savings-bank life-insurance bill, former Bank Commissioner Goodwin explained that "it got no farther than the committee. Probably it had no good pusher, for I know from my own experience that unless a bill has a good pusher behind it, it will not go through the mill and come out as desired." With the present decline of the superstition against government interference in business, "pushers" may be expected to arise. Even without the genius of a Brandeis, they may successfully champion the cause of savings-bank life insurance by pointing to the history of the system in Massachusetts. Surely the success of the measure there reveals its opponents in the unsavory light of selfish, greedy, and anti-social obstructionists.

Germany Prepares for War

By ERNEST SCHULZ

WHATEVER the ostensible purpose of the decrees, rules, and regulations so far promulgated by the Hitler Government, they are actually all designed to furnish a foundation for achieving the final goal of the National Socialists—restoration of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germanic race and its far-flung border lines, along which Barbarossa's stalwart crusaders converged a thousand years ago. Everywhere in Germany unmistakable signs of tentative war preparations meet the eye of the casual observer. On Berlin's great thoroughfare, the Kurfürstendamm, with its innumerable cafes, exclusive shops, and hurrying crowds, one instinctively senses an atmosphere of expectation and anxiety, buoyancy and premonition. The contrast between the self-conscious, straddling soldiery and the slinking, self-effacing burghers is striking. Shining blue eyes glowing with Hitler fanaticism grow somber and dark when they exchange scowling looks with unfortunate non-Nazis. Brown uniforms, black ones, men of the Steel Helmet garbed in gray, Reichswehr service denims, sailor suits, the Hitlerite youth in khaki and smooth-shaven Schupos in their snugly fitting Prussian blue rub elbows with the hapless plain citizen. Boots, boots, marching up and down. The whole city seems like an armed camp. And the air is tense and dramatic. Non-Nazis shrink from contact with the marching Huns. Again and again I have observed citizens weaving in and out, picking their way skilfully between ruthless

hordes of soldiery. The burgher has become adept in the art of dodging. For well he knows that the slightest jostling, unintentioned though it may be, will cause an outbreak of the storm trooper's ruffled feelings and may result in an offending citizen's arrest and a ride to a concentration camp. I never lost the feeling that the non-Nazis were on a platter, ready to be served up to the Hitler Moloch. Many shared my opinion.

If the uniformed men and boys that dominate the Kurfürstendamm do not come under the heading of soldiers, I do not know what a soldier looks like. They drill on their own training grounds, march with war-time kits on their backs, spend their allotted time at target practice, and receive instructions in servicing machine-guns. I was told that intensive machine-gun training was being given to special Nazi shock troops at their headquarters near the Turm-und-Stromstrasse, Moabit, Berlin. I have it from an unimpeachable source that dies and models for vastly improved machine-guns, ready to be turned out in series overnight, are kept there for study and practice. Motorized machine-gun squads nightly speed through dimly lit suburban Berlin. The ex-crown prince, by the way, is a full-fledged member of such a squad.

Nazi airplanes furrow Munich's star-spangled sky in perfect V formation. For a fifteen-minute flight over Berlin in one of the commercial Hansa planes I invested the sum of five marks, just to get a look at the plane's revolving chairs. To unscrew the seat, raise it from its platform, and plant a machine-gun in its place is the work of two minutes. And there are hundreds of Hansa planes, the latest models equipped for fast flight and swift getaways. That the airplane traffic routes in western Germany converge along the French and Belgian borders, with but a few scheduled lines running east and south, goes without saying. Bomb- and gas-proof dug-outs and cellars designed as havens of refuge from air attacks, weekly alarms calling gas-masked men, women, and children to their appointed stations—these tell only half the story.

Meanwhile the Heilsberg triangle in East Prussia is lined with miles of subterranean passages built of steel and concrete, equipped for swift concentration of thousands of men, either for defense or attack. These men, like all the other brown- and black-shirted citizens of the Third Reich, bear arms, meaning guns, openly or in their hip pockets; and I take this opportunity of giving the lie to the German government for its denial of this fact. Time and again I have sat with Nazi storm troopers at Zuntz's cafe in the Tauentzienstrasse, at Quick's restaurant in the Joachimsthalerstrasse, at Cafe Uhlandseck, at Kranzler's, and at dozens of other places, and watched them adjust their guns or make sure of the safety catch. They were not of the auxiliary police either, but plain S.A. and S.S. men (storm troopers, protection squads), and they made no bones about it. The explanation given in some quarters that what I took for revolvers were nothing but toy guns (*Schreckpistolen*) is preposterous. In addition, some of the troopers sport a business-like dagger or a dangling cutlass clumsily sheathed. Plenty of use has been made of the storm troopers' arms—in street encounters or on those occasions when they are called upon to "shoot up" their opponents' places, cowboy fashion.

I have indicated that very few airplane routes lead

across the Alps to Rome, but it is an open secret that additional highways of the air have been lately established. Germany's fastest craft ply between Berlin and Rome, and high-ranking Nazi leaders come and go, although the visits appear to be one-sided. It would be stretching credulity a bit too far to believe that lower rates and quicker shipments of early spring produce, southern fruit, and spaghetti keep the minds of Göring and Goebbels occupied. Theirs is a twofold purpose. Beginners who had never held office before, political amateurs of the first water though proficient killers, they have a great deal to learn. Partly based on certain internal elements common to both countries, Germany's sudden friendship for Italy must be taken also as an indication that her rulers are aware of the political isolation in which she finds herself, a fact which weighs heavily upon the Berlin conspirators. The hunger blockade is still in their bones. Italy offers an outlet to the sea and to Africa's immense reservoirs; last but not least, Italy is to furnish the heavy artillery which Germany entirely lacks. Germany argues that as long as private manufacture and sale of arms are unrestricted, governments can do nothing to prevent any nation from arming. That Italy has her hands full with France and that a powerful neighbor in the north would be the last thing Mussolini desires have been left out of the calculations of Teuton diplomacy.

A million storm troopers eager for combat are receiving military training and learning how to shoot. The Hitlerite youth is hiking, marching, living in camps, soldier fashion. Public-school textbooks, meetings, open-air protests, torch-light processions, the film, the theater, the military spirit of Spandau, Frederick the Great—they all mean but one thing. Heels clicking, men stand at attention as of yore. The monocle has come back to its own. It was the monocled, smooth-shaven, saber-smitten face of a former captain of the imperial army that pondered my question, "What do you want?" at Cafe König, Unter den Linden.

"Well," he finally burst out, "a strong army and navy, an airplane force second to none, the Polish corridor, Polish Silesia, Danzig, the return of our former colonies, Anschluss with Austria, by force if necessary."

"And if you do not get what you want?" I ventured to ask.

"War, war to the hilt."

"What about another two million dead, maimed, and orphaned?"

"What about it?" was his razor-sharp reply. "It will have been well worth the price if we win, and win we shall this time."

The Logic of the Rose

By LANCELOT DENT

Consider the sweet mystery of the rose,
How reasonably its petals presuppose
The limpid universals it selects,
Repelling all the others it rejects
So timelessly, till come untimely shears.
It is the perfect thing that it appears,
Yet holding undissolved for God to see
Its own precise particularity.

In the Driftway

THE sidewalk cafe, that picturesque and delightful institution of numerous foreign cities, blossomed in New York this last summer, but may or may not bloom again next spring. Whence came the inspiration for the sidewalk cafe, the Drifter does not know. It appeared unheralded one day in front of the old French Hotel Brevoort on lower Fifth Avenue. That the sidewalk cafe should flower first in Greenwich Village was in keeping with tradition, and in spite of obvious obstacles, the idea met with immediate favor and the sidewalk cafe spread all over the neighborhood. At best it didn't have much soil in which to grow. It could encroach upon the sidewalk hardly more than six feet at most, and in the circumstances there was no way in which to protect it adequately from a too strident sun. But though it was not always inviting in the heat of the day, it became so in the late afternoon and evening.

* * * * *

THEN came a cold wind of official disapproval. The introduction of the sidewalk cafe was possible only because of a city law which permits property owners to put certain constructions, usually flights of steps, beyond the building line, provided that there is no interference with traffic. Such extensions exist only on sufferance and must be removed at any time if the city decides that they are encumbrances. Recently somebody—the identity is undisclosed—protested against the sidewalk cafes of lower Fifth Avenue, and the city decreed that they must go. Now sidewalk cafes on Fifth Avenue between Twenty-third Street and Central Park clearly would obstruct traffic, but it is equally certain that they are no sensible impediment to the much smaller stream of pedestrians on the lower stretches of the thoroughfare. Fortunately, a citizens' committee was organized to defend the sidewalk cafe, and its fate is now in the balance.

* * * * *

IF not on Fifth Avenue, the sidewalk cafe is certainly entitled to live on other streets, and the Drifter hopes to see it flourish in New York and spread to other cities. Although new New Yorkers do not know it, the sidewalk cafe existed in true European style years ago on lower Second Avenue, the center of the Austrian and Hungarian quarter. The sidewalk cafe then was on private property and was a delightful replica of the institution developed in Vienna and Budapest—even to the quiet chess games on the tables in the evenings. No, it wasn't prohibition which killed the sidewalk cafes of Second Avenue, although it probably would have done so had they survived until its arrival. The city decided to widen the street, and the space occupied by the sidewalk cafes was condemned and added to the thoroughfare.

* * * * *

WITH the return of legal beer, and the total end of prohibition near, the Drifter foresees a great possibility of saner drinking habits in America. In many of the new places which are opening for the sale of beer a special

attempt has been made to get away from the pre-prohibition saloon. In some instances there is a brave if only approximate reproduction of the old-time ale house. The Drifter thinks that the sidewalk cafe fits into this scheme as part of an effort to make the modern drinking place not a sordid hole in which to get drunk but a social rendezvous where both sexes may gather to sip and munch and talk in leisurely and self-respecting fashion. The Drifter surmises that the era of the "wild party" is about over. Intelligent persons are not much longer going to gather for the evening, depending for their chief intellectual stimulus on gin imbibed in such quantities that half the guests "pass out" about midnight. If, as a consequence of the travail of prohibition, we can learn to do our drinking as wisely and happily as they do in many foreign countries, especially those of the Latin peoples, then the "noble experiment" will have been worth all that we went through on its account.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Electrical Distribution

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Electricity distributes itself. If you don't believe this, dear reader, just go down in your basement and grab hold of a couple of bare wires. How did the electricity get there? It's very simple. The dynamo was running in the power house, and the "juice" distributed itself over all the lines which make up the distributing system, including those that the power company had run to your house; and when you grabbed those bare wires in the basement some of the electricity distributed itself through your body. Well, you ask, if electricity distributes itself, whence comes all that distribution cost that makes my bills so high? Most of it goes to pay rent for the money the power company spent, or claims to have spent, for the poles, wires, transformers, and meters used in the distribution of power to you and your neighbors and the rest of the citizens in your community.

You have some of this same kind of distribution expense in your own home. You probably spent \$100 for wiring your house so that the "juice" could distribute itself to your lights, your sweeper, your washing machine, ironer, and electric refrigerator. You probably never thought of this, but you really should demand a "fair return" on this personal investment, say 8 or 10 per cent if you can get away with it. That is what the power company does with its investment in the wires and so forth that connect your wiring with the power house. If you are smart, you will claim a \$200 or \$300 valuation and carry it up to some accommodating public-utilities commission for approval.

In short, since New York financiers own the poles, transformers, wires, and meters that make up the distributing system, you and your children and your children's children will have to keep on paying for what you will never own. In Ontario, across Lake Erie, the consumers own the poles, transformers, wires, and meters, and that is the principal reason why they get electricity for about one-third of what we have to pay on this side of the lake. They don't rent. They own.

How long will we stand for it? Just as long as we let ourselves be outsmarted by the power people, who spend millions in "educating" us and then add the costs of this education to our electric bills.

Cleveland, September 1

A. B. WALTON

Salary Cuts and Dismissals

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

William Burl Thomas is to be commended for his courageous article on college instructors in your issue of August 23. He is quite right that in general college professors have stuck to their guns and pre-depression salaries, and have done so at the expense of the "small fry," who have been relegated to the ranks of the unemployed. And one of the saddest comments on the situation is that leaders in education like Robert M. Hutchins (see *Hard Times* and the *Higher Learning* in the summer issue of the *Yale Review*) feel obliged to make up reasons to justify such selfish practices. Mr. Hutchins frankly admits that the administrations of the three largest State universities would have preferred to cut their staffs instead of salaries, as the four largest endowed universities have done.

The figures that Mr. Thomas gives for Princeton, apparently supplied by the university itself, are incorrect. They show no dismissals and a cut in the budget, yet there have been no salary decreases—indeed, increases are permitted this year. The fact is that a number of young instructors have been dismissed from the Princeton faculty. A comparison of the pres-

ent teaching staff with that for the school year 1930-31 would show a substantial decrease in number, yet Princeton is one of the few universities where the number of students has increased recently. The Big Three have been the worst offenders in this respect.

Princeton, N. J., September 10

A PRINCETONIAN

Biography of Josiah Strong

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am preparing a memorial biography of Dr. Josiah Strong, which I hope shortly to publish. It is the thought of the editor and the members of the advisory editorial board to make this biography, as far as feasible, a cooperative work on the part of Dr. Strong's friends. Consequently any letter from Dr. Strong which his friends may have in their possession, or other items of interest, or personal impressions which they may contribute concerning his life and work will be appreciated.

Each letter will be carefully read and returned, and all information will be properly appraised and credited.

NATHANIEL M. PRATT

East Northfield, Mass., August 11

The Literary Editor of *The Nation* writes his first important book

READERS of *The Nation* will find, in *The Anatomy of Criticism*, HENRY HAZLITT's new book, the equivalent of spending a charming evening around a fire discussing the functions of the critic, his problems and the relations of those problems to books and life.

In a witty and thoroughly modern dialogue, Mr. Young, Mr. Middleton and Mr. Elder, three critics representing three different generations and schools of thought, discuss the following topics: (and no punches are pulled)

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"A fresh and brilliant contribution to the endless discussion of criticism."

—ELLEN GLASGOW

THE ANATOMY OF CRITICISM

By HENRY HAZLITT

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The Next War

RUMORS of war fill the European air. Fascism, with its fanatic, war-generating nationalism, is a rising flood that threatens to overrun the old world and even the new. The advent of Hitler, with his systematic attacks on all cultures and races that do not subscribe to his own crude religion, has given rise to a new and sinister crop of threats and counter-threats.

The governments of the world are preparing for the next war. The peoples of the world must prevent it. Knowledge is their best weapon. *The Nation* next week, in articles and reviews, will discuss among other things our own government's preparations for war and the steps that must be taken to prevent the final destruction of civilization and peace.

Books, Drama, Films

A Man of Good-Will

Problèmes Européens. By Jules Romains. Paris: Ernest Flammarion. 12 francs.

LAST spring, when I reviewed the first volume of Romains's ambitious novel "Men of Good Will," I confessed that its social implications were not so clear to me as they were to some of the other reviewers—one of whom, indeed, went so far as to rebuke me in print for my lack of perception and to suggest that the central, very unpleasant character was practically a portrait of me and my kind. Naturally, therefore, I seized upon the present work, which the author has interpolated between instalments of his novel and which exists for the explicit purpose of expounding his social creed. In this plodding way I hoped to compensate for my lack of clairvoyance and to learn through reading what others had sensed, but I find instead that I am baffled again. M. Romains is not the vigorous left-winger which his enthusiastic champions had led me to expect. He is not a prophet of the imminent collapse of the bourgeois world. Instead, he reveals himself here as an anti-Marxian defender of the middle class, and as a Socialist of the gentlest, most old-fashioned sort.

The essays which compose the volume were written at various times from 1915 to the present, but they are primarily concerned with a single theme—the danger that Western civilization will perish in the struggle between the Communists on the one hand and the fascists on the other. M. Romains likes neither, but of the two he fears the fascists the more because he feels that they have the best chance of success. Three major revolutions have occurred since the end of the war, and there is no escaping the fact that two of them were fascist and that these two occurred in countries where conditions were much more like those in the rest of Europe than conditions in Russia ever were.

Marx, he thinks, made the fundamental error of assuming that the middle class would disappear by absorption into the proletariat. It has, on the contrary, grown steadily stronger, and the Marxians who persist blindly in perpetuating the error of their prophet doom themselves to failure. They stubbornly refuse to recognize the fact that their semi-mythical "bourgeoisie" holds the balance of power, and that the so-called proletariat wants to join the middle class even when he finds himself unable to do so. The plea of the Communists falls on deaf ears, because its premises are not the premises of the men to whom it is addressed. The promised land toward which the Communist looks is not the promised land for which his hearers have been hoping. They do not want to be happy workers participating in the "proletarian culture" imagined by the Russians. They want, instead, to lead the kind of life and enjoy the kind of pleasures which the bourgeoisie enjoys.

Fascism, on the other hand, is a middle-class movement. However fundamental the political changes which it proposes, it proposes them in the name of a social structure which it promises to save. The professional man and the merchant are not faced with any readjustment so complete as that which communism threatens. Fascism will recognize their function and their class. Fascism, in a word, promises to perpetuate the bourgeois world with which they are familiar, and as long as Marxism persists in speaking a language which even the actual proletariat cannot understand, it will make no headway against the psychologically sounder appeal of the fascist. The only function which its propaganda and its disorders can perform is the function of furnishing the counter-revolution with a convenient "menace," to be used, as it was used in Italy and Ger-

many, to justify violence and to make fascism assume a peculiarly brutal form.

Speaking of the "science" of Marxism M. Romains asks:

How do you explain the fact that not a single one of the theories contemporary with Marxism—whether it be a theory in physics, chemistry, biology, or astrophysics—remains valid today while Marxism continues to be so? How explain the fact that no one would dream of constructing a bridge, a locomotive, or a steamboat in accordance with the technique established under the Second Empire, while the Marxian technique for the construction of a society is considered by so many intelligent men to be still applicable, as a whole and as it is?

Russia may have created a going society on the basis of pure Marxian theory but that does not prove as much as it might seem to prove:

Given a good deal of persistence and even of discernment, a society might succeed in constructing locomotives of the type used between Paris and Rouen during the Second Empire, and in taking care of tubercular patients in accordance with the ideas of Villemin. Undoubtedly such locomotives could run in 1933 with the air of being entirely new, and a certain number of sick men would be cured. But should we conclude that there was nothing to be discovered since the locomotive of the Paris-Rouen type or since the famous communication of Villemin to the Academy of Medicine? To prove that type of society is possible is not to prove very much.

M. Romains proposes, therefore, a rehabilitation of Socialist theory based upon a recognition of the power and the ideals of the middle class, and he proposes to begin, not with Marx, but with Jaurès. His opponents will probably object that his constructive ideas are somewhat vague. So, indeed, they are.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Nazis in Power

Germany Enters the Third Reich. By Calvin B. Hoover. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

PROFESSOR HOOVER has done an admirable piece of work in this volume, which deserves the highest praise. No one who wishes a complete and a chronological story of the rise to power of Adolf Hitler can afford to be without this record of it. It is compact, yet the whole story is there, told in a spirit of detachment by one who was in Germany during the fateful winter of 1932-33 and witnessed its reversion to barbarism. Not that it is a colorless narrative—far from it. Professor Hoover lets it be known where he stands; he takes the position that every American who is loyal to our own institutions and believes in decency in human relations must take. Yet he gives all the commendation to Hitler that he can. That is not much. But he does aver that Hitler is far cleverer than most observers have given him credit for being. He thinks that Hitler has been superlatively Machiavellian in religiously promising certain actions or attitudes—as to the Nationalists when they entered the Cabinet—and then deliberately doing what he had always intended to do. Professor Hoover convicts Hitler of more than that; he affirms the truth of all that the American newspapers have printed concerning the atrocities and the terrorism of the Hitler regime, and then adds: "It was a fascinating though fearful thing to observe the growth of this atmosphere of terror." This terror, he says, "may be the negation of civilization. It may be that in the long run it destroys the individuals who wield it. But for a very long time it is an all-powerful weapon against which the

man of honor who is subjected to it is singularly defenseless." To that terror he lays the failure of the opposition to put a single bar in the way of Hitler's capture of the government and his identification of its whole structure, and "every aspect of human life in Germany," with his party.

Indeed, this is a horrifying and depressing book as well as a brilliant one. For the record herein set forth of the ease with which a few ruthless, criminal-minded men can worm their way into a position in which they can make themselves complete masters of a country is no less than appalling. It renders government unsafe in any country, provided only that the criminals are brutal and ruthless enough. The Hitler crowd has tried to excuse its violence with the repeated statement, broadcast over the world, that "never before in history did a revolution occur with so little bloodshed." Professor Hoover punctures this defense with the simple statement:

... it must be emphasized that there was no revolution at all in the sense of seizure of the state power against resistance from the armed forces of the state or from any other force. Von Papen had completed taking over the state without resistance in July, 1932, and had passed the state power on to Von Schleicher, who in turn had handed it over to Hitler. Consequently, the assaults which took place were against unarmed and unresisting individuals. ... The extraordinary skill of Hitler in paralyzing the will to resist of his opponents had, strictly speaking, made all these acts of violence unnecessary except as a means of satisfying the blood lust of the S. S. and S. A. detachments.

As for the future, here, too, Professor Hoover is entirely discouraging. He sees no way for Germany to shake off Hitler save through complete economic collapse or an unsuccessful foreign war. Should economic collapse come—some of the Jewish leaders of the anti-German boycott mistakenly think it may come within a year—the difficulty is that there will be no party or group left in Germany to pick up the pieces. Hitler has 80,000 men in detention camps. He has destroyed all opposition. More than that, having complete control of every avenue of information and propaganda he can deceive the German people indefinitely—he is already doing so in his adroit misuse of the unemployment figures. Of course, if things go badly he has always the excuse to fall back upon that it was all the work of the international Jewry. He has, by the way, never dared to lay hands upon a single Jewish banking firm since he took office.

As for the international war, there seems more likelihood of that, in view of the Austrian complications. Professor Hoover has no doubt that Hitler is merely pretending to be pacific now in order to gain time for arming all Germany—boys from ten or twelve years up are now being trained as rapidly as possible. He reports that the Nazis have been deeply impressed by the success of the Japanese tactics in Manchuria. "If," writes Professor Hoover, "international public opinion can be so conciliated that France and her allies will not dare to try a 'preventive war,' then priceless time will have been gained. Whatever can be done by diplomacy and propaganda to lull international fright and avoid a preventive war must be done." Here is the greatest challenge to the League of Nations, to Europe, and to humanity. Hitler believes that the Allies will not venture on a preventive war unless they are willing to risk communism in Germany. Professor Hoover thinks he is correct, unless the Allies should be willing to garri-son Germany indefinitely. But what is the alternative? Hitler at the head of a vastly more powerful, more dangerous, more militaristic Germany than was that of the Kaiser, a Germany bent on complete domination of Europe and, of course, on the restoration of the ante-World War status. Here is a problem to tax all of the little statesmanship the world possesses.

If there is any criticism to be made of this book it is that

it is too short. Perhaps in future editions the author will add chapters dealing at greater length with the manhandling of every cultural aspect of German life and the suppression of the press. I should differ with him in the severity of his criticism of the alleged looseness of German youth under the republic. At least I should wish to know whether Professor Hoover knew the conditions in the Germany of the Kaiser and whether he contrasted those under the republic with those in other countries after the war. First and last, however, everyone who wishes a full knowledge of what Hitlerism is and how great is its menace to the peace of the world must possess this book. For every student it is an indispensable textbook.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

An Insulated Litterateur

The Journal of Gamaliel Bradford. Edited by Van Wyck Brooks. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.50.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD began his journal in 1883, when he was nineteen years old, and his first entry implied a hope that it would some day be published. Now Van Wyck Brooks has selected for publication approximately one-tenth of that journal, which grew to over a million words. Though the first entry is dated 1883, five-sixths of the book is devoted to the last decade and a half of Bradford's life. The journal has no value as an account of the outside world; it is all Bradford. Three topics recur to the exclusion of almost everything else: the author's health, his reading, and his work. Mr. Brooks, in a rather extraordinary preface, praises the journal as the revelation of the mind of an American author. It is certainly that—the revelation, though Brooks implies quite the contrary, of one more case of Brooksonian frustration.

Bradford cannot be called the last of the New Englanders, for there are still a good many of them this side of the *Transcript's* obituary column; but he belonged to the tribe. He was descended, of course, from Governor Bradford; the erudite Sarah Ripley was his great-aunt; Emerson's friend, George P. Bradford, was his great-uncle. His father was, it is true, a banker, but the kind of banker who writes books on politics and has a season ticket for the symphony. The father recommended public affairs, but the son's heart was set on literature, and the father's money made a literary career possible.

To the spiritual isolation characteristic of all the literary New Englanders of Bradford's generation his illness added a very real physical isolation. He both needed and desired solitude, and he was happy only in his own home and in the Athenaeum. He lived almost entirely with his books, which he read and reread according to a marvelous schedule. For contemporary literature, except detective stories and French comedies, he had little regard, reading only what he felt obliged to, and that with abhorrence. There is no evidence in the journal of any acute interest in current events, and his reading, except in so far as it was dictated by the exigencies of his work, was wholly belletristic.

Yet Bradford wanted, above everything else, to be a poet and novelist, and it was to poetry and fiction that he devoted his early years. Even in 1921, after his success as a biographer was established, he fervently threw himself into the composition of a novel. But soon he was back at his biographies, and thereafter he made the best, though not without moments of rebellion, of the field in which he had triumphed. It was, obviously, the only field in which he could hope for success, the only field in which his isolation, his almost fantastic remoteness from the life of his age, was not a fatal handicap.

And even as a biographer Bradford could not escape the effects of his isolation. It is not fanciful, perhaps, to suppose

that his whole method was the product of his singular mode of life. What he wanted to do—what he thought he did do—was to select the essential characteristic of the man he was studying. He disregarded chronology and thus the whole process of character development; he disregarded, in most of his studies, the social and economic conditions of the time; he dealt in only the most superficial fashion with intellectual currents. His whole conception of character was abstract and academic. Look, for example, at the neat formula for "The Soul of Samuel Pepys": Pepys and his diary, his office, his money, his humanity, his intellect, his wife, God. Even the more substantial "Darwin" is static and lifeless. Of the shorter studies, some of the early American portraits are unpretentious and within limits shrewd; but the later work is almost uniformly shallow and mechanical, and its defects are emphasized by the expression, ■ in the preface to "Bare Souls," of the grandiose theories of psychography that Bradford developed, perhaps as compensation for his failure as ■ creative writer.

On all his weaknesses ■ ■ writer the journal sheds a cruel light. It is ■ pathetic book, with its record of constant ill health, of literary disappointments, of uneasy skepticism. It is at times, when the smug tory is revealed behind the mask of urbanity and tolerance, an irritating book. But it is never, despite Bradford's fine courage in the face of obstacles, ■ stirring book. Nor is it even ■ tragic book, for one does not feel, as one so often does in reading American journals and autobiographies, the waste of a great talent. What one really feels, harsh as it may seem to say it, is that Gamaliel Bradford, with his hours of reading and his brief moment of fame, got all he deserved. "Of what account are one's personal miseries," he asked on January 1, 1918, "especially when they are so trifling and balanced by so many comforts as mine, in comparison with the horrible state of the world at large?" And he answered his question, "I find that, for me at any rate, the only relief is to keep my thoughts so far as possible on the larger, higher, more permanent interests of life." It may be difficult to find the larger, higher, more permanent interests of life in the journal, but Gamaliel Bradford had his relief.

GRANVILLE HICKS

A Novel of Jewry

"Hear, Ye Sons." By Irving Fineman. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

IT is rare, these days, to enter a Jewish home without finding it haunted, openly or in perplexed secrecy, by the questions: What is ■ Jew? Whence have we come, why are we here, and where shall we turn? For the contemporary Jew is suffering actually or vicariously his ancestral martyrdom; only, unlike his ancestors, he suffers without the comfort of knowing why he is peculiar and without the power derived from his traditional peculiar existence. The Nazis, in their effort to exterminate Jewry, have created millions of new Jews—freshly conscious of their Jewishness but sadly ignorant of what it is all about.

Without deliberate intent and therefore with more consummate effect, Mr. Fineman comes, in one sense, to their rescue. With only ■ hint and a possible regret for the future, he offers them the rich tapestry of their immediate past. He has patiently gathered together the infinite threads of his father's early years in ■ typical Polish Jewry, and enriched them with minute local research and loving study and meditation. And then in the fire of ■ poetic imagination he has wrought anew the age-old life of a Jew, born and reared in the ghetto; steeped in the discipline and delights of the Talmud; married in humble but exquisite splendor; trading, studying, and loving

in the happy trinity of Jewish manhood; meeting the alien world in the terrible guise of the Russian conscript army; and at length escaping to the "freedom" of America.

"Hear, Ye Sons" does for the Jew what "The Good Earth" did for the Chinese or "As the Earth Turns" for the Yankee; and the reader may be safely left to judge the comparative worth of the three traditions and the creative gift of their exponents. Mr. Fineman's pictures of the betrothal and wedding of his hero and of his adventures in the Russian barracks are unforgettable; and his skill in rendering the atmosphere of ■ Talmudic school and the spirit, the meat, and the succulence of Jewish learning is, in English, ■ superb achievement.

The book, though frankly idyllic, never cloy, and it works upon the mature reader with the same magic as Martha Wolfenstein's "Idyls of the Gass" once—it may be hoped—worked upon his childhood. The author proves himself an artist in both the scope of his canvas and the color of his detail far beyond the promise of his prize-winning novel, "This Pure Young Man"; and ■ an artist he brings strength and beauty, not recipes and formulas, to his theme.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

"Bertie"

King Edward VII. By E. F. Benson. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.

Edward VII. By H. E. Wortham. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

SIR SIDNEY LEE'S massive life of Edward VII is too long and detailed for the taste of the general reader, who will find Mr. Benson's brisk biography more to his liking. Mr. Wortham, in his little volume in the Great Lives series, relates, still more concisely, the salient events in King Edward's career and offers some interesting interpretations. He has dealt at greater length with the same subject in his book "The Delightful Profession," published two years ago.

Mr. Benson devotes three-quarters of his space to the life of King Edward during the long period of almost sixty years in which, as Prince of Wales, he stood on the steps of the throne. In view of the code of education and discipline to which he was subjected in childhood and youth it may seem surprising that "Bertie," as the Prince was called in the family circle, did not become either ■ prig or a mere libertine. His father's ill-conceived and long-continued attempt to make a scholar out of a boy to whom book learning was always repulsive was ■ complete failure from his point of view, though a more normal aristocratic English upbringing might, as Mr. Wortham suggests, have prevented the serious interests of King Edward's life from taking root and flourishing. Prince Albert and Victoria early conceived a nervous fear that the Prince of Wales would be morally ruined in youth by dissolute companions, after the manner of his disreputable great-uncle, George IV, and for years kept him in ■ state of virtual blockade ■ far as the companionship of boys of his own age was concerned. Even when he was sent to Oxford, and later to Cambridge, he was not permitted to reside in a college but was placed in ■ separate establishment under the control of ■ personal "governor." Nor did the death of his father, which occurred when the Prince was in his twenty-first year, put an end to the parental policy of repression, for the Queen unfortunately regarded it as her sacred duty to carry out her husband's every wish, and she was personally convinced that her heir was incapable of adult responsibilities. The Prince was extremely anxious to learn at first hand how the business of government was conducted, but Victoria would not permit it. It was in

vain that several of her ministers, including Disraeli and Gladstone, urged her to take him into her confidence in high matters of state, though in the years of her widowed seclusion she allowed him to perform some of the ceremonial functions of the monarchy and to act as royal patron of enterprises of philanthropy and social welfare. It was not till he had passed fifty years that he was permitted to read the reports of Cabinet meetings which the prime minister regularly transmitted to the sovereign.

When he came to the throne King Edward was known to the British public principally as a sportsman and devotee of the turf, and as the leader of a social set which seemed distinctly fast when judged by Victorian standards. It is not strange that there were gloomy anticipations of the probable effects of his accession. The public knew little or nothing of his qualifications for the role of a constitutional king, and could not foresee the immense popularity which he was to achieve. It was ignorant of his interest in party politics and of the alert concern with which he had long watched every move on the chessboard of European diplomacy. Though long denied official documentary information regarding British foreign relations, he had been on intimate terms with his mother's prime ministers and foreign secretaries and with many British and foreign diplomats, with whom he engaged freely in conversation and correspondence on matters of foreign policy; and his numerous relatives on or near foreign thrones conveyed to him much of the talk and gossip of the courtly circles of Europe, and some of it was important.

Mr. Benson and Mr. Wortham pass rapidly over the events of King Edward's reign. They agree as to the importance of his visit to Paris in 1903 in paving the way for the *entente cordiale*, and they necessarily have something to say about the relations between the King and his nephew the Kaiser. Harmonious relations between the two men, in place of the mutual suspicion and dislike which actually existed, might have had some effect in tempering the growing rivalry between England and Germany, but it is doubtful whether the King's personality had any really decisive influence upon the course of international politics.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

O Talbot, My Talbot!

The Book of Talbot. By Violet Clifton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

THE principal dedication of this book is a perfect definition of its quality: "To God for Talbot." The supplementary dedications indicate the author's style: "To Nevill Coghill, the grain, the old, the wine of thankfulness. Without his teaching, without his sustaining charity—I had faltered"; "To Wallace Wood, lilt of wings; and violet and magnolia of my offering. Secret sweetness, and a form he showed me." After these, the first and last pages, anyone who dares read the book may sift from it the story of a man's life. The life is, despite the narrator's sentimentality, an interesting one. If only Talbot had told his own tale!

But Talbot did not, and very probably he would not have wished to. He was a man of action, a man to whom adventure was as necessary as breath, a man who traveled because he could not sit still. Talbot Clifton was, psychologically, one of those men in whom every element is exaggerated, a man overcharged. He had an intense curiosity about the world and was determined to see all of it that he could. He did not wish to do anything with the facts that he collected. A man of wealth and of landed possessions (he had vast estates in England and Scotland), he fulfilled his own destiny. But this destiny was not to write or to find any order in what he experi-

enced. He married Violet in his middle years. He saw that she would follow him. And although during her years with him she had five children (where and how is not clear), she was always his companion. Violet is intensely romantic and religious. She worships her husband; she attempts to immortalize him. If she succeeds better in portraying her own eccentricities, it is not her fault.

The first chapters of Violet Clifton's book are made up in good part of Talbot's laconic, matter-of-fact notes on his travels. These are good. Before he was twenty he had been twice around the world. Then he went to Wyoming, to California (1894), to Mexico City. Later he traveled through Alaska and on into the Eskimo lands which are visited by very few white men. He loved horses and dogs, and activity. He did not care for the companionship of his own class. He was a close and accurate observer of the habits of birds and animals. He noted, unscientifically but interestingly, the customs of primitive people. Wherever he went he was at home. He ate any food, endured any weather, wore any kind of clothes. He fished and hunted, and was master of both crafts. His months within the Arctic Circle make good reading.

Clifton's first journey into Africa is told in a poem. Apparently his wife did not have much diary material on this journey, and, obviously, she is not a poet. Her husband, still not her husband, went next to Siberia. This journey is one of the most interesting. No one has seen these cold, isolated villages, these strange, lonely people of the Russian North, with a clearer eye. Talbot's very detachment from this unique world, his violent interest in his own sensations, give these chapters authenticity. "It was like going for a drive that would never end," he writes. But it did end. Talbot went next to Tibet and Burma, and then to South America.

Violet was waiting for him. She had never heard of him, but she was waiting. She was "the great-granddaughter of the eighth Duke of St. Albans, the daughter of the late W. Nelthorpe Beauclerk, British Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary in Peru, Equador, and Bolivia." Talbot found her lying beside a rushing torrent in the Andes. She had been traveling with her father, a melancholy scholar. She was no ordinary woman. Talbot's first gift to her was the Shakespeare with which he had always traveled. On the flyleaf he wrote, "To the only One in the Wanderings of a Wanderer."

They married and she followed him. During the World War they drove their cars in the service of their country. They went to Ireland and were involved in the revolutionary disturbances of 1921. They traveled to Bagdad, Persia, through the Arabian deserts. They saw the Sphinx. Violet was disappointed in the Sphinx because that Majesty had vegetable gardens at her feet. Talbot took his wife back to Africa with him and into the interior. They had no more than returned home when Talbot, nearing sixty, decided he must see Timbuktu. And off they went. On this journey Talbot died. The reader will be amazed at this, for he will have come to believe Talbot immortal—no man could endure so much and still be capable of dying. We learn no facts about the disease that killed the adventurer. The biographer has skilfully avoided facts throughout the book. We are told only of the tremendous religious bravery of the man in his last agonized days.

Such a biography is interesting for its materials. It holds the reader, despite its style, because of the variety of Talbot's adventures, because of the man's tremendous vitality. These adventures have no thread to tie them together; the man's life had no deep inner purpose. Yet the reader is drawn on to see what happens next. Talbot's real character is hidden in the mist of his wife's romantic idealization. Perhaps he did not have a real character. The "blurbs" compare this biography with Boswell's. That comparison is absurd. Boswell's small mind relished all details, incongruous though they might be.

He gave us ■ Johnson who was often ridiculous even when he was greatest. Violet Clifton gives us ■ romantic hero, no very real man. But Talbot's activities are interesting, whoever may interpret them. He did, indeed, live like an Elizabethan, and he was most certainly as unselfconscious as any Elizabethan adventurer.

EDA LOU WALTON

None So Blind

Trial by Prejudice. By Arthur Garfield Hays. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

JUSTICE is portrayed as blindfolded to show that she is no respecter of persons. Her ears, unfortunately, are not stopped up; and so she hears the rumblings of the mob and is often deafened to the truth. Mr. Hays has illustrated this ancient experience in ■ very readable analysis of modern American instances. Justice in Alabama, California, Georgia, Kentucky, Massachusetts, North Carolina, and Washington is shown dominated by the mob, present visibly sometimes as at Scottsboro, sometimes, as in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, exercising influence indirectly. Here are excellent narratives of Centralia, Gastonia, the Herndon case, and the case of Leo Frank; detailed yet vivid histories of Scottsboro and Mooney; brief mention of other trials; and a delightful description of the courtroom methods of Clarence Darrow.

Mr. Hays's theme is stated simply and is readily acceptable: when men are involved emotionally they do not see straight. Perhaps he does too much apologizing for this failure, confessing as he does to a similar frailty in himself. It may be that he is right in believing that one can hardly expect jurors subject to the immediate influence of local feeling to surmount this weakness, although, as the book itself shows, this has sometimes happened. Nevertheless, we have the right to despise the surrender to prejudice of men placed in superior positions of power and responsibility—the Lowells, the Fullers, the Youngs, and the Rolphs—and the almost abject surrender to the will of the mob of countless judges of State supreme courts. Among the latter Langdon of California and Anderson of Alabama seem to be almost the only exceptions.

In his introduction Mr. Hays denies the claim of the radicals that economic differences lie at the root of most injustices. And it is true that prejudice against ■ defendant is not always due to the fact that he is ■ worker, and true also that others than workers are often the victims of prejudice. There are cases, as Mr. Hays points out, where the feeling against ■ defendant rests on difference of race or religion or on some other divergence from a characteristic of the herd not readily traceable to the class struggle alone. Nevertheless, even the anti-rich hysteria of the present and the anti-pacifist madness of the war period, both of which Mr. Hays instances in support of his argument, have their roots, in the last analysis, in deep-seated economic motives.

Regardless of considerations such as these, most readers will agree with the guiding belief of this book "that when emotions are aroused, judgments are likely to be wrong, that under such circumstances fair trials are practically impossible, that the 'will to believe' is the determining factor." And there can be no dissent from Mr. Hays's hope that were this more generally recognized in high places, "the appellate courts in review, and governors on pardon applications, would scrutinize the records not only with conscientious care but with searching doubt and with a grave sense of primary responsibility."

In his treatment of the cases discussed in support of his thesis Mr. Hays is, in the main, very successful. There are, to be sure, many statements in his chapter on the Scottsboro case with which this reviewer cannot agree, some of them inter-

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pretations of the evidence, some touching on the connection of the Communists with the case. And there are also a number of errors. The book bears evidence of over-hasty composition. One might expect even a typesetter to know that Sacco and Vanzetti were executed in 1927, not 1929 (nor on August 27). The correct name of the suspected gang is Morelli. Three, not all, of the justices of the Supreme Court were approached in that case. And in the Scottsboro case, to mention only one error, Haywood Patterson did not claim at Decatur that out of fear he had previously admitted having seen a raping; he denied he had ever given any such testimony, and as a matter of fact at Scottsboro he had already made the same denial.

The work suffers, too, from a lack of proportion in the treatment. More than half the book deals with two cases, and into less than one hundred pages are crowded the details of thirteen others. Nor are all these cases relevant to the general subject. Except for dramatic contrast, what is the Mitchell case doing in this company? Surely about that case there was no such one-sided feeling in New York as Mr. Hays implies.

This book can be heartily recommended, however, to the interest of those already familiar with the cases discussed, and to those who may desire to learn the essential facts of these *causes célèbres*. If for his eloquent presentation of the Mooney case alone, Mr. Hays is to be congratulated; for that case, while much commented upon, has not before been clearly presented in so readable a fashion.

OSMOND K. FRAENKEL

Drama

Justifiable Homicide

IT is a well-known fact that Earl Carroll believes in being generous with the public. On a previous occasion he reduced the price of his annual entertainment to a mere three dollars, and this year he determined to offer his patrons double value by combining under one roof the best (or shall we say most characteristic?) features of the musical revue with those of that other art form currently known as the mystery melodrama. It is all a little confusing, but three murders take place in the course of the evening and they are supposed to occur during that very performance of the annual "Vanities" which we are watching at the moment. I stifle the unworthy suspicion that the device may possibly be one for reducing the cost of production by devoting half the evening to relatively inexpensive conferences between officers of the law, but I am obliged to report that the whole does not jell very well despite the fact that it boasts five authors, two orchestrators, four directors, and a cast—Mr. Carroll's figures—of 110.

The principal lyric outburst of the evening, a ballad which proclaims "There never was an ocean, deep as my devotion," reaches the poetic heights usual in such productions, but the suspense of the dramatic situation is not intensified when a chorus of "the most beautiful girls in the world" chants an interlude entitled with stark simplicity "Who Committed the Murder?" Nor can it be denied that the intrigue itself is eventful and complicated rather than particularly perspicuous. Acid drops from the fly-loft, daggers are wielded during the black-outs, and, on one occasion, a pair of wicked scissors is thrust upward through the stage from below. But just exactly who killed whom, and, more especially, just what explanation is offered for the strange goings-on participated in by various persons not directly concerned in the crime, remain a mystery. The program does not bear the usual note requesting the spectator to refrain from revealing to his friends the solution of

the problem. But it might very properly dare him to do so.

It would, nevertheless, be ungenerous not to credit Mr. Carroll with a real success in that department nearest his heart. Eleven years of experience with his offerings has convinced the public that humor is not his strong point and that the true explanation of his distressing improprieties is probably not that he likes them himself but that a somewhat bewildered study of current humor has led him to the conclusion that the genito-urinary tract is funny. Eleven years of experience have convinced us no less that all music, even of the popular variety, is very much alike to him. But he does take himself seriously as a connoisseur of female beauty, and he does succeed in forming an admirable collection of young and handsome ladies whose most secret charms he generously shares with the public. Moreover, he addresses himself to his self-appointed task of finding "the most beautiful girls in the world" with dogged and unwearying application. Other light-minded persons might be inclined to suppose with a wink that the selection of beauties, the examination of their "points" very much after the fashion of a judge in a dog show, was no labor at all. But Mr. Carroll is not light-minded—as witness the following pathetic note on the program: "When an opening-night audience first sees the lines of radiant, lovely femininity, they little realize the arduous labor involved in picking these girls. Several thousands usually answer the first chorus call when Mr. Carroll announces a show. It takes at least two months of wearying eliminations to arrive at the final selection. . . . The care is the same each year, for there are always fresh armies of girls springing up to replace the regulars. And their ultimate objective is to be able proudly to say, 'I'm an Earl Carroll girl.'"

The acting honors in "Murder at the Vanities" (New Amsterdam Theater) go to James Rennie, who gets a genuine suavity into the role of the head of the homicide bureau. The dishonors go to Billy House, a vaudeville comedian who repeats throughout the evening one witless, wearisome obscenity which belongs across the street in Mr. Minsky's temple.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films Time and Space

IN "Berkeley Square" (Gaiety) one may see again a distinguished and successful stage play transferred to the screen without any measurable loss of its original quality, taste, or appeal. Leslie Howard remains charmingly self-absorbed as the young American who suddenly finds himself plunged back into the English eighteenth century; Heather Angel, as the cousin whom he meets and loves in that soiled and disappointing time, plays with a forthright modern directness that is no more anachronistic than the Jazz Age nervousities of Margalo Gilmore; and the furnishings of the great London house are even more authentically Chippendale than one remembers them to have been on the stage. To those who persist in making derogatory comparisons between screen and stage the picture should prove highly disconcerting; for it must be remembered that Mr. Balderston's play, which promises to be fairly popular in its present form, was considered one of the most definitely highbrow offerings of both its London and New York seasons. But perhaps even stranger still is the fact that the spectator is actually less impressed with its being as good as the play than he is disappointed that, with its conception, it is not very much better. As everyone knows, "Berkeley Square" is based on an unfinished novel by Henry James, "The Sense of the Past," in which he apparently intended to

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trace out, with subtlest Jamesian analysis, the process by which a man of the present, enamored of the past, merges himself with that past only to discover that its moral values are cruder and hence less acceptable to him than those of his own time. It was, in other words, to be a typical James novel, with the chief emphasis on moral differences, and with the sensibility of the principal character as the greatest source of interest and excitement. From the notes that he left we gather that James did not intend to rely on mystical elements to manage his hero's immersion in the past; the sensibility would manage this for itself by slowly becoming its own dupe. In building his play, of course, Mr. Balderston could not make use of such a subjective method; he was forced to objectify in action what James would have "rendered" by analysis; and the result was that the conception, once objectified, became not only something much simpler but something quite different. It became an excuse for a genteel and very sentimental restatement of the romantic love theme, bolstered up with a few aphorisms out of Whitehead and Eddington to suggest that metaphysical implications were there if one cared to take them. Nothing was done to explain the hero's excessive preoccupation with the past, and this past was too conveniently opened up for him by an inexplicably opened property door. The climax was made to consist of a variation of a traditionally romantic situation—the separation of lovers, not in space, but in time. "There was never anything like this in the world," the hero whispered, on the eve of returning to his own century. And, theatrically at least, this climax, like other things in Mr. Balderston's play, was highly effective. But the full poetic possibilities of the conception were left unrealized because they could not be realized within the limitations of the naturalistic drama. What was required was a medium which would permit a focus on the hero's consciousness comparable to the focus which James's "point of view" permitted in the novel. The drama, that is to

say, would have to be situated in the hero's mind from beginning to end. And we know, of course, from such pictures as "Caligari" and "The Last Hour," that the cinema is exactly such a medium, that the camera, in addition to setting the mechanical focus, can also serve to set the dramatic point of view. We know that once turned on the inner consciousness the camera has open before it the whole rich world of the fantasy and the imagination, the old lost world of poetry, which the naturalistic drama has denied for the world of logic and verisimilitude. But Frank Lloyd has preferred to show that he can reconstruct Georgian coffee-houses as he could reconstruct Edwardian sitting-rooms in "Cavalcade." He has preferred conforming to the restrictions of another medium to enjoying the freedom of his own.

What makes Dreyer's "Passion of Joan of Arc" (Little Carnegie) still an exciting cinema experience, on the other hand, is the directorial enterprise which dared recreate one of the great European stories in terms of the new art. The picture belongs to the last days of the silent era; it was the culmination of the close-up school of direction, the last and most serious attempt to reduce the complex cinema art to the narrowly stylized art of pantomime. Against a blank white background Dreyer casts his heads of priests, soldiers, inquisitors, and by an abstraction of everything but the facial expressions registered by each of them in the course of the situation, seeks to communicate something purer and more essential than could be communicated by words or action. One of the objections to such a method, of course, is that too much depends on the art and physical endowment of the actors; and in Dreyer's film it is true that one does not know where to draw the line between the director's pictorial genius and the magnificently plastic beauty of Mlle Falconetti. But whatever may be the objections, the picture must be considered one of the minor masterpieces of the screen.

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THE Department of Labor is to be warmly commended for reversing its stand and permitting Tom Mann, seventy-six-year-old British labor leader, to come to this country to take part in the campaign against war.

HIGHER PRICES are inevitable if the recovery program is to succeed in its purpose of raising the standard of living of farmers and low-paid and unemployed industrial workers, but, as we said last week, unless the advances go to these classes and are checked before others are allowed to levy on the consumer, the whole Roosevelt effort will fail. The classes whom the recovery program is designed to help will be caught in the familiar "vicious circle" and made worse off than they are now, millions of middle-class wage- and salary-workers will be bled white, and a host of profiteers will fatten at the expense of the public at large. For these reasons the price-control clauses of the proposed retailers' code seem to us highly dangerous. They propose to fix a minimum but not a maximum spread between wholesale and retail prices. The storekeeper is told that he must not sell his goods at less than 10 per cent above what he pays for them, but he is in no way restrained in clapping on prices beyond that. We doubt if the government needs to be so

tender toward the retailers. Although destructive trade practices have grown out of the depression, these will correct themselves naturally once merchandise begins to move. On the other hand, it is just at that point that the consumer needs protection unless he is to be shamelessly exploited and the recovery program thrown back for a loss. There is no possible justification for fixing retail prices at a minimum above wholesale prices unless maximum prices to the consumer are also prescribed.

THE Administration's public-works program is under fire, and the barrage is descending chiefly on the head of Administrator Harold L. Ickes. The burden of the criticism is that the delay in starting building has retarded re-employment. Thus Heywood Broun in his syndicated column points in friendly fashion to the irony that Secretary Ickes's scrupulous desire not to see the public money wasted in graft has impeded his proper "function to pass around \$3,300,000,000 in public works in order to reduce unemployment and stimulate buying power." Actually the execution of the program has not been slow, considering the tremendous difficulties involved and the precautions—labeled "red tape" by the critics—established by the act itself. Mr. Ickes was appointed Public Works Administrator on July 8. Two and a half months later allotments on nearly one and three-quarter billion dollars' worth of projects had been made. On September 25 the transfer from the Treasury of \$1,134,000,000 had been requested.

THE REAL SHORTCOMING of the public-works program lies in its conception. Large as the sum assigned may appear, it is pathetically inadequate when we consider (1) the necessity of putting millions of men back at work; (2) the suspension, owing to the near-bankruptcy of most communities, of the usual local building—the federal appropriation is attempting to fill a vacuum formerly occupied by city, county, State, and federal construction; and (3) the required approval of projects by other bodies, chiefly State and municipal authorities. Ten weeks is a short time in which to conceive of projects, draw plans, submit them to Washington, have them approved, have them returned with modifications to the States for their approval, return them to Washington with the indorsement of the State authorities, and begin with the competitive bidding of contractors. Moreover, it is obvious that the money is expended throughout the life of the project. If a \$44,200,000 bridge is approved—such as the Triborough in New York City—some weeks are required before the steel is fabricated. Many more months are required during the process of construction before that sum passes into circulation as wages. Obstruction in the States is due to the wise provision that adequate wages must be paid. The act requires that 70 per cent of the cost be met locally, and although that money can be borrowed from the federal government, many communities have felt that the wage stipulation increases the cost approximately one-third, so that in reality the federal contribution of 30 per cent furnishes no financial help.

ANOTHER DIFFICULTY of the act is that a considerable part of the appropriation is assigned to projects not properly public works at all. The largest item allotted so far is \$450,000,000 for roads. Work has begun on these. But the next largest single item, \$238,000,000 for warships, was made optional with the President, who could authorize the construction of naval vessels only if he deemed it desirable. Another \$100,000,000 goes to the Farm Credit Administration for the financing of payments to farmers. Such items as \$400,000 for an investigation by the Federal Power Commission, \$549,240 for animal industry, and numerous others are not for public works. By the time Congress reconvenes in January, it may be taken for granted that the entire sum of \$3,300,000,000 will have been allotted and that work in virtually every project will be well under way. The caution that Secretary Ickes has displayed in insisting on honest and competent disbursement of the public moneys is praiseworthy. But what is imperative is that Congress should appropriate a sum possibly twice as large for the ensuing year. Secretary Ickes thinks that slum clearance and low-cost housing is the type of work needed. If the States and municipalities are laggard because of financial difficulties, then the federal government must do the job.

THE DEMANDS of the Southern Congressmen and of representatives of cotton growers for 20-cent cotton and a direct inflation of the currency through the printing of paper money were met by President Roosevelt with an immediate compromise. He has now pledged the government to lend 10 cents a pound against this year's cotton to all planters who will agree to reduce their acreage next year to 40 per cent of their average acreage for the last five years, and to reduce plantings in 1935 by 25 per cent from those of the same base period. What does this involve? It involves, in the first place, a resumption of the old disastrous policy of the Farm Board, but on potentially a much larger scale. For it means lending against cotton an amount higher than the price at which cotton sold before the pledge was made; and it means potential loans of \$400,000,000. And if this is done for cotton alone, why, in principle, should it not be done for the growers of other crops? The latter, at least, will be certain to make demands along these lines, and it will be extremely difficult to refuse them. It is held that the present plan differs from the Farm Board experiment in that it involves a drastic crop reduction. But it remains to be seen whether the administrative problem of making this crop reduction effective can be solved—whether dependable figures can be obtained on the average plantings of individual growers in the last five years, whether the 40 per cent reduction can be overseen and enforced, and whether the net result of a more intensive cultivation of 60 per cent of the former acreage will not offset smaller plantings. Suppose, however, that the reductions actually are enforced. The project comes down to one of lessened production. It would be well if the Administration made a fresh study of what happened to rubber under the Stevenson restriction plan. The British, by forcing a reduced output, did force up the price of rubber; but by the same token they stimulated Dutch production enormously, so that in the end the price of rubber collapsed and the British lost their former share of the world market permanently. Is there any reason why similar consequences cannot follow in the case of cotton?

THE only permanent cure for the difficulties of the cotton growers will come not through an arbitrary restriction of production but through a restoration of markets. And for the cotton grower this means primarily a restoration of foreign markets, for normally 55 per cent of our total cotton production is sold abroad. A restoration of foreign markets, in turn, means a mutual reduction of tariff barriers. It even means a reduction of our own tariff wall, whether any other country reduces or not. For the only purchasing power the outside world has with which to buy here comes out of the proceeds from what it sells here. It is to the great credit of Secretary Wallace that he has recently spoken strongly on the need for tariff reduction if American agriculture is to be permanently helped; but on the same day that he spoke, it was announced from Washington that Administration officials had completed the draft of a plan by which President Roosevelt, under the terms of the NRA, "could arbitrarily impose extra fees in addition to the import duty" on cheaply made foreign articles. Thus the political probabilities are that our extravagantly high tariff will go up rather than down. This probability is strengthened by recent trade figures. Thus in August there was actually an excess of imports over exports, an excess amounting to \$24,000,000, the largest so-called "unfavorable balance of trade" for any month in seven years. This runs counter to the theories of those who supposed that a depreciated currency would swell our exports and restrict our imports; it is precisely the depreciation, paradoxically, that has probably caused the import excess, but it will be difficult to get Congress, when it meets, to believe this. The cure proposed will be the usual cure of higher and higher tariffs, so choking international trade even more. Congress will then be astonished because there are still no markets for farm products.

FIGHTING FIRE with fire is dangerous technique, but sometimes there is no alternative, and in creating his new "fatherland front" Chancellor Dollfuss has not only added to his personal prestige but probably extended the life of Austria as an independent nation. It is not worth while to argue whether Dollfuss's new Cabinet is merely an old-fashioned dictatorship or constructed on the newer model which we call fascism. It should be remembered that in Italy and Germany fascism displays two characteristic aspects: (1) in the political field parliamentary government is abolished and in the industrial realm capitalism is subjected to the control of the state; (2) freedom of the press and of personal liberty is restricted and a narrow nationalism is encouraged which leads to religious and racial persecution. Chancellor Dollfuss's declaration that he is establishing a "corporative state under authoritarian leadership" corresponds perfectly to the first characteristic of fascism. The other aspect, although not yet prominent, may appear all too soon. Imprisonment of Nazi propagandists is quite in line with Austrian fascism, for it should be recalled that nationalism is the controlling philosophy of fascism wherever it has appeared. The Dollfuss Cabinet, backed now by the Heimwehr—Austria's organized war veterans—must as a matter of policy oppose German encroachment, but how long it can withstand compromise or surrender is another question. Some 25 per cent of the electorate is believed to be Nazi in its sympathies, and the desperate economic plight of the country is increasing the demand for change.

The Slipping Dollar

IN the last few weeks the Administration has obviously been trying to discourage talk of inflation, and has been distinctly cold toward the specific inflationary proposals laid before it by farmers' organizations and various members of Congress. Yet the dollar has been slowly slipping downward on the foreign-exchange markets to new low levels, and has already fallen to a discount of more than 35 per cent from its gold parity. When one considers not merely the public attitude of the Administration, but the fact that we are now at the period of the year when the foreign-trade balance is normally most in our favor, this renewed decline of the dollar seems particularly paradoxical.

Yet the explanations for it are not obscure. They are implicit both in the economic and in the political situation. It is obvious, to begin with, that the political pressure for inflation has been steadily growing. This pressure comes mainly from the agricultural sections, and the Senators and others who are acting as spokesmen for them are becoming constantly more belligerent. The chairman of the Democratic State Committee of South Carolina declares that unless the Administration resorts to inflation "the farmers are going to change the form of government." Senator Thomas announces that he has received more than a hundred telegrams in reply to his message asking the attitude of members of Congress on inflation and that only 5 per cent have reported themselves opposed to it. Representative Rankin of Mississippi predicts that if the Administration does not use its powers to inflate, Congress itself will make inflation mandatory at the next session. And what most of these men want is the most dangerous and least controllable kind of inflation—the direct printing of fiat money.

Moreover, regardless of the opinions that Administration officials may directly express or hold, they are obviously building up a situation that may soon make inflation inevitable. This is not merely because of the huge direct expenditures which the government is making, but because of the indirect expenditures both actual and contemplated. The chief of these are those through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which is planning to make what will be in effect if not in form direct loans to private industry. Nearly all of these loans are likely to be of a kind that private institutions would refuse to make, and obviously a very large proportion of them will never be repaid. The policy of lending public funds to private profit-makers—or should one say private loss-makers?—is clearly unsound; it will be a mere continuation of the Hoover policies on a more reckless scale.

Finally, the silence of the Administration, its mere failure to announce its intentions regarding the dollar, its apparent willingness to follow a policy of drift, tend to promote a growing atmosphere of uncertainty and misgiving, a tendency for business everywhere to mark time, to be conducted from hand to mouth. The only solution is a return at the earliest possible moment to certainty and stability, which means, in more concrete terms, a return to gold convertibility, preferably in cooperation with Great Britain, at approximately the levels which the currencies of the two countries have already reached through depreciation.

Hands Off, Mr. Farley!

THE New York city primaries have recorded a sharp defeat for the Tammany leadership and for its conniving associate in exploitation, the Republican city machine, whose head for twenty-two years, Samuel S. Koenig, has been ousted as party boss. Consequently, further revolt has broken out in the Wigwam against the control whose malfeasance seems likely to doom the chieftains and lesser braves to an enforced absence of at least four years from the public trough. Concomitantly an effort is being made to "draft" Joseph V. McKee for Mayor on an independent Democratic anti-Tammany ticket or to force his substitution for the pathetic John P. O'Brien. This maneuver derives its momentum from its purported White House origin.

Its motives are to punish Bosses Curry and McCooley for their preconvention warfare against Mr. Roosevelt and their later opposition to Governor Lehman's candidacy, to incorporate Tammany as a smoothly functioning part of the national Democratic organization, and to prevent a local victory of candidates bearing, among others, the Republican designation. For this purpose that adept political manipulator, Postmaster-General James A. Farley, came to New York armed supposedly with a sanction greater than that of the local sachems—namely, that of the Great White Father. Twenty-four hours later, however, the President's secretary, Stephen Early, issued a statement that the President would not interfere in any local political fight. It is scarcely conceivable that he would interfere in this one, at least in any way to impair the fusion movement. New York City has its first chance in twenty years to rid itself of the Tammany tiger. It has the opportunity to secure as its next Mayor an enlightened and practical exponent of the New Deal as exists in public life. A "purified" Tammany, nominally headed by Mr. McKee—or some other stalking horse—and dominated by Boss Edward J. Flynn of the Bronx instead of by Bosses Curry and McCooley, would be changed in no vital respect. Mr. McKee, who in all his public life was a subservient and colorless Tammany henchman, achieved a brief spotlight vogue when as acting Mayor, after the departure of "Jimmy" Walker, he slashed a few parasites' salaries and eliminated a few automobiles used at the taxpayers' expense by Tammany officials. Even this procedure was sufficiently unprecedented to create a popular movement for his candidacy for the mayoralty. Confronted with the absence of choice offered them between the candidacies of Surrogate John P. O'Brien and the Republican nonentity, Lewis H. Pounds, some quarter of a million voters registered their indignation by writing in Mr. McKee's name on the ballot.

Mr. McKee's political record scarcely deserved this tribute. He showed no further interest in helping to clean house and, at a time when his services in straightening out the city's finances were needed, if he had the ability his supporters ascribed to him, he retired to a lucrative position as president of a title-guarantee company—where his Tammany connections would be helpful.

The current assumption is that with Mr. McKee a window dressing for the ticket, Tammany might be saved

and LaGuardia defeated. Or that Mr. McKee could win on a third ticket. Such a betrayal of the New York electorate in its uphill effort to secure honest and decent government should not, in *The Nation's* judgment, have the support even of a Cabinet member. Mr. Farley would like to repay political grudges, and only their retainers would grieve over the downfall of the present Tammany bosses. But nothing herein would remotely benefit the citizens of New York. Their fight is to rid the metropolis of the political incubus which under any leader remains the same. This is not a party matter. It is a struggle to secure in municipal affairs the New Deal which the Administration is ostensibly seeking in national affairs. The very least that the people of New York have a right to expect of Washington is neutrality. Even if this machination is effected, with the open or tacit support of national Democratic leadership, it is far from certain that it will succeed. LaGuardia's record has made him the standard bearer and symbol of the fight against Tammany. The swelling tide seems likely to sweep him into office, no matter how the opposition seeks to split and undermine his support. The President should order his man Farley to keep his hands off New York City's forthcoming election.

War or Peace?

PROFESSOR Einstein's declaration that although he has been a pacifist and has counseled the youth of the world to resist enforced military service in peace or in war, he now can see how young men might enlist in an international army to combat Hitlerism has brought sorrow to multitudes. Yet it is idle to deny that in the face of the German situation many of the very people who ever since the war have defended Germany from the folly of the French post-war policies are now saying: "Thank God for the French army!" Hitler is putting pacifists, among others, to an extremely severe test, not merely because he is brutally arresting and imprisoning without trial German pacifists for no reason at all save that they favor a world order without mass murder, but also because there is no question that Hitler is challenging democracy everywhere, that the German propaganda is certain to be effective and dangerous, and that the former Allies are faced with the most difficult problem that has ever confronted them—whether to move against Germany now or to allow Hitler to organize a more efficient nation in arms than the world has yet seen.

As a result, the outlook for disarmament is drearier than ever. Ambassador Gibson, during his recent stay here, was quoted as saying that something positive and worth while would be accomplished at Geneva this fall. He felt that all the logic of the situation, together with the growing deficits in various countries, would compel union upon some degree of disarmament. But Hitler has worked against him. If the German dictatorship has had the good effect of bringing together old enemies—of aiding a rapprochement between Poland and Russia, Hungary and the Little Entente, France and Russia, and even Italy and Yugoslavia—the arming of Germany in defiance of the Treaty of Versailles has apparently wrecked American and British hopes of accomplishing

something worth while. Again the wings of war are over Europe, and it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that if Hitler continues unchecked in his mad career, the gravity of the situation will hourly increase.

What, then, shall be the attitude of those whose opposition to force remains unshaken? Shall they renounce their beliefs under the stress of the barbarity in Germany and the criminality of Japan in Manchuria? Shall they accept the philosophy of those nations that this world is but a jungle of wild beasts and that the only hope of safety lies in being armed to the fullest extent and imposing one's will upon whoever can be subjugated to a Nordic, or Japanese, imperial destiny? We think not. If the world has no alternative save to embrace complete militarism, then is humanity doomed indeed. The picture of a world in which vast multitudes are subjected to the will of a few overmastering despots is revolting to every free man. But any attempt by the rest of the world to meet that menace with armed force can only result in an unheard-of cataclysm. Our present difficulties are largely the heritage of the last war. Another, greater conflict could only multiply tenfold the injustice and misery which now oppress us.

What then? Shall peaceful nations allow Japan and Germany to wreak their will upon their neighbors unhampered? Can there be no effective protest; are there no preventive measures which might head off the catastrophe? The answer lies in the perfection of international organization, the mobilization of world opinion, the use of the boycott, and the continuance of the protests of those who know the futility of force. How can anyone in his sane senses, after the horrible futility of the World War, believe that war can produce anything but evil or fail to recognize that it rights no wrongs and rarely, if ever, settles any question aright? This is not the hour to fling our beliefs overboard, to discard for all time the Prince of Peace and his noblest teachings; it is the time to insist upon finding other ways than wholesale murder to bring outlaw nations to book.

That there are other methods than war admits of no question. There is non-intercourse; there is, we repeat, the boycott. We are well aware of the arguments against the latter; we cannot deny that it might make the innocent suffer with the guilty. But shall we embrace the alternative and join the dance of death? Or sit supinely by while madmen plan the killing of millions? Or merely ignore it all, fancying ourselves safe, even if the rest of the world should explode? The difficulties, to be sure, are enormous. The League of Nations has thus far failed the world. The United States seems determined to live to itself alone so far as international affairs are concerned, and everywhere, except in the camps of the barbarians, there is lacking bold leadership; no one is willing to take risks for peace. The politicians are still at the helm and by their failure to grapple with the situation are endangering the stability of their own nations and jeopardizing the world. Economic disaster does not rouse them to concerted action. The menace of war finds them fighting over details of armaments and details of the supervision of armaments. They fail to see the other paths.

Perhaps the very spectacle and the dire threat of an armed Germany may compel united peaceful action sooner than now seems possible. If Hitler has already achieved what seemed to be the impossible by bringing together the

Soviets and Poland and ending the strife between Rumania and Russia over Bessarabia, it may yet come to pass that the circle around Germany will be complete—a circle not of bayonets, but of united world opinion, isolating her until the dreadful cancer in her eats itself out.

The Bankers at Work

EVER since Congress adjourned, the bankers have been quietly at work in Washington. Shell-shocked by the events which culminated on March 3, scathingly rebuked in the inaugural by the President's reference to the flight of the money changers, the erstwhile kings of finance appeared for a brief interlude as repentant sinners, welcoming the sackcloth, ashes, and hair shirts of new remedial and restrictive legislation. Now they have got their second wind. They are now seeking, first, to wreck the Senate banking investigation; and, second, to sabotage the federal securities act. While the country's attention has been riveted on the NRA, the A. A. A., and the White House, representatives of the big banking and investment houses and their able attorneys have been slipping into Washington, button-holing Congressmen, and pouring into their ears smooth and plausible arguments concerning the "necessity" of dropping the bank inquiry and of modifying the securities law. They pay little attention to the tory Republicans in Congress, for the reactionaries on Capitol Hill stand shoulder to shoulder with the bankers in any case. Lobbyists and spokesmen for the bankers are, instead, concentrating on the Democrats.

And they are meeting with unexpected success. They appeal to the party loyalty of the Democrats. Both the bank inquiry and the securities law are undermining the Roosevelt recovery program, they say. To continue what they call the muckraking of the Senate investigating committee, the lobbyists argue, will tend to destroy the public confidence which the Roosevelt Administration has built up. "This is no time to rock the boat!" Surely loyal Democrats would not think of taking part in any move that might upset business just ■ their own President is getting business back on its feet? The bankers approach the securities law from another angle. It is ■ good law, they say, which certainly was needed, but it needs touching up here and there. If Congress would only modify it in certain "minor" respects, would merely "redefine" certain unduly burdensome provisions, the bankers would no longer hesitate to extend the credit to industry which is so essential to the recovery program.

The bulk of the metropolitan press, which during the boom years fattened on security advertising, is playing its part—to date chiefly in the financial-comment columns—to bring back this vanished bonanza. The editorial columns may be counted on to urge these "sound" policies when Congress convenes.

It would be naive to suppose that the bankers are particularly solicitous for the political success of the Democratic Party or the Roosevelt Administration. They seek to avoid publicity for their practices and nothing else. They are willing to pay almost any price to have the Senate investigation choked off before it gets any farther. They do not want the public to know anything more about their ruthless methods

and crooked performances. That is all that their talk of "confidence" amounts to; they want the public to continue to trust them while they continue to exploit the people by selling them dubious securities, by manipulating the security and commodity exchanges, by raking in exorbitant profits—for which the people must pay—on "inside deals," and by purchasing the good-will of high-placed politicians, industrialists, educators, and others to protect themselves from criticism and exposure. For the same reasons they oppose the securities act. This law, if it does nothing else, requires the bankers to deal honestly with buyers of the securities they have for sale. They are not permitted to conceal anything. Obviously such a law does not sit well with those who have lifted evasion in financial statements to ■ fine art. How are stocks and bonds to be sold if the promoters have to explain that such and such a bond is secured by property of questionable value or earning capacity, or that such and such a stock contains 50 per cent water? Publicity is the one thing that the bankers do not want. That is why their agents are so busy in Washington today while the public's attention is momentarily directed elsewhere.

The first concrete evidence that the financial fraternity is succeeding is found in a notice that the Senate investigating committee intends to wind up its hearings in October or November and to prepare its report before Congress meets in January. Ferdinand Pecora, the committee's counsel, has been ordered to plan his work accordingly. This order, if carried through, will mean that the banking inquiry is being deliberately suppressed before the facts of the banking situation and of the unloading of millions of dollars in now worthless securities can be dug up and made public. Mr. Pecora and his associates have barely scratched the surface. They have hardly touched the Morgan story and have not yet even had access to the books of many other houses and individual bankers. The investigators have been obstructed at virtually every turn by the sabotage of the bankers and the opposition of many other interests, particularly the utilities. In order to get the facts which the country must have to protect itself in the future against the dishonest and inefficient financial overlordship which has proved so disastrous, Mr. Pecora and his associates must be given a free hand and plenty of time in which to complete their gigantic task of examining the records and books of these bankers.

The investigation of last spring was carried through by the pressure of public opinion alone. Although ■ majority of the Senate committee was opposed to the investigation—only two of the seven members really wanted to see the inquiry go on, while ■ third Senator was more or less indifferent—the opposition did not dare to stop the proceedings at that time. Now, however, the opposition appears willing to take that chance. Now that the indignation attending the financial panic is subsiding slightly, the reactionary members of the committee seem to believe that they can quietly dispense with the hearings.

If the people of America think they can build ■ New Deal upon a rotten financial foundation, they will let the committee majority have its way. But if they want a clean sweep of crooked banking and an honest and thorough reorganization of the banking system, they will let the Senate know in no uncertain terms that sabotage by the bankers must stop, that the banking inquiry must go on, and that the securities act must not be touched—unless to stiffen it.

Union Label for Pegasus

PEGASUS is about to be branded with the union label. Organization has begun among the writers and editors of the daily newspapers, at least, with good prospects of becoming extensive and powerful. Editorial employees of the three dailies of Cleveland grouped themselves in an association several weeks ago. Similar action has been taken in Philadelphia and Newark, and, best of all, editorial workers in New York—the hardest city in the country to organize—recently formed the Guild of Newspaper Men and Women.

The present attempt is not by any means the first to unionize editorial workers, but previous efforts have made no headway owing, on the one hand, to ruthless hostility on the part of newspaper owners and, on the other hand, to a lukewarm attitude toward the movement on the part of organized labor. Under the protection of the NRA it is now possible for journalists to organize safely and in the open, whereas previously newspaper owners have nipped organization in the bud by promptly decapitating the leaders, while the groups behind them, lacking support from already organized labor bodies, have very soon faded into oblivion.

Fifteen years ago organization in the editorial departments of American newspapers seemed to be on the way. Reporters and editors in Boston, receiving shameful pittance for turning out the newspapers of the nation's reputed intellectual hub, were caught in the upswing of war-time prices, and found the printers—whom unionization had put in a considerably better financial position—ready to help them. At that time the International Typographical Union claimed jurisdiction over the editorial as well as the composing rooms of the daily newspapers of the country, and the claim was recognized by the American Federation of Labor.

The Boston group organized under the I. T. U., and with the powerful backing of that body obtained large increases in pay. Naturally similar efforts were begun in other cities, but they were not equally successful. In New York, where there was bitter opposition among the publishers, a number of leaders were discharged before many of the editorial workers could even be approached. The campaign persisted, however, a union was effected secretly, and efforts at affiliation with the I. T. U. were begun. At once a difficulty appeared. The I. T. U. maintains a valuable but expensive insurance and pension system which makes an appeal to young printers entering a highly protected and well-paid trade. But to newspaper editorial workers of all ages, many of whom had already contracted for heavy insurance burdens, the protective scheme of the I. T. U. seemed to impose too heavy a financial load, especially as an entrance requirement of a new union not yet in a position to offer them any definite advance in pay.

An attempt was made by the new union in New York to get the I. T. U. to relinquish the insurance-pension requirements in regard to editorial workers. It failed, but the I. T. U.—never much interested in the unionization of the editorial rooms, although one wonders why—eventually relinquished jurisdiction over reporters and editors, except

in the case of unions already chartered. Then the New York union applied to the American Federation of Labor for a federal charter. The federation refused—without giving a reason—to grant one, and the New York union collapsed. Meanwhile, following the example set in Boston, editorial unions in a number of other cities had been chartered by the I. T. U., but they did not flourish. Even the Boston union withered eventually, and we believe the only ones alive today are in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Scranton, Pennsylvania, in both of which cities specially favorable conditions prevail.

We do not believe that the failure of editorial unions under the I. T. U. points to a similar collapse today. Editorial workers have ample protection for organization under the NRA, and do not need for the present to affiliate with any other union groups. Local associations probably will form a national federation, and if eventually this body finds it well to join with other labor organizations, it will be on its own terms.

The American Newspaper Publishers' Association, in the proposals recently submitted to the NRA, shamelessly attempted to avoid code protection for editorial workers on the ground that they were professional men and women. For some reason the publishers were willing to concede that persons receiving less than \$35 a week might have code protection, although they failed to make plain what the earnings of a worker had to do with his professional status. If a professional man is one who in the main controls his work and his time and imposes fees instead of taking wages, a reporter or an editor is not one. The modern newspaper is controlled by the business office, and both the character of the editorial employee's work and his working hours are rigidly dictated by ownership. The American journalist is a wage worker, and for the most part a worker at a pitifully inadequate wage to boot. That he has failed hitherto to identify himself with the wage-earning class is due to a false sense of superiority and the fact that the average newspaper writer is a strong individualist, accustomed to watching the parade rather than taking part in it. He regards himself more as an artist than a professional man, but even so the notable success of the Actors' Equity Association should teach him what unionization may accomplish.

In their opposition to editorial unionization newspaper owners have raised the possible danger thereby to a "free press." When newspaper owners talk about that, their employees have to adjourn to the nearest speakeasy and choke their laughter with practically whatever per cent of alcohol they can get. There has been hardly a vestige of a free press in America for fifty years. Newspapers are controlled, on the one hand, by advertisers and bankers and, on the other, by a hundred and one racial, religious, political, and miscellaneous majorities and minorities in their reading public. It was Ed Howe, we believe, who once wrote that the only thing that an editor can safely abuse is the man-eating shark. There is no more immediate probability that editorial employees—who have learned through harsh experience to keep their opinions in leash—will dictate newspaper policies than that mechanical workers will do so. But if we thought otherwise, we should welcome the possibility as a hope, not a danger. For if there is any prospect of the rise of even a measurably free press, it lies in the control of newspapers by the craft which makes them.

Issues and Men

The Idealist Comes to the Front

WE have been witnessing in the United States not merely a financial debacle but the complete rout of the practical men. Indeed, the practical man has been under an increasing cloud ever since the first of August, 1914. How were not the visionaries, the idealists, and the pacifists formerly derided! Every time a reformer advanced some new plan for the improvement of the lot of the masses or for better human relations, he was sneered at, charged with being a closet philosopher, a mere theoretician wandering into fields of which he was totally ignorant. An idealist was one so remote from the workaday world as to make his suggestions impracticable and not worth consideration. It made no difference that through the ages the visionaries and idealists have been scorned only to have the world turn around sooner or later and accept their programs. Perhaps a majority of my readers have heard the quip that a conservative is one who worships dead radicals.

I have been moved to these thoughts by reading the outpourings of some of the reactionaries who are up in arms at the Roosevelt Brain Trust, and constantly dwelling upon the fact that its members are men drawn from colleges, who are absolutely unfamiliar, so far as practical experience goes, with some of the fields of business activity which they are engaged in regulating. Well, there may be some justice in that criticism. I know, for example, one liberal-minded and clean-handed banker who tells me that the Securities Act makes impossible legitimate sale of honest securities. To this I can only reply that if the practical men who have floated securities in the past had not mismanaged their business and allowed some among them to rob and exploit the public, it would never have been necessary to call in the theoreticians. Not that I believe that *ipso facto* any college professor can come forward and outline a sound and workable policy for agriculture, or mining, or any other phase of our extraordinarily complicated and involved business life. Sometimes I think the task is getting beyond the wisdom of any single human being, or group of human beings. But it certainly does not lie in the mouths of the men who have got us into this mess to say that they alone should have the right to prescribe now the recovery measures which they failed to bring forth before Mr. Roosevelt, with the authority of Congress behind him, ordered American industry to reorganize.

Fortunately, the chorus of disapproval by the practical men is not unanimous. A letter by George Clarke Cox in *Barron's*, the financial weekly, asks, with reason, that the Roosevelt Administration clarify and announce its economic philosophy and not keep us in the dark concerning, for example, the matter of inflation, and in general the ultimate goals toward which it is aiming. In the course of this communication Mr. Cox, who is an investment counsel in Wall Street, writes that he is not of those who rejoiced over the dropping of Raymond Moley from the Brain Trust, and says: "The Brain Trust was a fine idea and one which the Democratic Party had too long neglected. These gentlemen are a highly competent lot, infinitely to be preferred to Con-

gress both for ideas and plans; their resourceful chief in the White House has shown a listening power equaled by few . . ." I rejoice to find in commanding positions men like Donald Richberg, A. A. Berle, Jr., Rexford Tugwell, Harold Ickes, John Collier, and Leo Wolman, to say nothing of Frances Perkins, and near them liberal men and women like my old friend Frederick C. Howe, who has so long had to endure the slings and arrows of practical men.

It is really a wonderful revolution that has given "visionaries" of this type at least a partial chance to show what they can do. They may fail, as I have said. But isn't it mighty encouraging to have at the head of the Department of Labor a Frances Perkins whose mere presence there gives positive assurance that the department is really being managed in the interests of labor and not of the politicians, nor of the fortunes of the Administration to which she belongs? Think what the practical gentlemen of the Hoover Administration were doing to us, how they twisted statistics to serve their own purposes, misrepresented the actual conditions of the country, and governed the department in the most intolerant, narrow-minded, chauvinistic manner, and rejoice with me. Think back to James J. Davis, who is now, after a long delay, facing trial on a serious charge. He misused his office all the time that he was in it by taking advantage of his official position to obtain subscriptions for an undertaking of the Order of the Moose from which he received enormous commissions—sending out appeals for these subscriptions on his official stationery. Yet this man was acclaimed as a practical statesman who had nobly worked his way up from the ranks in the best American tradition.

Look over the world wherever you may, and the practical men are utterly at a loss. Just as they were not able to stop the war before it wrecked the world, so they have not been able to stop the depression, or to suggest ways out. They have no right to complain if their powers have fallen into other and idealistic hands. We can only be grateful that the United States has turned to college professors, to theoreticians, to closet philosophers. Let us uphold their hands so far as we possibly can, aiding them by advice and criticism and counsel in the measure that we may have it to give. Theirs is a terrific task. But at least we have the consolation that they cannot possibly make a worse mess of it than have the practical men, who were so certain that they alone knew how the country was to be run that if a college professor ventured to stick his head out of his study door and say, for example, that the power situation in the United States called for radical overhauling, they at once proceeded to seek his dismissal from his chair. I have an unholy glee in thinking that the supervision of the power industry has, in part, passed into the hands of the college-bred Brain Trust.

Howells Garrison Villard

Drifting into Militarism

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, September 19

THE American people are drifting into militarism, which means, to put it bluntly, that America is drifting toward war. Militarism is defined in my dictionary as "a system emphasizing the military spirit and the need of constant preparation for war." Government officials of whatever party have always been staunch advocates of preparedness. Every President in recent years has by word or deed thrown his support to what is euphemistically called "adequate national defense," although upon occasion he may have given lip-service to the cause of disarmament and peace. Calvin Coolidge expressed this cynical attitude in his Memorial Day speech at Gettysburg in 1928. At that time the Kellogg Pact negotiations were nearing successful conclusion. Every country in the world was being asked by Mr. Coolidge's Secretary of State to outlaw war forever and ever. Yet the President chose that very hour to go to Gettysburg and deliver a speech advocating a stronger navy and air force for the United States! Fortunately, official militarism has in the past been kept in check by the latent, deep-seated pacifism of most Americans. Now, alas, it appears that these barriers are breaking down—not without the active help of the present Administration in Washington.

It is probably still true that the average American does not want war. But it is becoming daily more evident that he wants his country prepared for war. One catches this note in talking with passers-by on the street, with workers in shops and offices, with farmers, teachers, students, politicians, newspapermen, and others. To begin with, as a result of the prolonged and disastrous depression the average man's sense of security has been shaken as never before. Unsure of himself, he inevitably seeks refuge in numbers, in the state; and so he wants to see his country strong and powerful. And the chauvinists, not only in the press, but in Congress and even in the White House, seize upon this moment to remind him that his neighbors are not to be trusted. That has been the burden of every Congressional debate on the war-debt question. It was the thought behind the executive order of September, 1930, virtually barring immigrant labor from the country. It finds expression in the clamor for higher tariffs and in the "Buy American" movement. During the late Presidential campaign many government officials supporting the Hoover Administration and Mr. Hoover himself baldly put upon Europe the responsibility for most of our economic ills. During the London Economic Conference the new occupants of the White House and State Department just as frankly declared in interviews with the press that the Europeans were trying to hoodwink us into giving something for nothing. It was the idea of giving Europe a "sock on the jaw" for the purpose of counteracting the designs of these foreigners, as Arthur Krock faithfully reported in the *New York Times* a few days later, that Mr. Roosevelt sent his arrogant message of July 3 to the London meeting. He felt, said the *Times* correspondent, that this course would find favor with the American public. The failure of the London conference,

following upon universal predictions that if it failed the world was surely doomed, has likewise helped to persuade the average man that Americans must first of all watch out for and be prepared to defend their own interests.

Moreover, the average American reads almost daily in his newspaper about war preparations in other countries. He is told that "Poland's rapidly growing fear of war is destroying its school system. The last report of the Minister of Education indicates that 500,000 children of school age are now forced to go without any type of public instruction. . . . The schools have been sacrificed to the military budget." He learns that Belgium is rushing to completion a modern and elaborate system of fortifications; that France has been laying in war materials for several months past; and that even in republican Spain, where the liberals and pacifists seemed to have come into power after generations of reactionary rule, the government is busy strengthening fortifications, dredging naval harbors, and buying munitions, particularly long-range guns for defense of its coastline. Finally, all these developments are overshadowed by the ominous rise of militarism in Japan, the mad activities of the Hitlerites in Germany, the general war talk in Europe, and the failure of the disarmament conference to reach even a tentative agreement of any sort. Small wonder that the average American should be turning from his traditional anti-militarism.

The organized peace movement has suffered in consequence of this changing attitude. It has been hurt in other ways as well. The depression has reduced or cut off the normal financial support of many peace societies. The negative pacifism of these societies, which tend to pin their faith on treaties and conscientious objection, no longer has an appeal for many groups, particularly young workers. But the most serious blow dealt the peace movement has come from one of its former friends and journalistic supporters, Roy W. Howard.

On his return from a recent trip to Japan, where he had opportunity to observe the new militarism at first hand, Mr. Howard announced that he had come to the conclusion that America must have a big navy. In no other way, he said, could we convince the Japanese that we really want peace. He frankly demanded a "workable program, *even though it be erected on the ruins of a decade of progress toward world peace.*" The calamitous effect of this declaration can be understood only in the light of the fight for peace over the last several years of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain. These influential metropolitan papers had always spoken out vigorously against militarism, chauvinism, and jingoism whenever these dared to raise their heads. They had stoutly opposed a big navy and just as strongly and successfully opposed the use of armed force to support imperialistic policies in Mexico, the Caribbean area, and the Far East. When, six or seven years ago, the bungling diplomacy of the State Department seemed to be leading to another American invasion of Mexico, the Scripps-Howard papers conducted a country-wide referendum to determine

whether public opinion would support such action. The response was an overwhelming negative. The State Department promptly discovered that a diplomatic adjustment of the oil controversy was possible after all. If the militarists were not aware of it, the State Department (as well as most foreign offices abroad) was fully conscious of the tremendous influence of the Scripps-Howard press. In a single public statement Roy Howard has now destroyed this great prestige and power. And the American peace movement has been deprived of the only support it could consistently depend upon among the daily newspapers.

Mr. Roosevelt probably needed no great urging to follow the course he has chosen. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy two decades ago, he was an unashamed chauvinist. In his public utterances since then he has shown that he has not materially altered his views. Yet the task of his Administration has no doubt been lightened by the knowledge that the American people are now ready to accept what the militarists would consider an "adequate" defense program. Hence it is not surprising to find the Roosevelt Administration launching what is—with one exception—the biggest and most expensive peace-time preparedness program in the country's history. The exception was the 1916 naval building program, but it must be remembered that in 1916 Europe was in flames and America was getting ready to jump into the fire. It is worth noting also that the same Franklin D. Roosevelt took the lead in 1916 in persuading Congress and the country that we should have a navy "second to none."

Counting all the various contributory items, which have been divided into several categories, such as "public works" and the like, and so do not appear in a single military or naval budget, the government is this year spending approximately a billion dollars on the army and navy. The former, though it has been and remains a more or less neglected stepbrother of the fleet, has not been slighted. Last spring there was much talk of reducing officer personnel and making other changes in the military establishment for the sake of economy. A few unimportant economies were effected, but on the whole the War Department has today just as much money to spend as it has ever had except in time of actual war. While the federal government remains niggardly in the matter of direct relief to the unemployed, the army manages to get funds for new buildings, for bombardment planes described as "the most powerful weapon produced by any nation since the World War," and for gas bombs which with the help of time-fuses may let loose their deadly fumes upon noncombatant communities hours or even days after they have been dropped by passing airplanes. The thousands upon thousands of families who are without adequate shelter are getting relatively little help from the government. Yet the Administration does not hesitate to spend many millions of dollars on semi-military "conservation" camps in which jobless men of fighting age are being "kept fit." Fit for what? it might be asked. Here in the national capital the public-school budget is being cut down in the name of economy. But somehow the government can put its hands on enough money to build in the same city a new and wholly unnecessary armory and to make extensive improvements at the local navy yard.

It is the navy, however, that is getting chief attention, not only because it is the President's first love but also because it is the country's first line of defense (to quote the

militarists). Mr. Roosevelt began by giving his blessing to the elaborate construction program for which the admirals had been agitating for years. Even Presidents Coolidge and Hoover thought these plans too extravagant to be worth considering. President Roosevelt, however, did not hesitate to approve the expenditure of something more than a quarter of a billion dollars on new fighting ships on the specious pretense that it would help the unemployed. The armor-plate trust is more likely to be the principal beneficiary. At least it has shown in the past that it knows how to wring fat profits out of navy contracts, and we are justified in suspecting that it will do so again, especially since Mr. Roosevelt, in the face of the notorious record of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation and other companies, flatly refused to consider Senator Trammell's sensational charge that these companies had virtually entered into a conspiracy to get the new navy work on their own terms.

No less significant was the appointment of Senator Swanson as Secretary of the Navy. He is even more popular with the naval officers than was his predecessor, although Secretary Adams, it will be remembered, went so far as to quarrel publicly with President Hoover on the big-navy issue in order to curry favor with the admirals. Secretary Swanson attended the Geneva Disarmament Conference last year and came away with the unshakable conviction that the other naval Powers are actively preparing for war and that therefore it behooves the United States to get ready also. His attitude would be relatively insignificant if it were not for the change in public sentiment and the high place he holds in the regard of the White House.

It may not be entirely accurate to say that the Roosevelt-Swanson program started the new British-American-Japanese naval race. The British Admiralty as long ago as last February indicated to a delegation of shipbuilders that it intended soon to launch a new construction program. At about the same time Hector Bywater, the naval expert of the London *Daily Telegraph*, who keeps in close touch with the Admiralty, declared that "what the United States may do is her own affair," but "unless present indications are utterly misleading, Britain intends in the near future to reassert and reestablish herself on the high seas." Yet the fact remains that the Roosevelt Administration actually made the first concrete move. The Japanese immediately took alarm. They shifted the emphasis of their own program from the army problem in Manchuria to the naval problem in the Pacific. They decided that they must build more ships to meet the Roosevelt challenge. And so they set up the largest military and naval budget in their history. This has not satisfied the Japanese patriots and they are clamoring for still more ships. The British have not been far behind. They too have increased their naval budget, but in England as well the patriots are restive. The British admirals and an influential section of the London press are loudly demanding that the government hasten to meet American and Japanese competition. The Admiralty has replied by announcing plans for the building of a fleet of small armed sloops that through various technicalities would not come within the provisions of either the Washington or the London naval treaty. (So much for the contention of Swanson and others that the new naval construction is legitimate because it will be kept within treaty limits. There are many ways of getting around even the most rigid treaty restrictions.)

One would imagine that Messrs. Roosevelt and Swanson would take cognizance of the hornets' nest they have stirred up and attempt to allay Japanese and British suspicions by modifying their own program. The Administration has instead suggested that it may enlarge its plans because of these very suspicions! For example, when Secretary Swanson was informed of Japan's new building program, he was quick to indicate that he was considering still further expansion of the American fleet in line with his policy of "a navy second to none."

It is difficult to measure the part that propaganda has played in the development of this militaristic spirit. Many propaganda agencies are at work—the American Legion, the Navy League, the D. A. R., the National Civic Federation, the Reserve Officers' Association, the American Federation of Labor, and numerous others. But the worst of the lot is the munitions industry—a force in American life that cannot possibly be ignored in any discussion of this subject. Despite the revelations in the Shearer case, for instance, the very same interests that hired Shearer to wreck the 1927 disarmament conference at Geneva obtained some of the

choicest contracts under the new naval program. While we have abundant evidence that the munitions industry has been exceedingly active, we have no way of measuring the exact extent of its operations. Moreover, not a single official in the government dares to bring the munitions industry into court. Some months ago *The Nation* urged a Congressional inquiry into its propaganda methods and financial and political connections. Peace workers in Washington went to Congressmen who had supported the peace movement in the past and asked them to introduce a resolution calling for such an investigation. They received no response whatever. In fact, a prominent Senator, widely respected for his courage in defending minority causes, frankly said he would not father the resolution, for it would mean political suicide. He added that "there is not a single member in either house of Congress who has the courage to tackle the munitions industry!"

It would be more than foolhardy for those who still believe in peace to close their eyes to the ominous significance of the fact that the munitions industry and the big-navy crowd are firmly in the saddle in Washington.

Consumers and the Codes

By JAMES PETER WARBASSE

SCARCITY is necessary to make our economic system workable. Still, the good of the consumer demands plenty. This conflict of interests is seen in the framing of the codes offered to the NRA. These codes give special consideration to the question of making business profitable and providing labor with adequate wages. The two advisory bodies in the NRA most zealous for these ends are the Industrial Board and the Labor Board. The Consumers' Board stands apart because it is the representative of interests not entirely the same as those of the other two.

When the good of industry and of labor is under consideration, some matters of consumers' concern are injected. Thus when the code of the braiding and wire-covering industry referred to selling "below normal cost plus a reasonable profit," the Consumers' Board suggested that the words "reasonable profit" be clarified. The board has recommended to the recovery administration in many cases that the codes be so written as to "protect consumers against harmful price policies." Attention is sometimes called to the lack of provision in a code for the protection of the consumer from unsanitary conditions of industry. To prevent monopolistic price-fixing the Consumers' Board has on occasion suggested the desirability of establishing a Code Authority to protect the consumer against unfair trade practices.

There are items such as these in all codes, but there are still bigger matters that concern the consumers. The consumers are interested in easy access to commodities. That means low prices. But if low prices make good wages impossible, then prices cannot be lowered. Nor may the consumers touch the sensitive nerve of profits with anything but a gentle hand. In framing codes, the general assumption prevails that in good profits and good wages the consumers are served as beneficiaries of these two provisions.

When we come to the organized consumers, the case is

different. Codes are coming along containing provisions that are directly inimical to definite consumers' interests. The oil code may be taken as an example. As this code was presented by the oil industry, it contained an article providing that no rebates might be paid to purchasers of petroleum products. This looked innocent enough, but it was a serious matter for the 1,500 cooperative oil societies in this country.

These societies are incorporated under the cooperative law of their respective States. They are run for service and not for profit, but they supply their products to their members at the current retail price. That means that they accumulate in their treasuries the difference between the net cost and the selling price. This difference they return to their members in proportion to the members' patronage. The oil code prohibited this return. Cooperative societies have learned by long experience that the savings-return, or "dividend" as the English call it, is essential to success. There are many reasons. This surplus-saving makes possible expansion, and general welfare work for the members. The alternative is selling at cost; but to this there are two obvious objections. One is that cost cannot be determined at the moment of sale. The second is that selling at cost creates hostility on the part of competing business.

Upon representation from the farmers' groups that this provision would damage or destroy their oil societies, the code was modified to exempt from this provision all associations "membership in which is restricted to persons whose chief source of livelihood is farming." The farmer cannot be flouted in Washington. But while most of the oil cooperatives are among the farmers, still each one of them has members who do not come within the provisions of the code. The farmers have never excluded the local blacksmith, the carpenter, the school teacher, the minister, or any of their neighbors who wanted to join. Furthermore, many farmers

cannot say that their chief source of livelihood is farming. The farmers object to the article that seems to give them preference. Leaders of the Farm Bureau, the Farmers' Union, and the Grange have gone on record ■ desiring no exemption for their groups exclusively, but as wishing that all consumers be treated alike. They desire the expansion of cooperative oil-distributing societies among all classes of consumers.

It happens that neither the big oil companies nor the independents are friendly to the efforts of consumers to organize for supplying themselves with petroleum products. In the code hearings and committee meetings they spoke of the cooperatives as being "outside of the oil industry." One oil man made the statement that the cooperative oil societies had put out of business over ■ hundred of his oil stations in Minnesota and Wisconsin. "They are destroying the oil industry." An editorial in a recent number of the *National Petroleum News* (August 7, 1933) discusses cooperation as a sort of racket. It says: "Co-ops, in one sense, are just another form of stock company, but in so many cases they are simply rackets, living on the fact that they cut the price of ■ product or appear to cut that price." The editorial is rich in misrepresentation. In connection with the oil-code hearings, an official indicated that he thought the cooperatives were connected with the notorious Shapiro, who was never interested in cooperation, was opposed to consumers' organizations, and promoted spurious marketing associations which failed.

It came out in these hearings that many millions of dollars had been lost by people who had invested money in capitalist oil industries and that many employees had lost their jobs. It was interesting to have brought out the contrasting information that the cooperative oil companies had not lost their investors' money. These societies are sound business enterprises.

A federation of 600 cooperative oil societies sent ■ representative to the oil hearings. Their figures are instructive. The total volume of purchases of these 600 societies for 1932 amounted to 15,000 tank cars of gasoline and kerosene, or over 120,000,000 gallons of refined oils; 3,500,000 gallons of lubricating oils; and around 1,500 tons of greases. Their capital investment totals \$6,000,000. This is in blending and compounding plants, storage tanks, and operating equipment. They have 3,000 employees. None of the oil societies in this group has failed during the past four years. Their total number of employees is larger than in 1929. They have supplied some 500,000 farmers with petroleum products of the best quality at the lowest prices, and then given back to them over \$2,000,000 in cash savings-returns. This has averaged about 15 per cent on purchases. But on capital investment it represents ■ return of more than 25 per cent.

The preceding figures may be multiplied by two and a half to give approximately the figures of the 1,500 societies in the United States. These societies are now increasing at the rate of about two new societies a week. They have effected a national federation. They have ■ project for their own refinery under consideration. When they own their own oil wells they will be close to a position in which they can eliminate the profit motive from trade in this commodity.

These societies are conducted on Rochdale principles.

The members elect ■ board of directors which is charged with the duty of appointing employees to administer the business. They have made nobody rich and nobody poor. The question arises: Who is destroying the oil industry? Which kind of business was it that increased the number of unemployed on the streets? Which made the biggest contribution to the conditions that precipitated the crash? Which made necessary the NRA? The tendency of the cooperative oil societies is not to compete with one another. Such rare instances of competition as now exist should disappear as their federation is perfected. In the profit industry there is an expensive form of competition. It is not keeping prices down; it adds to the costs of automobilizing. In 1932 the petroleum industries sold 15,000,000,000 gallons of gasoline for 25,000,000 automobiles. The cost from tank car to consumer is seven cents ■ gallon. That is ■ profit of \$1,000,000,000 at that stage. It does not include transportation costs from refinery to bulk stations. One-half the number of filling stations would suffice. If the cooperative method prevailed, there would be one-half the number. That would save \$500,000,000, or \$20 per automobile in the United States.

Compared with the total oil business, these cooperatives are small. But they are significant. The same problems will arise in connection with the other codes. They are about to arise in the retail grocers' code. They are threatened in the bakers' code. The restaurant code has come in conflict with the cooperative societies conducting restaurants. The restaurant code as it was presented to the NRA provided for a fifty-four-hour week for men workers, and a forty-eight-hour week for women, ■ minimum wage of \$12 for men and \$10 for women, and 28 cents an hour for part-time labor. The Consumers' Cooperative Services of New York, with eight restaurants, has presented its protests to the NRA to the effect that it recommends as minimum standards a forty-eight-hour week for both men and women, a \$15 wage for both, and 40 cents an hour as the minimum wage for part-time labor. In both cases it is understood that food worth \$3 ■ week is added to the weekly pay. Will this be called an attack on the restaurant industry?

The codes of other industries will contain articles inimical to the cooperative organizations of the consumers. It is a difficult, if not futile, task to effect amendments to all of these. The consumers are now approaching the problem in their own way. Since other forms of industries frame codes that damage the cooperatives, the cooperatives have framed a code of their own. The Cooperative League, the national federation of consumers' cooperative societies, has adopted a code defining cooperative business. This code complies with the President's general code, and provides in every instance better conditions both for labor and for consumers than are provided for in any other code. It contains the following statement: "Nothing in this code shall in anywise encroach upon the rights or privileges of other industries, businesses, corporations, companies, or associations, and nothing contained in other codes adopted under the National Recovery Act shall abrogate or nullify any of the provisions of this code."

Out of this code-making is coming much valuable information. How much use the unorganized consumers will make of it is doubtful. Their natural tendency is to remain the forgotten legion.

The New Germany

By RICHARD NEUBERGER

VISIT the New Germany," the American tourist reads in the advertising columns of Paris editions of American newspapers. Embellished with photographs of picturesque scenery and stately cathedrals, the advertisements strive to persuade the tourist that Hitler's "new Germany" is virtually identical with the old Germany of charm and *Gemütlichkeit*. That the advertising often appears in issues which carry front-page accounts of Nazi violence has been harmful but, surprisingly, not fatal to the purpose of the costly displays. Despite a falling off in the tourist trade, foreigners return home frequently with tales of the peace and contentment that prevail under the Nazis. They stay at the Hotel — in the larger cities and blandly report that "they saw no outrages," and pay tribute to the "new spirit" engendered by Hitler. Of this type is Mayor James M. Curley of Boston. It is more surprising, however, to find a supposed scholar like Dean Henry Wyman Holmes of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, who returned on September 10, reported by the Associated Press as saying: "I think the reports of Hitler's oppression of the Jews have been exaggerated. Some action may have been necessary"; "it is something Germany needed"; "Germany has regained self-respect." This noted educator, author *inter alia* of "The Path of Learning," arrived at these conclusions, he admits, in France and "from talking with people on the voyage home" (aboard the German liner Berlin), and *without visiting Germany*.

For a week in Paris I listened to tourists who described Hitler's Germany in rosy colors. On questioning, however, I found that they had visited only the places featured in the advertisements. Not one had strayed to a town off the beaten track. I determined to make a different sort of trip to the "new Germany," and visit the hamlets and villages of the Black Forest and the Rhine country, places where Americans are not expected. The officials at the border were courteous. On the main streets of the large tourist centers I too saw no violence. Then I left the tourist highway and headed for a little village in the hills west of the Neckar River. It was thirty kilometers from the railway. Only a twisting automobile road penetrated the hills and forests surrounding it. The inn, at which I was the only guest, was run by an old Catholic woman. She was easily led into conversation and told me how her little business had been ruined by the Nazis. It was not difficult to make a person of her political misfortunes my ally, and I persuaded her to introduce me to other victims in the little community.

In a ramshackle house near the outskirts of the hamlet I met a distraught old woman. Two nights before, a troop of brown-shirted Hitlerites had taken away her two sons, partly because they were Jews, partly because their political affiliations had been with the Social Democrats. "Say goodbye to your mother, you may never see her again," ordered the Nazi leader. For forty-eight hours she had waited for word of her sons. They were her only kin. She had spent all of a small life-insurance policy educating one for law, the other for medicine.

It was not in my power to console this frantic gray-haired widow, but I tried to find some trace of her boys. The search did not last long. The next day the two young men, whose "crimes" had been their race and their belief in a government for the majority of the people, were sent home — in plain board coffins. The Nazis asserted that the boys had died of tuberculosis, though neither had been ill when taken from his home. Their mother was compelled to sign a paper agreeing not to open the coffins; the undertaker and the rabbi had to collaborate in this promise. "Otherwise," admonished the Nazi chief, "we will dispose of the bodies ourselves."

But in that village was a young Jewish doctor, a war veteran, and one of the few undaunted victims of the Hitler persecution whom I met. Despite Hitler's promise to exempt Jewish ex-soldiers from discrimination, the young man's entire practice had been taken from him by the burgomaster, and he had been beaten up at the local "Brown House." But he was unafraid. He said to me: "I'll open those coffins if you will help me to get out of the country." I promised. (Today he is somewhere in France.) That night, by candlelight, he opened the oblong boxes. Every major bone in both bodies was broken. The flesh was terribly lacerated; the boys had suffered horribly before they died.

The next afternoon the young men were buried in the Jewish cemetery. Over their coffins the old rabbi, his beard blowing in the summer breeze, spoke a few words of praise. For the offense of eulogizing the two dead boys, the rabbi was beaten at the local Nazi headquarters, and the local newspaper—a mere bulletin—which printed some of his words, was suppressed for three months. The mother was sent to a sanitarium by the young physician, her mind clouded by the catastrophe. Thus was I introduced to the "new Germany," the Germany advertised as "less expensive, but otherwise unchanged."

After that I was better prepared for what I saw and heard. I saw new mounds in virtually every Jewish cemetery, marking the resting places of victims of "Nazi tuberculosis." Still hoping they can fool their own citizens and the rest of the world, the Hitlerites camouflage their murders. The victim either "committed suicide," "was shot while trying to escape," or "died from tuberculosis." Announcements are printed in the newspapers accordingly. Always the bereaved families are compelled to promise that they will not open the coffin.

Before I left that little town I met the families of two Jewish girls, both of whom had been smuggled across the border to a hospital in Switzerland. Their parents spoke in whispers of a night when the Nazis had come for the girls. They had been stripped and beaten and made to dance naked before their tormentors. Under the threat of death to themselves and their families, they had been compelled to accept the advances of their captors. The girls were only eighteen. In the morning their families found them, bleeding and senseless, in a meadow near the Brown House.

I put that town behind me like a bad dream. But it

proved to be not exceptional. From there I went to Neckargemünd, a small community near the Neckar River.* I arrived on a Saturday afternoon, the Jewish Sabbath. At the home of the rabbi I found a portion of his small congregation. The hands of the men were swathed in bandages; the women were sobbing and crying. The rabbi told their story. During the services the Nazis had broken into the synagogue. They had thrown the Torah and other implements of the church into the street. The women they had ordered to clean the town hall, with the command, "It's about time you dirty Jews were doing some work." While the Jewish mothers and daughters scrubbed the floors on their hands and knees, the storm troopers stood over them and beat them with whips. The men underwent worse torture. At gun point they were lined up before the synagogue. Red flags, supposedly symbols of communism, were placed in their hands and set afire by the Hitler troopers. The flags burned down to their hands, but the men were not permitted to drop them until their fingers and knuckles were seared. One old man whose trembling hands dropped the burning rags was shot through the shoulder.

I stayed three days with those forlorn people. At night they sat in total darkness, trembling lest the Nazis come and inflict further punishment. By day they stayed in their homes, afraid to venture on the streets. Slowly they watched their savings dwindle, knowing the day would come when they would no longer have money to buy food.

Next I went to Heidelberg. Surely, I thought, that citadel of German culture, the site of the famous university, could not be the scene of such brutalities as we had witnessed in the Neckar country. The train was crowded with Brown Shirt troopers. The streets were dense with men in uniform. Every building flew the swastika flag. Even on the street cars Nazi banners fluttered. The occasion was the appearance that night of Dr. Alfred Rosenberg. Britain had given him an icy reception, but he was a hero in Heidelberg. A vast throng jammed the amphitheater of the historic castle to hear him. Its howls of approval as he denounced democracy and urged purification of the Aryan race echoed along the cliffs below the ancient walls.

The next day I visited the university. The first thing apparent was that Heidelberg had gone "football" in a big way. All incentives to culture, intelligence, and independent thought had been removed. The laboratories, where experiments had enabled Otto Warburg, expelled for being a Jew, to discover the difference between cancer cells and normal epithelial cells, were deserted. But the dueling ring was not. Before Hitler ascended to the chancellorship dueling had been forbidden for several years at Heidelberg. Now it is the rage. Youths with fresh scars on their faces, court-plaster on their cheeks, and swastikas on their arms have replaced the thinkers and scientists to whom Heidelberg owes its reputation.

I also noted the paradox of the one new building at Heidelberg—the Robert Schurman lecture hall. It was built largely through the generosity of American Jews, but Jewish professors may not mount its rostrum. On the bronze plate which lists the donors are the names of such prominent American Jews as William Fox, Julius Rosenwald, Mortimer Schiff, Adolph Zukor, and Samuel Sachs. Also included is

the name of William H. Woodin, Secretary of the Treasury. I wanted a photograph of the plate and opened my kodak. Uniformed attendants wearing swastikas came running. "Kein Bild, kein Bild!" they cried. I was hustled from the building. A young Nazi with a bayonet at his side and a revolver in his belt forbade my reentrance.

In Heidelberg I talked with many brilliant scholars, most of them non-Jews. They deplored the havoc Hitler has wrought in the university and confided the fear that the once great school was ruined forever as a center of culture. One old man, a Socialist and liberal, raised his voice louder than the rest. For forty-four years an instructor, he had been dismissed summarily for his political views. "America must help us," he said. "This is not alone a fight of the Jews. It is the battle of everyone who believes in democracy and freedom. You will do a great service if you carry this message to the liberal and fearless men in your Congress." The old man continued to talk freely on the cause of democracy all the time I was in Heidelberg. When I left there I promised to help him obtain a visa for America. But it was not necessary. Three days later the Nazis invaded the old professor's home at night. In the morning his wife found him at the foot of the stairs, his skull crushed in.

From Heidelberg I turned again to smaller communities. Everywhere I saw evidence of cruelty, violence, and death. At Landau a Catholic merchant and his Jewish secretary, whom he had refused to discharge after five years' faithful service, were paraded through the streets. About the girl's neck was hung a sign, "I have been this man's Jewish prostitute for five years." In the same town three Jews and two non-Jewish Socialists were dragged from a cafe in the middle of the afternoon and beaten in an adjacent lot with whips of hose and steel cord. I saw their lacerated and torn backs. At Durkheim an old Jewish butcher from whom my friends occasionally purchased cold meat or sausage paid with his life for his refusal to obey a Nazi command to close his shop. One morning we found the store closed. The old man was in a hospital, bleeding from a score of wounds inflicted by clubs. His case was diagnosed on the chart as the result of a "fall downstairs." Three days later he died.

Hitler and his lieutenants must smile behind their hands when they watch tourists leave Germany with stories of the courtesy and fine manners of Nazi officials. In the August issue of the *National Geographic Magazine* Alicia O'Reardon Overbeck describes Freiburg as one of the most *gemütlich* cities of Germany because of the "friendliness of its people." In Baden Baden we met a score of refugees from this haven of peace and tranquillity. One of the refugees was a lawyer who had dared to say in public that the people should run the government. While he was away on a brief trip to plead a case, Nazis entered his home and sold at auction all his possessions—his law library, his files, valuable art treasures, his furniture. He and his son protested; the latter was fatally wounded and the father had to flee to avoid arrest. He was at Baden Baden under an assumed name and with his appearance disguised. The others who had fled from Freiburg, the most *gemütlich* of cities because of the "friendliness of its people," were Jews, several of them schoolboys burned on the legs and feet. Their Nazi schoolmates had forced them to run through a bonfire of burning books!

It is difficult to comprehend how any tourist with the

* In order to protect his informants the author has switched the names of the small towns mentioned in this article.—EDITORS THE NATION.

slightest knowledge of German can return from the Third Reich with praise for the Hitler dictatorship. Hitler's "Mein Kampf," approximately 800 pages of the Chancellor's egoism and hatred, is on sale at all bookshops, available to visitors and citizens. Listen to this brief excerpt from its pages:

If the Jew wins . . . his crown of victory is the death wreath of humanity, and this planet will again, as it did ages ago, float through the ether, bereft of man. . . . While I defend myself against the Jews, I fight for the work of the Lord.

The black-haired Jewish youth lies for hours in ambush, a devilish joy on his face, for the unsuspecting girl whom he pollutes with his blood and steals from her own race. . . . By every means he strives to wreck the racial basis of the nation . . . he deliberately befouls women and girls . . . it was and is the Jew who brought Negroes to the Rhine, brought them with the . . . intent to destroy the white race . . . by continual bastardization, to hurl it from the . . . heights it has reached . . . he deliberately seeks to lower the race level by corruption of the individual.

It is this book which has filled the vacancies left on the library shelves by the destruction of volumes by Heine, Thomas Mann, Remarque, Feuchtwanger, Einstein, Sinclair, and London. The Chancellor's unrelenting fanaticism is reflected in the cruelty of his followers. Not once in the score of small communities we visited did we see a Nazi show mercy or understanding toward the objects of his hate. Even small children are victims of the brutality. We saw one little Jewish girl come from school with a great welt on her forehead. Between sobs she told her mother that the son of a Nazi had hurled an inkwell at her, and the teacher, a man in S. A. uniform, had commended the act.

Horrible as these systematic persecutions are, there is another equally ominous aspect to the "new Germany." It is Hitler's obvious intent to lead the country into war sooner or later. He is converting Germany into a fortress bristling with hate and martial fervor. The saber rattles more loudly than under the Hohenzollern. In the parks and public squares one hears military bands and the tread of marching feet. The Nazi troopers are armed with bayonets and revolvers. They have official permission to carry firearms, a privilege denied to those they persecute. The children also are active participants in martial revival. In the foothill districts of Bavaria and Württemberg we saw boys—none of them more than fifteen years old—parading in review with wooden spears on their shoulders, and children of six practicing the throwing of hand grenades, crawling on their stomachs as to a trench attack.

Despite the contention of Walter Lippmann or any other erudite authority that Hitler's May peace address was sincere and "the authentic voice of a great people," no one who looks behind the barrier of censorship and deceit in Germany can doubt that one of the major premises of the Nazi movement is intense preparation for a war of aggression. I wish those who were deluded by Hitler's peace speech before the Reichstag could have been with me one afternoon on the train between Frankfurt and Munich and overheard a high officer in the Reichswehr talking to a friend:

"Yes, we're fooling the French and Poles all right. We're only supposed to have 100,000 men under arms ac-

cording to the treaty, but we're training 250,000 new ones every three months. At my camp I command a squad of lawyers—the Chancellor now makes all new lawyers enter a training camp. Then we have the S. A. and the S. S. men and the Reichswehr. We'll have 2,000,000 in arms in another year, besides all the children we're teaching to fight for Germany. Then watch us conquer again."

It is the old story of "Deutschland Uber Alles" but under worse auspices than before. No ingenious means for inflaming and arousing the people has been overlooked. In cabarets I heard the music of the "new Germany." The masterpieces of Strauss and Wagner have been subordinated to the Nazi marching song and filthy ditties denouncing the Jews. I saw the official Nazi propaganda film, "S. A. Mann Brand." Its appeal was based largely on military enthusiasm. Communists were portrayed as brutes who spent their time shooting down little children or lolling in luxurious apartments with scantily clad women. The villain was a Semitic-looking merchant who discharged his employees for trivial reasons, but was made to atone for his deed when Hitler came into power. But the Nazis—ah, they were pictured as the very flower of German manhood. Sir Launcelot in search of the Holy Grail could have appeared no more noble and courageous than the stalwart Apollos who portrayed Herr Hitler's gentle disciples.

Daily publications fan the fire of hatred and bitterness. In Nürnberg a notorious Jew-baiter named Julius Streicher publishes *Der Stürmer*, a newspaper devoted entirely to anti-Semitic propaganda. Every Jew who achieves prominence, among them such Americans as Governor Lehman of New York and Samuel Untermyer, is denounced as a murderer and a criminal. Across the bottom of the paper each day is written in black inch-high type: "Die Juden sind unser Unglück!" (The Jews are our misfortune.) Frequent bulletins from Goebbels's office put more kindling on the funeral pyre of culture and tolerance.

Much else that I saw in the "new Germany" further substantiates the conclusion that those who believe in liberty are finished in Hitler's Reich. Jewish merchants, professional men, and humble workers and their families are facing slow starvation. Jewish children live in an atmosphere they cannot understand, in which they are persecuted by their schoolmates. Jewish families are afraid to venture on the streets; they have no protection, no rights. Jews are barred in many towns from the public swimming pools. Jewish athletes can belong to no sports clubs, which makes the German efforts to retain the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin on the ground that there will be no discrimination, one more piece of hypocrisy. Socially and economically, as well as politically, the Jews have been ruined. Those who have not suffered physical violence are experiencing mental torture almost as severe.

The fate of those who sponsored the cause of the masses has been equally terrible. Labor-union officials, Socialists, and liberals have been murdered and their homes plundered. Under the guise of saving Germany from the Communists Hitler has crushed ruthlessly all "left" tendencies. He poses as the savior of the laboring man, but the staunchest advocates of workers' rights have suffered most at his hands. Thus we see the "new Germany" as a land in which a racial and religious minority has been sacrificed on the altar of political expediency and intolerance, in which democracy

and civil rights have been abolished, from which culture and independent thought have been expelled, which is preparing its children to be cannon fodder on the battlefields of a future war.

But ruthless and relentless as Hitler and his lieutenants are, there is one weapon they fear. The Nazi mayor of a large German city told me his party dreaded economic pressure. At pistol point the storm troopers have forced their victims to deny all stories of atrocities in an attempt to lessen the indignation abroad. They realize a tight international boycott can kill even the monster they have created. A boycott which shuts out German merchandise, reduces the passenger lists of German liners, and keeps tourists out of Germany can soon write an end to the most gruesome chapter of modern history by dethroning Hitler and Hitlerism.

This is not alone the battle of the Jews—I saw intel-

lectuals, liberals, pacifists, Social Democrats, almost as badly off. It is the fight of everyone who believes in personal liberty and civil rights, a fight for the principles on which America was founded. For that reason it is depressing on returning to the free and wholesome air of America to find such a concern as R. H. Macy and Company, chiefly owned and operated by Jews, purchasing merchandise in Germany—because it is cheaper. One of the store's principal owners is Jesse I. Straus, American Ambassador to France, who ardently voiced his belief in democratic ideals in an Independence Day address in Paris. Actions speak louder than words, however. The Strauses might better follow the example of their Christian competitor, Lord and Taylor, which recalled its buyers from Germany shortly after Hitler inaugurated his reign of terror, and regardless of price established the policy of not buying one pfennig's worth of Nazi goods.

The Hotel Debacle

By BARROW LYONS

VIRTUALLY two-thirds of New York City's 329 hotels are bankrupt. Either their mortgages have been foreclosed, or are about to be, or their management has passed into the hands of financial backers—mostly savings banks and insurance companies. This condition has resulted in the loss of tens of millions of dollars sunk in hotel financing by small investors seeking utmost security. The outlook for investors who still possess an equity in hotels is not brilliant. Few of the hostelrys are more than half filled. The managers are taxing their imaginations to the limit to earn enough to pay interest on their mortgages, city and federal taxes, sinking-fund obligations, and other fixed charges. Some day, the managers believe, the hotels may earn enough to pay interest on bond issues that are widely held. The thought of earning a profit for stockholders is scarcely entertained. Yet there are some exceptions, such as the Hotel New Yorker and the Astor, which prove that even today hotels can earn money when unusual imagination and energy are displayed.

The desperate situation has led to unimaginative, cut-throat competition of the worst sort. Some of the hotels have runners at the important railway and steamship terminals to buttonhole customers. Rates have been reduced several times. Rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria, for instance, which were priced at \$10 a day when the building opened in 1931, now go for \$6. At the Roosevelt a single room with bath, formerly \$6 a day, now rents at \$3. Some second-rate hotels are charging only \$1 a day.

With imagination and enterprise the Hotel New Yorker now brings newspapers for its guests from every important city in the United States by air mail, and furnishes the hometown papers free. The Park Central serves a seven-course dinner with free dancing and music for \$1. Table d'hôte dinners which a few years ago cost \$2 have been brought down to \$1, and free room service for meals is provided in quite a number of the larger hotels. Many of the establishments which appeal to traveling men permit them to bring their "wives" without additional charge, and one of the newer large hotels is reputed to permit open prostitution.

This is the condition of an industry in which hundreds of thousands of small investors seeking the ultimate in investment security were induced by high-pressure methods to put their savings in boom days. Those who were too wise to gamble in the stock market, who thought that because savings banks were investing heavily in hotel mortgages the field was eminently safe and conservative, often blindly put all they had in hotel enterprises. In financing the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel \$11,000,000 was raised through public subscription to securities glamorously labeled First Mortgage Leasehold 7 per cent Sinking Fund Gold Bonds. These have not paid one cent of interest, and those who hold them can hope for little. The bonds were sold in \$1,000 and \$500 denominations at a quotation of \$103 on every \$100 of face value, and they are now quoted on the New York Curb Exchange at around \$12.

But it is not only the small investor who has lost heavily through hotel investment. Wealthy men as well engaged in what now seems like reckless casting away of wealth. Men who had been considered among the most astute investors, leaders in American finance, invested millions that have disappeared completely. Considering that big men plunged so heavily in the hotel building that preceded the crash, to whom can the small investor look for wisdom? All sanity seems to have been swept away, and those whose confidence has been shaken have been left doubting the entire system of investment. Nevertheless, the large investor today is in a better position than the small one. His high-priced lawyers may discover ways of obtaining what equities remain.

The story of the Waldorf-Astoria is worth reciting in some detail. It could hardly be called a story of downright chicanery, for unquestionably some of the "big" men who engaged in that operation thought it would succeed. Certainly, few of them would consciously lend their names to a gigantic swindle; but some elements in the deal seem hardly straightforward, and the results are virtually the same as if the investors had been swindled.

Despite the warning of leaders in the hotel industry that the field was being tremendously overdeveloped and

that all inevitably must suffer, the Waldorf project was undertaken at a time when it was easy to get the public's money. The chief promoter was Louis J. Horowitz, chairman of the Thompson-Starrett Company, engineers and builders. Nine of the twenty-four directors of the Waldorf-Astoria Corporation also were members of the Thompson-Starrett directorate. It was because of the "rugged individualism" of these men that the enterprise was organized and ballyhooed to the skies. It was the Thompson-Starrett Company also that erected the Empire State Building on the site where the old Waldorf-Astoria, owned by the du Pont interests, once stood.

Also, it was Lucius Boomer, who ran the old Waldorf for the du Ponts, who was advertised as the guiding hotel genius behind the new venture. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of General Motors Corporation, another du Pont enterprise, also was a member of the new hotel board. Other glittering names dazzled the public. General W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, generally identified with Rockefeller interests, was on the board; also Robert Goelet, a heavy stockholder in New York Central, and even E. M. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Finally, to give a touch of decorative genius and ultra-modernism, there was the name of Condé Nast.

Through its realty company, the New York State Realty and Terminal Company, the New York Central Railroad, which owned the land upon which the hotel was built, put up \$10,000,000 toward the construction of the hotel; \$11,000,000 was raised by public subscription (it should have been called donation) to leasehold bonds; and \$7,100,000 was obtained from the bond underwriters as purchase price for 171,000 shares of common stock. The common stock was to have been sold later to the public, but it probably is still owned by the underwriters. The companies which put up their cash were Hayden, Stone and Company, Hornblower and Weeks, the Greenbaum Sons Securities Corporation, and Cassatt and Company. Charles Hayden, in addition to having a direct interest in the sale of the bonds, was also a director of the new hotel company and a member of the board of Thompson-Starrett.

According to the estimate of a leading firm of hotel accountants, the hotel, which contains 2,200 rooms, would bring an annual gross income of \$11,007,500; but this estimate was based upon from 75 to 85 per cent occupancy, a high expectation even in the best of times. Today the hotel is not half occupied, rates have been reduced, and the gross income is less than half the expectancy. The balance sheet as of March 31, 1933, shows a loss in working capital over a twelve-month period of \$2,194,888.

What makes the situation desperate for the bondholders is the fact that the \$300,000 a year ground rental to the New York Central is considerably in arrears. When the leasehold first-mortgage gold bonds were sold to the public, very little was said about what would happen if the lease payments were to fall into arrears. Much was said about the security of the bonds. In the newspaper advertisement appeared the following statement:

The security of these bonds, in the opinion of counsel, will be a closed first mortgage on the leasehold covering the entire block . . . a modern forty-seven-story Waldorf-Astoria Hotel building to be erected thereon, and the furnishings and equipment thereof. When the mortgage se-

curing the bonds is recorded, the term grant from the leasehold derived will be free of all liens and will not be affected by the liens upon the fee, and should any subsequent mortgage be placed upon either land or building, it will not affect the leasehold and the mortgage securing these bonds.

That sounds as if the building and equipment were the security for the bonds under all circumstances. The difficulty lies in a provision which makes it possible for the lessor to take possession of the property summarily, in case of default. Compare the statement with which the bonds were advertised with the lease, which investors might have seen if they had thought to look it up in the city Recorder's Office. It provides that in case of default in the payment of ground rental, building rental, or sinking-fund rental, the lessor, that is, the New York Central Railroad, working through its realty company, "shall have the right, and is hereby authorized to enter upon and take possession of the demised premises and every part thereof by summary proceedings or otherwise, as to the lessor shall seem advisable, without being liable to damages therefor, and take and have again the demised premises and every part thereof free, clear, and discharged of this lease and all the rights of the lessee hereunder."

If it were not for the forbearance of the New York Central, the bond-holders might already have been closed out. A reorganization plan has been under consideration for over a year, but only 87 per cent of the bond-holders have signified their willingness to accept it. The railway insists that this is not a large enough proportion—that substantially all must accept before the reorganization can become effective. The time for acceptance has been extended until December 26 of this year. A few months ago Bernard Breslauer, who held \$2,000 worth of the bonds, thought he might protect his holding by effecting a foreclosure sale of the Waldorf, as the terms of the mortgage suggested; but the railroad company declared in court that if the foreclosure were pressed, it would avail itself of the recovery clause of the lease, and the bond-holders would be wiped out entirely. The suit was withdrawn.

The terms of the mortgage would seem to give the bond-holders the right to cause a foreclosure sale of the building in case of default of interest, whereas the lease gave the railroad company the right to seize the building and cancel the lease in case of default of rentals. It may be that this apparent conflict will have to be resolved in the courts. Possibly it is for that reason that the railroad company will not consent to the reorganization plan until substantially all the bond-holders have accepted it, and thereby given up their right to contest the matter in court; and perhaps that is the reason why some of the bond-holders still refuse their agreement to the plan. At any rate, the status of leasehold bonds has not been passed on in the courts, and is not clear. The more reliable brokers have never dealt in leasehold bonds and have considered them poor security.

The Hotel Pierre furnishes another sad story of leasehold bonds. S. W. Straus and Company sold an issue of \$6,500,000 to the public. This issue is virtually worthless today; but in the Pierre venture it was not only the small investor who was burned. Of the \$9,750,000 put into the hotel by investors some of the "big" men lost \$3,250,000 outright at an early stage. Most of them were among the

guests and patrons of Charles Pierre, who ran a fine restaurant on lower Park Avenue. His patrons liked his cooking and decided to build a hotel for him. Among the big losers were Otto H. Kahn, Charles H. Sabin, Walter P. Chrysler, Vincent Bendix, and Herbert L. Pratt.

In the reorganization some of the small bond-holders thought they were not treated fairly. Led by the Reverend Dr. John Elmer Heindel, pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Redeemer of Jersey City, more than a thousand of the little fellows who had bought the Straus bonds appeared in the State Supreme Court before Justice Aaron J. Levy to protest. They were overruled. In all probability the Straus bond-holders will receive little and the hotel will revert principally to the Gerry Estates, Inc., the landlord. The Hotel Barbizon-Plaza provides another instance in which wealthy men's interests were wiped out in the reorganization. In this case Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York lost heavily because of his unqualified confidence in the business judgment of Louis Abrons, the builder, president of the General Realty and Utilities Corporation, which provided \$3,639,625 of the original capital.

One might go on indefinitely. The story in other large American cities is similar. The building contractor and the securities salesman seem chiefly responsible for the overbuilding. Both profited heavily, in most cases. The public is left holding an almost empty bag. The buildings will revert either to the owners of the land or to a new group of investors, usually big-business interests, who are able to buy in the properties for a song. The head of the mortgage department of one of the large savings banks gives the information that knowing investors are buying real estate briskly for the amount of the mortgages and back taxes.

It is now clear enough that our high finance has made a mess of the hotel business as it has of so much else. Savings-bank officials say there will be no building for at least three years more. The present debacle suggests that rigid regulation of the financing and erection of new hotels is as important to the hotel industry as wise control of construction and production is to every other major industry. It is estimated by Horwath and Horwath, hotel accountants, that the investment in hotels throughout the country is \$5,024,000,000, and that the business ranks ninth among our major industries. Annual gross income amounted to \$1,315,000,000 before the depression, yielding a return of 26 per cent on the investment. Today a majority of the hotels cannot keep up their mortgage interest payments.

In the Driftway

A MURAL of the Sermon on the Mount Without Christ is about to take its place beside a picture of the Revolution Without Lenin in Rockefeller Center, which a less kindly person than the Drifter might be tempted to describe as the Skyscraper Without Tenants. Frank Brangwyn, the English artist, was recently reported by the press, which is not always without error, to have said that he was finding it somewhat difficult to do justice to the Sermon on the Mount and at the same time please the managers of Rockefeller Center, who had requested him to omit the principal speaker. As soon as the dispatch was

printed, the managers, with much haste and very little logic, said that there was no controversy and then proceeded to divulge the details of the quarrel whose existence they had just denied. John R. Todd, head manager, handed out an explanation that sounded very plausible:

Doubt was expressed [he said] as to whether any artist should attempt the practically impossible task of painting a figure which would satisfy the conceptions of Christ. Finally we decided that it would be better to have Christ represented by a light shining down from heaven.

The Drifter was inclined to sympathize with Mr. Todd, who is obviously a sensitive soul as well as a manager. But he was even more won over by Raymond Hood, who said: "Some people here felt that it would not be fitting to put the figure of Christ in a business building." The Drifter has been wondering ever since which would alienate more tenants—Mr. Hood's remark or the head of Christ in the corridor.

* * *

OCCASIONALLY I get very much disgusted with your column, for I have difficulty sometimes putting myself in your sentimental position concerning canned foods and moving-picture actresses," writes Joyce Gourfain from Chicago. And she goes on to give the Drifter the hiding he has been waiting for ever since he complained about canned vegetables.

I all but got around to writing you a first-class trouncing for your article on canned foods, for not only am I a housewife, but the daughter of a restaurant owner and a one-time employee of the American Medical Association. You must have eaten some very bad home-cooked meals. I, for one, can fix up canned foods so that you wouldn't know the difference, or if you did, you'd like it. For instance, try canned peas fried with onions or canned baked beans touched up with a tablespoon of chili sauce, butter, a touch of brown sugar, and a little paprika, or simply put plain butter on canned young lima beans. Your complaint is principally unfounded, especially if you live in the city, for most fresh vegetables lose their flavor a day after they have left the garden.

* * *

BUT Mrs. Gourfain's letter is not primarily one of complaint. It ends, in fact, on a note of praise and gratitude. "I want to tell you," she writes, "how much more comfortable I feel in this world since reading your article with the excerpt from Bennett's 'Journal' and the list of ten books which you have not read."

Dear Drifter [she continues], I have read only two of that ten, the first and the last. It would be fun to make of your column a confessional of "Books I Haven't Got Around to Reading." I imagine with such evidence before him many a self-conscious person with a good mind and fear for his reading past might find confidence, many a snob with a few books to his credit would soon be pushed into the corner, and conversation would become much more lively and entertaining.

I believe I've been as diligent about reading as it is possible for a woman with a house to clean, a husband to feed, and a book to write, to be. I've been reading for the last five years, beginning earnestly when I was twenty, but the volumes that I have read, if compacted into a sphere, would look like a little pea on top of the world of all those

that I have before me. This is from a person who between spasms of despair consoles herself with the thought that she went through all of Proust last winter, has gobbled up "The Brothers Karamazov" and "Crime and Punishment" in two days, and, in general, feels that she reads with keen enjoyment and intelligence. Isn't it awful? Thank you, thank you ever so much for letting me know that I have read two books which you haven't.

The Drifter has no doubt that the enormous increase in books is one reason—among several—why conversation has become merely one more form of competition. And he can offer even more comfort to his correspondent if she cares to agree with him. The belief is still widely held, and carefully preserved by interested parties, that a cultivated man must have "read everything." In the days when books were few it is quite possible that most of them were worth reading. But times have changed. Five thousand new books are printed every year. If discrimination and independent thought have anything to do with culture, it might be fair in these days to judge the cultivation of a man not by what he reads but by what he refrains from reading.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Needless Slip

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In charging, in an editorial paragraph in its last issue, Ambassador Sumner Welles with committing "a curious and needless slip," *The Nation* itself made a slip.

The Nation stated that Mr. Welles's slip consisted in "denying publicly, on the day after the establishment of the present regime, that the United States would recognize the present de facto President." The fact is, as reported in the daily press, that Mr. Welles denied the authenticity of an interview published in *La Voz*, a student newspaper, on September 5, in which the Ambassador was quoted as having told Sergeant Batista, one of the leaders of the army revolt, that the United States would recognize the revolutionary government if life and property were protected. Mr. Welles gave out a statement to the press saying that the article was false and that he had given out no interview whatever.

While this denial in effect constituted an implicit notice that the United States was for the time being withholding recognition of the new government—a policy which *The Nation* deems unwise—it is quite different from the course attributed to Mr. Welles in *The Nation*, namely, a denial that the United States would recognize the regime which succeeded that of Cespedes.

Washington, September 21

ERNEST GRUENING

A University Answers

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the second instalment of William Burl Thomas's article on *The Educator* and the Depression he said: "Illinois began its retrenchment policy early; though its funds available were equivalent to those of the preceding year, twenty-seven of its faculty were not reappointed."

The writer of this statement leaves two wrong impressions.

He apparently assumes that when money is appropriated by the Illinois General Assembly for a two-year period, the money is turned over to the authorities of the University of Illinois. That is not the case. The appropriation bill simply permits the university to draw on State funds to meet its obligations. Because of the depression the tax situation became very acute in this State, and it was obvious that strict economy would have to be exercised by every division of the State if the commonwealth were to have enough actual cash—and not merely appropriations—to take care of essential activities. Our particular retrenchment did not take the form of reducing salaries except as a last expedient, and it did not take the form of discharging members of its teaching staff. Much of the reduction in staff was made by not filling vacancies which occurred at the end of the academic year. It is true that the number of instructors was reduced with the start of another school year. However, it would have been reduced had we had *all* of the money that we had anticipated. The size of our staff is never stable—one year it may be up and another it may be down. We could not justify to any taxpayer the continuance of a teaching staff of the same size if the enrolment had materially decreased. The size of our staff will always depend upon the size of our student body.

Urbana, Ill., September 13

JOSEPH F. WRIGHT,

Director of Public Information, University of Illinois

Japan's Ultimate Purpose

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The persistence of the Japanese in carrying out their program of releasing the whole of what was originally Manchu territory from the control of China has a very solid basis in justice. The ancient domain of the Manchu Empire, which was never incorporated in China but administered as a private and separate region by the Manchu emperors, has every right to be reestablished under Henry P'u Yi, the legitimate and lineal successor of those emperors. Had it been incorporated by some act of these Manchu rulers, the disorganized misrule which has disgraced China for twenty years since the abdication of Manchu sovereignty over the Chinese would amply justify the reestablishment of this kingdom.

The part played by the Japanese in this reestablishment is doubtless no small one, but in view of the interest at stake and the constant evasive and irritating acts by the Chinese to prevent the carrying out of treaties made at the conclusion of the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-95, there is no sufficient ground for the assumption that the ultimate purpose of the Japanese is in any respect different from that which they have stated it to be. The release of Manchuria from all semblance of Chinese control is now complete, and there is reasonable ground for the belief that under Japanese protection a stable government for Manchukuo will be established.

Recognition of Manchukuo by the American government would have very favorable reactions in several directions. It would settle definitely the hope of the Chinese of involving America in hostilities with Japan, and the removal of that hope would produce a stabilizing effect on the domestic concerns of China. It would give a definite status to Manchukuo among the nations and would tend to prevent, if prevention is necessary, the fulfilment of any ultimate aims on the part of the Japanese permanently to dominate Manchuria.

Mr. Stimson's "doctrine," based on the Kellogg Pact, has merely an academic interest. His pronouncement, as well as the Lytton report, failed to take account of the historical developments which have manifestly created existing conditions. This failure went far to neutralize the force of both. Mr. Stimson

entirely disregarded two facts—first, that Manchuria, according to the indisputable testimony of history, was never a part of China. Consequently Japanese operations to rid Manchukuo of China's attempted misrule were in no sense an "invasion." He also disregarded the forty years of Chinese evasion and irritation which required definite and effective steps to end them.

The demand of the Lytton report that the Japanese surrender their interests, developed over a period of forty years in accordance with established treaty, and leave Manchuria to the misrule of the irresponsible, warring factions of the Chinese is equally unjustifiable.

Greenville, S. C., September 1

T. J. LEAGUE

Against Vivisection

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Many thousands of your readers are taking fierce exception to your statements of August 30, 1933, that "the great conquests of disease have been achieved through animal experimentation and would have been impossible without it."

In the *Christian Science Monitor* of April 9, 1932, 1,238 out of 3,632 regular physicians, replying to a questionnaire sent to every member of the American Medical Association, either declared themselves opposed to vivisection or stated that they did not think the practice of animal experimentation was justified by the results. More than 50 per cent of those who did not actually oppose vivisection refused to place their stamp of approval on methods of treatment which have resulted from it. More than 93 per cent of the doctors admitted there was a wide difference of opinion among medical men as to the benefits of serum therapy.

If you will study the actual statistics of diabetes—not the false statements of those who profit by the torture of animals in laboratories—you will see that many more have died from that disease since the use of insulin. If you will also study the unjuggled records on the use of diphtheria antitoxin and the other serums which have produced vast wealth for medical men and serum laboratories, you will find that actually there is nothing but harm accomplished by them. Sanitation, preventive methods widely taught, painstaking and intelligent observation in the clinic and at the bedside—these are the real causes of the reduction of the death-rate, and it is a great pity that the millions now wasted in torturing animals in laboratories could not be spent in these useful ways.

Buffalo, N. Y., August 29

ALICE K. MILLARD

Economic Interdependence

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mr. Hazlitt's article, Mr. Keynes's Way Out, in *The Nation* of July 5, fell below his usual standard. A definition of economic interdependence will be helpful. It must be assumed that the product which will no longer be supplied when 25 per cent of the industrial community is destroyed, is not indispensable; for if that were the case there would be no need to prove by calculations such as are employed that there would be a complete breakdown of the economic system. It is obvious to anyone that a completely interdependent system would be destroyed upon the removal of an indispensable commodity. I presume, therefore, that the type of interdependence to which he refers is one in which commerce is transacted within a group whose numbers are definitely limited but whose products are individually dispensable.

One factor is overlooked in Mr. Hazlitt's reasoning: al-

though any particular remaining industry will lose 25 per cent of its purchasing power, there will be only 75 per cent as many other industries as formerly to share the purchasing power which will be left. The total business transacted will be diminished by 25 per cent but by no more.

Concretely, let us assume a self-contained economy of four units doing a total business of \$400 annually with one another: i.e., each unit will produce \$100 worth of goods, of which, say, it will retain one-fourth for its own use and sell one-fourth to each of the other three units. If one unit, A, drops out, B will have to reduce his production to \$75 annually, since he will no longer have a market for the \$25 previously sold to A. His purchasing power is correspondingly reduced by \$25. Each of the other surviving industries does likewise. It is apparent that B will still have proportionately as much money as before to spend on the other two units. For whereas he formerly spent \$75 among three groups, he now will have \$50 to spend between two units. The total economy of the system will now be \$300, but the stability of the relationships among the surviving members will not be disturbed, inasmuch as the loss of purchasing power will be compensated for by the fact that there will be proportionately fewer units to share in the remaining market.

New York, September 4

MOSES CAMMER

Second-Rate Lawyer

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Nation's reference (July 5, 1933) to the new assistant to the Attorney-General, Pat Malloy of Oklahoma, as "a second-rate lawyer" interests me. In twenty-five years at the bar I have found that "second-rate lawyer" always means a lawyer

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Los Angeles, Cal., August 12

THOMAS R. LYNCH

Please Pass the Crow

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am just an ordinary citizen of a hick town on the gumbo of western South Dakota. Perhaps I might not be considered sufficiently erudite to sharpen pencils for your editorial sanctum, but I wish to protest against the statement in the editorial, Liquor Control, in which it is said that Congress will meet in December. Manifestly there is someone on your staff who is not keeping himself posted on current history. Has he not heard of our famous Senator George W. Norris and the lame-duck amendment which has done away with the short session of Congress? Does he expect to attend the next inauguration on March 4, 1937, and arrive about six weeks too late?

Newell, S. D., September 5

W. C. HILL

Not the Half of It

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I want to protest strongly against the title of an article in *The Nation*, The Home-Loan Act—a Fraud. While I fully realize that this protest will not erase any printer's ink in your issue of August 9, I none the less want you to know how I feel about it. The title should have been The Home-Loan Act—a Deception and a Fraud.

St. Paul, Minn., September 9

W. A. CROWDER

To "Common Soldiers"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In connection with a history of the common soldier that I am writing I wish to ask your ex-soldier readers to send me clues to their grievances in the World War—indignities suffered at hands of the officer caste, parades before dignitaries, favoritism in operation of the draft, food, shelter, labor, etc.

New Milford, Conn., September 11 WALTER WILSON

Contributors to This Issue

JAMES PETER WARBASSE is a member of the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA.

RICHARD NEUBERGER spent the past summer traveling in Germany.

BARROW LYONS is a New York newspaperman.

IRWIN EDMAN is associate professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

H. B. PARKES is an English writer now living in the United States.

ROBERT LIDDELL LOWE is a member of the English department of Purdue University.

DAVID BERES is a practicing physician in New York.

JOHN F. O'RYAN was commander of the Twenty-seventh Division of the American Expeditionary Force during the World War.

Books, Music, Drama

Image of a Friend

By MARYA ZATURENSKA

Farewell, clear and profound:
Farewells De Quincey heard
When mad with drugs and grief,
The quivering of a leaf
Made an iron sound.

Oh, then I knew the flight
Of friendship spun as fine
As light; and rich as wine!
O, friend, once mine,
Estranged and grown
Familiarly unknown.

Yet, if in a great book,
I wrote her image fair,
Or carved it out of air,
She would not look,
Who burns with life denied
In her youth's pride:

So that her blood is true,
False, cruel, and kind
To one thing in her mind,
The lost April's clue,
She follows on the wind.

Her summer, dry and blind,
And winter, winter near,
And death like a small boy's
Sharp, teasing noise.

The Problems of the Critic

The Anatomy of Criticism. By Henry Hazlitt. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

MR. HAZLITT brings to bear on his craft three capacities which account in no small measure for the particular quality and impact of his work. His training in economics and finance saves him from literary dandyism, his love of literature for its own sake insures him against facile sociology, and his disciplined concern with philosophy leads him to the discovery and the examination of first principles in criticism. These facets of Mr. Hazlitt's work are manifest in his weekly reviews in *The Nation*, and this reviewer sees no reason why, because this review happens to appear in the columns of *The Nation*, he should be diffident about saying so. For it was the weekly display of such virtues that caused the writer of these lines to look forward with particular interest and curiosity to the book under review. The interest and curiosity have been rewarded, though in a form different from that which the title, "The Anatomy of Criticism," would have led one to expect. The title seemed to point to an attempt at defining in a strict discursive analysis the logic implied and the metaphysical structure involved in any and all literary criticism. The author, apparently for reasons of both modesty and method, has chosen the dialogue form.

Mr. Hazlitt is too experienced a critic and too well-informed a reader not to know just what he is doing, nor is he ignorant of the difficulties and dangers of the philosophical dialogue. He himself calls attention to the notable hands—relatively very few—that have made the form a successful one for the presentation of ideas. He notes the fear and trembling with which the modern reader approaches such attempts on the part of contemporaries. But he is aware also, and he reminds the reader, that the philosophical dialogue is not simply a literary form but expresses a philosophical method. His book, a "trialogue," presents three tempers or points of view, one of which is a reconciliation of the other two. One is reminded—intentionally—of Hegel's familiar thesis, antithesis, and synthesis. The author is also clearly aware that in the dialogue form it is possible to escape the *obiter dicta* of dogmatic schematisms, and to do justice, at once tolerant and comprehensive, to "the many voices in the world, none without signification."

Mr. Hazlitt must also realize—though he does not specifically say so—how peculiarly difficult an art form he has chosen. It requires agility of intellectual analysis combined with the most exquisite literary tact. The philosophical dialogue must convey ideas but (unless it is such only in name) the ideas must be voiced by living characters who are people as well as the dictaphones of ideas. There must be a clash of genuine personality as well as an authentic drama of ideas. There is room for eloquence and almost a necessity for wit. A man must be a poet and a dramatist as well as a philosopher, quite to carry it off. This is almost to say that he must be a Plato. It is no belittling of Mr. Hazlitt's book to say that its distinguished intellectual content is not matched by the specifically dramatic virtues which the reader has a right to look for when an author deliberately chooses the dialogue form.

The book as a piece of intellectual analysis is an admirable and, at this juncture in contemporary thinking, a particularly timely and useful discussion. There is not a single other volume with which I am acquainted that gives so careful, tolerant, and understanding a survey of the current situation in criticism. His three characters, Elder, Middleton, and Young, give a notably clear and complete statement of the characteristic issues with which contemporary criticism is confronted, the solutions offered, and the grounds of the solutions. The reader is more than adequately introduced to the positions of the conservative, "the young radical" (literary), and the mediator, whose ideas, despite a prefatory disclaimer, seem strongly to resemble Mr. Hazlitt's own. The reader follows their discussions on such crucial themes as Subjectivity and Objectivity, Tradition and Revolt, Standards, Sincerity, Style and Pure Art, Realism and Romanticism. Through the pardonable device of dazzlingly good verbal memories on the part of the three interlocutors, these positions are not revealed in their bare formal statement. They are enriched by a wealth of illustrations from present and past writers that makes the book, among other things, a striking and learned anthology. Only the professional student will realize how thorough and wide is Mr. Hazlitt's reading in the field of aesthetics, literary criticism, and literature past and present.

But the wealth of reference does not obscure the clarity with which the issues are broached. Before one has finished, one will have seen very clearly the varied functions of the critic as a judge, an artist, a reporter, and a catalyzer. The reader will find treated with unusual fairness the place of tradition as the matrix and source of the original and new, the function of revolt in the interest of fresh life. Mr. Hazlitt resolves the age-old quarrel between realism and romanticism, indicates that "art always idealizes" but that "what should

concern us is not the fact of this idealization but the nature of it."

Most impressive to this reviewer was the dialogue (practically a monologue by Middleton) on the Social Mind, a new concept as applied to literary criticism, in which it is made clear that it is not the individual who criticizes, no matter how forceful that individual, but society or the social tradition. Almost equally valuable is the chapter on Standards, which are revealed not as codes to be conformed to, but as *instruments* of appreciation to be flexibly used. And on page 75 there is a passage, too long for quotation, which in words simple, eloquent, and true gives a portrait of the "ideal critic."

The reader will find much, too, by the way. There is the lusty and convincing damnation—by all three characters—of the buncombe in Croce, with a recognition by one of them of the item of insight in that long, inflated "Aesthetic." Finally there are two appendices not to be missed. In one of them there is an argument, to the mind of this reviewer unanswerable, on the fallacy of a purely "Marxian" approach to literature, which, as Mr. Hazlitt points out, was the approach of neither Marx nor Lenin. In the second, the author makes clear the identity in essence of Tolstoy's condemnation of "bourgeois" art on religious grounds and the Marxists' condemnation on economic grounds. So fine and just are these supplementary essays that one wishes Mr. Hazlitt had made the group of dialogues all frankly essays. For they would have been then expressly, what they in any case now are, very penetrating and significant essays indeed.

IRWIN EDMAN

A Sympathetic Satirist

England, Their England. By A. G. Macdonell. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

IN the nineteenth century, when Lombard Street was still the financial capital of the world, England was generally supposed to be a land of gloomy fogs and a still gloomier puritanism. Now that the role of "Uncle Shylock" has passed to the other side of the Atlantic, foreigners are beginning to discover that in England the sun does sometimes shine and that the country is not inhabited solely by dyspeptic "milords" and grasping cotton manufacturers. Mr. Macdonell, who is a Highland Scot, is more guarded in his admiration than certain other post-war commentators, as befits the descendant of men who fell at Culloden. "England, Their England" is a series of fictitious episodes, varying from the commonplace to the wildly fantastic, designed to exhibit its author's perplexity about the extraordinary contradictions of the English character. The satire occasionally becomes bitter. Mr. Macdonell is suitably ironical about people who consider kindness to animals to be a characteristic English trait, and whose favorite amusement is fox-hunting. And he violently dislikes the class which made fortunes out of the war and which now dominates English politics and high society. But the general tone is friendly and even affectionate. In the end, like most other foreigners, he succumbs to the great fact of Tradition. In an age of revolution there seems to be some extraordinary virtue about a country where customs have remained unchanged for centuries and where one can meet farm laborers who bear the names of soldiers who fought at Poitiers and Agincourt. Mr. Macdonell concludes with the reflection, contradicted by most of his previous observations, that the English are still, as in the time of Shakespeare, a race of "warrior poets."

There is nothing profoundly illuminating in "England, Their England." Mr. Macdonell carefully refrains from generalization. Nor is his portrait by any means complete. He

devotes too much space to the eccentricities of nouveau-riche society. He altogether ignores the solid mass of middle-class citizens whose snobbery and self-complacency would have provided ideal material for a social satirist. And though he gives us a Yorkshire mechanic, he omits the more lively Cockney. He is, however, a lively writer, with a talent for hitting off a character in a few phrases, and his constant variations in scene and mood prevent him from ever becoming monotonous. At his best, as in his description of J. C. Squire's cricket match and of the subtleties of English foreign policy at Geneva, the gaiety and extravagance of his humor are superb.

H. B. PARKES

Milburn's Short Stories

No More Trumpets. By George Milburn. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

IN the two years between the publication of his first book, "Oklahoma Town," and that of his second, "No More Trumpets," George Milburn has progressed from a relater of undeveloped melodramatic anecdotes to a writer of mature short stories. With the exception of Katherine Anne Porter, the Southwest has supplied no one in fiction of Mr. Milburn's stature. Indeed, his place among young American short-story writers is enviable. "No More Trumpets" is a collection of eighteen narratives; only three brief ones are negligible—Boy and Snake, The Drummer's Shoes, and Family Twig. Written in a lean, acrimonious prose, his stories have at their source an ironical bitterness. His second book, however, is far more compassionate than the venomous "Oklahoma Town," which holds not a single personality whom one can really like with the exception of David, the ambitious young journalist. This second book, while severe in tone, possesses a number of characters with whom one can genuinely sympathize.

The stories in "No More Trumpets" vary in subject matter from youth to old age and in locality from Oklahoma to New England. It must be admitted, however, that Mr. Milburn's fiction is most authentic when he uses the Southwestern scene. No one to my knowledge pictures with such accuracy and economy the newness of that country, its quick transition from pioneer life to current civilization with tall buildings and thriving industry. He deserves commendation for his intelligent eye in selecting significant detail, for capturing the hardy, colorful, semi-poetic language of the Southwest. He is unique among young fictionists in his ability to write capably of children and adolescents. Even for the writer of many years' practice, youth is hard to create. No less than six of his stories have youthful protagonists; these are among the best inclusions in the book.

The highest achievements in "No More Trumpets" are *Sugar Be Sweet*, *A Student in Economics* (perhaps the author's best story and certainly the finest college story I have ever read), and the middle portion of *The Visit to Uncle Jake's*. Mr. Milburn in these stories is free from his customary faults: here his characters predominate over the situations. More often than not he is inclined to place greater emphasis on plot than on character. The result is caricature rather than character, and melodramatic writing. A few of his stories are marred by slightly irrelevant endings: he insists too frequently on an acid turn in his conclusions in order to give his stories a sharp flavor that they already own. Such a blemish injures his direct narration. This criticism is especially true of his otherwise splendid *Visit to Uncle Jake's*. He has learned much from Ring Lardner (*Pilgrim's Progress* is witness to this statement); but despite this one influence, Mr. Milburn's essential originality has not been vitiated by a close study of his model.

Often his work is obvious, but he writes of obvious people. One wishes that he would discontinue his attacks upon Rotarians and Kiwanians. Good as his satire is, these have so long been the objects of sarcasm that further disclosure of their stupidities and puerilities is trite.

Adverse criticism, however, becomes insignificant beside Mr. Milburn's accomplishments. American to the core, he is a writer of quality. It is heartening to find a man with a masculine, unobtrusive style, as much interested in his subject matter as in his expression. "No More Trumpets" makes one await expectantly his first novel, which is now in progress.

ROBERT LIDDELL LOWE

A History of Syphilis

The History and Epidemiology of Syphilis. By William Allen Pusey. Springfield, Illinois: Charles C. Thomas. \$2.

THE terminological history of syphilis and of the cockroach have been very similar: in both cases it has been the task of scientists to trace their origins to distant lands and to incorporate into their long names an indication of this foreign genesis. Thus in America our common cockroaches are called *Ectobia germanica* and *Periplaneta orientalis*, while London has its *Periplaneta americana*. In like manner the English called syphilis the French disease; the French called it the Italian or Neapolitan disease; the Italians called it the Spanish or French disease. Finally an apparent truce was reached by blaming its origin on the American Indians, who have let the matter rest there.

Dr. Pusey has here given us a brief, simple, and clearly written book on this interesting subject. The account is adequate for the layman and stimulating to the student, who will find sufficient bibliographical data for more detailed reading.

The author accepts the theory of the American origin of syphilis, which assumes that the disease was brought to Europe by Columbus's men, but he indicates that the problem is not yet settled in the minds of all medical historians. He recounts the spectacular spread of the disease through Europe at the end of the fifteenth century, following the armies of Charles VIII in their advances and retreats. He develops also the growth of clinical knowledge of syphilis and its distinction from the other venereal diseases, especially gonorrhea. This episode was made dramatic by the experiments of John Hunter, who in 1767 inoculated himself with secretions from a syphilitic patient, but developed both diseases, concluding therefore that they are identical. It took over seventy years to correct this erroneous conclusion. We now know that syphilis and gonorrhea frequently occur together, as must have been the case with Hunter's patient.

Dr. Pusey brings the story to date with brief sketches of the lives and work of the modern investigators from all lands who have put the final solution of the problem of syphilis out of the realm of medicine and into the realm of sociology. There is the Frenchman Fournier, who etched in detail the clinical picture; there is the Englishman Hutchinson, who described its congenital manifestations; the Russian Metchnikov, who transmitted syphilis to the ape and opened the way to vast experimental possibilities; the Germans Schaudinn and Hoffmann, who isolated and proved the etiological significance of the bacterium *Spirochaeta pallida*, a momentous accomplishment; the Japanese Noguchi, working in America, who was able to grow the organism on artificial media. Many others are mentioned, including Paul Ehrlich, who discovered the most effectual therapeutic agents, salvarsan and neo-salvarsan, and who, were he alive today, would have been driven out of his country by Hitler.

The essential facts of the epidemiology of syphilis were

brought out by Pangloss in his sad narration to Candide of his amatory adventures. Dr. Pusey accepts the moderate estimate of 5 per cent as the incidence of syphilis for the entire population of the United States. More significant is the estimate of 871,000 new cases each year. This figure represents not only the spread of the disease but also the number of people who are most infectious to others.

The spread of the disease through a given group of people is a direct result of their sexual habits. Naturally Dr. Pusey does not approve of a moral attitude that favors the increase of such a malady, but as a doctor who has had experience with patients as well as with ethics, he gives more space to recommendations for the prevention of the disease than to recommendations for changing the morals of people. Medicine has provided means for minimizing the danger of infection, means proved to be of value in the World War. It is up to social and governmental agencies to educate men and women to take advantage of this information.

The author must be corrected on his use of the word "hereditary," which he uses wrongly in speaking of congenital syphilis as hereditary syphilis. "Hereditary" in the biological sense connotes transmission through the germ-plasm of characteristics affected by chromosome constitution. Syphilis appearing in a new-born infant is due to the actual infection of the child with the bacterium *Spirochaeta pallida* from its diseased mother before birth. This distinction is of more than academic importance.

DAVID BERES

Russian Youth

Youth in Soviet Russia. By Klaus Mehnert. Translated by Michael Davidson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

THE Russian Revolution of October, 1917, was prepared and carried out by a generation of revolutionaries who as long ago as 1905 had fought for the overthrow of the Czar. However, the administration of the Soviet state, launched by this generation, has long since passed into younger hands, younger "physiologically and sociologically."

Now that the romantic period of bolshevism is over, clear-thinking Bolshevik theoreticians are beginning to realize that it will take more than one generation to bring the Russian Revolution to its logical conclusion—the creation of a classless Communist society. Lenin, to be sure, who based all his hopes on the growing generation of Russians, realized it as early as 1920. "The task before the elder generation," he said in his address at the Third Congress of the Komsomol (Young Communists' League), "was relatively simple. For them it was a matter of doing away with the bourgeoisie, of inspiring hatred for it among the masses. . . . The task before your generation is infinitely more complicated: the erection of the Communist society."

Since then a new generation of Russians has come to consciousness. A product of the war, the revolution, the civil war, and conditioned entirely by Soviet environment, the Soviet youth are radically different from the youth of any other country of the world. It is this youth, or rather a section of it, its "features and character, its attitude toward the state, to work, and to life, its notions of morality and spiritual values," that Klaus Mehnert set out to describe.

A young man himself, Herr Mehnert has a unique advantage in studying Soviet youth. He was born in Russia in 1906, and has lived in Germany since his eighth year. His perfect familiarity with the Russian language, his frequent and extended visits to Soviet Russia, enabled him to gain first-hand and authentic information, while his German nationalism lends to the story a certain amount of detachment.

Conscious of the fact that it is as yet a little premature "to express in words a thing so new and fluid" as the changing social consciousness of the Russians, Herr Mehnert has taken the "elite" of Soviet youth as his criterion of the new Soviet man. There are, however, a hundred million people under twenty-five living in Russia today. The "elite"—those who have been seized by the idea of bolshevism, who are devoting themselves to it and are seeking to give it embodiment—comprise only a small section of the Soviet youth, only about ten million. What about the vast majority of Soviet youth?

The truth is that the revolution in Russia is not yet completed. Neither has human nature undergone a complete transformation. While the revolution has left its trace even in the remotest and most backward parts of the country, the vast majority of the older as well as the younger Russian generation still have one foot in old Russia. The "old"—the word the Bolsheviks use in referring to prevalent Western customs and morals—still persists within the new.

It is, to be sure, the "elite," the dynamic section of the youth, as Herr Mehnert justly observes, who are the spearpoint of every advance in the life of the Soviet Union. It is they who build the Russia of tomorrow and determine to a large extent the future course of her development. Whether one agrees with communism or not, one thing is certain: a new social man is gradually evolving in Soviet Russia, and it is with new and young Russia that the world will have to reckon in the next decade.

LEON DENNEN

To Make Your Flesh Creep

Cry Havoc! By Beverley Nichols. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

THIS is certainly one of the most exciting and one of the most valuable books on peace ever written. Yet to a student of the problem it is far from satisfying. It is exciting because of the author's clear style and fresh enthusiasm as well as for the facts he sets forth. Mr. Nichols, one of the younger dramatists of England, has a way of bringing simple English sentences to life, and he has a knack for juxtaposition which brings out the full force of the facts he presents. On pages 233 to 238, for example, he describes the manner in which *you* and others are, unconsciously no doubt, preparing *your* small son for war. Then, seven pages farther on, he brings in with dramatic abruptness the following quotation from Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer":

I particularly remember, as I passed down the trench, a pair of hands (nationality unknown), which protruded from the soaked ashen soil like the roots of a tree turned upside down. And floating on the surface of the flooded trench was the mask of a human face which had detached itself from the skull.

Can it be possible that the mask of your son's face may soon be floating on the surface of a flooded trench? Yet it is certain that the face Sassoon saw once had a father and a mother. It is this ability to make the reader actually feel the bitterness and horrors of war which makes "*Cry Havoc!*" a tremendously valuable book.

Mr. Nichols appears to have been at one time a conventional, do-nothing pacifist. He had never seen mass murder at close range, but he had the vague feeling that it was repulsive and that he would not take part in war. It was a chance conversation with H. G. Wells that set him off on a quest for a rational explanation of his attitude. So he went out to see for himself just how the world is preparing for war. He visited the armament factories in England—members of what he calls the "bloody international"—and there had pointed out

to him stacks of lethal weapons and death-dealing shells about to be shipped to various foreign countries. The "bloody international" is touchingly impartial in its business affairs; it sells its wares to both sides. He went to Geneva to see the League in operation, and though he was at first filled with despair, he came away finally with the conviction that if there is any hope for peace it lies with the League. He looked into the matter of modern gas warfare and uncovered facts that made his flesh creep. And he discovered that the present defense against such warfare is cruelly inadequate.

Mr. Nichols found that the schoolboys of England are being taught to kill and are not being told that that is the only purpose of their instruction. He looked at the British navy and found it magnificent—but worthless as a means of defense "against the Furies that are straining at the leash." His analysis of patriotism is enlightening, even devastating; he sweeps away with a few deft sentences the false foundations of that nationalist philosophy upon which the appeal to young men to go to war is invariably based. In the chapters entitled *The Microbes of War* and *Letter to a Young Man*, Mr. Nichols is at his best, for here he lays bare the faultiness and hollowness of the reasoning which prompts many otherwise decent and law-abiding citizens to clamor for mass murder whenever they believe their country has been offended or needs defending.

Mr. Nichols has, however, two weaknesses which make the reader who has studied the problem of peace for many years feel that the job is only half done. Mr. Nichols never quite gets down to the causes of war. He lets Sir Arthur Salter and G. D. H. Cole, in a dinner-table conversation which the author reports verbatim, defend their respective points of view on this question. Sir Arthur naturally takes the view that under a reformed and enlightened capitalism war can be eliminated, and Mr. Cole just as inevitably takes the position that the goal can only be attained under socialism. But in the conversation there is no meeting of minds, no give and take, no attempt to adjust or reconcile the inconsistencies of the two positions. Having read the report, we are no closer to an understanding of the causes of war than we were before.

The author's second weakness, far more important than the first in view of the imminence of another great conflagration, is his failure to get away from passivism and conscientious objection. He denounces both, but offers nothing in their place. It should be obvious that this do-nothing attitude has failed in the past and will surely fail again. Albert Einstein some years ago suggested that if only 2 per cent of the young men eligible for slaughter on the battlefield were to resist the commands of the war-makers, "the jails of the country would not be large enough to hold them." His thought was that such resistance would simply stop the war machine. This is a naive view, though apparently one to which Mr. Nichols subscribes. If the jails are not large enough, the governments can build stockades and concentration camps, as Dr. Einstein probably knows by now. Prayers and peace treaties, conscientious objection and war-resisters' leagues are not enough. There must be an organized struggle against war by those classes of society which are the chief victims of war. The workers must refuse to supply munitions and other materials, the farmers must refuse to provide food. If they were to do this, no war could last twenty-four hours.

"*Cry Havoc!*" is excellent so far as it goes. It takes pacifist literature out of the dry-as-dust class and makes it almost as exciting as war literature. If the same pen could now be turned to the task of emphasizing the importance of carrying on a mass struggle against war in place of the present passivism, we should feel that we were at long last making real progress against the "bloody international" and the war-makers disguised as statesmen.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

A General Looks at War

What Would Be the Character of a New War? Inquiry Organized by the Interparliamentary Union, Geneva. By Eighteen Experts. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

THIS most interesting book contains the deliberate judgments of eighteen experts in as many fields of war preparation and war operations. As a whole it will grip the attention and interest of all readers who are not mental defectives. They will find it not only instructive, but as well a challenge to save themselves from the catastrophic consequences of the next war, so well and conservatively described by the authors.

It is the peoples of the world who make war, especially in these times—not the military men or the so-called rulers. It is the people who plot their own wholesale destruction by refusal to understand, by apathy, by their readiness to believe ill of other peoples, by electing inferior representatives and permitting them to enact laws that are unfair or provocative to other peoples, and finally by their neglect to organize the public conscience of the world against this insensate method of determining international rights and their failure to support and develop the League of Nations and the World Court.

This book on the next war is a vital contribution to the development of our civilization. In the past the written word has been responsible for more than one war by reason of its effects upon the conscience or the emotions of populations. Perhaps this book, which in England has been called "the most terrible book ever written," may exert a powerful influence in preventing "the next war."

JOHN F. O'RYAN

Shorter Notices

Sheridan. By W. A. Darlington. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

In the eighteenth century, when literature was turning from a gentleman's vocation definitely into a trade, it was curious how ready gentlemen were to desert it. Congreve is the most famous instance, but there were also Van Brugh and Sheridan, who thought politics a nobler career and gave up the writing of dramatic masterpieces. The snobbery of others and his own destiny combined to punish the latter for his bad choice. His political career, except for the brilliant episode of his speeches in the impeachment of Warren Hastings, was disappointing. Mr. Darlington's brief biography is brightly and economically written; and, one feels, does full justice to its subject.

English Literature in the Twentieth Century. By J. W. Cunliffe. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

This is one of those painful excursions of the old-school academic mind into the Chapel Perilous of contemporary literature which leave one both embarrassed and full of concern for college-educated American youth. Without standards, without taste, and even without much information about his field, Professor Cunliffe sets out all bravely to chart the course of British letters from 1900 to the present. Of course there are the usual chapters on Shaw, Conrad, Wells, Galsworthy, and Bennett, and of course, as usual, Yeats is lumped along with the other writers of the "Irish renaissance." So much was to be expected, since this line-up had already been agreed upon some fifteen or more years ago by other academicians. It is not until he deals with more recent figures that this scholar betrays how

hopelessly incapacitated he is for his task. Thus, Hugh Walpole is discussed in a section covering several pages, while Joyce is dismissed in two references of a few lines each; Compton Mackenzie and Gilbert Cannan are also given sections, but one looks in vain for the names of Stephen Hudson, Siegfried Sassoon, Elizabeth Bowen, and other more recent writers of significance. And as for D. H. Lawrence, after a rehashing of Middleton Murry's banal study, Professor Cunliffe comes to the conclusion that Lawrence will not live "because he could not tell a straight story"! As this is fairly indicative of the level of criticism throughout, one need not insist further on the regrettable features of this work. If one has insisted thus far, it is out of the belief that such a work can have really harmful effects on the education of the young or the uninformed for whom it is apparently intended.

Dark Hazard. By W. R. Burnett. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Numerous writers are trying to catch the exact proportions of the simple, rather than the ordinary, American, but none of them sees the American whom W. R. Burnett sees so clearly. The first chapter of "Dark Hazard," laid in a third-rate Chicago hotel, on a bitterly cold night, seems flawless in its observation and feeling; it is full of the inertia of human beings, particularly of the night clerk who used to be a race-track tout, and who now suffers the small humiliations of security and a cheap job. Nothing else in the novel is so good. Superficially this part is about a man and his passion for a dog, a racing greyhound. The story is alive wherever the dog appears. But the rest of the book is concerned with the wife of the man and her passion for the nice respectable thing; and there the novel sags. Perhaps it is because Burnett is too explicit. More likely, it is because he cannot help stacking the reader's sympathy on the man's side. The clarity of insight goes and something vaguely Menckenesque remains. The author wants to make, in spite of himself, a futile, tasteless thing of the woman's passion and a lively, exciting devotion of the man's. Yet even though this fault lies deep in the writing of the novel, much of "Dark Hazard" is keen and warm and really good.

Music

American Composers

THE bibliography of American music is scant, as Henry Cowell remarks in his introduction to the new symposium "American Composers on American Music,"* edited by him, and its quality is as thin as its quantity. There is nothing between pure cataloguing and pure impressionism, the one useful but insufficient, the other unreliable. This symposium, composed of articles some of which have appeared elsewhere and some of which have been written expressly for it, is the first collection of serious critical material on American music, and as such, like the Yaddo festivals, is interesting in itself and as a symptom of the growing coherence of American composition.

That is really enough to claim for the book, but Cowell does not stop there:

The reason knowledge concerning American composition is confused is that it comes exclusively from professional critics who are not themselves composers. They do not understand in the least what is taking place in either feeling or technique, but give out vague personal

* Stanford University Press. \$3.

impressions which have little relation to the reality and which differ widely with each individual critic. . . . This work is an experiment unprecedented in musical history, that of obtaining critical estimates from composers who may not always have a polished literary style but who know their subject, instead of from reviewers who are clever with words but do not know the principles of composition.

Some of the holes in this are apparent enough, and I have no space to treat them all. Henry Cowell himself, in the chapters he contributes, furnishes examples of faulty analysis of technical details and procedures in the works of fellow-composers. The "very quiet thematic germ" of Aaron Copland's piano *Variations* consists "for the most part of a skip of the interval of a major third," he says. Roy Harris's "harmony is apt to be of a familiar sort; . . . he is usually content with ordinary triads or secondary seventh-chords, with an occasional unusual passing tone." Neither Copland nor Harris, I venture to say, would acknowledge these as good examples of one composer's keen understanding of another's technique.

Cowell and his companions are too ready to place absurdly high estimates upon one another's work, or upon the work of other innovators. Of Henry Brant, "nothing is too great to expect in the future." Ives "is independent, and is truly great." Of Charles Seeger, "few modern composers, either in America or abroad, are entirely uninfluenced by him . . . Nothing in music surpasses, for instance, his 'Solo for Clarinet' in exquisite delicacy, in beauty of tracery, in unity of idea, in unbelievably developed melodic line. . . . It is great music." "Eric Satie was not widely known, but he had a profound influence upon the history of music."

The American composer-writers, too, like many other writers on modern music, often mislead, are often misled, by the double meanings that words have, or by the application of terms of definite meaning that connote a sure and fully developed technique and style, and so lend a specious solidity and dignity to the discussion. Take the word "fugue," which Riegger applies to a composition he describes as consistently atonal. The essence of a fugue is just as much in its tonal construction as in its use of imitation. So when one speaks of an atonal fugue one is speaking of a work that lacks entirely the central structural feature of a fugue, whatever other virtues it may have.

Finally, the composer-writers tend to see each other as important technical innovators, to value innovations irrespective of their relevance, and to see problems, devices, and tendencies as specifically American which are in reality shared by contemporary composers throughout the world. Cowell writes of Ives's "Concord Sonata" that in it "he writes six whole notes and a quarter-rest in 7-4 meter. This indicates the actual length of each tone, which is to be held over with the pedal, one note overlapping another. This is very frequent in practice, but I know of no other instance of its being notated." Has Cowell never seen similar notations in the first Prelude of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord"? Never looked at the end of Schumann's "Papillons"? Again:

The so-called unmusical of the congregation sang along behind the tune in both rhythm and pitch. And in the hands of some of the organists the harmonium would sometimes play the tonic chord through a passage where the dominant tones were sung in the hymn, or vice versa. . . . Such native characteristics exist all through American village and country music. They are typically American, and are the distinctions between American folk-music and the folk-music of the Europeans from which we spring.

Nonsense! Are there no "so-called unmusical" people, no incompetent organists, in Europe? Has Cowell never heard a German congregation make good use of the hold at the end of the choral phrase to catch up with the organist? Roy Harris

and several others speak of uneven rhythms and irregular groupings as typically American. The European will generally think a 4-4 meter in quarters—1, 2, 3, 4, he says—or in eighths—1, 2, 3, 4 + 5, 6, 7, 8; while the American is very apt to feel 1, 2, 3 + 4, 5 + 6, 7, 8. But the classic use of the latter rhythm, as it happens, is in Ravel's Trio. And what about Brahms? And Dalcroze? And Stravinsky—who is not so easily disposed of as Harris thinks—and any number of other European composers? What of Russian folk-songs, and Mousorgsky, and European music of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries?

"The purpose of this symposium," Cowell states at the outset, "is to present the composer's own point of view concerning creative music in America." This to some extent it does, despite its exaggerations and its shortsightedness. Seeger's article on Ruggles, Chanler's on Copland, Cowell's on Ives, Harris's on Problems of American Music, Ives's on Music and Its Future, give more than an interesting glimpse of the ideas and methods of American composers. What would be more informing and more authoritative still would be to have each composer write on his own aims, ideas, and methods, unaided, or in collaboration with an editor. Then the exaggerations and mistaken emphases themselves would be instructive, and the authority Cowell claims for this collection would be really present. But while the work of each composer would then be seen in clearer focus, I think the general impression of the nature of the activity of American composers would be much the same as that conveyed by the present book. And for that general impression, "American Composers on American Music" is worth reading.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

Honest Thrills

"HEAT LIGHTNING," the exhibit just offered to the public by the Messrs. Dunning and Abbott at the Booth Theater, may be no great addition to American dramatic literature. Indeed, I think I may safely make the positive assertion that it is not quite that. But so far as I know them either by direct experience or credible report, none of the other new plays of the season are half so sound or half so entertaining as this frank melodrama. It is pleasantly tense, shrewdly humorous, and, for a change, entirely convincing.

The scene is a filling station and lunchroom run by two young women somewhere in the great desert on the road to California. Through this purely American sort of caravansary pass typical specimens of our native fauna—the touring farmer with his wife, a couple of female hitch-hikers traveling on their sex appeal, and a pair of Reno widows out to snoot the world but privately squabbling between themselves over the favors of a handsome though reluctant young chauffeur with a wife and kiddies in the Bronx. Into this pleasant company come two bank robbers on their way to Mexico, and the excitement begins.

"Heat Lightning" is unusually well directed, and doubtless owes some of its firm construction to the practiced hand of George Abbott, who is down on the program as coauthor with Leon Abrams. It is also exceeding well cast throughout, with Robert Gleckler as the first bandit and Robert Sloan as the assistant sheriff standing out in a company where all are good. But the real lesson of the play lies in the proof it gives that honest, straightforward melodrama can be vastly more entertaining than any of those bastard forms like mystery-farce or two-gun extravaganza which have threatened during the last

few years to drive it from the stage. Ostensibly these latter were directed at an audience too "sophisticated" for thrills presented with a straight face. For some reason or other it was supposed that all sorts of clutching hands, ghostly visitors, and master criminals who rejoiced in such names as the Purple Fiend or the Hairy Claw were just the thing for persons who had learned to snicker at Dion Boucicault, or that situations which the author of "Old King Brady" would have been ashamed to use were perfectly all right for metropolitan audiences, provided only they were mixed up with dubious farce. I am not denying that the formula worked so far as the box office was concerned, but it debased an honest form and substituted mere nonsense for something which is capable of being respectably elementary.

"Heat Lightning" avoids all the pitfalls of this disgusting tradition. There is nothing old-fashioned about its accidents, and the humor is spiced with contemporary frankness when it touches upon the indispensable theme of sex. But it takes itself and its thrills seriously enough to make the audience take them seriously also, and without pretending to any great psychological subtlety in the drawing of character it outlines its dramatis personae with bold, workman-like strokes. I should be happy if its success were to bring honest melodrama back and end the fad for spoofing absurdity. The pleasure which a play of its kind can give may not be of the most exalted sort, but it is genuine and respectable. Such pieces differ from dramatic literature in what they leave out rather than because of anything they put in. They are excellent playwriting—as far as they go.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Selections from Eisenstein

NOW that the great Eisenstein-Sinclair controversy has for the time being dissolved into another one of those Art versus Capital conundrums, there is nothing to do but extract what interest and enjoyment we can out of the fragment now visible at the Rialto. For "Thunder over Mexico," it is rumored, may be only the first of a series of "features" to be concocted from the mass of material screened by Eisenstein during his fourteen-month sojourn in Mexico. Later fragments will presumably deal with other aspects of the Mexican ethnological and political development which the Soviet director intended to synthesize in his completed picture. The present fragment consists of a concentration on the more recent class struggle between the peon and his masters of the hacienda. A young peon and his betrothed come to the hacienda for permission to get married; the girl is promptly dragged off by one of the guests and raped; an attempted revenge by the peon and his friends is followed by bloodshed, imprisonment, and horrible death. Without any sort of transition, these events are succeeded by a tritely symbolic evocation of the new Mexico—great public buildings, men working, military parades. One has assisted at an orgy of sadistic melodrama only to be thrown a sop of old-fashioned mystical "progress" at the end. The development has of course been too rapid, the relations too vaguely indicated, the conclusion too blunt and abrupt, for the picture to gather any real force or meaning as a representation of the class struggle. Its appeal, based on the elements of rape, violence, and physical torture, is to the sensations rather than to the mind; it is more likely to be relished for its *frissons nouveaux* than for anything else. The "punishment of the horses" sequence, for instance, is something new in the line of sustained horror; nothing quite like it has ever reached the

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screen. But these things, we may feel confident, were not intended by Eisenstein to be offered for their own sake. Necessary to the dramatic elaboration of his theme, they would undoubtedly have been made to seem less sensational by being placed in proper relation to other elements of his subject. In Sol Lessor's production both theme and subject are dislocated to produce a volume of selections which resembles nothing so much as a collection of "gems" from some masterpiece of literature or music, the *membra disjecta* of a work of art.

This column has already pointed out the irony of the circumstance that it should be Eisenstein of all living directors whose work should be treated in just this way. For not only has this director insisted more strongly than anyone else on the importance of "montage" in the film, but he has also erected a whole system of dynamic aesthetics around it. (Those interested will find in the current *Hound and Horn* a profoundly analytical résumé of this system by the late Harry Alan Potamkin.) Montage may be loosely defined as the editing or cutting of a body of film material for a particular end or effect. In a good film, attention is paid not only to the manner in which the unit, which is the image or shot, is related to the total construction, but also to the order in which unit is made to succeed unit. The first is a problem of form, the second of rhythm, although the relations between them are interpenetrable. The principle behind montage is dictated by psychological laws, chiefly that of attention. Certain combinations of shots, like certain combinations of images in a poem, produce certain effects, other combinations other effects. Eisenstein has studied these effects to the extent of attempting a deliberate manipulation of his audience's subconscious response, an effort which for the propagandist is so essential. Only in the light of these positive and exactly formulated theories can the full meaning of Upton Sinclair's turning over of Eisenstein's work to professional "cutters," and the explanation of their failure, be grasped.

Yet "Thunder over Mexico" must be viewed by anyone interested in the screen for its photography, which at least is Eisenstein's own, and which illustrates both the virtues and the defects of his style. It goes without saying that here as always that style is distinguished, mature, and interesting. These photographs of Mexican deserts, plants, houses, and people, considered merely as still photographs, have a fully self-sufficient beauty of line and composition. But how well does this director manage the synthesis between his theme, which is social and universal, and his aesthetic perception which is personal and individual? Certain shots do achieve such a synthesis: an Aztec temple-carving placed in significant relation to a modern profile; gourds, cactuses, and other forms emphasized for their maximum of phallic suggestiveness. But Eisenstein's technical virtuosity is so great that he does not always resist the impulse to play with pictorial effects that have nothing very definite to do with his theme or with anything else. The most striking instance of this is to be seen in the group of shots showing the three condemned peons awaiting their punishment in the desert. Possibly in this scene there are overtones of the Christian crucifixion; but there are more certain associations with a particular Crucifixion, that of El Greco, who has already been evoked by the St. Sebastian-like postures of the central character. In the composition here—the strictly linear pattern of arms, shoulders, heads—there is something so forced, so artificial, so exclusively abstract in appeal, that the effect seems a little grotesque, and the impulse behind it false. Such a lapse into "pure form," which is static, on the part of an artist presumably equipped with a vision that is supposed to be at all times dynamic, provokes a certain disquietude. Is it possible that even Marxism will not save us for long from the perilous attractions of an absolute art?

WILLIAM TROY



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WILL the recovery machinery set up by the Roosevelt Administration be retained, though perhaps in modified form and under a new name, after—or if—the goal has been reached and prosperity restored? Or is it to be scrapped if—or when—economic recovery is achieved? This question, which naturally is based on the assumption that the Roosevelt program will in time restore prosperity, appears to have divided official Washington into two camps. The economic advisers of the Administration are for the most part convinced that the recovery machinery must be given more or less enduring form, while the political advisers are disposed to look upon the NRA and similar agencies as temporary affairs created solely for the purpose of meeting an emergency. The Administration itself inclines to the latter view, in any case when talking for publication. It is pointed out, when the question is raised, that virtually all the recovery laws will automatically expire at the end of one or two years. Of course, it may be that this position is taken merely to reassure many business men who still cling to their old faith in *laissez faire* and whose cooperation the White House and the NRA must have. For while NRA officials still talk in terms of the emergency, they are actually and quietly considering

ways and means of changing the present emergency program into a permanent economic plan. To this end the Central Statistical Board has been charged with the task of gathering all data and statistics that may be essential to the formulation of a permanent plan. The Roosevelt Administration will be prepared to proceed in that direction, if and when it decides that such a course is necessary.

ECONOMIC PLANNING under centralized government authority may, in fact, be inevitable. But whether inevitable or not, the Roosevelt Administration must continue to move along the road chosen, that is, toward increased government supervision over and control of our economic activities. One can offer many arguments in support of this contention. One can say that in this era of machinery and mass production it has become impossible to proceed any farther along the road of individualism and economic anarchy; some sort of government supervision must take the place of *laissez faire*. One can say that big business is acquiring a valuable vested interest in the Roosevelt system, the right to combine, not in defiance of the government, but with its blessings, and that for this reason big business, which after all holds the only real economic power in the country, will become the strongest supporter of the Roosevelt policies. But one need only point out that Mr. Roosevelt cannot possibly turn back to *laissez faire*, to the do-nothing policy of Herbert Hoover. Imagine what a shock public confidence would receive if the President were to intimate that he was returning to Hooverism! He must go on, and the road can only lead to further concentration of economic power in the hands of the state. Whether such concentration ultimately develops into fascism or socialism depends considerably on the purpose and strength of character of the President. In any event, it is not only idle but misleading to suggest that the Roosevelt program is simply an emergency measure designed to tide us over until prosperity shall have been restored.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT laid down an important principle in his address to the American Legion at Chicago. After affirming the nation's responsibility to care for those who suffered injury or contracted disease while serving in its defense, and also for the dependents of those killed or incapacitated, he asserted that "no person because he wore a uniform must thereafter be placed in a special class of beneficiaries over and above all other citizens." He added that because a man has worn a uniform does not mean "that he can demand and receive from his government a benefit which no other citizen receives." Elaborating this further, he rejected emphatically the conception that veterans should receive compensation for injuries not definitely connected with the service. This is an important and courageous enunciation of the policy embodied in legislation last spring; it reverses flatly the policy of preceding Administrations and repudiates the view so successfully maintained by the American Legion itself. Logical and proper extension of this principle should eliminate the various preferences given to

veterans, regardless of merit, in connection with government jobs. Its common sense is self-evident. But Franklin D. Roosevelt is the first President since the World War who has had the courage to enunciate it.

THE ONE BRIGHT SPOT in the relationship of the United States to Cuba is Secretary Hull's reiteration that American warships are charged solely with the duty of safeguarding the lives, not the property, of Americans and other foreigners. That is a far-reaching and praiseworthy departure from our past foreign policy in Latin America. It must come as a rude shock to some of the career men in the department, who have always considered the protection of American investments in the Caribbean and Central America the cardinal objective of our diplomacy. That their habits and traditions still shape our policy, despite the good intentions of their chief and the supposed new anti-imperialist outlook of the Roosevelt Administration, may be seen in the recently concluded agreement with Haiti, under which we insist on retaining financial control of that republic until the last cent of the National City Bank loan, forced upon the Haitians during the Harding Administration, has been retired. The American Civil Liberties Union has just issued an emphatic protest against this utilization of the diplomatic machinery of the United States for the collection of private debts. A similar though less drastic agreement, sought by the Hoover Administration a year ago, was unanimously rejected by the Haitian congress. At present the congress is not in session, but that it will act with equal emphasis when it reconvenes can scarcely be doubted. This mistaken policy, which will cost the United States far more in good-will throughout Latin America than the paltry \$14,000,000 at issue, payment of which was assured in any event, conflicts in spirit with Secretary Hull's pronouncement in regard to the relative importance of life and property in Cuba. Fortunately the error can still be corrected.

THERE are several things to be said in favor of the Administration's plan to lend \$25,000,000 to railroads directly out of the public-works fund to enable them to purchase new rails and new rolling stock. To begin with, this sort of expenditure is sounder in every respect than the sort of expenditure that is going into new battleships, for example. In the last four years the railroads, with shrinking revenues, have suffered a severe physical deterioration—perhaps so serious, in some instances, as to approach the point of endangering human life—and there can be no question of the urgent need of road-bed improvement and new locomotives and cars. Further, in so far as the loans advanced are sound, this is a type of expenditure that will stimulate the heavy industries and give employment without increasing the net burden of taxation or without a permanent increase in the national debt. The President is to be congratulated, too, for his insistence that there must be competitive bidding on the part of the steel companies for the rail orders and that the bids must be under the "standard" price of \$40 a ton. The price of steel rails has been maintained during the depression and is now out of line not only with the price of other structural materials but even with the price of other steel products. It is a monopoly price maintained under at least a tacit threat, for the United States Steel Corporation holds a whip hand over individual railroads through its

power to deflect its shipments from one road to another. Perhaps only governmental insistence could bring the price of steel rails down to a reasonable figure under present conditions. But with everything that may be said in favor of the new plan, one may still question the wisdom of pouring further government money into the railroads, without closer supervision, when so many of the loans will never be repaid.

THE ROOSEVELT ADMINISTRATION has not added to its stature by permitting Postmaster-General Farley to promote the McKee candidacy in New York City. This move is generally deemed to imperil the almost certain defeat for which the Curry-McCooley wing of Tammany was heading. That Mr. LaGuardia can likewise defeat the Farley-Flynn wing of the Wigwam seems, however, not improbable. It depends largely on the so-called silent vote, on the people who for years have failed to register to vote because of their conviction of their helplessness in previous elections to remove the Tammany blight. In 1929 only 44 per cent of the eligible New Yorkers voted. If any considerable part of this electorate goes to the polls on November 7, Mr. LaGuardia will be elected. The first task, therefore, of those interested in removing Tammany is to obtain the largest possible registration. Registration takes place from October 9 to 13 inclusive, from 5 to 10:30 p.m., and on Saturday, October 14, from 7 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. We urge *Nation* readers to enlist actively in this campaign. If each one of the 20,000 readers dwelling in Greater New York enlists his circle of friends and acquaintances, Mr. LaGuardia will be the next mayor. Seldom has an electorate had such an opportunity to register its desires and to determine the political fate of its community.

THE president of the Pennsylvania Railroad has "reduced" his salary to \$60,000 a year. If now the NRA would issue a decree "reducing" the pay of everyone else in the country to the same amount, prosperity would emerge from around the corner at a gallop.

TO OUR MIND the United States Congress Against War, which assembled recently in New York City, was significant chiefly because of the union of Communists with other groups in a common project. The Socialist Party as such did not participate, but the organization in Philadelphia received permission to take part, and its delegation was greeted with cheers of genuine enthusiasm from the Communists when it entered the convention hall. Moreover, many members of the Socialist Party attended the congress as delegates of other organizations, such as the League for Industrial Democracy, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and the War Resisters' League. An assembly made up of such varied, and in many ways antagonistic, elements is always hard to direct and often acrimonious, but the Congress Against War showed that such a gathering can nevertheless work constructively provided the purpose is sufficiently single and is sincerely adhered to. Some 2,700 delegates from thirty-five States attended the congress, although only one union from the American Federation of Labor was represented—the Full-Fashioned Hosiery Workers. The American League Against War and Fascism was organized to carry out the program of the congress.

Shall Our Sugar Refiners Ruin Cuba?

THE administration of President Ramon Grau San Martin is at this writing in its fourth week. Without recognition by the United States, it has endured longer than the preceding regime of Cespedes, which we recognized at once. Washington has to date followed the counsel of our Ambassador, Sumner Welles. It is natural and fitting that the Administration be largely guided by its Ambassador, who more than any other man in the State Department is considered expert in Cuban and Latin American affairs generally, and whose good-will toward the Cuban people may be taken for granted. Nevertheless, Mr. Welles is liable to error and has already given evidence of having misread the Cuban situation.

Withholding recognition to test the Grau regime's strength is a paradox not unlike permission to swim without going near the water. Given the disorganization of the island's political and economic fabric after seven years of atrophying tyranny, non-recognition presents any Cuban administration with an insuperable obstacle. Recognition would automatically promote stability. Our Ambassador's contention that the Grau government is not representative, that it is backed only by the students and the army, has a certain validity. Strengthening it by the inclusion of other groups, notably the A. B. C., is certainly desirable. But how much more effectively that could be urged after recognition and the friendly cooperation that such recognition implies! Moreover, to expect a truly representative regime to spring up after the destruction of democratic institutions by dictatorship exhibits a certain lack of realism. And while it is urged that to recognize an administration born of an army revolt in a country which until recently has not, like other Latin American nations, been cursed with a Pretorian army would establish an unfortunate precedent, that army is a legacy of the previous American policy and must be reckoned with. Moreover, nearly every government in Latin America today was brought to power by military revolt. Unquestionably the army will bedevil Cuba's national life until it is demobilized, but the first step to that end is to secure at the earliest moment a government with which we can whole-heartedly cooperate to solve the economic problems which lie at the root of all Cuba's troubles.

Those economic problems may be spelled in the five-letter word sugar. Since June 27 representatives of various sugar interests have been conferring in Washington under the sanction of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration to formulate a new policy of controlled production. The geographical interests apparently in conflict have been domestic beet-sugar producers, represented in seventeen States of the Union but constituting only 2½ per cent of our farm population and receiving less than 1 per cent of the farm income; Louisiana cane growers; insular growers within our tariff wall in the Philippines, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico; and, finally, Cuba. The consumer interest of the 120,000,000 Americans, which should be first and foremost, has not even been represented. As for the interest of workers in the beet fields, which has ever been utilized by the sugar trust to obtain exorbitant tariff duties, there is no sign that the shock-

ing exploitation of alien and child labor will be remedied. The interest of the Cuban growers, which more than any other has been sacrificed by American policy but embodies an important domestic interest, since Cuba was once our fourth largest market, is not represented. The conferences have been dominated by domestic refiners, a small, powerful group of parasites who for years have collected tribute from the American consumer and from the laborer in the continental, insular, and Cuban sugar fields. The labor these refiners themselves employ is negligible, since refining is now chiefly a machine process. The proposed agreement, not yet officially announced, benefits no one but them, and their control of the conferences and of the proposed sugar stabilization board is a major scandal to which Secretary Wallace and the President should direct their immediate attention.

While limitation of production has, rightly or wrongly, been the objective of our agricultural policy, the domestic beet-sugar growers have been granted an enormously increased quota. Their production averaged a million tons from 1927 to 1931. The estimated crop for the current year is 1,450,000 tons. The beet-sugar quota proposed under an abandoned agreement of July 18 was 1,525,000 tons. This has now been raised to 1,750,000 tons. The Philippines are to have a quota of 1,100,000 tons of cane sugar, nearly double their production of five years ago. Meanwhile, the amount that Cuba, outside our tariff wall, supplies has dropped from half our domestic consumption from 1911 to 1931 to a quarter of it. The proposed quota of 2,000,000 tons is totally inadequate. It is 800,000 tons less even than under the Chadbourne agreement, which proved so detrimental to Cuba's economy and a failure in every other respect. Even more inexcusable is a provision limiting the importation of Cuban refined sugar to 250,000 tons, which would mean the closing of every Cuban refinery.

The folly of this pending policy is revealed in an examination of relative costs of production of Cuban sugar and of our "protected" sugar. The difference is approximately a cent and a half a pound. The American consumer pays that difference. But the benefit does not go, except in the minutest degree, to the American farmer. It goes to the group of capitalists which controls Hawaiian and Philippine sugar and to the stockholding group which owns the American refineries. Now the refiner is not a producer. He is merely a washer of the sugar already processed, and a distributor—a sort of super-middleman. The farmer not only does not gain by the present tariff protection and proposed quota policy—he actually loses. From 1925 to 1929 our exports to Cuba, largely agricultural products, averaged \$150,000,000. In 1933 they will shrink to less than one-sixth of that figure. The situation calls for an increase in the Cuban quota of not less than 500,000 tons—a minimum of 2,500,000—and a corresponding decrease in other quotas. And that should be but a temporary expedient. What is imperatively needed is the abolition of our sugar tariff. This could be accomplished gradually—by a reduction of half a cent a year—with a minimum of disturbance and a maximum of benefit.

Our Postal Subsidies to Shipping

THE Senate inquiry into our postal subsidies to shipping, which has begun in Washington, unearthed a pretty mess of scandals at the very first hearing and threatens many more sensations. Thus Senator Black's committee brought out that the Export Steamship Corporation received no less than \$300,000 for carrying *four pounds of mail*; that in 1929 it was paid at the rate of \$66,000 a pound under a contract awarded by the Hoover Administration; that the total subsidies paid to it in 1931, 1932, and 1933 amounted to considerably more than the sum it paid to the United States government for the eighteen vessels it purchased from the Shipping Board. In other words, the government gave back the purchase money in thirty-six months, and then some more, for practically no service rendered.

Other curious and illuminating facts brought out were that T. Bascom Slem, secretary to President Coolidge, immediately after leaving that gentleman's employ brought about a reduction of the price asked for the eighteen ships from \$8.50 to \$7.50 a ton. For this service Mr. Coolidge's ex-secretary asked the modest fee of \$50,000; the Export Corporation, unhappily, felt that this was a hold-up and paid him "only" \$15,000. Even more interesting is the fact that a tailor's bill of \$510, charged to T. V. O'Connor, chairman of the Shipping Board, turned up paid at the Export Line's New York office, although the head of the company, Henry Herbermann, denies having paid for the clothes. Then we have Mr. O'Connor's secretary, Mina G. Irvine, testifying that she kindly negotiated several Florida land deals for Mr. Herbermann. This agreeable person, it appears, also destroyed the records of these transactions after an agent of the Department of Justice had inquired about them. A note has survived, however, in which Mrs. Irvine requested \$3,000 as a payment on a Florida land deal, suggesting that "the way the other was sent, in my opinion, is the best way to handle it."

These revelations ought not to surprise anybody. Almost the whole record of our government venture into shipbuilding, a result of our entering the World War, is one of inefficiency, waste, extravagance, and, we fear, corruption, which has cost the American taxpayers billions of dollars. It is impossible to see how there could be anything else but favoritism and extravagance in the recent awards of the mail subsidies. By that we do not mean to say that our government could not conduct such a business honestly, for it has so conducted many great enterprises. Nor do we mean to condemn mail subsidies as such. But this whole development of huge mail payments was bound to go wrong because the issue was never fairly faced, and the public was systematically deceived as to what was happening and what the purpose was. Efforts to obtain outright tonnage bounties, or direct ship subsidies, have been going on for generations, and were defeated in the Administrations of Presidents Harrison and McKinley, and at later dates. But after the war, when we had a huge fleet to utilize or to get rid of, it was discovered that there was another way to beat the devil around the bush, by means of the mail subsidies. These were not merely granted to lines where the need was obvious and jus-

tifiable, but were given to establish routes for which there was not the slightest economic necessity. Politics often governed—politics plus very clever propaganda methods, which are also being brought out by the Black committee, for example, the appearance of a paid agent to tell our dear, gullible friends of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in convention assembled in Washington, just why the government should aid the merchant marine.

Now when these scandals have all been aired, the problem of what to do about our merchant marine will still face Congress. The arguments for ships of our own are, first, that we must have merchant ships in case of war; second, that we must not be dependent upon foreigners for carrying our exports and imports but should pay to Americans the sums heretofore given to foreigners for ocean services; third, that establishing lines and showing the flag abroad creates trade which will in time make the lines self-supporting; fourth, that a great nation without a merchant fleet loses prestige and sometimes gets in a bad hole, as at the outbreak of the World War when freight rates rose enormously and foreigners exploited us at will; fifth, that Americans should not be denied ocean-going careers.

This situation the navy lobby readily exploits. Unless, it says, the shipyards have plenty of merchant ships to build, they cannot be relied upon to produce the necessary naval vessels. If we have vessels running over trade routes, then that at once becomes the navy's strongest argument for creating naval bases abroad and building fast cruisers to protect those routes. Obviously Congress and the country must decide whether, for any or all of the above reasons, we are to maintain ships at a loss and at the risk of much corruption. The number of times in our national history that we have actually been gouged by having no merchant marine is, of course, negligible.

The Nation does not deny the thrill of having American-flag ships on the ocean, but it has never been able to see that it was wise to maintain a great industry if that industry could not eventually stand on its own feet. It has urged various ways of freeing American shipping from certain burdens without recourse to subsidies. If subsidies are inevitable, then let them be open and aboveboard, and not be for carrying mail when mail is not carried, or is moved at the rate of four pounds for \$300,000. Much as we question outright government operation in the peculiar circumstances which prevail, it would be far better to have the government spend large sums upon its own lines than to fill the coffers of the Export Steamship Corporation, for, with all respect to that company—which has built and operated some fine ships and managed them well—this policy makes for paying other people's tailors' bills, for extravagance, for waste, for inefficiency. It has, moreover, been creating very bad blood abroad, for it has added to the glut of ships upon the ocean, and has led to charges of unfair practices.

If it is desirable to run some ships for the sake of national prestige, to give employment to American seamen, or to create business that will pay us in the future, then let us do it openly and honestly.

Hitlerism Is Cracking

THAT Hitler's foreign policy is deepening the European political crisis and leading the world to the verge of another war is becoming daily more apparent. But what of his domestic policy? Is he bringing to Germany the socialism that he promised for so many years? Is he really helping the depressed middle class, the small shopkeepers, skilled artisans, peasants, and other groups that make up the bulk of his following? True, he continues to say that he will do all in his power to relieve these lower-class groups. But we can measure a man only by his deeds, not by his promises. And Adolf Hitler's deeds reveal that he is working hand in glove with the great industrial and financial interests—in short, with the very big-business interests whose policies have for years been the cause of the misery and privation which brought Hitler into power.

In his newest book, "The Menace of Fascism," John Strachey asserts that "fascism is merely the militant arm of the largest property-owners. . . . This fact is obscured, however, by the composition of the fascist parties. The core of these parties always consists of two classes of people, the lower middle class and the peasants. For no one has hitherto observed a big banker or landowner fighting his own class battles for himself. These gentlemen fight, both at home and abroad, by proxy alone." It is not necessary to follow or accept Mr. Strachey's argument in support of his contention. We have in the recent developments in Germany abundant proof that the Hitler party is the "militant arm of the largest property-owners." At the start, it is true, the Nazis made a great deal of noise about "taking over" big business. On May 3 they announced that the powerful Federation of German Industries would thereafter be administered in the name of the state by a directorate consisting of two Nazis and one industrialist. Actually, of course, this gesture was meaningless. The German fascist state has done nothing to harm the interests of a single important bank or corporation, so far as the control or management of these enterprises is concerned. On the contrary, the Hitler Government has been taking orders from the bankers and industrialists. In the middle of July, for example, Hitler called a halt to the numerous state inquiries into the affairs of private corporations that were then in progress. He declared that such "scandal-mongering" would give rise to "a sense of insecurity among business men" and "seriously restrict the growth of necessary business initiative"—which is precisely the excuse put forward by American bankers in their desperate effort to suppress the Senate banking inquiry. Step by step since then Hitler has been withdrawing even the small measure of state or party control imposed upon business in the frantic period that followed his assumption of power.

The climax came late in September. Partly because of the unspeakable anti-Jewish excesses and the ceaseless saberrattling of the Nazis, which seriously injured Germany's foreign trade, and partly because of the insistence of the radical wing of the fascist party upon state control of all industry, business in Germany was being slowly choked to death. Hitler and his lieutenants had to define their attitude toward business and finance in order to prevent a panic, which would greatly have impaired their prestige. They went into

conference with the Grand Economic Council, a group of bankers, industrialists, and shipping men which Hitler has called his "consulting general staff on economic problems." We do not know what occurred at that meeting, but we do know that after the conference Hitler calmly announced that there would be no state interference with business. Hitler's surrender amounts to this: big business is to have a free hand, as it has always had, while the fascist state machinery will be used to "coordinate" the workers, that is, keep them "loyal" to the employers and the state by the use of violent methods—by suppressing their organizations and imprisoning or murdering those who dissent. Big business could ask for nothing more.

How the radical element in the National Socialist Party will accept this state of affairs remains to be seen. It is this group that has been loudly demanding state capitalism and economic planning. It is also this group that has been in the forefront of the campaign against the Jews. Thus there will be a double cause for complaint. For as a part of the new policy the Hitler Government, through Minister of Economics Schmitt, has forbidden the boycotting of department stores and other large business houses, even though they are Jewish-owned. Discrimination against the Jewish concerns, Herr Schmitt declared, "would unquestionably cause serious disturbances in the progress of economic recovery." Surely Hitler, who for more than a decade had preached the doctrine that the Jews were to blame for virtually all of Germany's ills, must find it difficult to explain to his followers why the wealthy Jew must now be protected. Nor is it likely that this latest pronouncement, even if sincere, will halt the movement which Hitler has been so active in fomenting.

Whether Hitler's submission to the industrialists, bankers, and department-store owners will be enough to save Germany's foreign trade is questionable. Indeed, the trend continues in the other direction. Something like an automatic international boycott of German goods has developed. Many American and English firms, even some of undeniably non-Jewish ownership, are refusing to buy from Germany so long as Hitler remains. France has announced that it intends to abrogate the 1927 commercial treaty with Germany because of the changed conditions. The Polish boycott of German goods has been especially harmful, so much so indeed that no less a person than Paul Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment, has gone to the length of humbling himself before "the dirty Poles" at Geneva, pleading with them to do something to stop the ruinous boycott being conducted against German goods by the Polish Jews. The loss of the Soviet Union's friendship may have even more disastrous consequences, for there are many industrial establishments in Germany working exclusively on Russian orders. That the Soviet Government means business it showed the other day by expelling the German journalists in Russia and recalling its own correspondents from Germany. This was but another step toward the cessation of all business with Germany, an outcome which is beginning to appear inevitable.

Economically the masses of the German people have been delivered into the hands of big business. Politically and spiritually they are still at the mercy of Hitler and his mad subordinates. Until Hitler and his ideas are driven out, what hope can there be for the German people?

Hail, Exiled Scholars!

ON October 2, with a total absence of ceremony and flourish, the new Graduate Faculty of Political and Social Science began its academic year in the auditorium and classrooms of the New School for Social Research. Its faculty consists for the time being of just ten members. They are scholars of international standing who have either been dismissed or have resigned from their chairs in German universities sequent to the contemporary *Dementia teutonica*. They form the nucleus of the "University in Exile" which Alvin Johnson, director of the New School, has conceived as that institution's "obligation to express by word and act its own faith in the value of academic liberty."

Somehow there seems to us something tremendously important in the event and in this little group of pilgrims resuming their search for truth: Karl Brandt, agronomist; Gerhard Colm, statistician and expert in finance; Arthur Feiler, economist and publicist, already known to many Americans through his judicious estimate of our civilization "America Seen Through German Eyes," and his more recent, "The Russian Experiment"; Eduard Heimann, distinguished in the field of economic theory; Hermann Kantorowicz, jurist; Emil Lederer, specialist in labor and social problems; Hans Speier, sociologist; E. von Hornbostel, ethnologist; Max Wertheimer, philosopher and experimental psychologist; Frieda Wunderlich, economist and sociologist.

They are, let it be hoped, but the vanguard of those who, rejected by brutal Nazi obscurantism, are the true repositories of German culture—of our common world culture—and belong to that illustrious, if limited, company who are at home in any society where intellectual freedom endures. For it is the high hope of the sponsors of this new Graduate School that financial resources may be forthcoming to extend its scope to establish here other faculties—in the natural sciences, in art and architecture, in literature. Here is a project that may well enlist the active interest of Americans who cherish what is most precious in our heritage—our traditions of freedom of speech, of press, of conscience, in short, freedom of thought. We should hail these exiled torchbearers, not with an attitude of sympathetic kindness toward refugees from oppression, but as thrice welcome auxiliaries in our struggle to intrench verities which today nowhere on earth are irrevocably secure. Indeed, it is for this reaffirmation and exercise of our democratic faith, for this tangible expression of our adherence to the principles of Jefferson, that we should be grateful to the originators and supporters of this unique academy.

Eighty-five years ago the immigration of the "forty-eighters," fleeing from tyranny and absolutism in Germany and Austria-Hungary, brought to us a great revivification of our democratic faith, and our institutions were strengthened by the participation in our public affairs and civic life of such adopted citizens as Carl Schurz. Even more today a migration of the best minds and noblest souls from what yesterday was the German republic would be a prize that we ought eagerly to seize. It is not too much to say that their coming may stimulate in America a cultural and intellectual renaissance, and help us to write a new and perhaps glorious chapter in the American epic.

Ring Lardner

RING LARDNER, perhaps the most distinguished American satirist of our time, died on September 25 after a long illness. Last winter *The Nation* published an extended critical analysis of his work by Clifton Fadiman, and to that we refer our readers, but we cannot let his death pass without some further comment. His was a remarkably original talent, and death will undoubtedly revive the debate which seems almost inevitable in connection with a great humorist—was he or was he not a bitterly disillusioned man who hid his despair beneath the grotesqueries of his literary manner?

Those who remember Mr. Lardner's long, melancholy face, with its curious expression of blank wonder, ought not to be surprised to discover tragic undertones in his work, but there are some who maintain that the alleged bitterness beneath the humor was merely an invention of his highbrow critics. They point out that he began his career as a popular writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*; that he was not "discovered" by the illuminati until the publication, long after, of "How to Write Short Stories"; and that he never himself showed any outward disposition to accept the role of "serious" writer which the new-found admirers tried to thrust upon him. He had begun as a newspaperman with a fondness for sports, and such he remained. The very last pieces he wrote—the reviews of the radio contributed to the *New Yorker*—frankly espoused the taste of the great public.

Those who argue thus on the basis of these facts are, we think, right, at least as far as the facts themselves will carry them. Mr. Lardner certainly was not satirizing the ball player, the actor, and the pugilist to the advantage of the more cultured elements of the population. He was not, for example, a Sinclair Lewis, determined to ridicule Americans out of their crudeness. When compelled to take sides, he was, on the contrary, and like the less resolute George Ade, fundamentally on the side of the commonest sort of common man. But to say that is not to say that he was in the slightest degree sentimental or that his chief delight was not to reveal with cruel insight the meanness and the stupidity of his chosen characters. Indeed, the depth of his cynicism is revealed in just the fact that, unadmirable and unlovable as his roughnecks were, he quite obviously did not believe them worse than anyone else. The final horror of his stories lies in the fact that they nowhere imply a belief in the existence of any class of man or woman with characters or motives essentially different from those which he made it his business to reveal.

Stylistically, Mr. Lardner's greatest achievement was, of course, the invention of a language marvelously convincing, both phonetically and in its idiom, as the speech of his chosen milieu. By means of that instrument, which rendered comment unnecessary, he could put into the mouths of his characters phrase after phrase which made the reader gasp with horror at the depths of naive ignorance and naive meanness which the phrase revealed. Funny many of the stories were, but others—like, for instance, *A Day with Conrad Green*—became positively terrifying. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Lardner's achievement might be summed up by saying that he made stupidity tragic.

Issues and Men

George L. Record

IF ever there was a public-spirited man in this country of ours it was George L. Record, of New Jersey, who died in Maine last week. Every time I get discouraged over the absence of sufficient men of fine character in our public life, I obtain a good deal of consolation by thinking of the many fine, unofficial persons whom I have known who have given themselves without stint or reward to the service of their fellow-citizens, their community, their country. It would take much more than this page merely to list them—for they belong to three generations. One may well question why it should be necessary to have all these public-spirited men and women at work to better conditions, and ask whether the necessity is not an indictment of our social and governmental system. Whatever the answer to that, the honor roll which I have in mind constitutes one of the glories of our national life.

Of all these men and women I can recall none more diligent, more tireless, more unceasingly laborious in behalf of the extension and improvement of our democracy than George L. Record. Just run over the things that he accomplished or sought to accomplish. Here is a partial list of them that I have taken from the *Jersey Journal*. He was the originator of the direct-nomination system and took part in the framing of innumerable laws—laws for safeguarding the ballot box, for giving rate-making power to the Public Utility Commission, for home rule. It was he who wrote the New Jersey Corrupt Practices Act for which Woodrow Wilson gained the credit. His fight for equal taxation, for the proper taxation of utility corporations, for the shifting of taxes from homes, buildings, and improvements, and putting it upon land alone was never ending. In some cases his success was extraordinary. Single-handed he forced utility corporations to pay their proper share of the taxes, and stripped them of special favors. Untold millions of dollars have been saved to his State by the success of his battle to bestow the rate-making power upon the Public Utility Commission. All alone he started the war which resulted in the repeal of the railroad tax act, which for half a century had bestowed special favors upon the railroads. He personally prevented the reelection of Senator Dryden, the insurance Senator. As Corporation Counsel of Jersey City he defied the liquor interests, as the *Jersey Journal* points out, "at a time when it cost something to defy them."

Long before woman's suffrage became popular, Record was ready to stand up and be ridiculed for saying that he favored it. He did not hesitate to let it be known that he stood for government ownership of railroads and public utilities, but he did not come to that position until he had joined the study group of well-known men and writers who met and thrashed the whole subject out at regular intervals during an entire winter. He never asked what were the odds against him, he just went ahead, as when he led the fight to smash the Carl Lentz machine in Essex County, New Jersey. But perhaps the most interesting phase of Mr. Record's life was his relationship to Woodrow Wilson. It was char-

acteristic of him that he would never accept a reformer, or a reformer's platform, until he had satisfied himself that the man was genuine, and then he wanted to know exactly what the man stood for. That led him to challenge Woodrow Wilson to a debate when Wilson was candidate for Governor. The debate could not be arranged, but Mr. Wilson invited Record to submit any questions that he wished to have answered. Mr. Record sent in a long list, and the president of Princeton University answered him specifically and frankly. It was one of the great hits of the Wilson campaign, and as a result of it Record joined the Wilson forces. It is hardly too much to say that George Record, James Kerney, and Joseph Tumulty were almost Governor Wilson. These men counseled him, steered him, before and after his election, and helped him formulate his program. Mr. Record, indeed, drew up a very comprehensive memorandum covering Governor Wilson's whole legislative problem which the Governor allowed him to present to a conference of politicians and citizens at the Martinique Hotel in New York the day before the Governor took office. Although then ranked as an independent progressive Republican Mr. Record was only too willing to put his experience at the service of the progressive Democratic Governor.

As he grew older, Record, like many another, came to discover that there was hope in neither of the old parties. Even the La Follette campaign of 1924 did not, however, satisfy him. He clung tenaciously to certain beliefs, and he found it hard to join any movement or party which did not represent all his views. That led to his being increasingly regarded in New Jersey as a crank who could never be satisfied—a risk run by anyone who has high ideals and clings to them.

On one occasion he began a campaign for United States Senator by deliberately setting out with a tent to educate the people to accept his doctrines. With great courage, pertinacity, and determination Mr. Record set that tent up on the high-roads and by-roads and made his appeal whether his audience was large or small. Curiously enough, he was never rewarded by election to a single office; the primaries for which he did so much never netted him a single nomination—not even after he had held several appointive offices and administered them with ability and distinction. His reason appealed, his integrity and sincerity won men's respect everywhere, but he could not arouse their enthusiasm or stir them to revolt as could Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. He appeared cold, sometimes tedious. But he was pure gold throughout. In these days of our waning faith in our historic institutions it would be well, indeed, to place a monument to him in the most conspicuous place in Trenton with the simple inscription: "A Great Citizen of New Jersey."

Donald Garrison Villard

The Crisis in Relief

By EDITH ABBOTT

IS the New Deal finally to reach the unemployed below the margin—those who have fallen victims to the American system of poor relief? Or is there to be nothing but a continuation of the old and discredited deal, which has meant inadequate relief, malnourished children, unpaid rents and endless evictions in all our great cities, homeless and hungry families, frightened women, bitter and resentful men? Hopeful as everyone must be of increased employment to follow such constructive Roosevelt policies as the NRA, the public-works program, the civilian conservation camps, one must still anxiously inquire when the recovery is to penetrate into that shadowy land where dwell the more than fifteen million men, women, and children who make up the families on the numerous relief lists.

The Federal Emergency Relief Act of the special session of Congress is more generous in spirit, as well as in the funds provided by the federal government, than the Republican act of July, 1932. But those who believe in the principle of federal aid were startled by the statement issued by President Roosevelt when he signed the new act on May 12. This statement, probably the most reactionary pronouncement that has come from the White House since the New Deal began, urged the public "voluntarily to contribute to the pressing needs of welfare services" and indicated that federal relief should in some mysterious way "lead to the giving of generous contributions to chests and welfare organizations throughout the country." This appeal had a strangely reminiscent sound and aroused foreboding in many parts of the country. Private charity may be a desirable personal virtue; but it has certainly been accidental, spasmodic, sporadic, and almost unbelievably inadequate—particularly in the matter of unemployment relief. Just why this note should have been sounded when it was hoped the federal government was about to initiate a bold, vigorous, and constructive policy in relief as in political and economic affairs is not easy to understand.

But the moral of the President's appeal in May was that the first obligation in the matter of relief of the unemployed lay on the "localities," by which he apparently meant townships or counties, for he went on to describe the second line of defense as the State, and then came to the federal government as the third line, only to be used in case each locality had "done its utmost." And he further developed this theory in his August message to Governor Lehman on the subject of local responsibility.

The present Federal Emergency Relief Act, which was so long under consideration both by the expiring Republican and the new Democratic Congress, is a brief statute that carefully evades the old unsolved and unsolvable problem of local relief and passes it on to the new relief administrator to struggle with, single-handed. The act clearly recognizes the need of relief as a national problem. In the preamble it solemnly announces "a serious emergency, due to widespread unemployment and increasing inadequacy of State and local relief funds"; and further declares that "the existing or threatened deprivation . . . of the necessities of life" has

made it "imperative that the federal government cooperate more effectively" with the several States in "furnishing relief to their needy and distressed people." The new fund of half a billion dollars, which of course is a small amount reconstruction sums go, is divided into two parts, the first half to be granted on a matching basis—three State or local-government dollars being required to match one dollar of federal money—the second half to be used for free grants to the States when it appears that the "combined moneys" of federal, State, and minor local governments "will fall below the estimated needs within the State." The act gives very great power to the relief executive, whose decision "as to the purpose of any expenditure shall be final." The President's appointment, therefore, of an experienced social worker of national reputation, Harry L. Hopkins of New York, as the new Federal Emergency Relief Administrator was most cordially received and awakened hopes of new relief policies in line with modern social-welfare thinking.

Some progressive steps came very promptly from the new organization. Relief funds are not to be used to subsidize the underpaid workers of substandard employers. Relief stations are not to be "cut-rate employment agencies where workers can be obtained at less than a self-supporting wage." The Federal Relief Administration will "not be a party to such attempts to take advantage of human distress." Here is the New Deal in all its fine courage and imagination! Mr. Hopkins explained that the administration "does not propose to subsidize a lot of miserable low wages around the United States or to starve people slowly with federal money and call it relief. It will not lend itself to pushing further down than they are the living standards of any community." A national system of providing care for transients has been planned, with an able woman, Dr. Ellen C. Potter of the New Jersey Welfare Department, in charge.

The new administrator has also been deservedly commended for his order that federal public funds must be expended by public relief agencies. But does this go far enough? It should put an end to the expenditure of public funds by private sectarian relief societies *when the public funds are federal funds*. But if local funds are to be used, those local public funds may be spent in the same old way.

Here, really, is the crux of the whole vexatious problem. Local relief inevitably means varying local standards of relief. Can the numerous incompetent township trustees and county supervisors who are still administering relief on the principles of an outworn poor-law system be brought up to modern standards by any plan that requires a large expenditure of local funds? No matter how many excellent new rules are announced, can they ever be carried out if thousands of the old "poormasters," "overseers of the poor," "county agents," "township trustees," and various local relief officials are to be allowed to continue their wasteful activities? The game of "pull and haul" between the federal and local relief authorities has inevitably been in full swing again during the past summer. Governors and State relief administrators seem to be advised less about the proper meth-

ods of care for underfed children and destitute men and women than about how to raise what someone in Washington thinks can still be wrung out of the local taxpayers in order to protect those who are, or should be, federal income-tax payers. The same old policy of anxious uncertainty still continues—federal grants that will last only a short time, leaving those in charge of providing the necessities of life for the unemployed to wonder where the funds for the next “warrant day” or the next relief-work pay day will be found. In the meantime, will the administrator let the people with empty cupboards wait while the State relief administrators implore the various State legislatures to provide new sources of relief funds, while governors disagree with mayors, and county supervisors disagree with both? The reported answer of the federal administrator to this question is that “the unemployed are going to take an awful beating this winter” unless the federal government’s half-billion of relief is matched by minor public authorities.

The Federal Relief Administrator has been struggling with the States whose representatives have been begging for help from the “free money”—the second \$250,000,000 provided in the law. Various governors have been told that money must be raised to obtain grants from the first \$250,000,000 on the “three-to-one” matching basis before grants from the second fund would be made. The administrator announced, for example, that “apparently a few States did not believe the President” when he pointed out “that it is essential for States and local units of government to finance a reasonable share of their emergency-relief work.” He went even farther: “Some States,” he said, “are due for a rude shock in the very near future if they do not come through with action.” It was announced that “the Federal Emergency Relief Administration means business,” and does not intend “to struggle along with these situations.” Are such “warnings” issued by an administrator who understands the problems of destitution and knows that the families of the unemployed will pay the costs of such a policy?

While the Federal Emergency Relief Administration has been busy trying to make this governor and the other one understand that relief grants can be made “only on a matching basis,” the law remains clear that half the fund may be used for unmatched grants if the administrator thinks that local money cannot reasonably be expected. It is important to note also that the law specifically states that after October 1, 1933, notwithstanding the “three-to-one” matching provision, the unexpended balance of the three-to-one half of the fund may “in the discretion of the administrator and with the approval of the President” be made available for free grants. It is hard to believe that the President can wish to perpetuate the old theory of local government which makes the small property-tax payer responsible for the relief that his poorer neighbors need. This outgrown theory of local taxation has been condemned root and branch by political scientists and economists as well as by social workers.

Kentucky was one of the first States to feel the shock which the administrator is reported to have “promised to all States and local units which did not assume their proper share of relief burdens.” The ruder shock and still ruder awakening will be felt, of course, by the families of the unemployed rather than by the Governor; but these unhappy people are unfortunately used to it. The Governor of Kentucky was notified that Kentucky must provide for its own,

at least on a three-to-one basis. According to the press reports, the federal administrator, writing to Governor Laffoon in July, said that he wished to make it “perfectly clear” that the Federal Relief Administration would not finance relief work in Kentucky beyond the middle of last August. What then? The administrator’s advice was that in view of the “difficult financial situation in many counties and cities” it seemed “imperative that a special session of the legislature be called at once to provide substantial funds,” so that Kentucky would pay a reasonable share of the cost of caring for its own destitute. But, after all, are not these the nation’s destitute, the victims of a great national catastrophe with which the President is trying to deal on a national scale?

According to further press accounts, the request of Governor White of Ohio “for \$4,000,000 pending further efforts by the State to care for the destitute” was also refused. “They need the money, no question about that,” the administrator is reported to have said. “The only question is, Who is to put it up?” The administrator is further quoted as saying that Ohio had already received \$3,214,569 from the three-to-one half of the new federal fund and that the Ohio legislature had adjourned without making “adequate provision to raise a fair share of relief costs.” The federal administrator’s letter to the Governor of Ohio recalled his “previous warning” that he could not make grants to Ohio other than on a matching basis. “If this additional grant were made, the federal government would be meeting three-fourths of all expenditures on behalf of the unemployed within your State. This,” the administrator wrote, “it seems to me, is an unreasonable share to ask the federal government to carry.”

Can President Roosevelt possibly approve the two very unfortunate results that must inevitably follow this attempt to compel the incompetent, bankrupt local authorities to provide more relief funds? The first result is that sales taxes of one kind or another have been resorted to—are, in fact, still being resorted to—in all parts of the country to pay the local relief bills. State sales taxes have the merit of saving the federal income-tax payers—but have they any other merit? The second unfortunate result is that the other important social services are being cut to the bone and beyond. The school systems are being destroyed: school terms have been shortened; vacation schools closed everywhere, evening schools given up, social services in the schools discarded, kindergartens and recreation centers closed. The State welfare programs are being cut down, child-guidance clinics are being given up or curtailed, greatly needed hospitals that were planned and approved are not being built, county welfare units are being derailed. Yet relief is still cruelly inadequate. The fifth winter of destitution is at hand. People are broken. Are these sacrifices to be their share of the New Deal?

A story is told of a Russian peasant in the famine area who said to an inquiring visitor, “Yes, there is less bread in Russia since the revolution, but there is more hope.” The New Deal undoubtedly wishes to rekindle a little hope among those who have lost this cherished possession along with all their worldly goods, but this can never be done through the present local relief authorities. Recently issued federal statistics show that there are still fifteen million men, women, and children living on relief, looking into a desperate present and an impenetrable future. Disciplining local

authorities is certainly a very slow and doubtful method of helping these unhappy people. The underlying truth in the whole wretched relief business is that the New Deal has been persuaded to try to keep alive a thoroughly antiquated pauper-relief system that belongs to the days of the ox cart and the stagecoach. Local government, local taxes, local poor relief had some significance in pioneer days—and so did slavery, squatter sovereignty, free soil, and the controversy over the “subjection of women”—but they have no relation to the

facts of modern life. What we need is a thorough statutory housecleaning—the abolition of the old poor laws from the statute books of all the States, the throwing overboard of the old principles of settlement and local relief that belong to a dim and very ancient past. Will not the New Deal give us a new method of public assistance that will bring together the necessary regulatory statutes in a modern system of social welfare, a new Public Assistance Code, under federal control, supported by the federal government?

Recovery Hits a Bad Week

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, September 30

THE Administration has just gone through the worst week since the recovery program was launched. The enforced absence of General Johnson from NRA headquarters, because of a minor operation, retarded progress and resulted in considerable backbiting among his subordinates. Production in the capital-goods industries continues to lag, although I note that Roosevelt—who seems to think of everything—is taking steps to have the government finance the purchase of a large amount of railroad equipment. The National Labor Board has been slow in settling labor disputes, and its tardiness has invited criticism and encouraged more strikes. Incidentally, it would appear on the strength of the record to date that I dealt harshly with Grover Whalen in this place recently. I should not like to answer for the actions of such a man a week hence, but the fact remains that up to now his decisions have been prompt and uniformly fair to labor. As long as Sidney Hillman is satisfied, I shall not complain. At the same time it is obvious that in the codes thus far approved, the maximum hours of labor have been too long, and the minimum wages too small, to produce a substantial increase in purchasing power or an adequate decrease in unemployment. Johnson and Richberg have been entirely too “reasonable” with the industrial magnates. On top of this is the spectacle of wholesale cheating and chiseling by employers who have signed codes or reemployment agreements. Before long, I am convinced, Johnson will be compelled to lead some important industrialist out to the middle of the stage and publicly chop off his head. Otherwise, disregard of the codes and agreements will become universal, and the whole program will collapse. In sum, almost everything is wrong with the NRA except the things most commonly mentioned by its critics.

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IT would be an act of poetic justice if the severest members of the critical tribe could be herded into a common hall, and there, without having their knives taken away from them, ordered to agree on a program of national recovery. What a group that would be! Among others it would include the Mellons, the Communists, Henry Ford, some of the editors of *The Nation* and the *New Republic*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Daily Worker*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, Norman Thomas, the Alabama soft-coal operators, and the directors of the American Iron and Steel Institute. I hazard the guess that no program would ever emerge and

that the survivors would be few in number. Permit me, in passing, to correct a serious inaccuracy which appeared in the editorial comment in *The Nation* of September 20. The editors apparently were under the impression that the Blue Eagle is only displayed by employers who subscribe to the President's temporary reemployment agreement. The fact is that the Blue Eagle is intended to be used—and is being used—not only by signers of the temporary agreement but also by employers operating under permanent codes. In order to obtain it, the employer, either in person or through his trade association, must sign a code or agreement. Therefore the question of whether Henry Ford publicly subscribes to the recovery program by signing on the dotted line is a very important one. The truth about Ford's refusal is simple enough and well known. He is determined to take no step that might encourage his employees to organize. Unionization of the Ford plants would mean the quick and certain elimination of scores of tricky rules through which Ford workers are chiseled out of time and money. It was Ford who invented the practice—subsequently adopted by many manufacturers—of discharging his more highly paid workmen and then reemploying them in lower-salaried categories. This writer will shed few tears if the tyrant of Highland Park exercises his constitutional right to retire from the business of making automobiles.

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IT is gratifying to report that the hearings on a code for newspapers resulted in a complete rout of the publishers at every point. Seldom if ever has any industry cut such an ignominious figure at a public hearing. This resulted from a variety of factors. In the first place, the publishers' representatives committed almost every tactical blunder conceivable. The main presentation in their behalf was made by Elisha Hanson, a pompous little Washington lawyer whose chief claim to fame rests on his success in obtaining tax refunds during the Mellon regime and the fact that his firm was retained to lobby against the proposed Senate investigation of the power trust. He hauled off by stating that newspapers are especially protected by the Constitution, that they did not have to go under a code unless they wished to, and that they would only come in on their own terms. Then, by implication, he threatened the Recovery Administration with court injunctions and unfavorable publicity unless the publishers' demands were met. Finally, he insisted on an open-shop clause, refused to abolish child labor, and declined to

offer any provisions for the elimination of unfair methods of competition. The deputy administrator who conducted the hearing was Dr. Lindsay Rogers, a brilliant and hard-boiled young Columbia University professor, and just about the last person in Washington upon whom Hanson should have tried such tactics. Moreover, it was patent that the publishers had completely underestimated the volume and force of the opposition to their so-called "code." They were badly shaken when a succession of first-rank social workers, led by Miss Grace Abbott, accused them of being the only employers in the country who insisted on perpetuating child labor, and produced a mass of statistics showing the high rate of delinquency and disease among newsboys. Next came a string of reporters, representing organizations of editorial employees in a dozen cities, who spilled more facts in an hour than Hanson and his clients had admitted in half a day. Finally came the representatives of the newspaper mechanical trades, who literally took the hide off the publishers. They had all the figures on wages and unemployment, and they didn't mince words. Not since Miss Frances Perkins addressed herself to the steel magnates have any employers listened to such a savage castigation as that which the publishers heard from the lips of Charlie Howard, president of the Typographical Union.

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NOBODY should be surprised to learn that the code for the aluminum industry submitted by Uncle Andy Mellon's none-too-bright boys was one of the worst yet received at the NRA. The minimum wages for adult workers were the lowest proposed by any industry, and actually

would constitute a reduction from the existing scale. Winthrop C. Neilson, vice-president of the Aluminum Company of America and one of the most naive industrialists who have appeared in Washington recently, told Deputy Administrator Kemp that the company had been paying a scale of twenty-two cents an hour to workers in its Arkansas bauxite mines, and had raised the figure to thirty cents under a temporary reemployment agreement for the sole purpose of getting the Blue Eagle, but desired to make it twenty-five cents under the permanent code. He dwelt at length upon the benevolent paternalism of the company toward its employees, mentioning among other things that it supplies them with free drinking water. Sanitary conditions in company houses, he went on, probably are not excelled anywhere. When Kemp asked him what plumbing they contained, he replied, "None." The Mellon company operates factories where aluminum bronze powder is made. It is highly explosive, and is responsible for various types of infection. During the hearing it was disclosed that girls are employed in these factories at sixty-three cents a day. Perhaps the only relieving moment of the proceeding occurred when George D. Haskell, an independent fabricator of aluminum products, chose for discussion a singularly atrocious clause in the Mellon code, and said: "There seems to be considerable doubt about the parentage of this clause. Well, that's the kind of a clause it is." All of which, it seems to me, should tend to demonstrate why decent people should stick together in the present crisis, instead of involving themselves in futile controversies over methods of procedure. If it is true that "boycott" is an ugly word, it is also true that privation, malnutrition, disease, and starvation are equally ugly facts.

Russia: Fear and Foreign Policy

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, September 13

EVERY intellectual and Communist in Europe has either used or heard the argument that the Soviet government should have adopted a more hostile attitude toward the Hitler regime. When all the world condemned the Nazi persecutions of Jews, the Soviet press printed the facts without comment. When thousands of German Communists were being arrested, tortured, and killed, the Russian Communists refrained from any public protest, and normal relations between Berlin and the Kremlin continued undisturbed. Indeed, the Soviets allowed Hitler to renew the 1926 Berlin non-aggression treaty, a move that irritated many radicals and supplied the Trotskyists with welcome ammunition.

In August the Nazis, true to their medieval atavism, executed four old and tried workingmen-Communists in Altona by beheading them with an ax. No Komsomols marched through the streets of Moscow or any other Soviet city. The Soviet press did not raise a single cry against the outrage. The *Izvestia* incautiously reprinted the protests of French bourgeois papers, but was silent itself, and its readers might well have asked: "Why do the capitalists remonstrate against the murder of Communists while we Communists hold our tongue. Why?"

I could give other instances of Soviet propriety and restraint in the face of uninterrupted Nazi provocation. Hitler and Hindenburg, the heads of the German government, openly contributed to a public relief fund for German colonists who, allegedly, were starving on the Volga. They knew that the money would never be admitted into Russia. They knew that this was only a demonstration of hostility which the U. S. S. R. would resent. Yet they did it. Moscow, nevertheless, avoids any act or sign of sympathy with the victims of German terrorism. The Soviet government, perhaps, must remain neutral and correct, even though Chancellor Hitler, Nazi ministers, and official government newspapers attack the Soviet Union every day. But why cannot the Communist Party, the unofficial *Pravda*, and numerous unofficial Russian organizations—Soviet authors, for instance—express their abhorrence of German cruelties? Why does not Maxim Gorki join Romain Rolland, Professor Einstein, and others in arousing world public opinion on the Reichstag-fire issue? The reason is in no sense a guilty Soviet conscience. Of course the Bolsheviks had their red terror. In the first place, however, the red terror was never personally vindictive and needlessly cruel as the Nazi terror has been. The red terror began about eight months after the revolution, when the Soviets were attacked by foreign and

internal enemies who seriously threatened their existence. It was never directed against any race. It was not a sop to deluded followers who, if they did not get blood, might demand the fulfilment of promises. The Bolsheviks, moreover, have always objected to capitalist class justice though they have admitted practicing class justice themselves. Then how explain their passive attitude toward Nazi atrocities?

I have put the case to many Russians without receiving a satisfactory reply. They tell me that mere words and parades are meaningless, and that Hitler will only yield to real pressure of the kind that German Communists are now applying. But did not Russians demand the release of Mooney, Sacco and Vanzetti, the Scottsboro boys, and Hungarian and Rumanian Communists? They tell me that if they should cut their foreign political ties with Germany, Paris would feel that Russia has no alternative to a pro-French policy and would, accordingly, be ready to pay less for Soviet friendship. This is ridiculous. No Power's value is enhanced by swallowing insults. They tell me many things which reveal either ignorance of the true reply or a desire to conceal it. I know that while liberals and radicals the world over are sincerely distressed by Nazi persecutions, many countries which appear to be horrified might not find their own hands lily-white. A Poland protesting against anti-Jewish persecutions is a comic anomaly. Other states have ground down national minorities and disaffected colonial peoples no less ruthlessly than has the Germany of the hooked cross. The white terror in China is probably as shocking as the brown terror in Germany. Yet popular movements do not thunder against Chiang Kai-shek. Much of the emotion in Western lands against Hitler is a carefully nursed preparation for government moves should German rearmament warrant forcible Allied intervention. Much anti-Nazi propaganda is at bottom anti-German and smacks of war-time psychology and of hypocrisy. None of these considerations, however, excuses the Bolsheviks.

Several Bolsheviks have said to me: "We are not ready." I have read into this reply a sentiment which I know has long determined Soviet foreign policy—the fear of war. This is the reason why Soviet public opinion, which could easily have been mobilized against the Nazis, was stifled, and why Communists who wanted to organize public protests were checked. It is superfluous to say that the Bolsheviks and most Soviet citizens are supremely pained and incensed by the German terror. Their silence is tactical. It reflects a feverish apprehension in the Kremlin lest Germany join Japan to fight the Soviet Union.

One gets nowhere by submitting to Bolsheviks that Germany would have to overrun Poland in order to invade Russia, and that France would not allow a German military advance. Some Communists do not exclude the possibility of a German-Polish bloc against Russia. Vice-Chancellor von Papen, ex-Minister Hugenberg, and Alfred Rosenberg, Hitler's Baltic foreign-political mentor who already has an active anti-Bolshevik past, have all urged a partitioning of southern Russia from which Poland and Germany could both obtain ample territorial compensation. Official Nazi organs frankly discuss the possibility of tearing away large regions from the main body of the Soviet Union. The Ukraine interested Germany before and during the World War, and the Hitler movement has made no effort to conceal its designs on that rich Soviet republic.

Stalin undoubtedly would be less concerned with these Nazi ambitions were it not for the simultaneous threat in the Far East. And were it not for conditions at home. The Soviet transport system is badly run down. It is the weakest link in the Russian economic chain, and its rapid reorganization and reconstruction will probably require foreign assistance. More important was the food shortage in large sections of the country during last winter and spring. Altogether apart from Moscow's constitutional and traditional disinclination to interrupt material progress by military activities, these domestic factors were a powerful argument for peace, for they would have undermined Russia's strength in case of war. To gain time, and at the risk of inviting foreign Communist and foreign radical displeasure, the Kremlin marked time, the Kremlin suppressed its natural reactions, and the Kremlin made concessions. (Moscow would have yielded on the question of the British engineers had not the arrogant behavior of Sir Esmond Ovey, the British Ambassador, closed the door to a settlement without a trial.)

One of these concessions is the offer to sell the Chinese Eastern Railway. The decision, apparently, was sudden and based on a panicky fear of what the Japanese might do and what the Soviets could not do. The road, to be sure, lost its strategic significance for Russia when the Japanese occupied Northern Manchuria. Its military and economic value to the U. S. S. R. is further diminished by lines which Japan is hastily constructing in Manchuria in the direction of the Siberian frontier. The C. E. R., therefore, is not worth fighting for, and would do the Soviets little good in case of a fight. Nor do the Bolsheviks need to consider China's sensibilities: Chiang Kai-shek has either already arrived at a general agreement with Tokio or is about to do so, and for the Russians to antagonize Japan in order to defend Chinese rights when the Chinese themselves are not ready to defend them would be quixotic. Despite these justifications of the sale of the C. E. R., however, the offer to sell was unnecessary and unwise because it implied official Soviet recognition of the Japanese annexation of Manchuria, which is the well-known revolver pointed at the temple of Siberia.

Soviet counsels were always divided about the surrender of the Chinese Eastern. Lenin wished to present it to China in 1919, but certain powerful Bolshevik leaders objected. Russia was inclined to give it to China in 1924, but Dr. Sun Yat-sen objected. Red military have claimed that without the C. E. R. Vladivostok and the Maritime Provinces become untenable. They are equally so, however, as long as the Japanese are in Northern Manchuria, and the fact is that the Japanese position on the other side of the Siberian boundary forces Moscow to maintain mighty land and air armaments in the Pacific area. This is expensive. But the sale of the C. E. R. will change nothing. It will not appease aggressive Japanese generals who feel that the road is theirs anyway, or theirs to seize some day, and whose ambitions go far beyond the legal title to the C. E. R. The sale was calculated to satisfy Japanese appetites for a while and give the U. S. S. R. another breathing space till better times arrived. That was Lenin's policy at Brest-Litovsk. Japan, it was argued here, could not start a war in the midst of the negotiations about the purchase of the line. The Russians could thus buy another year of peace. But it seems that the Japanese military were not ready to attack Russia, anyway, and Moscow's nervousness was therefore unfortunate. The

Russians must determine their foreign policy with less subjectiveness and with a better understanding of foreign conditions.

A Bolshevik would argue that the U. S. S. R. lost nothing by its meek policy toward Germany and its conciliatory attitude toward Japan. I would reply that it gained nothing. Moreover, since the dread of German and Japanese attacks was exaggerated, it probably lost in the eyes of foreign Powers, foreign Communists, and its own citizens.

Today, despite unfavorable weather—thanks, therefore, to Bolshevik methods—the Soviet Union has an excellent harvest. This has already had a noticeable effect on the spirit of the population and may soon influence foreign policy as well. The German government is transferring Dr. von Dirksen from its Moscow embassy to Tokio and replacing him with Nadolny. Moscow has been Nadolny's goal for many years, and his championship of good Soviet-German relations was the reason that Hitler appointed him to the Russian capital. But I believe the move will fail. The Soviet government's pacts with France and Poland, and Litvinov's aggression-defining conventions, were the careful, well-planned Soviet preparation for paying Germany back in her own coin.

Hitler has abandoned, in fact if not formally, the Rapallo tradition of friendship with Russia, and now that Soviet internal economic conditions have radically improved, Moscow may be expected to play a firm card against the Wilhelmstrasse. International politics is a queer game: the conclusion of the Soviet non-aggression pact with Fascist Italy early this month was made the occasion for a determined and gratuitous verbal attack on Fascist Germany. It is too soon for a changed attitude in the Far East. But unless the Tokio Foreign Office can bring its military into line, the haggling over the selling price of the Chinese Eastern may never reach a satisfactory end, and Japan's generals may then see fit to seize the railroad—a development which, in my opinion, would not be wholly regrettable.

The obvious fact that the same psychology actuated Moscow's weak policy toward Japan and toward Germany indicates that the Russian attitude to Nazi cruelties was the result of fear of war at an inopportune moment rather than of indifference. In the Manchurian situation only Russia's national interests were involved and not the Kremlin's views on world revolution. Yet Moscow took the same peace-at-any-price stand in the Far East as in Germany. A single phenomenon may, of course, be induced by two different stimuli, but in this case the burden of evidence favors the conclusion that the cause was one and the same.

Having said this, I must not omit to add that Moscow's relation to world revolutionary and world counter-revolutionary developments has undergone a change. Moscow's most revolutionary mood of recent years found expression in Borodin's activities in China in 1925-26 and in Russian support of the British mining and general strikes in 1926. Yet at that stage Soviet domestic economic policies were almost reactionary: in 1925 the rich kulak peasants received new privileges from the state. In 1930 the Five-Year Plan and collectivization were under way. The Bolsheviks' energies were absorbed at home, and at that time, in my book "The Soviets in World Affairs," I suggested the formula: "More revolutionary policy at home marches hand in hand with greater indifference to developments abroad." In Marxist

terminology this would read: "If you intensify the class war at home by industrialization and collectivization, you must be all the more zealous in avoiding complications abroad." The worst after-effects of the class warfare of the era of the Five-Year Plan were evident in the first part of 1933. That was the semester of Nazi barbarity, and the period in which Moscow offered to sell the Chinese Eastern. Moscow's hand were tied. The worst after-effects are now gone. A marked improvement has set in. The industrial and military potency of the U. S. S. R. grows every day as the result of expanded production in scores of new giant plants. In eastern Siberia the Soviets have a fine army of unmatched morale and an air fleet of great efficiency. Time is a factor playing into the hands of the Bolsheviks, and every passing week brings to the red forces new and more modern mechanical equipment. The Soviet Union's foreign position has also been tremendously strengthened by the rapprochement with France and Poland. Herriot's trip was not without significance for Germany. Berlin and Tokio may soon feel the difference.

The difference, however, may disappoint some zealots. For the Soviet government will continue its present policy of scrupulously refraining from participation in foreign Communist activities. Only the politically illiterate will fail to understand that a revolutionary state cannot behave like a revolutionary party striving for power. It may be the business of foreign Communists, for instance, to organize a strike in a factory in Germany or Czecho-Slovakia, but if that factory is filling a Soviet order for machinery which Magnitogorsk needs for its completion, the tactics of the Communists will be to postpone the strike. Longshoremen in Denmark, Spain, and other countries are refusing to unload Nazi steamers. But if a Nazi steamer brings electric turbines to Leningrad, it is the duty of the Leningrad proletariat to unload them. By boycotting the Hakenkreuz ship they would damage the Soviet state, while the Danish and Spanish workers only hurt their capitalist bosses (and also Germany, of course).

Russia's economic relations with Germany help the Nazis. But those relations are maintained because they help the Bolsheviks. This ought to be clear to anyone who knows his political A B C. Soviet orders help capitalists to solve their problems. But those orders are given so that Russia may solve her problems. The Kremlin's first concern is the progress of the revolution. This task may demand compromises. But to conclude that the Bolsheviks have become counter-revolutionaries is the height of folly. The biggest contribution the Russian Communists can make to the cause of world revolution is the success of Soviet economy, and no one can declare that they have not done a very great deal in this respect. Not even Trotzky in his most irresponsible moments has asserted that the Soviet government is counter-revolutionary. Soviet domestic policy is more revolutionary today than it was at any time between 1917 and 1929. Foreign critics must keep these things in mind. A little thought will suppress a lot of wild emotion. The triumph of agrarian collectivization in the U. S. S. R. is far more important for the world revolution than making faces at Hitler or calling him names. There ought to be a division of labor: those condemned to sterile anger in bourgeois countries can stick to the faces and names, while the Bolsheviks continue on their difficult climb toward a socialist state.

The Trained Nurse and the Depression

By CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

TO some nurses the depression has brought utter heart-breaking devastation; to others, one of the best lessons ever given to a group or an individual. The explanation of these widely differing effects is to be found in the individual nurse's reasons for studying nursing, the character of her personal equipment, and the place filled by her work in the whole pattern of her life. The profession as a group cherishes a fine ideal of what a nurse should be, but as long as nurses are recruited from the rank and file of human beings there will be many who depart widely from this ideal.

The nurse as she is commonly visualized today is a normal, conscientious, intelligent young woman who needs or wants an occupation. An enormous variety of opportunities is open to such a young woman. That from them all she chooses nursing is very largely due to her innate maternalism, although she may not herself recognize this influence. The instinct is there, and the prospect of relieving and protecting those who are suffering and need her help is the lure that draws many young women to hospital doors. Unquestionably a goodly number take up nursing for more obvious reasons. The training is an inexpensive preparation for earning a living; it may offer the only opportunity to get away from an uncongenial home; it may seem to offer a round of romantic possibilities; it may be the first step in a well-thought-out plan for a life of service; or it may be regarded as valuable preparation for meeting the general demands of life.

Whatever is back of her choice, the average young woman who enters the nursing profession is markedly improved by the experience. She grows more tender, more generous, and more understanding as her contact with human suffering widens. It becomes second nature to her to shoulder the burdens of others. She often contributes a generous part of her earnings toward the support of those less fortunate than herself—helps to pay off the mortgage on the home, educates younger brothers and sisters, gives gratuitous care to sick friends and relatives, and far more frequently than is generally realized, further impoverishes herself by relieving needy patients in the course of her rounds.

But in spite of her selfless concern for those to whom she brings care and solace, such a nurse is still a normal, thinking, feeling woman whose own life goes on. And this life of her own is likely to be pitifully starved, lived as it is on the fringe of other people's lives, never quite belonging to herself, and united only by their misfortune to those other lives about her. The normal, thinking, feeling woman could not continue to be normal for very long if her emotional life consisted solely of suffering with other people. A nurse's poise, strength, and efficiency survive because of a certain sense of security and certain compensations in her own inner life. One is the intense gratification she derives from being able, through her earnings, to enrich the lives of those to whom she gives her protecting affection. Another is represented by a room or small apartment where her own posses-

sions are always waiting to surround her with an intimate and very precious sense of home. There are, of course, other forms of compensation. But the sustained satisfaction of her maternalism, vicarious though it be, which she gets from providing protection and opportunity for those she loves, and of her domesticity, from the possession of even a tiny home of her own, has a steadying, restful effect. Tranquility in her own inner life greatly increases her capacity for work.

The effect of unemployment upon a nurse of the caliber I have just described—whether engaged in private duty, hospital, or public-health work—has been almost devastating. The satisfaction of enriching the lives of those she loves has been replaced by haunting anxiety for their welfare and the fear that she may even become a burden upon them. This and the loss of her own restful sanctuary, with all that that implies, frequently render her utterly unfit to give satisfactory service to those who need her care and can pay for it. It is quite true that other self-supporting women give help to their families and have suffered acutely when forced to stop, and have been deeply scarred by the loss of their own room or apartment. But through the inevitable association of the nurse's inner life with her professional duties, unemployment has seemed to result in a more serious psychological wound for her than for women of most other groups. Intangible though this injury may be, it is one of the serious consequences of the depression.

Very frequently a previously valuable nurse has had to be withdrawn from employment, lack of which was destroying her, because the pressure of her own anxieties, together with the removal of the factors that preserved her mental health, made her unbearably depressing and irritating to her patients. I may seem to give undue attention to this intangible aspect of the problem of the nurse and the depression. But its significance has become increasingly apparent to those in touch with nurses either through the registries or the emergency-relief organizations. Calls from doctors have more and more frequently specified a nurse who was "not nervous." Persons administering unemployment relief have found the situation of the nurse complicated by her frenzy over her dependents and by a curious instability that seemed traceable to the loss of her room or apartment. For example, one nurse proved repeatedly to be unfit for either private duty or average hospital work because of uncharacteristic excitability. She was finally given work in a small hospital where only slender demands were made upon her capacity for adjustment, her salary of \$12 a week being paid by an emergency-relief committee. This small sum enabled her to nestle into a little room of her own to which she could retreat when her hospital day was over. The effect upon her harassed soul was so tranquillizing that in the course of a few weeks she was normal enough to give entirely satisfactory care to a patient whose doctor asked for a nurse who was "not nervous." Unhappily only too few have been able to obtain such understanding relief.

No one who knows anything about the nursing profes-

sion believes that it is made up entirely of the selfless, maternal women who have suffered in this delicate, intricate way from the financial crash. Another type, seen all too frequently, has suffered deeply though less subtly. This is the impersonal, mediocre woman who has taken up nursing solely as a means of livelihood. Her background may be such that the nurse's fees look like a large sum of money easily earned.

During our prosperous years, when people in general grew more and more self-indulgent and luxurious, trained nurses were called in on the slightest pretext or on no pretext at all. Often there were not enough nurses to meet the demand. Any nurse who wanted work could get it, and more than that, she could specify the kind of case she would or would not take. She gave her patients as little service as she dared and often made unreasonable, even preposterous demands upon the patient's household. I remember one very ill woman living alone in an apartment whose doctor decided one day that she would have to have a nurse. The dismayed patient actually moaned and said, "Oh, doctor, don't! I don't feel well enough to wait on her." That may sound amusing but it exemplifies a situation that has made conscientious nurses sick at heart. The ease with which nurses got work during the flush period gave the unscrupulous type an undue sense of security and importance. She developed inappropriate habits of personal extravagance and spent money faster than she made it. The depression found her already in financial difficulties. All nurses have suffered as a result of the resentment which the poor service given by this type has stirred up among the lay public. Now that money is scarce, people think a good many times twice before employing someone they may have to "wait on." They have got into the habit of having colds and attacks of nerves unattended by crisp white uniforms and equally crisp manners. When a nurse is called in now, she has to give service that is uniformly better than it was some time ago, or run the risk of being speedily replaced by someone else from the long registry list. Inefficient nurses will be improved by the depression. They have had a sharp lesson from which they and their patients will benefit in the future.

A great many nurses, thrifty and improvident alike, have suffered acutely from having to seek shelter in cheap rooming-houses where for the first time they have met repugnant affronts and overtures. And in their desperation they have drifted around among agencies which they would not ordinarily visit. Responding to a call for a secretary, companion, or even a nurse, they have found that the call took them to a club or hotel room where the service asked for was only a blind.

One factor that has made the depression particularly serious among nurses was operating before the crash came. There were too many nurses. Leaders in the nursing profession and others interested in its welfare sounded a warning long ago. The trouble started back in the days of unhealthy prosperity. As wealth increased and luxurious habits kept pace, hospitals multiplied rapidly. The cheapest, though not the best, way of getting hospital work done is by means of the apprentice system of training nurses. Accordingly, self-styled schools of nursing came into being within the hospitals. Often the entrance requirements of these schools left much to be desired as to the personality, education, intelligence, and purpose of the students. It was apparent to many that the great output of graduates from

these alleged schools was working havoc in the profession and hardship among patients, and the leading educators of the profession felt great anxiety about the outcome.

It must be stated clearly that not all the graduates from this mushroom growth of schools were poor nurses. But in general, the majority of the graduates from the small, suddenly developed hospital never should have entered any school for nurses and certainly not the diploma mills by which they were exploited. The production of too many and too poor nurses that went on long before the depression made bad matters worse when the crash came. Unemployment was already causing anxiety. When the financial bottom dropped out, the nursing profession was already in trouble.

As a whole, the profession is facing its problem with characteristic courage and altruism. It is trying to relieve the immediate needs of its members and to make adjustments that will result in increased stability and improved standards. In order to relieve immediate needs, many nurses who are able to eke out a living without nursing have retired from the field so as to leave more work for those who have nothing to fall back on. Many nurses have contributed their services to hospitals in financial distress. This donated service has made it possible for these hospitals to receive and treat patients who otherwise would have gone without sorely needed care. In some hospitals where the school enrolment is being cut down in order to graduate fewer nurses, the alumnae associations have pledged themselves to furnish graduate nurses, gratuitously, for regular hospital work to offset the shortage of pupil nurses on duty.

An adjustment that promises future benefits is the eight-hour day at a reduced fee for private-duty nurses, instead of the time-honored, back-breaking twelve-hour day. Under this arrangement a patient requiring special nurses would have three nurses, each working eight hours, instead of two who were on duty twelve hours each. The cost to the patient is about the same, or possibly less than for two twelve-hour nurses. And three nurses instead of two are at work, and under more humane conditions. The patient benefits by being in the care of nurses who are fresh and rested.

Taking a look ahead, I do not find the effect of the depression altogether discouraging for the profession as a whole. It is true that many individuals have been given such a cruel hurt at the very root of their being that they will scarcely recover. The tragedy here is that the sensitiveness and spirituality that made many of these women the fine nurses they were have played a part in their undoing. But the whole sickening collapse has enabled, even forced, the nursing group, the doctors, and the laity to take stock. Even now it looks as though the end were in sight for the small inadequate schools whose purpose has been to get cheap hospital workers rather than to prepare carefully selected students for serious life-work.

It seems safe to prophesy that after ten years of the forward-looking planning that has already been started, the nursing profession will have a more uniform standard and be on a higher average level than it has been in the recent past. There will be a sifting out of the nurses who go on and off duty by the clock and bulldoze patients and families alike.

[This is the eighth of a series of articles on the economic crisis and the professions. Others will appear in subsequent issues.]

Utah Seeks Its Own New Deal

By MURRAY E. KING

HAVE the people of Utah been lashed by the depression to the point where they are willing to experiment with democracy? This question is being asked by many liberals following an amazing popular response to a recent petition for a referendum vote in Salt Lake City on ■ proposed municipal power and light plant.

A group of progressives in Salt Lake City discovered recently that, hidden away in its archives and almost forgotten, Utah had an initiative and referendum law. They decided the time was at last ripe for using this instrument of democracy, public sentiment having visibly changed as a result of the hard times, which had made about one-third of the families of Salt Lake City dependent upon public aid. The sponsoring group contained such representative persons as A. C. Todd and R. H. Doelle, leaders in the struggle for public ownership; Judge Galen S. Young, ■ grandson of Brigham Young and an outstanding barrister; M. I. Thompson, president of the Utah State Federation of Labor and editor of its official organ, the *Utah Labor News*; Alfred Sorenson and other prominent Socialists; Guy Crane, a mining geologist who stands high in educational circles; and Robert W. Weech, ■ substantial business man.

Under the act, the petition calling for ■ referendum on the proposed measure must be signed before notaries by 10 per cent of the voters at the last previous election. The task seemed herculean; in fact, the difficulty of securing the requisite number of signatures in ■ conservative and unresponsive community had been the cause of the law's disuse since 1917. But the present sponsors believed that the depression and the unusual public resentment against the Utah Power and Light Company and the power trust had produced revolutionary changes in public thinking, and they therefore placed the petitions in the hands of field workers for circulation.

Not the least among the signs of change in public opinion in Utah had been the crushing defeat and retirement of Reed Smoot from the United States Senate in the 1932 election and the elevation to his place of Elbert Thomas, ■ university professor and ■ liberal. Smoot's advocacy of the power trust's proposal to tax the consumers of light and power rather than the great corporations extorting monopolistic profits had been one of the chief causes of his downfall.

The popular response transcended the expectations of the most sanguine. More than 90 per cent of the citizens approached signed the petitions. More than 10,000 voters, 4,000 more than the required 10 per cent, signed in the presence of notaries during the first six weeks of the campaign. A striking unanimity of sentiment for public ownership was encountered—in a community that previously had stood out consistently against it. The labor movement was apparently a unit for it. A surprisingly large percentage of the business men, from the corner-grocery man to the representative of big business, wanted it; in many instances they not only signed the petitions, but pledged their aid. The majority of professional men and members of the educated class seemed to have suddenly become supporters of public owner-

ship. What appeared strange at first but is perhaps not so surprising, many stockholders of the Utah Power and Light Company, which would be driven from Salt Lake City by a municipal plant, signed and promised aid in the campaign. The sponsors of the movement are confident of overwhelming victory. Apparently nothing but an unlikely reversal of sentiment after the forces hostile to the referendum get into action can prevent this important experiment in direct legislation from being carried out.

What lies behind this struggle and the changed public attitude? The Democratic Party wrote the initiative and referendum into its platform in 1916, and the measure was supported by some of the ablest men in the State. Yet although the Democrats won the election and controlled the 1917 legislature, great difficulty was experienced in getting the measure enacted in workable form. Opposed to it was a choice aggregation of special interests which managed to emasculate the bill by successive amendments and finally to eliminate entirely the provision for the recall of unsatisfactory public officials. Nevertheless, the law emerged, despite imposed handicaps, in workable form. It encountered, however, a public wholly unprepared for such advanced legislation. Not only did the special interests largely control the machinery for formulating public opinion, but the influence of the dominant church, embracing two-thirds of the electorate and heavily involved in capitalistic investments, was reactionary. Influenced by these two forces the Utah voters seemed opposed to any change. For sixteen years any use of the initiative and referendum law in so conservative an electorate offered difficulties no progressive group dared to face.

The movement for municipal ownership has advanced more slowly in Utah cities than in most Western communities. Only nineteen small towns, of which the largest, Logan, has only 10,000 inhabitants, have municipal power and light plants. This apathy toward public ownership has deprived the community of an effective stimulus to the use of the initiative and referendum.

Then came the depression, destroying Utah's conservatism. A rising tide of resentment was directed against the corporation which owns most of the public utilities in Utah, the Utah Power and Light Company, whose stock scandals and racketeering methods had been disclosed by the Federal Trade Commission. The belief has become widespread in Utah that the Utah Power and Light Company has abused its monopoly powers and that it unduly influences town and city governments. A branch of the Electric Bond and Share Company of New York, it siphons vast sums of money out of the pockets of Utah consumers and empties them into the pockets of Wall Street magnates. When the depression came, the company laid off large numbers of wage- and salary-earners and lowered the pay of others, but stubbornly maintained the high price of its product. Though its electricity is produced from cheap mountain water power, its charges to householders run as high as 9 cents per kilowatt-hour, while its lowest rate is a combination rate of 5 cents

per kilowatt-hour. Although prosperous, it chose this year to suspend dividends on its preferred stock. While it thus withheld dividends from many stockholders, its gross income was more than \$9,000,000 for the year. The stock on which it failed to pay dividends was non-voting stock. Thus a large group of stockholders, deprived of voting rights in the corporation and powerless, was left holding an empty sack.

Their resentment was accentuated by a recent Federal Trade Commission report which revealed that the Utah Power and Light Company continued to pay dividends to a favored inner group on \$35,000,000 of watered stock. The company boasts that it is "publicly" owned through the wide diffusion of its stock. But many of the owners of the stock are beginning to realize that holding allotments of non-par, non-voting stock, too small to affect their incomes appreciably, is a very unsatisfactory form of "public ownership." They are telling the referendum field workers that real public ownership offers them much more, through cheaper rates, than they can hope for from the kind of "public ownership" the Utah Power and Light Company provides. They say further that the successive high-pressure stock-selling campaigns put over by the corporation were apparently a method of bribing the public and buying its allegiance in order to prevent real public ownership.

This first use of Utah's long-neglected initiative and referendum law, under conditions which make victory seem highly probable, is significant mainly for what it promises. Men never before interested in public ownership and in the initiative and referendum are flocking to support this new movement. Among them are persons prominent in business, educational, professional, and labor fields. A powerful movement is being built around the future use of the initiative and referendum as an instrument of democratic socialization. Utah liberals are beginning to comprehend that in such laws may lie the solution of many of America's present troubles. A victory for the initiative and referendum and its immediate objective—an ample power plant for Salt Lake City's 140,000 inhabitants—will undoubtedly impress the people with a new sense of power and a realization of the potentialities of the law. It will also do a great deal to establish a strong organization for the future utilization of this instrument of democracy.

With its amazing natural resources Utah offers an especially inviting field for public ownership through direct legislation. Potentially it is one of the greatest coal and iron States in the union. Yet these resources are virtually suppressed—the best iron ores lie untouched in the ground, industry languishes, mining towns die and become ghost cities, thousands of men are unemployed—while gas is piped into Utah and oil and gasoline are imported from long distances at high rates. The organizers of the new movement firmly believe that Utah's gigantic resources will never be developed under the present American set-up of private monopoly. They believe they must be developed and used in the future by the State.

In order to insure the immediate acquisition of the proposed power plant, the cost of which must not exceed \$18,000,000, the promoters of the referendum have selected A. C. Todd and R. H. Doelle as the municipal-ownership candidates for city commissioners. The initiative and referendum law, however, is mandatory. If the majority of the citizens vote on November 7 for the ordinance no execu-

tive or body can veto their mandate. Even an adverse administration would be obliged under the law to carry out the provisions of the ordinance.

[This is the eleventh of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer. The twelfth will appear in an early issue.]

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has mentioned before in this column that delightful English quarterly the *Countryman*, a bright-green magazine devoted to country life not as it is practiced by the plain farmer nor yet as it is abused by the elaborate rich but as it is enjoyed by that great in-between group of men and women who love the country road and the solitary house for their own sake. Such people may, of course, be rich. But usually they have an in-between income as well, and if they live in the country they must do so on a windfall pittance that allows for no modern trimmings to life or a job in town which often demands the cream both of their energy and their time. The love of country life is proverbial and of long standing in England. It is well established and fast growing in America if the Drifter is any judge, and he is wondering when it will reach the point at which an American counterpart of the *Countryman* could be launched on a self-supporting basis. He is convinced that the time is almost ripe. And he herewith applies for the job of editor.

TO be sure, many magazines in this country might be cited—by one who knows not the *Countryman*—as magazines of country life. But though the Drifter may not have seen them all, it is his impression that most of them are designed either for the estate or the suburb, neither of which in the Drifter's strict judgment can be considered country. Many of these magazines are useful and entertaining in their fields, but they are either snobbish and expensive or entirely practical. (How many new ways of doing old chores have been invented in the last ten years along with gadgets for doing them that must be advertised and sold?) In either case they fall far short of providing the satisfying fodder for country-loving souls in which the *Countryman* abounds. The Drifter has not forgotten, either, the American farm magazine. He reads two of them regularly to recapture the delights of barnyards and fresh eggs and mild-eyed cows. But these publications, being designed for the responsible working farmer must naturally regard the daily life of the farm as a not very exciting routine. Their pages therefore lack, for the dilettante farmer, those overtones of nostalgia and pleasant irresponsibility which are necessary to a city farmer's fireside reading.

CONSIDER the *Countryman* for July, 1933. The Drifter has just finished reading the thick little book—and that is significant. The *Countryman* is published only quarterly. No doubt other and economic reasons are involved, but the Drifter likes to think that the editor is wise enough to know that for an honest countryman who must

constantly inspect his acres, four times a year is often enough to get a magazine, and that it is his job to provide in each issue enough solid and satisfying material to last until the next quarter comes around. The device works admirably for the Drifter, and a random view of the contents will indicate why. The *Countryman*, in the first place, contains 287 pages. Of these, 131 pages are occupied with an enormous variety and number of subjects. Here is a representative list: The Sins of Rachel Stickney—the “memorandums” of a ten-year-old girl, Rachel, who lived on a farm in the East Riding of Yorkshire in 1799; My Cottage That Was a Barn, by H. E. Bates, novelist; Oversea Birds in Aviaries and at Liberty, by the Marquess of Tavistock; the second instalment of a symposium on The Dog in the Car: Why Is He So Pleased? which has included the opinions of Professor Julian Huxley, Professor J. B. S. Haldane, Sir Frederick Hobday, Mazo de la Roche, Ernest Thompson Seton, and many other important people; the ninth instalment of My Island, Our Life There, a charming account by R. M. Lockley, who with his wife and baby and a goat (for milk) live happily and adventurously on a remote island; The Country House Aeroplane: Making a Landing Field; My Tenth Year of Farming, a statistical account of a scientific farmer. It also contains recipes, household and garden hints, Country Books of the Quarter, correspondence, and a wealth of short items, funny and serious, on life in the country in all its various aspects.

* * * * *

IT remains to be said that the *Countryman*, while it is printed in readable type, would cause a high-powered make-up editor, not to mention the advertising manager, to roar with laughter. It is decorated with inferior photographs badly reproduced, a good woodcut or two, and very prosaic though efficient maps where needed. But the Drifter and the *Countryman* have the last laugh. It has already been noted that 131 of the *Countryman's* 287 pages are devoted to many subjects. The remaining 156 pages are taken up with paid advertising.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Eisenstein and Upton Sinclair

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I agree with Mr. Troy that it would have been just fine if Sergei Eisenstein had edited the Mexican film, “Thunder over Mexico.” That he did not do so was Mr. Eisenstein's own fault. For a whole year Upton Sinclair refused to present his side of the story to the public because he thought there should be no rows between Communists and Socialists. I think he was mistaken, because this dispute about the Eisenstein film had nothing to do with either the Communist or the Socialist Party. Meantime his opponents have been heard loudly and frequently. These opponents did not speak for Moscow.

The Soviet government objected to Mr. Eisenstein's remaining so long in Mexico. It wanted him to come home and make the picture he was under contract to make for Soyuzkino, but he refused to come. Mr. Eisenstein did not tell the Sinclairs of the situation until after the Russians notified them. He is a great artist and so the Russians forgave him, but they

could hardly be expected, after that, to pay out money for the picture he made against their orders.

Upton Sinclair does not own the picture. It is owned by a group of people. At the cost of agonizing effort Upton and Craig Sinclair induced their friends to put up the money for it. The people who put up the money own the picture. Mr. Eisenstein at no time expressed gratitude or appreciation to these people and he was definitely rude to them on a number of occasions. These happen to be the same individuals who usually give money to get Communists and Socialists out of jail, support radical publications, and so on. A woman in California had agreed to give \$10,000 to enable Eisenstein to start his Mexican film before his permit from the American government to remain here had expired. Offended by an exceedingly selfish action on Mr. Eisenstein's part, this woman withdrew her \$10,000. There was consternation until Mrs. Sinclair said: “Don't worry, I will mortgage my home.” “Quite a capitalist, aren't you?” said Mr. Eisenstein cynically, but took the \$10,000.

When Eisenstein originally talked the thing over with Upton Sinclair he said that he would need \$25,000 and three months' time. For a whole year he was in Mexico demanding more and more money, while the Sinclairs were desperately trying to raise it for him. When they had obtained nearly \$100,000, they were unable to get another cent from anybody and had to stop Mr. Eisenstein's passionate photographing. From that moment on Mr. Eisenstein was furiously angry with the Sinclairs.

Mr. Troy objects to the fact that commercial Hollywood worked on the picture. I happened to be in Los Angeles while Upton Sinclair was trying idealistic and non-commercial and even Russian-trained editors. The result of their work was lifeless. Finally he turned it over to someone who made a professional job of it. If Eisenstein had kept his word or been reasonably courteous to the backers of this picture they would, I think, have sacrificed all the money they had put into it and eaten out of his hand.

New York, August 8

HELEN WOODWARD

Chicago University's Policy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

“A Princetonian,” in his letter published in your issue of September 27, accuses President Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago of defending the policy of maintaining the salaries of full professors at the expense of dropping younger members of the profession from their jobs. This is a misapprehension. Mr. Hutchins, in his article in the *Yale Review*, did not advocate such a policy. He merely stated that it was being followed by many institutions. So far as the University of Chicago itself is concerned, it has not been followed. I know of no one who has been chopped from the staff during the depression for reasons of economy. Such reductions in the staff as have occurred have been the result of retirements, resignations, and leaves of absence without replacements. This is certainly the most humane way of decreasing the size of the staff, although it is obviously a policy which cannot be continued for many years.

The university has effected its chief economies by cutting down administrative expenses, readjusting courses as between the different branches of university work, and finally (and reluctantly) by reducing salaries. This reduction was steeply progressive, so that those with higher salaries suffered a larger percentage reduction than those in the lower ranks. President Hutchins's salary was, at his own request, cut most of all, and in characteristic fashion he tried to cut it still further.

Chicago, September 25

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Labor Racketeering

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Do you not think that the article entitled Labor Racketeering in your issue of August 16 was just a little out of place and untimely? Not that I deny that it is the duty of a liberal magazine with *The Nation's* reputation for fearlessness to speak plainly on every issue, be that issue labor unionism or anything else, but it seems to me it was quite an effort for the writer to produce sufficient evidence without smearing Kaplan's name from the beginning to the end of the article.

Having been a member of the American Federation of Labor for thirty-three years, I would be the last person to claim that there has never been a suspicion of crookedness against any of its members but I do say without fear of contradiction that, compared with commercial, lodge, or even church organizations, we are a shining example of honesty and integrity.

I say the article was untimely, for even an editorial writer should realize that there is no organization in the country at the present time on whose shoulders rests a greater responsibility for helping to make the NRA program effective than that borne by the A. F. of L.

San José, Cal., August 19

HARRY WARMKE

Finance

The New Deal May Protect the Rail Investor

THE Wall Street octopus, which has thrown its tentacles around the pending bankruptcy reorganizations of four of the major railroads of the country, is facing a real threat to its power from the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. These two governmental bodies, endowed with new and far-reaching authority over railroad reorganizations, have already committed themselves, tacitly or openly, to policies which, if carried out, will cut off at its source much of the control traditionally exercised by the great banking groups over railroads, before, during, and after bankruptcy.

The four large railroads now in bankruptcy or receivership are the Missouri Pacific, the Rock Island, the St. Louis-San Francisco, and the Wabash. Reorganization of the four roads on an equitable and efficient basis is of paramount importance to the public interest. The roads operate 29,000 miles of track through important agricultural and industrial areas. To the security-owning public they represent an investment of \$1,700,000,000. But the morass of conflicting purposes in which all these roads are now imbedded through the tangle of banking and insurance interests cooperating or competing for the control of their reorganization demonstrates that the only hope for a sound readjustment of these properties lies in the intervention of an impartial public authority.

The protective-committee system, which usually functions to protect vested management and banking control rather than the security holders whose support it asks for, is in full sway over these properties. Moreover, a cursory examination of the interrelations of the various interests represented on these protective committees is indicative of how little real protection the public can expect from their efforts. Banking and insurance firms which strenuously opposed the plan of reorganization proposed by the 'Frisco management as unjust to bond-holders and unduly favorable to stockholders find no embarrassment in con-

currently serving on protective committees for Rock Island bond issues with representatives of the same institutions which backed the 'Frisco plan and under conditions suggesting a philosophy of reorganization similar to that attempted by the 'Frisco. The same alternate enemies and allies appear on a protective committee for one Missouri Pacific bond issue, and show no reluctance to sharing their zeal for protection with the house of Morgan, whose chief qualifications for protecting the bond-holders arise from its role as bankers for the road, for the Alleghany Corporation, which holds a 46 per cent stock interest in Missouri Pacific, and for the Van Sweringen brothers, whose continued dominance of the road hinges principally on the fate of the common stock. Again, in the Wabash receivership, representatives of several of the same institutions have set themselves up as protectors of the bond-holders along with a representative of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, bankers for the Pennsylvania Railroad, which owns 48 per cent of the Wabash stock.

There is nothing unusual in the web of conflicting private interests surrounding these railroad receiverships. It is all part and parcel of the Wall Street game of assuring that bankers and management shall never be called on to answer for their conduct of business enterprises but shall continue their dominance, free of all real responsibility. None but the Wall Street mind could escape realizing the patent absurdity of a system which intrusts bankruptcy estates and reorganized companies to the same interests which conducted them into insolvency. Under such conditions it is inevitable that the interests of the security-owning public should rank secondary to the vested interests unless some impartial authority intervenes to dictate in true equity.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, which under the new amendment to the bankruptcy act must approve all railroad-reorganization plans before they are submitted to security holders for ratification, and which, if necessary, is empowered to write its own plan, has not laid down any official expression of its views on reorganization. But the attitude of various of its members and particularly of Joseph B. Eastman, the federal Coordinator of Railroads, on the need for impartial and thoroughgoing reorganizations is well known. Furthermore, the commission's recent refusal to authorize a Reconstruction Finance Corporation loan to the Western Pacific Railroad on the ground that the road was in need of financial reorganization indicates that the commission is prepared to enforce rigorously its new powers. Likewise, the pressure recently exerted by the commission on the Wabash receivers to attempt recovery of excessive payments made in the past to the road's former president is in contrast to the usual whitewashing of executives in railroad bankruptcies.

The Reconstruction Finance Corporation, unrestricted by the semi-judicial capacity of the commission and having a direct stake of some \$331,000,000 in the nation's railroads, has been relatively aggressive in attacking existing railroad practices ever since the Hoover regime lost control over its policies. The corporation was the strongest opponent of the 'Frisco reorganization plan and will have chief credit if the plan is rejected, as now seems probable. It was instrumental in causing the appointment of a special master, independent of the trustees of the road, to inquire into the notorious deal whereby the Missouri Pacific took over various terminal properties from a subsidiary of the Alleghany Corporation at an excessive price of \$20,300,000. It has petitioned the Federal Court for a trusteeship for the 'Frisco to supplant the present receivership management. Moreover, the corporation has sponsored a theory of railroad reorganization which offers impediments to Wall Street methods of controlling bankruptcies. When it petitioned the Federal Court recently for appointment of trustees to take over the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, a Van Sweringen road, the corporation said:

The debtor's [i.e., the railroad's] interest in its properties prevents it from formulating and presenting any plan of reorganization that will do justice to all classes of creditors and stockholders alike. . . . A disinterested trustee . . . can and will give adequate consideration to the interests of all classes of creditors and stockholders. . . . The interest of the debtor, as the owner of the equity of its properties, is adverse to the interests of the bondholders and the other creditors.

It is still too early to raise the flag for a victory of the public interest over Wall Street railroad control. The first real test will come when the Interstate Commerce Commission reaches a final decision on the St. Louis-San Francisco reorganization this fall. At that time it will be seen how the new policies fare when confronted with the full weight of Wall Street guile and expert legal counsel. It will be ironical if the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, conceived by Herbert Hoover to bail out big business and high finance, ends by thwarting those interests in one of their most typical functions of public exploitation. But it will be of vastly greater importance if the Interstate Commerce Commission, equipped at last with adequate authority over financial reorganizations, brings effective regulation to the most vulnerable spot in the public's ownership of railroad securities.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

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The Literary Editor of *The Nation* writes his first important book

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THE ANATOMY OF CRITICISM

By HENRY HAZLITT

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The Dilemma of the Supreme Court

WHAT about the Constitution? Maurice Finkelstein in *The Nation* next week asks this question in an article dealing with the relation of the Supreme Court to the NRA and the AAA. He points out that they involve a revolutionary departure in national economic policy and wonders if the Supreme Court will accept the revolution embodied in the New Deal.

Mr. Finkelstein believes that the court, in spite of its record of blocking "all reform efforts to curb business greed," will make its decision in accord with the popular will expressed in the new legislation. He gives chapter and verse to support his opinion. Get next week's *Nation* (issue of October 18) and read this acute and amazing exposition.

Books, Films, Drama

First Day of Autumn

By EDA LOU WALTON

Haze gone and the outlines clear now,
Each tree its own extension and its round,
Hills suddenly perfected, and the mound
Of green field rolling near now.

Day whole, and the striving over;
Each leaf, each grass blade, every laurel won,
Earth quiet mirroring the sun,
As lake the swan, full stream, the clover.

Hours of deep acquiescence cannot sever yet,
Nor is completion bitter yet nor lost.
This first fall day, nor evening nor the frost—
Forever is forever yet.

Gold, red, and bitter winter, I have been happy here!
Chill stars and wedging darkness, blinding cold,
Another chapter after this story told,
Not this proud day's to hear!

"Fascism Is Capitalism"

The Menace of Fascism. By John Strachey. Covici-Friede. \$2.25.

IN January of this year John Strachey's "The Coming Struggle for Power" was published here. The book is by far the best contemporary statement in English of the case for communism. To begin with, Mr. Strachey, as befits a cousin of the late Lytton Strachey, is a first-rate writer, and what little his style lacks in finish it more than makes up in directness and force. "The Coming Struggle" is written with an astonishing abstention from the usual Marxian jargon; this is no doubt partly deliberate, but it is also partly owing to the fact that Mr. Strachey has a mind of his own and that his book is freshly thought. When Mr. Strachey writes about bourgeois literary figures he does not make the mistake so common in other Marxian critics of underrating them. More importantly—and what is so rare that it is, with two or three exceptions, practically unknown among our own Marxists—Mr. Strachey knows orthodox economics; he really knows what the arguments are by which modern capitalist economists attempt to defend capitalism; and as a result, when he caricatures those arguments his caricature is a telling one. Further, he has been a Labor member of the House of Commons, and his political discussions are instructive and realistic. And finally, he is a masterly controversialist, and whether or not one accepts his position, it is a joy to watch the skill with which he lassoes the Messrs. Keynes, Wells, and Aldous Huxley. Certainly "The Coming Struggle" is one of the half-dozen most important volumes to appear in the last three years. It is difficult to see how it can be refused a place in the New Testament of the Marxian Bible.

"The Menace of Fascism" does not compare with it in importance or quality. "The Coming Struggle" was written with a fine arrogance, and a hearty contempt for capitalists and liberals. The book on fascism, however, is less a diagnosis and more a pamphlet; the dominant tone has perceptibly changed

to one of indignation and alarm. For between "The Coming Struggle" and the present volume, the brown terror has come to reign in Germany.

Mr. Strachey's fundamental thesis is simple. Fascism, he holds, is nothing more nor less than the movement for the preservation by violence, and at all costs, of the private ownership of the means of production. It is capitalism's last desperate stand. Its other characteristics—its blood-lust, its anti-Semitism, its intolerance of all liberals and pacifists, its violent and unparalleled nationalism, which must lead inevitably to war, "war for space and employment," its implacable enmity to the whole progressive movement of the last century, to democracy and liberty and tolerance, to culture itself—flow inevitably from this central aim.

Now there are some important facts to support this thesis, and other facts that are more refractory. In defending the thesis Mr. Strachey is driven into several self-contradictions. Fascism involves of course a dictatorship, with the ruthlessness of all dictatorships; and whatever else it may be, it is certainly not a dictatorship in the interests of the proletariat. Mr. Strachey is on solid ground when he shows the absurdity of the fascists' claim that they are able to combine all the advantages of capitalism with all the benefits of socialism—in other words, that they are able to combine the private ownership of the means of production with a politically planned system of production. He has little trouble in showing that the two conditions are irreconcilable. And he is certainly within the facts also when he holds that the so-called "corporate state" in Italy is a fraud; that fascism in practice has hitherto left the holders of property relatively undisturbed, that it has in no way mitigated the severity of economic crises, and that its chief economic contribution to date has been to make the arbitration of labor disputes compulsory and strikes illegal.

So far so good. But if fascism is a weapon in the hands of the capitalists, it is certainly the most treacherous one, from their own standpoint, that they have ever held, with a terrific backfire that may well prove fatal to the user. And even most capitalists recognize this. No doubt it is true, as Mr. Strachey remarks, that the Nazis were originally supported by a few capitalists, and financed by them. But the Nazis did not have the support of the great majority of capitalists. On the contrary, a great part of their crazy platform was in effect a nationalistic communism, and it was these communistic promises that gave them an enormous part of their popular support. Mr. Strachey implies that the Nazis were deliberately duping the masses in these pre-power promises, and that all the time the great bankers and industrialists were privy to the deception. But that interpretation is too implausible to swallow. It implies not only an immense gullibility on the part of the German peasants, lower middle classes, and even of the proletariat, but a cold rationality on the part of Hitler and other leading Nazis, and a far-seeing Machiavellian astuteness on the part of German capitalists, that no reasonably close psychological observer could accept. I cannot imagine most of the great German capitalists listening to some of the former speeches of Hitler without very genuine shivers in the spine.

Obviously most of them would be reconciled to the Nazi weapon only if and when they were convinced that it was the sole alternative to what all of them regard as the still greater evil of communism. Mr. Strachey holds that this is, in fact, the only alternative presented to all of us. "The only possible way out for the progressive movements is to end the private ownership of the means of production. . . . Our alternative is a working-class socialist civilization, or the destruction of all civilization and a return to the dark ages." The "inevitability of gradualness," he maintains, is a delusion and a snare; it

involves ■ halt and finally a retreat. Belief in that policy undid the Social Democrats in Germany, and the policy will undo the same groups in England, France, and the United States if they persist in following it. The great democracies are "only democracies for the ruling classes"; a violent struggle is inevitable; the capitalists will fight to the last ditch to retain their property and privileges; and the only salvation for the workers is to be the first to strike.

Mr. Strachey's logic is perhaps difficult to answer if one accepts his premises. But if we put the names of nations where he puts those of classes, how familiar his phrases and logic suddenly become! These are the phrases of militarism. This is the logic of jingoism, always and everywhere. *We* are just and reasonable and inherently peaceful; *we* are capable of disinterestedness and concession, but *we* are right and our enemy is wrong, and machine-guns are the only argument that he will understand. But suppose your enemy adopts precisely the same position? Mr. Strachey is aware of this danger, but he holds that the Communists must win because "90 per cent of the people of every country are the natural opponents of fascism." This either fails to account for the success of fascism in Germany and Italy, or admits that the lower middle classes who accept and support those fascisms are very easily duped; in which case one wonders why they cannot be just as easily duped in England, France, and the United States? If fascists create Communists, Communists no less inevitably breed fascists.

Perhaps Mr. Strachey might reexamine the merits of democracy. True, he holds at one point that the fascists never have to seize power, really; their struggle with the older forms of the capitalist state is just a "stage battle"; they seize power only in the sense that they seize it "from under their own pillows." But we find him admitting at other points that democratic power and the general franchise *do* undermine capitalism—for that is really why the fascists are so desperately anxious to get rid of them! Let him not forget that through democratic methods up to 80 per cent of British inheritances are already seized, and up to 63 per cent of the high American incomes. Democracy can take ■ good deal more, I believe, perhaps as much as it may require, before Mr. J. P. Morgan and Mr. Owen D. Young begin getting out their automatics.

HENRY HAZLITT

How Great Was Shakespeare?

Art and Artifice in Shakespeare. By E. R. Stoll. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

On Reading Shakespeare. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.50.

NO one who is interested in contemporary attitudes toward Shakespeare, or who supposes, perchance, that the last words upon the subject were said by Goethe or Brandes, Bradley or Lee, should miss either of these volumes. In the first, the most learned (and dogmatic) of the American scholars sums up the hard-boiled position which, for ■ number of years, he has been defending through a series of truculent studies. In the second, ■ cultivated amateur, thoroughly familiar with this as well as other common-sense approaches to the "mystery" of Shakespeare, eludes them as best he can and makes an often convincing case for the kind of idolatry against which Professor Stoll's works are a reaction. Mr. Smith has not, perhaps, either the strength of such another champion of his attitude as Dover Wilson or such a powerful system-building imagination as G. Wilson Knight, but he knows his Shakespeare and will defend apologetically, when he cannot defend aggressively, his right to read "Hamlet" as something more than a curious example of Elizabethan stage conventions.

Professor Stoll, it should be explained, is one of those who believe that a study of Shakespeare's time furnishes the only key to an understanding of the plays. To him most of the "interpretations" which were made during the nineteenth century and, indeed, most of the very "problems" discovered and solved are pure nonsense. Both the difficulties themselves and the solutions which have been offered grow out of a ridiculous tendency to apply to the dramatist standards of which he had never heard and psychological principles in which he had not the slightest interest. Hundreds of thousands of words have been wasted in the attempt to make Othello's gullibility seem convincing, and to account on psychological grounds for Hamlet's delay, when all the labored and ingenious explanations are so much moonshine. The real explanation of the first difficulty is merely that by violating a law of probability Shakespeare precipitated a striking situation; the real explanation of the second is merely that if Hamlet had not delayed, there would have been no play. If you insist upon taking too literally the statement that Shakespeare was "not for a day but for all time"; if you think of him as a creature above humanity who somehow mysteriously anticipated all subsequent developments of intellect and sensibility; if, in a word, and like the early romantic critics, you regard him not as a dramatist but as ■ "fact of nature," then, of course, all sorts of unsolvable problems are sure to arise. But the proper way to understand "Hamlet," for example, is not to regard the hero as a real person, or even as a modern psychological character. The proper way is to examine the tradition of the "revenge play" in which "Hamlet" was written, and if you do so you will discover that the technical problem was always the same. It was always the problem of keeping the thing going for five acts, and the problem was solved by Shakespeare in ■ fashion which is dramatically very effective but which will not stand up if you attempt to analyze it psychologically. Here as everywhere Shakespeare was interested in dramatic action and vivid contrasts rather than in strict verisimilitude, and so—as Professor Stoll is ready to prove by citations from the opinions of the chief classical critics from Aristotle on down, and by examples of the practice of successful dramatists from Aeschylus to Philip Barry and Eugene O'Neill—have most of the great writers of most times. Art is artifice; it is not life.

Undoubtedly the historical scholars of whom Professor Stoll is a brilliant representative have put their opponents on the defensive, just as the minute students of Shakespeare's life have put on the defensive all those who would see in him anything more than a practical man of the Elizabethan theater. In both cases, moreover, the answer—in so far as there is an answer—is simply an appeal to the fact that this alleged business man certainly wrote supreme poetry, and that this manipulator of the tricks of a tradition has continued to fascinate the mind of the whole literate world while all of his contemporaries have sunk into the position of mere curiosities. Undoubtedly one must begin by granting Professor Stoll and his party ■ great deal of all that they maintain. Shakespeare certainly was an often unscrupulous trickster, and there are certainly dozens of major inconsistencies or major outrages against credulity of which the only sensible thing to say is that the Elizabethan audience was willing to swallow them for the sake of what they made possible. Yet there is grave danger in leaping to the conclusion that Shakespeare is *nothing but* what, in part, he indubitably was.

Mr. Smith, for example, refers to that brilliant anticipation of modern criticism, Morgann's eighteenth-century essay on Falstaff. He points out how true is Morgann's contention that many of Shakespeare's characters differ from the characters of other dramatists in that Shakespeare has managed, by incidental touches, to endow them with histories as well as qualities in addition to those necessarily revealed in the particular actions

which bring them into the play itself. And this, be it noted, is extremely important both as a fact and for what it suggests of Shakespeare's method. He did adopt the stage conventions; he did often draw characters which were in whole or in part essentially dramatic puppets. But he was seldom content with that alone. He may have violated psychological probability in the short cut which he takes to precipitate the situation in "Othello"; but it is hard to see how anyone who studies the words and behavior of the central character *after he has been placed in the situation* could maintain that Shakespeare was not interested in psychology. He adopted the conventions of his time; not seldom he allowed himself to be dominated by them; but he was not content to remain always their slave, and in addition to the poetry, there are reachings out toward things wholly beyond the conventions themselves. The only unity of his plays is perhaps a dramatic unity. The only consistent whole they make is that of an effective Elizabethan play. But like all great artists Shakespeare could make the tradition serve his purpose; he could take what was given by an old story or a popular situation and so use it that it became a not unsuitable vehicle for saying what he had to say. Nor does it seem unreasonable to suppose that the thing which has kept him alive is, in large part at least, just this thing which distinguishes him from the rest of that company of practical playwrights of which he made one. Art is artifice. But the artifice owes its meaning to the fact that it has, here and there, its pertinence to life.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Robinson's Women

Talifer. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

"**T**ALIFER" is a modern love story, the first modern love story Robinson has given us. The only love story, one might say, besides "Tristram." For most of Robinson's stories about men and women are really, even when love is one of the motifs, stories of psychological and philosophical inquiry. In them a woman may set the man or men to thinking, but once the main characters (always masculine) are busy within their own minds, the woman plays small part in anything that may result from such a masculine searching out and analyzing of values. Robinson's long narrative poems are all concerned with Robinson's own philosophy, and this is put usually into the mouth of one male character who is the interpreter. In the use of the interpreter Robinson and Henry James have much in common. Never, so far as I can recall, does Robinson use a woman's mind as the sensitive lens whereon the scene and action of a poem and their inner meaning are inscribed. Obviously, he does not consider women the proper vehicles for the interpretation of such speculative and synthetic philosophizing as he, the artist, must present.

Even in this new poem, "Talifer," neither Althea nor Karen, the two women who possess Talifer (the outwardly glorious and somewhat empty hero), nor Talifer himself is allowed the part of interpreter. This is given to Dr. Quick, their mutual friend. His somewhat quixotic action prevents emotional disaster. He is the philosopher and, as usual in Robinson's poetry, he is a failure so far as worldly standards are concerned. He has loved, after his fashion, both Althea and Karen; he has admired and seen through the handsome shell of Talifer. He tells Althea to wait when she must wait or perish. He foresees that Talifer and Karen are to be bad mates. He takes Karen away when she should go. He is neither shocked nor destroyed when Karen plays on him the very same tricks she has played on Talifer.

So Althea and Karen join the group of Robinson's women—

Vivian, Gabrielle, Laramie, Agatha, Lisette, Eileen, Natalie, and the others. Even their names portray them. One and all they are pictures of what Robinson conceives the feminine mind to be. Either they are fire, or they are water. They burn men, distract them from their natural pursuits, or they quietly reflect men's gentler faces. They mother and they worship, or they destroy by too much passion or too little. Althea, in this last poem, is obviously the mother. Karen, beautiful, but very cool of brain, is the frigid siren. She has Vivian's beauty, but none of Vivian's passion. She resembles the dark Isolde, but lacks that lady's depth of feeling about love. Althea very definitely resembles the fair and faithful Isolde. And both these women, like so many of Robinson's, are somewhat feline: Althea is the domesticated pussy; Karen, the neurotic wildcat. Reading this last poem of Robinson's convinces one again that this poet knows very little about the possible complexities of women, that his women are in fact not real at all, but are projections of some need in man. They are therefore a little tiresome and, decidedly, they are painted in conventional romantic poses. None of them do anything except to answer men or to refuse to answer them. Most of them, one feels, are just a little in the way. They seem to keep men from spiritual research, to tame men's leaping imaginations and intellects. They are absolutely worthless as fine critics of life, as commentators upon the deeper significance of living.

All this may be beside the point, but it is an amusing observation. "Talifer" is a love story, but it contains, as do all Robinson's poems, some few fine passages of poetic philosophy; it is, of course, beautifully written. I doubt if it is nearly as important a poem in Robinson's whole scheme as are "Cavendar's House," "The Glory of the Nightingales," "Matthias at the Door." In it Robinson seems to have tried to avoid his usual complexity of thought, seems to have tried, as he did in "Tristram," merely to tell the tale perfectly. "Talifer," like "Tristram," presents, therefore, much less of what is truly Robinson the poet. This we find in the less popular "Matthias at the Door" and in "Merlin."

EDA LOU WALTON

Rhodes's Dark Empire

Cecil Rhodes. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Harper and Brothers. \$3.75.

Cecil Rhodes. By J. G. Lockhart. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

Cecil Rhodes. By William Plomer. Appleton Biographies. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$1.50.

WHEN Stanley traversed the interior of Africa he saw this rich virgin land, with its navigable rivers and lakes, as a vacuum yearning to be filled with civilization. It was in the nineties, when the industrialized Occident was at the height of its self-assurance, its certainty of being the most enlightened, prosperous, powerful, and humane society ever developed in the world. On his return to Europe Stanley could, without personal hypocrisy, apply to both missionaries and commercial exploiters for help, confident that he was working to uplift humanity in Africa, body and soul. Stanley lived to see his hope reduced to corruption under the exploitation of the king-capitalist, Leopold of Belgium, who had first posed before him as a stock-market Parsifal entering Africa with the chivalrous motive of rescuing that dark and opulent beauty from savagery. While capitalist imperialism was devastating Africa, the trembling, fever-stricken Stanley solaced his last years by laying out on an English farm the topography, in miniature, of the unspoiled continent he had opened to exploitation.

Somewhat later, in another part of Africa, a young tubercular Englishman was founding a fortune. At an early age he

was a millionaire, a monopolist in diamonds, profiting from the tradition that marriages could not be made on earth without diamond engagement rings, and calculating the output of his mines by the available vital statistics. In him the imperialist ideology came to its climax, a repellent, racial narcissism that bordered on lunacy.

It was a compound of nationalism, evolution, and self-righteousness. The rationalization took this approximate course: Darwin taught that life kept perfecting itself by killing off, through hardship and competitive struggle, the weaker and less adaptable strains. In view of the position of England in the world, it seemed self-evident that the English were the superior strain among human stocks, and that it would be good for all civilization if this preeminence were acknowledged and put into practical effect by the extension of the British Empire to cover the entire globe. This ambition, nourished on misunderstandings of history and misinterpretations of science, Cecil Rhodes brought with him to Africa as a youth, and it continued with him, modified by practical experience, to the end of his life. To realize it he used his own fortune, money supplied by stock-market speculators, craft, violence, hypocrisy, daring, bribery, corruption. The perfect flower of imperialism proved to be brief in bloom and prodigious in decay. Its withering diseased the world. Yet though Rhodes fell short of his ambition, he won enormous parts of Africa for Britain. These are today almost visibly breaking out of the loosening mosaic of the British Empire.

The life of this megalomaniac who never married, who conceived all things in monstrous sizes, can be understood partially by Freudian analysis, but more completely in relation to the capitalist disorder which encouraged destructive adventures, and which permitted the cruelest exploitation of human masses as well as the most wasteful exploitation of natural resources. The thousands of natives killed by slow abuse in Rhodes's mines, the many more thousands killed in the dishonest wars with the tribes and by the consequent disease and starvation, were sacrifices to the psychosis of a neurotic who received his sanction from a society whose philosophy was chaos.

Only one of these three biographies, Mr. Plomer's, recognizes these realities with any frankness. But Mr. Plomer is too hesitating and vague. He has not the courage to challenge whole-heartedly the tradition of Rhodes. The hero of imperialism proves too formidable for him. Mr. Lockhart, on the other hand, is frankly a hero-worshiper; and the small space at his disposal, in addition, gives him the excuse to omit the crass and indefensible elements in Rhodes's career.

It is Mrs. Millin's biography that is the most annoying. It is the longest and the most pretentious of the three, and the English Book Club, in making it one of its monthly choices, has again rewarded spurious fine writing. The book proceeds on the theory that large and successful actions like those of Rhodes are the workings of genius. Mrs. Millin's melodramatic prose celebrates his genius of action. But after the reverberations of her rhetoric die down, the career as it is presented remains sordid. Mrs. Millin writes at one point: "Rhodes's money was not only, on the whole, put to creditable uses: the opening up of a closed continent; it was, on the whole, fairly made. Nor did he grind the faces of the poor by making diamonds more expensive." But by the evidence Mrs. Millin is obliged to offer Africa was blasted open; Rhodes's money was "fairly" made only by the standards of cutthroat capitalist competition; and the poor, perhaps, were not vitally affected by the price of diamonds. As a matter of fact, Rhodes did grind the faces of petty-bourgeois fiances throughout the world by keeping up the price of diamonds. It was for that purpose that he bought out Barney Barnato's diamond mines after a stock-market battle that was at once spectacular, ludicrous, furtive, and obscene.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Prices and Labor Under the NRA

Business Under the Recovery Act. By Lawrence Valenstein and E. B. Weiss. The McGraw-Hill Company. \$2.50.

Labor Relations Under the Recovery Act. By Ordway Tead and Henry C. Metcalfe. The McGraw-Hill Company. \$2.

THESE two enterprising volumes attempt to mark out the effects of the NRA upon marketing and labor policies and to outline liberal lines of action for industrialists and employers. Messrs. Valenstein and Weiss see in the recovery act the way to prevent predatory and unfair competition in selling practices which have not been successfully controlled by the Trade Commission Act or by the administrative work of that commission. They list no less than forty of these unfair practices—including price discriminations; the granting of premiums, selling accessories, and hidden demonstrators; the misrepresentation of quality; bribery; espionage; and malicious propaganda against competitors. These, they declare, should be eliminated by the guild-like emphasis which the codes and the governing trade associations should build up. In addition, they hope that the emphasis upon the unity of each industry will check the abuses of competitive advertising and that co-operative advertising may be expected to increase.

It is probable that the NRA will lead to some healthy changes in these directions, and that it will make the relationships between the larger firms within any given industry more sportsman-like and more congenial. This is to the good. But it is at the same time evident that such enthusiasm for the NRA as exists among business leaders is largely due to their belief that it will enable them to combine to boost prices and enjoy monopoly profits. It is more than doubtful whether any adequate provision has been built up within the NRA to check these abuses. Some of the codes, notably those in iron and steel and those proposed for the retail trades, may actually sanction them. As the popular excitement over the NRA abates, it will be more difficult to protect the diffused interests of the consumers from the concentrated and aggressive drives of the various industries for higher prices. There is grave danger, therefore, that the consumer may be the forgotten man of the Recovery Administration.

Messrs. Tead and Metcalfe discuss the proper methods for collective dealing between employers and employed. After outlining the real functions which shop committees can perform, they come out flat-footedly in favor of inter-company unions as better agencies for collective bargaining than the purely plant organizations which are advocated by most employers. The authors correctly point out that shop committees, or company unions, which are primarily dependent on the favor of the employers for existence, cannot fix basic minima for an industry or even effectively adjust serious grievances. Such bodies, with either no funds or severely limited resources, whose representatives are men whose jobs and chances for promotion are also under the control of the employers, cannot adequately represent labor in any real clash of interests. A broader and a completely independent form of organization, such as is embodied in unions admitting all the workers within an industry, is needed if anything approaching equality of bargaining power is to be attained.

As a matter of fact, since the original codes are largely framed in terms of relative pressure and power, the workers fare worse in those industries where they are not organized and best in those industries where they are. It will, moreover, in my opinion, prove impossible to police an industry on labor

matters and to enforce the codes without strong unions which will investigate and make complaints.

The real success of the NRA hinges, therefore, not only upon the degree to which it will be possible to protect the consumer, but also upon the degree to which it may recognize the fact that unionization is necessary both to preserve a better balance of power and to enforce the rules. Unless this is done, and the consumers are also effectively mobilized, we are likely to find (1) extremely high profits with an attendant maldistribution of purchasing power and the ultimate sure prospect of another severe relapse, and (2) such concentration of power as to make the country even more of an economic and political feudal state than it was during the decade of the twenties.

Whether such will be the ultimate results of the NRA depends on the insight, concern, and energy of all classes who are really anxious about the fundamentals of our common life. If such books as this by Tead and Metcalfe were widely read and acted upon by employers, it would save us from great grief.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

The Romantic Agony

The Romantic Agony. By Mario Praz. Translated from the Italian by Angus Davidson. Oxford University Press. \$7.50.

THE romantic movement, like the "fatal woman" to which it gave birth, has been all things to all men: the social and political historian, the moralist, the sentimental biographer have all had their fling with it and left it at the end as complex a mass of conflicting ideals and tendencies as they found it. It was only natural that a scholar like Mario Praz should come along who, concentrating on its erotic aspects, should offer us something like the psychopathology of the movement. Unlike such hostile critics as Maurras, Seillière, and Massis in France, and Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More in this country, the Italian critic interprets romanticism not so much as the result of certain intellectual conceptions of the eighteenth century as of the emergence around that time of a particular kind of sensibility. For Praz the movement consists merely of a group of tendencies and phenomena, all of which existed before, but which recurred at a single time and with such intensity as to constitute an epidemic. Of these tendencies and phenomena, moreover, Praz is concerned only with those which relate to erotic sensibility; his work is, admittedly, a monograph rather than a synthesis.

The key which Praz uses to unlock the romantic sensibility was undoubtedly supplied by Sainte-Beuve in the statement quoted in the text: "I shall dare affirm, without fear of contradiction, that Byron and de Sade . . . have perhaps been the two greatest inspirers of our moderns, the one proclaimed and visible, the other clandestine—not too clandestine." It is more particularly the sometimes transparent, sometimes subterranean influence of the "divine Marquis" which provides the principal subject matter of Praz's darkly laden pages. Before proceeding to exact instances of the influence, however, he prepares us with a chapter which reviews the distorted aesthetic conception which was at its base: the conception of tainted beauty, the beauty of the Medusa, Baudelaire's "something both ardent and sad," which is perhaps most clearly expressed for English readers in Keats's "Ode to Melancholy" and the verse of Poe. Such a conception once absorbed, Praz shows, resulted in a preference and secret admiration for the depraved, the monstrous, and the satanic. In *The Metamorphoses of Satan* Praz traces out the process by which the Evil One of Tasso and Milton, with his halo of fallen beauty, "majestic though in ruin," shaded into the heroes of eighteenth-century Gothic ro-

mance and into the heroes of Byron. In the "fatal men" of such writers as Mrs. Radcliffe and "Monk" Lewis, as well as in the Manfreds, Corsairs, and Laras of Byron, we have the beginnings of that interest in the themes of incest, vampirism, and physical torture which were to be developed so much more frankly by later writers. (Oddly enough, Praz fails to mention Emily Brontë's Heathcliff among the descendants of this sinister crew.) Byron is for Praz a kind of inferior Sade, anticipating and preparing for the latter's more direct influence in the next generation. Earlier in the eighteenth century, as a matter of fact, the same influence had been anticipated in quite a different school of writing, the sentimental fiction of Richardson and Diderot, who reflected a much too easy complaisance toward the moral and physical sufferings of their heroines. Sadism as a conscious doctrine, however, does not seem to have sifted through into imaginative literature until the 1820's, when Praz would have us believe it swept pretty much everything in its way. It is then to be found not only in the paintings of Delacroix, the poetry of Baudelaire, and the novels of Flaubert, but in a whole body of popular writing by authors whose names are now known only to students of the period. Also, by a curious shift in sensibility which Praz does not explain, the "fatal man" of the earlier period becomes the "fatal woman." The type had of course already existed in myth and poetry long before Keats wrote his "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." But, more strongly perfumed with aestheticism and exoticism, it was now revived by Gautier and Flaubert, brought to its full development by Swinburne, and then bandied about among Pater, Wilde, and D'Annunzio. Swinburne's Dolores, "Our Lady of Pain," represents all the attributes of the type: her intriguing fatality, her promise of death and destruction, her bloodthirsty cruelty. In her sadistic charms is idealized the aspiration of a whole generation to be "the powerless victim of the furious rage of a beautiful woman." (For some reason Praz refuses to assist clarity by using the term "masochism"; nor does he have anything to say about the possible direct influence of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch.) The *fin de siècle* "decadence" which Baudelaire and Swinburne fathered is covered in a chapter entitled Byzantium: "The Byzantine period was a period of anonymous corruption, with nothing of the heroic about it; only there stand out . . . figures such as Theodora and Irene, who are static personifications of the female lust for power." Here the examples of morbidity, hysteria, and goriness collected by Praz are almost sufficient to place the book in the same category as the more clinical works of Ellis and Krafft-Ebing. And here, with such names as D'Annunzio and Gide, we come right into our own time. But while there are references to Proust and the *surréalistes* there is no extended analysis of either: we are left to make our own observation as to the place the "divine Marquis" occupies in recent literature. Praz is content to halt when he has outlined for us his lengthened shadow on the literature of the last hundred years.

Most of the objections that might be raised to his study are disposed of by Praz in his foreword. He is very careful to state his belief that the impulse to which Sade has given his name was not something invented by Sade, nor something confined to the romantic period alone, but a universal impulse "mysterious as the very forces of life and death with which it is inextricably connected." What one objects to in Praz's study, as a matter of fact, is not any sin of commission, but a very grave sin of omission. The question that Praz fails to consider is why the tendencies which he treats appeared with such intensity at the particular time they did. In brief, he describes a malady without examining its causes. His only answer to Croce's complaint that his approach is too limited and superficial is the exclamation, "What could be more obvious than the attempt to trace the sources of the aberrations of a period to a

metaphysical crisis!" Obvious, perhaps, but not too obvious for a Baudelaire, writing of the eighteenth century: "The negation of original sin did not count for nothing in the general blindness of this epoch." Nor for ■ Flaubert, referring to the vogue of Sade: "It's the last word of Catholicism." In fact, Praz himself cannot always escape the metaphysical sources: "Richardson, in consequence of the materialistic philosophy then predominant, was ■ supporter of the instinct." What does this imply but that there is some connection between the beliefs and convictions of an epoch and its erotic interests and behavior? To assign the latter to taste and fashion, as Praz does, is to be merely superficial; even tastes and fashions have their explanations, however remote, and it is the task of the real critic to discover them for us. But for the critic who will undertake the synthesis that Praz has disdained, his researches will be invaluable; and for others as well, including the literary student and the psychologist, they should prove fascinating and profitable.

WILLIAM TROY

Shorter Notices

The Delicate Fire. By Naomi Mitchison. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

There is always ■ fascination in presenting the life of the past in realistic terms, with a contemporary and colloquial use of language, in order to give the impression that history is only ■ series of masquerades for the perennial human emotions and situations. This procedure may or may not show a true historic sense, but it has its uses for fiction. One or two of Miss Mitchison's tales of barbaric Greece achieve this sense of contemporaneity; others, because of this very over-simplification and a too liberal use of the colloquial, fall short of the desired effect, and contain the slight elements of burlesque and distortion that one associates with a well-meaning suburban costume-pageant. The greater number of these tales deal with the vicissitudes of a group of Greek captives sold into slavery in Macedonia, their revolt from their masters, and the founding of ■ communist society among them. In all of them the idea is better than the execution; and one feels the need for a great deal more of objective documentation and historical data to give substance to the liberal and high-minded plea for an emancipated humanity that undoubtedly motivated their telling.

Nazi Culture: The Brown Darkness over Germany. By Matthew Josephson. The John Day Company. 25 cents.

The value of this pamphlet lies in the informative brevity of half a dozen chapters on the spreading cultural darkness under the Nazi regime. Lucidly written, it whets the appetite for more. Mr. Josephson concentrates chiefly on the cultural aspects of the Third Reich and limits his observation to the fantastic book-burning and the exiling of prominent scholars and artists. The more serious student will not find in this poetic and journalistic report a full-size picture of the underlying economic and emotional impulses which led to a crazed idolization of the "leader and savior." He will not find an analysis of the fifteen years of humiliation since the war—the returning soldiers and the sudden dance craze; the "forgetting" period which culminated in sex orgies and the mushroom growth of a so-called "night life"; the catastrophe of an inflation which wiped out the cultured middle class; the invasion of valuta foreigners and the role of the Jews especially during that period; the betrayal of the Social Democrats; the disillusioned masses of the Communist Party after the breakdown of a second revolution during the Seeckt regime; the fifteen years' murder of all revolutionary and liberal-minded leaders and the notorious judicial sympathy with the assassins; the ever-increasing Black

Reichswehr and the far-off intellectualism of an uprooted German literature. Unjustly Mr. Josephson concludes his last chapter with a eulogy of Thomas Mann, who with many others could do nothing in such turbulent times but seek refuge in the purified, lotty regions of the Swiss Alps to write an essay about the bloody struggle which is still in progress. Mr. Josephson's pamphlet will be welcomed, however, by many liberal-minded intellectuals.

God's Tenth. By Doreen Wallace. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

The collapse of England's agrarian prosperity, with emphasis on the pernicious operation of the tithes, forms the background of this novel of farm life in modern England. In a style unvarnished by fine writing Miss Wallace traces the fortunes of Anthony Harden and his wife from their days of transient prosperity to their final defeat before a hostile nature and the ruthless operation of economic laws. In the amount of documentation that is brought to bear on the situations, and in the realistic presentation of character, Miss Wallace's work stems from the naturalistic school of English fiction. She inherits from Trollope the small provincial town; but unlike Trollope's, her work is cross-bred with the social consciousness of today. It is a new naturalism, in which the implacable play of economic forces supplants the scientific law of the nineteenth-century novelists.

The Mere Living. By B. Bergson Spiro. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.

Exploiting the same technique that Virginia Woolf uses in "Mrs. Dalloway," Miss Spiro has chronicled a single day in the life of ■ middle-class English family. In the course of their humdrum daily routine, her characters experience the most subtle nuances of consciousness, enjoy profound metaphysical revelations, and live, generally, in a heightened intensity of sensuous perception. "The Mere Living" is the modern novel of sensibility in its most exquisite flower; but it provokes are symptomatic of the decay already latent in this literary form. ing, the poetic flights, as one would a number of unrelated art objects. But one feels also that this very suavity and splendor are symptomatic of the decay already latent in this literary form. The sensibilities that Miss Spiro exploits are the stereotyped and conventionalized idiom of a school; and though different in content from the euphuistic conceit, they convey the same impression of a striving for effect instead of a striving for reality.

Beaver, Kings, and Cabins. By Constance Lindsay Skinner. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

The romance of the fur trade in America, and particularly in Canada, has inspired Constance Lindsay Skinner to write this account of its origins in colonial history and its development in the course of empire. The book is incurably romantic, which is what gives it both its verve and its shortcomings. Though Miss Skinner is obviously familiar with all the sources of her subject, she does not draw sufficiently on the detailed source material to make her book both scholarly and vivid. She has a certain amount of contempt for meticulous scholarship, and by way of apology for lack of a decent bibliography, she writes: "I think it pointless to print several hundred titles merely as a scholarly gesture." But others who come after Miss Skinner would have welcomed the gesture, for others will come after her. She has written a competent, interesting account of many phases of the fur trade, but there is still room for a history of that influential enterprise which would be more detailed, less excited, and more vivid than the light and colorful book which Miss Skinner has written. Miss Skinner is a novelist and a poet as well as ■ historian, and she juggles the three interests in an attempt at harmony which results often in sentimental impurity.

The Pioneer Histories. The European Nations in the West Indies, 1493-1688. By Arthur Percival Newton. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

It is an absorbing narrative that Mr. Newton sets down. He could, however, have illuminated the political history more effectively if he had concentrated more on the economic factors in colonization and the economic bases of the piracies and wars that tore the Caribbean in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He makes three interesting points in this volume: the decisions that determined the history of the West Indies were made on European battlefields rather than at home; Spanish administration was much more forceful and efficient than it is commonly considered; the buccaneers who ravaged the Caribbean coasts were often fulfilling political missions and almost always operating for reputable companies whose shares were held by the most respectable business men in Europe.

Films

Cinema Minus

ONE had nourished such high hopes for the screen version of "The Emperor Jones" that one was perhaps doomed to a certain amount of disappointment. Of all Mr. O'Neill's works it seemed the one most suited for cinematic recreation: its form had, in the first place, been so obviously borrowed from that of the looser medium; and its language, which was continually approximating something like poetry, offered such great possibilities of an even more richly poetic screen translation. Its situation was one of those rare dramatic situations which can stand as objectively symbolical representations of all sorts of vaguely grasped feelings and attitudes. In the story of Brutus Jones, the Pullman porter who retraces the old Greek curve of *hybris* in more or less modern terms, Mr. O'Neill found, for the first and last time, the "objective correlative" (in T. S. Eliot's phrase) for his romantic sentiment of the grandiose quality and scope of American experience. His limitations of intelligence and sensibility did not permit him to make the most of the opportunity; but, within its limits, "The Emperor Jones" was one of the most satisfactory experiments of its experimental period. As much as this, unfortunately, cannot be said of the picture at the Rivoli. The cooperation of Dudley Murphy, who directed the film, DuBose Heyward, who prepared the script, and J. Weldon Johnson, who arranged the musical accompaniment, has only resulted in a commonplace and unimaginative statement of elements that were merely implicit in the O'Neill play. A little "Porgy" and not a little "Nigger Heaven" provide the stuff for building up the Emperor's earlier career in Georgia and Harlem. To Mr. Johnson, whose articulation of folk-rhythms with the action is carefully worked out, belongs the credit for making some of these early sequences—the revival-meeting, for example—at least theatrically effective. In any case, these added portions are considerably more effective than the second half of the picture, which consists of an almost literal reproduction of Mr. O'Neill's text. Here it was that Messrs. Murphy, Heyward, and Johnson should have combined to work out the cinematic—that is, visual-aural—equivalent for O'Neill's quasi-poetic rendition of the Emperor's mental soliloquies, recollections, and hallucinations. Instead, they chose to reduce everything to a concentration on Mr. O'Neill's prose and Mr. Robeson's acting. The principal effect of their being so faithful to Mr. O'Neill, as it happens, is merely to emphasize the defects of his linguistic endowment, the flatness and poverty of his poetic style. And the effect of passing on so much responsibility to Mr. Robeson is merely to give us something

that we have already had several times in the past. Of course Mr. Robeson's Emperor is "magnificent." Mr. Robeson has always been magnificent in whatever he has done—even in "Othello." But this magnificence, while it makes the Krimsky-Cochran picture worth seeing at any cost, scarcely leads one to condone its failure to satisfy so many other legitimate expectations.

"The Patriots" (Acme Theater), a Soviet sound picture by a new director named Barnett, deals with the fraternization between Russian and German troops during the last days of the Kerensky regime. The film is badly lighted; some inept cutting has marred its second half; but it is excellent both for its reconstruction of Russian village life before the revolution and for its brutally graphic war sequences. The influence of Pudovkin is evident in the intense characterization of the old shoemaker, torn between traditional race hatred and pride in his occupation, and in the almost preternatural drabness of the provincial backgrounds. But Pabst has undoubtedly determined the style in which the war scenes are treated—a style recalling the newsreel rather than the old-fashioned military panel. There are other good things in "The Patriots"—including a striking use of "contrast montage" in several places—which make the trip to the bazaars of Fourteenth Street decidedly worth taking.

Of the Warner Brothers production "Wild Boys of the Road," which turns out to be a film of unexpected honesty and power, discussion must be postponed until next week. It will be enough for the present to assure those who have been made skeptical by the vulgar exploitation and the lukewarm press reception it has received that it is one of the most exceptional films of the new season.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

An Event

LAST year the Group Theater got itself involved in financial difficulties which looked very serious indeed. This year it faced a season before the prospects of which the hardiest of managers quailed in his boots, if, indeed, he still had any boots to quail in. But despite all this, the improbable has happened, and the Group reappears at the Broadhurst Theater with an extraordinary production of an extraordinary play called "Men in White." To say that it is by far the best thing which has appeared this season would be praise far too faint; even to say that it may very probably remain the year's most satisfying demonstration of what the theater can do would still be not enough. The thing must, on the contrary, be praised in terms absolute rather than relative. It furnishes an experience which is thrilling and absorbing, genuine and complete.

No one, I think, is likely to accuse me of being usually prejudiced in favor of either the play with a purpose or the good intentions of "experimental" groups with nothing except experimentalism in their favor. Indeed, when I heard in advance that the present play was to deal with a hospital and, more particularly, with the conflict between love and duty in the breast of a young interne, my feelings were largely composed of that resignation to which any dramatic critic must school himself. But "Men in White" stands firmly on its own merits as a dramatic production and needs no apology based upon extraneous considerations. It is not merely "an interesting experiment." Neither is it one of those plays of which we feel that we ourselves could afford to miss it but that the other fellow ought to see it because it "would make him think." It is, on the contrary, so immediately interesting, so completely absorbing, that one forgets to ask whether or not it is "significant"

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □

The Theatre Guild presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S new play
AH, WILDERNESS!
with George M. Cohan
GUILD THEA. 52nd St., West of B'way. Evs. 8:15
Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:15

AMKINO'S PREMIERE 3rd RECORD WEEK
A Soviet Talking Epic!
"The Patriots"
"A Distinct Gorki Flavor . . . Remarkably interesting."
—National Board of Review
ACME THEATRE 4th ST. and Midnight Show Every Saturday
UNION SQ. Rendezvous of the Intelligentsia

□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

AH, WILDERNESS. Guild Theater. To be reviewed next week.

AMOURETTE. Henry Millers Theater. Play by Clare Kummer, direction by Bulgakov, and acting by Francesca Brunning, the star of "One Sunday Afternoon." Nevertheless, not so good.

A PARTY. Playhouse. Agreeable parlor entertainment in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell gives an imitation of herself trading insults at a soirée with a younger actress said to represent our own Tallulah Bankhead.

AS THOUSANDS CHEER. Music Box. To be reviewed next week.

DOUBLE DOOR. Ritz Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

HEAT LIGHTENING. Booth Theater. Simple but exciting melodrama about two girls and a gas station in the great desert. One of the two things so far most worth seeing.

HOLD YOUR HORSES. Winter Garden. Reviewed in this issue.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES. New Amsterdam. Unholy mixture of absurd melodrama and routine review. Nevertheless a big success.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON. 48th St. Theater. Pleasant little play held over from last season.

or "important." And that, I submit, is one of the signs by which a genuine work of art may be recognized.

Most of my confreres on the daily press have agreed with this judgment in advance, and I suspect that after we have had time to think it over we shall continue to agree still further that the effectiveness of the production can be credited less to any one element in it than to its remarkable wholeness, to the way in which everything in the acting and direction, as well as in the script itself, works with everything else to produce an unbroken continuity of interest and to leave behind a complete, unified impression. On the one hand, it can hardly be said that there is anything completely new in the theme or that we have not heard before of the conflict between love and duty as revealed in the life of a young physician. Neither, on the other hand, can it be claimed that the somewhat cinematographic technique is in itself a novelty. Indeed, there is a vague resemblance between this play and such efforts as "Merry-Go-Round" and "Precedent," for the latter of which the firm of Harmon and Ullman (associated with the Group for this production) was responsible. But the resemblance is, after all, as unimportant as the resemblance must always be between something which succeeds and something which fails. Where other plays of the sort were shrill or hysterical, "Men in White" is eloquent with the eloquence of calm understatement. Where the machinery of the others whirled and creaked and groaned, this play moves with a seemingly effortless inevitability. The final result is that one is left, not in a state of vague exasperation, but merely with the sense of having passed through a vivid self-justifying experience. Doubtless this effect is made possible by the fact that Sidney Kingsley, an author hitherto unknown to Broadway, has realized the necessity of resolving the emotional discords and has made the audience feel that the tragic triumph of his hero is worth his struggles and his partial defeat. But it is due also to a production in which competence and fire are combined to an extent perhaps possible only to an organization which has had enough experience to know what it is doing but not so much as to have lost the enthusiasm of youth.

Under the circumstances it is hardly worth while to pick out individual incidents or persons for commendation, but it is impossible not to mention the moment when J. Edward Bromberg, as the old doctor, turns aside at the point of highest tension to admire a specimen in a bottle on the table, or not to cite the whole scene in the operating room as one of the finest examples of realism touched with imagination ever seen on our stage. As for the acting, it is, for the most part, superb—especially in the persons of Mr. Bromberg and Alexander Kirkland. Not since the Theater Guild grew up and the Neighborhood Playhouse gave up, has any non-commercial organization so triumphantly justified its existence as the Group Theater here does. "Men in White" is another feather for a cap already adorned with a goodly number of trophies.

A busy week brought five other productions, of which only two can be mentioned now. "Double Door" (Ritz Theater) is an exciting melodrama obviously suggested by the Wendel case. The colors are laid on pretty thick but the excitement is genuine even if, after it is all over, one doubts just how seriously one should have taken it. "Hold Your Horses" (Winter Garden) has Joe Cook with his engaging grin of amiable madness and several of those vastly elaborate inventions of the sort which Rube Goldberg used to imagine but which only Mr. Cook ever undertook to realize in all their cumbersome inefficiency. The dancing is good, and one mad scene in which Mr. Cook's assistant, the amusing Dave Chasen, is finally precipitated down a chute into a waiting crate of toy balloons, is insanely funny. It must be confessed, however, that between the high spots "Hold Your Horses" is only a so-so review.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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THE American Federation of Labor met in deepest gloom at Cincinnati a year ago. Its membership was dwindling and even those workers who still held union cards were to a large extent unable to pay dues. In a number of locals the unemployed were actually in a majority and were threatening to assume command. The leaders were visibly frightened by the growing unrest among the rank and file. Under pressure they yielded to the demand that the federation reverse its historic policy and work for unemployment insurance. Had the rebellious rank-and-file elements been better organized, the federation officials would undoubtedly have yielded much more. At the opening of the convention in Washington this year the gloom of Cincinnati had given way to cautious but genuine optimism. For the first time in more than a decade the membership is markedly increasing. The

finances of the organization are improving, not to any prodigious extent, for unemployment is still pinching the A. F. of L., but at least sufficiently to insure that the operating expenses of the organization will be met and official salaries paid. The chief reason for the federation's optimism, however, is to be found in its relationship to the Roosevelt Administration and the NRA. It feels that for the first time in its history it has the active and direct support of the federal government. No longer must it face a hostile Administration composed of tory Republicans; no longer need it seek to advance its interests by lobbying or by backstairs diplomacy. Instead, with several of its own representatives directly participating in the work of the Administration, and with the National Recovery Act guaranteeing the right of collective bargaining, it has every reason to feel encouraged to come out openly and fight not only for its own special interests but for the rights of the whole working class.

THE WASHINGTON CONVENTION has also marked the first break in the extreme right wing of the federation leadership. It has witnessed the decline of Matthew Woll and his henchmen, a valid cause for thankfulness. Mr. Woll has been too close to the Hoover Republicans and the bankers in the last few years. Moreover, he has been devoting too much time to denouncing radicalism and not enough to the needs of workers. John L. Lewis, of course, gains his strength from the fact that the United Mine Workers is the most active and the fastest-growing union in the country today. Reports that he would challenge William Green for the presidency of the A. F. of L. appear as this is written to have been premature. He is too smooth a politician to take such a step until he has consolidated his own position within the organization. It is entirely possible that at next year's convention he will be a successful contender for the highest office in the labor movement, but as he has never hesitated to betray the miners, especially in southern Illinois and western Pennsylvania, the federation would not gain by exchanging the unimaginative Green for the aggressive but never very dependable Lewis. Better than either would be an entirely new leadership. Elsewhere in this issue is a factual presentation of grave abuses which the present leadership of the A. F. of L. has tolerated and condoned, the onus of which is sufficient to injure seriously, if not to wreck, any labor movement. Indeed, the weakness of organized labor in America has been largely ascribable to the ineptitude and frequent corruption of its leaders. Now that the workers are offered the greatest opportunity that has come to them since the dawn of the labor movement in America, incompetent leadership must no longer be allowed to blight their prospects.

THIS FEELING of optimism at the Washington convention does not mean, however, that the federation is entirely satisfied with the work of the NRA or the promises of the Roosevelt Administration. Outwardly the federation spokesmen are enthusiastic about the NRA and only let the barest suggestion of criticism enter their public speeches.

The central point of their criticism is that the working week has not been shortened enough to take up all the slack in employment. They want the working week reduced to thirty hours or fewer. In this they have the support of Secretary of Labor Perkins, who told the convention that the present maximum-hours and minimum-wage agreements must be improved if the unemployment and purchasing-power problems are to be satisfactorily adjusted. Privately labor spokesmen go much farther in their criticism. They feel that their representatives in the NRA have no real power, or at least not enough to overcome the influence of the industrialists and bankers also represented in General Johnson's organization. Moreover, they want to know why General Johnson and his associates do not take vigorous action against the employers who have been openly or covertly violating the permanent codes. It is said that the federation has received 300,000 individual complaints of such violations. On the other hand, the federation has gone on record as opposing militant class action. It wants to continue along the familiar pathway laid out by Samuel Gompers, who insisted that progress could only be attained by cooperation between capital and labor. It has, however, set planned economy as the goal of this cooperation, a goal that would have been strongly opposed by Mr. Gompers.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has made no finer appointment than that of Professor James M. Landis of the Harvard Law School to the Federal Trade Commission. Although only thirty-four years of age, Mr. Landis possesses one of the most enlightened minds in the legal profession. He collaborated in the drafting of the excellent new securities act, which the investment bankers are now seeking to emasculate. An integral part of this act was the formation of the securities division of the Federal Trade Commission, to which any new flotations must be submitted for approval before they can be issued. While the drafters of the act threw about it as many safeguards as possible to prevent its being wrecked by unfriendly or indifferent officials, human frailty being what it is and the stake being high, it is desirable that someone of unquestioned ability and integrity, whose interest in the legislation is manifest, be placed on guard to watch and direct its enforcement.

THE SUGAR stabilization agreement born after weeks of labor under the direction of John Lee Coulter of the Tariff Commission, which has been not incorrectly described as "an agreement of the refiners, by the refiners, and for the refiners," has wisely been scrapped by Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace following conferences with President Roosevelt. As pointed out by *The Nation* last week, this pact not only would have spelled the ruin of Cuba but would have worked a needless hardship on the American consumer. Moreover, it provided no such protection for the scandalously exploited workers in the American beet-sugar fields as has been granted to some labor by the codes. The basic evil in the sugar situation is a legacy of Republican tariff policy. Abolition of the sugar duty is desirable. It should be effected by gradual reduction over a period of from three to five years, in order to cause a minimum of disturbance in the producing areas. But if the American family is to be taxed two cents on every pound of this indispensable staple, some of the profits might at least go to help the

American farmer—which they would do in part if Cuba as a market were restored—and to the workers who produce the sugar. Hitherto the "protection" has been for a small group of capitalists to whom 120,000,000 people are paying tribute.

THE Grau San Martin Government is in its fifth week as this is written. Whatever may be its shortcomings in the eyes of Ambassador Sumner Welles, it has demonstrated a stability not short of extraordinary. Continued non-recognition delays recovery and imperils the objectives in Cuba to which the Roosevelt Administration is committed. It is unfortunate that one man, however well intentioned, and whatever his official position, should be able to impede the self-determination of the Cubans and to endanger the friendly relations between the American and the Cuban people. Secretary Hull should order the recognition of the existing regime in Cuba without further delay.

IF THE NAZIS go from bad to worse, as is indicated by the new press code just announced by Dr. Goebbels, which makes him second only to Hitler in dictatorial powers, their actions are not going unscathed. At Geneva one who proclaimed himself proud to be a Tory, William G. A. Ormsby-Gore, replied magnificently to Dr. Goebbels's statement on the German attitude toward the Jew and the Goebbels pretension that the Jews did not constitute a racial minority. He rejected every one of the Hitler doctrines effectively and eloquently. Among other things he said:

I belong to what is called the Tory Party of the Right. Every nineteenth of April, Primrose Day, I and others of my party go on a pilgrimage and lay primroses on the statue of one who led my party for a whole generation—I refer to Disraeli, the Earl of Beaconsfield, thrice Prime Minister.

He then declared of Disraeli that throughout his life in public and in private "he proclaimed himself the proudest of Jews, a Hebrew of Hebrews, as did St. Paul," and he added this truth: "Wherever Jews have been well and liberally treated they have been the most loyal and helpful members of the nation." But Hitler goes on with his destruction unmoved. The new press code destroys every vestige of journalistic liberty, makes of journalism the merest prostitute of the government. Indeed, the decree goes so far that anyone found with a copy of the *Manchester Guardian* or the *New York Nation*, or any other forbidden literature, may be sent to jail for not less than fifteen years, or even sentenced to death. This by the man who claims to represent a superior culture, racial purity, and civilization! Why question the atrocity stories that come out of Germany? Anyone who will decree laws like that must regard the murder of an individual as a pleasant interlude.

DESPITE all the discouragements of the hour, the cause of peace remains vital and progressive. Here we have the British Labor Party in convention assembled taking the most advanced position possible—that it will not participate in war hereafter, and that if necessary it will adopt the general strike to prevent hostilities. When it is considered that in advocating a general strike the party is proposing to do something now forbidden by law in England, the courage of this action is most striking. More than that, the party de-

manded the total disarmament of all nations and the creation of an international police force, and asked the present British government to recede from its preposterous position on air bombing and to submit proposals at Geneva for the general abolition of all arms denied to Germany, for the abolition of military aircraft, for international control of civil aviation, and for the supervision of the execution of the disarmament treaty. This action is all the more remarkable because of the threat of Hitlerism to the peace of Europe. The party conference also voted formally to boycott Nazi Germany, and to raise relief funds for German refugees and to offer them hospitality. The man who introduced the anti-war general-strike resolution was Sir Charles Trevelyan. In New York, too, there have been most encouraging meetings as a result of the anti-war congress, and a new organization has been founded to be a mass force in the peace field.

IT BECOMES increasingly evident that those who hope for some semblance of a new deal for New York City in the near future can achieve it only through the election of Fiorello H. LaGuardia. The McKee wing of the Tammany machine is, if anything, the more dangerous to the prospects of municipal reconstruction. It is drawing to itself the support of the more reactionary bankers and of other Tories who are thoroughly tolerant of lesser graft if their own privileges remain secure. Thus Albert Ottinger, the former Republican State Attorney-General, announces his support of Mr. McKee, saying: "You are no incoherent will-o'-the-wisp radical, ready to destroy and absorb property with which the municipality has no concern." This obviously is a thrust at Mr. LaGuardia, and implies Mr. Ottinger's alarm lest Mr. LaGuardia move, in so far as it lies in the Mayor's power, to break the local strangle-hold of the public utilities, whose faithful servant Mr. Ottinger has been. Identifying Mr. LaGuardia as a radical should frighten no one; indeed, it constitutes the most valid reason for supporting him. Only a radical change and a radical policy can satisfy New York City's needs. The sole weakness of the LaGuardia ticket is that, being a product of compromise, it includes candidates who may not sympathize whole-heartedly with the drastic reforms that are imperative if the city is to be saved.

IN THE DEATH of Morris Hillquit the country has lost a foremost—in some ways the foremost—figure in the development of socialism in America in this century. Eugene V. Debs, in his lifetime, overshadowed Mr. Hillquit in popular appeal, and in recent years Norman Thomas has become more prominent as a speaker and campaigner. But all the while Mr. Hillquit had a secure place in the inner councils, where his abilities were especially valuable. For it was as a student and thinker, a molder of policies and strategy, that his forte lay rather than as a popular propagandist, although his books on socialism have been widely circulated. Mr. Hillquit was an immigrant boy from Riga who worked his way up by sheer intellectual force. When, a generation ago, he ran for Congress from New York City, he drew to his support an important following of liberals, who hitherto had held aloof from socialism as something too doctrinaire and foreign for American consumption, but his greatest services were reserved for the war years. He was a power in inducing the Socialist Party to oppose America's

entry into the World War, and polled nearly 150,000 votes as an anti-war candidate for Mayor of New York City in 1917. In 1932 he received 250,000 votes for the same office, the largest Socialist vote ever cast in the city. As a lawyer he assisted in many important labor cases. The tragedy of Mr. Hillquit's career was his inability to take a sympathetic attitude toward Soviet Russia. This narrowed his vision and activities in his last years, and contributed to the gulf which split socialism into two parties and has weakened the radical movement in America ever since.

A HALF-PAGE ADVERTISEMENT, signed by Samuel Untermyer as president of the American League for the Defense of Jewish Rights, was refused by three New York morning newspapers—the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the *American*. This strange declination by dailies whose major revenue is derived from advertising bears some relation to the fact that the advertisement was a reply to a full-page advertisement by R. H. Macy and Company published in the New York dailies the previous day. Mr. Untermyer's statement, in the form of an open letter to Percy S. Straus, president of R. H. Macy and Company, challenged the accuracy and the sincerity of some of the statements contained in Macy's advertisement. Reasons given to *The Nation* by the newspapers for their action vary. Yet their refusal to publish even as paid advertising a statement from a man of the standing of Mr. Untermyer, who could be held liable for any libelous material therein contained, constitutes a unique and flagrant suppression. If the local daily press does not reconsider its decision, *The Nation*, deeming the matter of public concern, purposes to publish (without pay) Mr. Untermyer's advertisement, together with the accompanying correspondence between him and Mr. Straus, in its next issue.

WE REGRET to announce that Henry Hazlitt is leaving the staff of *The Nation*. During his four years with us Mr. Hazlitt has contributed many valuable articles on literary and financial subjects, and we hope to continue to publish some of his work. He is to become the editor of the *American Mercury* to succeed H. L. Mencken, perhaps the most outstanding personality among contemporary American editors, for whom, with George Jean Nathan, the magazine was founded ten years ago. Mr. Nathan severed his connection with it some time since, but the publication remained unique among the so-called "quality" magazines by virtue of its strong individuality. Few periodicals have ever achieved a more clearly defined character than the *Mercury* has by centering its attention upon the more grotesque aspects of the American scene and by developing a group of writers whose attitude and literary manner marked them rather definitely as disciples of one or the other of the editors. Inevitably it will be said that the *Mercury*, as Mr. Mencken developed it, belonged to the pre-depression era, and to a certain extent this is true. But of it one must add—as Max Beerbohm once said of himself—that "to be outmoded is to be a classic, if one has written well." Mr. Mencken turns to fresh woods, but there can be no doubt that his *Mercury* made its mark and will be remembered. We wish both him and his successor the best of luck in their new endeavors. Meanwhile we are happy to announce that Joseph Wood Krutch will be *The Nation's* literary editor, continuing also his dramatic criticism.

A Hard Winter Ahead

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S recent emphasis on succor to the needy is a gratifying assurance that the federal government is not hiding behind the NRA and its possible alleviations while ignoring definite indications of widespread want in the winter ahead. At the same time the full responsibilities of the situation seem not to be adequately faced by Washington, much less by a large number of the States and municipalities of the country. To a large extent private relief organizations have thrown up their hands, appalled at the magnitude of the job, while States and municipalities—crippled with debts and decreased revenues—are unable to meet the crisis.

Yet relief workers generally predict that the coming winter will be the most desperate of the depression. Granting that 3,000,000 unemployed may have returned to work since last spring, it is equally true that four or five times that number are still without employment. Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Emergency Relief Administrator, estimates that a million fewer families are receiving public relief now than last March, but he admits that there are 3,530,000 families still on relief rolls, numbering 15,850,000 persons, about 6,000,000 of whom are children. It is doubtful, he thinks, if more than one in ten ever before asked assistance of the public. What makes the situation doubly serious is that although the number of persons on relief rolls has decreased somewhat, this does not in all cases mean less want and suffering. It is sometimes a result of the hard necessity of reducing the number assisted. For even where a larger total sum of money has been expended, the increasing cost of relief for each individual has been so marked that fewer persons have been included in the distribution. A total of \$61,000,000 was spent in public relief throughout the country in August, as compared with \$60,000,000 in July, but 3,480,000 families were helped in July and only 3,360,000 in August. In some instances the greater expenditures per person reflect a better standard of support, but to a considerable extent they have been imperative because of the higher cost of food, more sickness, and a dwindling of the last personal resources of those receiving assistance.

The federal government still has \$3,300,000 left of the relief fund appropriated by Congress, and Mr. Hopkins thinks that about as much again is available among States and municipalities. This sounds like a good deal of money, but is not calculated to go far among 16,000,000 needy persons. Besides which, as the fifth winter of the depression confronts us, an increased number of persons have used up their last savings, worn out their stock of clothes, and exhausted the generosity of relatives and friends. Considering all these facts, funds available for relief of the needy are woefully inadequate and at best only a soup-kitchen approach to the problem of unemployment. A nation which goes on spending millions for military preparations has done nothing substantial as yet toward unemployment insurance or special taxation of the well-to-do.

The need of relief varies, of course, in different localities. Cleveland seems to be hard hit. Last year the number of applications for relief decreased each week from August 1

to September 1. This year there were 493 applications in the first week of August, 536 in the second, 615 in the third, and 628 in the fourth. Conditions in New York City, where it is estimated a million normally employed persons are without work, are notoriously deplorable. The index of factory employment in the city for August was 63.4, eight and a half points above that for the same month last year, but pay rolls were 50.5, only four and a half points higher than a year ago. In contrast to the country as a whole, where both the total and the average expenditure per family have increased lately, New York City has witnessed a cruel reduction both in the total sum of money spent and in the allotment for each family. As stated by the Welfare Council:

The peak of public expenditure during the present calendar year for emergency work and home relief (exclusive of relief to the aged, to mothers with dependent children, and to veterans) occurred in June, when approximately 193,000 families in this city received \$6,800,000. From June to August 12,000 fewer families were cared for and the expenditure declined a million dollars. This in the face of the fact that even when relief expenditures were at their height many thousands needing relief did not receive it. But the gross figures tell only a part of the story. The highest monthly average relief given to a family was in the month of February and amounted to \$39, while in August it had dropped to \$23. This is barely enough to keep body and soul together. It leaves nothing for rent, with the inevitable result that evictions have increased at an alarming rate. The city marshals reported that they had evicted 1,257 families in August as compared with 420 evictions in August a year ago. Of these, 675 were on the rolls of the Home Relief Bureau.

In addition to diminishing public expenditures in New York City, private relief agencies are able to do less. The Gibson committee, the Emergency Work Bureau of which formerly provided thousands with employment, has disbanded, and a campaign for funds will not be made this autumn. The Emergency Work Bureau is closing its work-relief pay roll, which amounted in August to \$300,000.

The city administration has been advised not to place too much reliance on increased employment even if it becomes substantial. Experience has shown that those on relief rolls are the last to be reemployed. The niggardly allowance for food under the city's home-relief system is becoming ever more pitiful as prices rise. Food that could be purchased in March for 96 cents now costs \$1.10, and a further rise in prices is expected. The Welfare Council says it is convinced that the gross monthly expenditure for work and home relief, which now fluctuates around \$6,500,000, should be increased to a minimum of \$10,000,000 and should be available for six months.

As the Welfare Council well put it, the "complete and utter inadequacy of relief, due to insufficient appropriations, is indefensible as a matter of right and justice to those who are in need, and it is shocking to the humane instincts of this community, which would never tolerate such inhumanity if the facts were known and fully appreciated."

Stabilize Now!

THE time has arrived when the Administration ought no longer to postpone a definite declaration of its monetary policy. In recent weeks the dollar has been sinking—at the time of writing it is at a discount of more than 35 per cent from parity—but this decline is no longer accompanied, as in its early stages, by advances in the prices of farm products and securities or by a rising volume of production. On the contrary, many of the recent breaks in the dollar have been accompanied by actual declines in the prices of the farmers' output, and there has been a continued downward turn in basic production and business activity since the middle of July, though on mere seasonal grounds there should have been a sharp advance. The New York Times weekly business index, for example, compiled from statistics of freight car loadings, steel-mill capacity, electric-power, automobile, and lumber production, and cotton forwardings, rose from 60 per cent of a hypothetical "normal" in March of this year to nearly 100 per cent in mid-July, reaching the highest point since the middle of 1930. Since then the index has turned just as sharply downward, canceling more than half of the early gain.

It is significant that this record corresponds rather closely to that of Great Britain when it abandoned the gold standard two years ago. For about three months there was a sharp rise in securities and commodities at wholesale, with a sharp improvement in sentiment and some improvement in activity; but when the pound's brief honeymoon with depreciation was over, prices began to sag again, activity to fall off, and confidence once more to give way to uneasiness. Now that we have ourselves passed through a similar cycle it ought to be clear to everyone that there is no merit in mere depreciation. On the contrary, the uncertainty regarding the dollar's future, the daily fluctuations in its international value, affect business plans everywhere; men cannot act with confidence in undertaking any fundamental capital improvements or making any large capital purchases when they do not know what the dollar will be worth one year from today. Foreign trade, in particular, has sunk nearly to its lowest level, for importers, exporters, or a special speculative class must undertake daily and monthly risks when the major currencies change daily in relation to each other. This choking of foreign trade does not merely reduce the volume of total trade by the percentage directly involved in international commerce; it upsets the entire delicate economic equilibrium of the world. Even the supposed "advantages" of a depreciated currency in reducing imports and expanding exports are mythical. In August, the month for which the latest figures are available, the United States showed the greatest excess of imports over exports—or what in popular parlance is called an "unfavorable balance of trade"—for any month in seven years.

Nothing can cure this situation but certainty and confidence regarding the future of the dollar. There must be a return, at the earliest possible moment, to gold convertibility at a fixed rate. It is now generally admitted that this rate cannot be the old parity either for the pound or for the dollar. An attempt to restore this not only would lead to heavy raids once more on the gold supply by a people which

has suffered from economic shell shock but, what is much more important, would involve a downward plunge in the prices of farm products and raw materials that the farmers and basic producers could not stand and would not permit. What is called for is a return to gold convertibility at a level close to the present depreciation; certainly final devaluation should not in any case be greater than 40 per cent.

And it is of the highest importance that this return to gold should be made in cooperation with Great Britain. That the two currencies should in future bear an easily calculable gold relationship to each other—in place of the old clumsy 4.8665—is desirable; but what is of first concern is that each country should know exactly what the other's ultimate level is going to be, and that the announcements should be simultaneous. It is not necessary that gold convertibility begin immediately after these announcements have been made. It is merely necessary that a definite date be fixed—say, January 1, 1935—for such convertibility to become effective. A joint announcement of this nature should lead to an immediate increase of world confidence, for it would mean that real confidence had returned to the governments of the world's two leading economic countries. Such an action is the only one that can put a halt to the present pressure for the printing of fiat money, a course the mere suggestion of which is already causing the gravest uneasiness, and which could only end in disaster.

Easy Money

HOW Dillon, Read and Company stretched an original investment of \$5,100,000 in their United States and Foreign Securities Corporation into control of \$90,000,000 of invested funds of other people's money was among the recent revelations before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. Clarence Dillon's further procedure in creating an equity of \$54,000,000 for himself and his partners out of nothing was another illustration of the legerdemain which in the vanished heyday was a characteristic performance of our financial leaders. It is typical of their method of securing the ground-floor position through the capital facilities cheerfully offered by a gullible and likewise acquisitive-minded public. An investment trust such as the United States and Foreign Securities Corporation is at best an enterprise of no social value. It contributes nothing toward the financing of industry and merely offers the public the supposed expert guidance of investment bankers in the handling of its money. The management of such a trust should, at most, be entitled to a fee or a reasonable percentage of the profits, although for most of the investors there were no profits—only losses. But in the Dillon, Read trust, the management cornered 75 per cent of the common stock in return for a common-stock investment of only \$5,100,000, and later saw this equity mount to a market value of \$54,000,000, a sum which far outshadowed the equity of the public which had contributed the bulk of the funds.

Mr. Dillon nevertheless insisted to the Senate committee that the role of his firm with this trust and with the affiliated \$60,000,000 United States and International Securities (which it also controlled without any further investment) was only "to manage for the public. It was no ad-

vantage to us. We have never received anything on it." Ever altruists, ever public servants, these bankers! However, aside from the immense profits made possible by his firm's position with respect to the common stock, it is difficult to believe that there is no connection between the directorships held by Dillon, Read in various important corporations and the large investments in these companies held by the two trusts, or between the two trusts' ownership of 49,000 shares of Rock Island stock and the recent appointment of Dillon, Read as one of the reorganization managers of that road, or between the 58,610 shares of Chase Bank stock held by the two trusts and the cordial relations existing between Dillon, Read and the Rockefeller institution.

Whether the banking inquiry has been dealt a serious blow by the luring of Mr. Pecora from his important investigation to become the candidate for the District Attorneyship of New York on the McKee ticket remains to be seen. This is not a new procedure on the part of Tammany. It performed a similar feat of excision on Senator Hofstadter when it drew him away from the Seabury forces by offering him a judgeship. The McKee wing of Tammany is obviously in cahoots with some of the bankers. Mr. Pecora has long yearned to be District Attorney, and cannot be too severely criticized for yielding to this temptation, although we believe his decision unwise and unfortunate. The blame rests squarely on Postmaster-General Farley and indirectly on President Roosevelt for failing to call a halt to Mr. Farley's activities in behalf of his Tammany faction. How welcome the possible withdrawal of Mr. Pecora would be to the banking fraternity may be gauged from Clarence Dillon's undisguised warmth in congratulating him. As the *Washington Daily News* pointed out: "Mr. Dillon's congratulations came straight from the heart. As one of the 'solid elements' whose support Mr. McKee is seeking, he no doubt felt much more solid the moment he heard the news."

Thomas Mann Looks On

THOMAS MANN, besides being the exquisite historian of "life's delicate children," is also a philosophical observer of the social, political, and economic phenomena of his time. Yet Mann, who has been sometimes pamphleteer and journalist, has never been seduced by the alarms, the hysterias, the inchoate passions of the temporal. Always he has managed to put the present emergency in its right relation to the past and to what he believes to be the onward-moving march of culture and civilization. As a humanist—not of course of the recent American variety but in the great Renaissance tradition—he has tried to see everything in his time *sub specie aeternitatis*. And to the horrible emergency now existing in his native country it is natural that he should make a response which not only relates it properly to the past but also reasserts man's still stubborn hope for "a free and conscious humanity."

In many respects his article on Freud in the current *Criterion* is the most profoundly devastating dismissal of the Hitler regime that has yet been made. It is devastating not only because Mann pays the Nazis the supreme insult of never once mentioning them by name but also because the position in history to which he assigns them is just the oppo-

site of what they claim for themselves. He explains their "progress" as retrogression, their revolution a reaction, their forward-moving pose as something motivated by an "obscurantist, fanatic, and backward-shaping spirit." The revolutionary idea, he declares, we are used to associate "with the powers of light, with the emancipation of the understanding, and with conceptions looking future-wards, whereas here the leading is in just the opposite direction. Backwards, is the cry; back into the night, the sacred primitive, the foreknown, the life-bearing; backwards into the romantic, prehistorical mother-womb."

In a brilliant analysis Mann makes us understand that the Nazi psychology comes out of a belated romanticism, with a dynamic of passion, the irrational and the unconscious, seeking in the primitive "folk-idea" a justification of its essential defeatism. His particular purpose is to exonerate Freud from the responsibility of being the chief inspirer of this movement back to "mindless nature, the folk-soul, hatred, war." He laments the fact that Freud's probings into the unconscious, which were intended to help men understand themselves better, should be used by some of them as an excuse for indulging in excesses of nationalistic passion.

"And youth? Is it really going to fall victim to this crude abuse of our new knowledge of the depths of mind committed by our mind-haters? It seems so. Or rather, it seems so at some times and in some places. We are no longer strangers to the disheartening sight of youthful bodies in gay quick-step, songs issuing from young lips, arms flung up in a Roman salute, wasting the fine flight of their youth upon hoary ideas. The confusion must mount, if youth goes on lending its biological charms to age and the evils of age." The great humanist refuses to accept such a situation. "But it is only an apparent confusion, an ephemeral illusion. The evils of age will not become good and beautiful because youth puts them on; would not become so if the tragedy came to pass that youth shed its blood for them. Such errors and misconceptions cannot stand; they are predestined to be called to order and set aside."

Against all this Thomas Mann sets what he calls the true revolutionary principle: "The name of revolution belongs only to the will that leads future-wards by the path of consciousness and resolution. This is what youth must be told today. No teaching or incitement to the great 'Back! back!' no zeal for the past for its own sake, can write the word upon its banner save for the open end of confusion." The true revolutionary principle is one of "consciousness and recognition, leading to higher levels; the will and the urge to destroy . . . all the premature apparent harmonies and pseudo-perfections of life; and by analysis, by psychology, through phases of solution which, from the point of view of cultural unity, must be designated as anarchy but in which there is no pause and no retreat, no restoration, no tenable standing ground, to break a path to a free and genuine unity of existence, secured by conscious possession, to the culture of men developed to complete self-consciousness."

These are the words not of the rhetorician, the detached philosophical mind, but of a man who has been driven from his home, whose works have been burned in the marketplace, whose name has been made anathema to a whole generation of his countrymen. Germany has need of such words at this hour—and she should be proud of them. But she has probably not been allowed even to hear them.

Issues and Men

An Open Letter to Governor Lehman

DEAR GOVERNOR LEHMAN: Where do you stand? What position are you going to take in this municipal election? Are you going to sit on the fence? Are you going to stand by Tammany Hall again? Or are you going to place yourself on the side of decent government in New York and join the forces which are trying to redeem this practically bankrupt city from the worst kind of exploitation, corruption, and misgovernment? That this is a crisis in our city's history no one knows better than you, for you have had to spend many exhausting hours as a mediator between the bankers who are now its dictators and the city officials who are so largely responsible for the municipality's distress. Moreover, as the Executive of the Empire State you are well aware of the close connection between city and State and nation, and of the effect upon the national morale and the government's recovery program of a smashing reform victory in the metropolis. You will not, I am sure, deny that just now nothing would help the city more than taking it out of the hands of those who have so degraded it.

Where do you stand, Governor, at this time when no patriot has the right to refuse to tell whom he is for and what he is against? Do you wish it to be said all over this country that in this emergency the head of the Empire State found no time to decide between the forces of evil and the forces working to instal in New York City a government in the interest of the plain people, one million of whom are being kept alive by private and public charity through no fault of their own? You certainly will not claim that you are not a citizen of New York, for you live on the finest residential street in Manhattan. Here you were born, here you have lived before and since manhood, and here you made your very considerable fortune. Here 1,531,165 men and women voted to elect you Governor. You owe it to them, yes, to the entire city, to state whether you favor McKee, or LaGuardia, or O'Brien again. You will not, I believe, seek to step out of your role as a citizen of Manhattan, or declare that the Governor should not take sides in a local election. That argument is valid when made in behalf of the President of the United States. It does not hold good when applied to the Governor at Albany, for the city of New York all but dominates the legislature and often exercises a controlling influence in the affairs of the State. No Governor can live up to his responsibilities, not even in normal times, and ignore what is going on at the southern end of the State; no Governor can be indifferent to what is happening to one-half the entire population of this commonwealth. What happens in any other city in New York is insignificant in comparison. Surely it is not necessary to remind you of this.

But you will not use that argument to excuse silence for the simple reason that just a year ago you took sides in a mayoralty election. When the present Mayor, O'Brien, who is little else than a joke, was nominated, you sent him the following telegram:

I want to congratulate you very heartily on your nomination, and I wish you success on November 8 by an overwhelming vote. I look forward with great pleasure to meeting you frequently during the campaign. Kindest regards to you and your family.

When you sent that wire you made it perfectly plain that you felt that at least a candidate for Governor of this State had a right and a duty to intervene in a mayoralty contest. Now what some of the 1,531,165 voters of New York City who cast their ballots for you wish to know is whether you still think that John P. O'Brien is worthy of "an overwhelming vote"; whether you are still for him; whether you desire his reelection. If so, they will know exactly where to place you.

They certainly did not count you a Tammany man a year ago. They agreed with *The Nation's* estimate of you—made before your O'Brien telegram—as one who had "steadfastly refused to play politics" and had been "an admirable public officer." They were little concerned then with your stand on the local issues, for the election of last fall was a hasty affair and you yourself were a candidate for office. But they do care now—earnestly and sincerely. They feel that they have the right today to look to you for civic leadership just because you hold the highest position in the State, and a good and just Governor is often the leader of the State's public opinion. They will not believe, and cannot be made to believe, that you are going to support Tammany Hall this year until you yourself convince them. They do not wish to believe that you have become so much the politician in the period of a single year that you will choose the cowardly course of sitting upon the fence. They credit you with far more than enough common sense and political sagacity to know that the public will respect you only if you take an open and unequivocal stand—a stand for someone, somewhere. They will refuse to believe—unless you convince them to the contrary—that you will be actuated in this emergency by any questions of expediency, or by any thought of how your position will affect your chances for reelection next year, until you teach them otherwise.

Where do you stand Herbert Lehman? Under which flag, Governor? This mayoralty election will profoundly affect the destinies, perhaps the lives, of a multitude of desperate American men, women, and children. You are of a race that knows what it is to suffer and be outcast—unhappily it knows it better today than for generations past. Do you not feel for the economic victims in New York? Will you deny your heart and your better instincts and ally yourself with the powers of darkness? I, for one, refuse to believe it.

Sincerely yours,

Samuel Garrison Villard

The Dilemma of the Supreme Court

Will It Find the NRA and the AAA Unconstitutional?

By MAURICE FINKELSTEIN

ON the fourth of March the business life of this country came as near to complete collapse as it has ever come in the whole history of the republic. Out of that fateful crisis emerged the momentous political and economic experiment of Roosevelt's New Deal, which was enacted by Congress in two great pieces of legislation—the Agricultural Adjustment Act and the National Industrial Recovery Act. The former attempts to raise agricultural prices and the farmers' purchasing power by the simple device of a government subsidy to farmers who will agree to restrict output, the subsidy to be defrayed by a tax on urban consumers. Since this plan, taken by itself, is a case of borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, the Industrial Recovery Act was designed to grapple with the far more crucial and difficult problem of raising the prosperity of the industrial Peter. On the basis of business codes to be prepared by the industries themselves or to be imposed, if necessary, by the government, it seeks to restore prosperity by raising wages and increasing employment, encouraging collective bargaining, fixing prices, controlling production, and in general eliminating all forms of socially wasteful cutthroat competition.

Disguise it as one may, the New Deal involves, both by its immediate commitments and by the commitments which are bound to follow, a revolutionary departure in national economic policy. Although it employs great caution and indirection, it has launched the country on the road which leads to a politically planned and regulated economic life, not altogether unlike that of Communist Russia or Fascist Italy.

At once the question arises: But what about the Supreme Court and the Constitution? This question, which is instinctively raised every time Congress or a State legislature passes a piece of forward-looking legislation, has in this context an all-pervading importance. Will this court, which through the dominant conservative majority has blocked, for more than a generation, all reform efforts to curb business greed and give labor even a superficial measure of social protection, and which in fact has enshrined the business man's laissez faire philosophy in the Constitution—will this court now accept the revolution of the New Deal?

The answer to our question, which is even more fateful than the vision which planned the New Deal, may be clearly and categorically stated. If the New Deal continues to command its present popular support, the Supreme Court will be powerless to block it. Instead of the court putting the New Deal into eclipse, it will rather be the New Deal which will put into permanent eclipse the economic dictatorship of the court.

This prognostication is not based upon any hidden resources of constitutional ingenuity utilized by the framers of the legislation to forestall a veto by the august tribunal; on the contrary, many of the provisions of the legislation seem to go clearly against the weight of accumulated judicial precedents and policy—and yet such is the constellation of political forces that the Supreme Court will find itself powerless to arrest

the disputed legislation. Of the two sets of enactments, the Agricultural Adjustment Act raises comparatively simple constitutional questions. But the Industrial Recovery Act, precisely because it is the fulcrum of the whole plan, has to regulate business, or in other words take away property in the form of individual opportunities for profit; and this goes clearly into the domain of property rights, the protection of which the Supreme Court has arrogated to itself by decisions of the past forty years.

This whole vast plan of a controlled national economy, with regulation reaching into every crevice of economic life, depends for its general constitutional authority on the extremely narrow base of the power of Congress "to regulate commerce with foreign nations and between the States" (unless the hitherto dormant "general welfare" clause of the Constitution can be suddenly called into play). The court has held, however, in two successive decisions dealing with the attempts of Congress to prohibit child labor in manufacturing (first through its power over interstate commerce and second through its power to tax), that the conditions of manufacturing were a domestic matter for the States, in which Congress had no power to interfere. On the other hand, even should the court in its graciousness concede jurisdiction to Congress over all phases of industry and commerce, both local and national, the types of concrete regulations which the act authorizes—hours of labor, wages, prices, and output—have been repeatedly thrown out as unreasonable when imposed by the States and the nation in their respective fields, except in the narrowly delimited field of railroad and public-utility regulation. And even in that field the court has set itself up as the final power which shall determine what particular rates and restrictions are reasonable and what are not.

In addition, the delicacy of the recovery plan makes it imperative that it should be administered by executive agencies with a full coordination of all its phases. This renders abortive the prediction of those Machiavellian interpreters who suggest that the court might sustain the act but whittle away its effectiveness by interpretation of specific codes. Similarly, the often-made suggestion that the court might sustain the recovery act as an emergency measure overlooks the important consideration that while the depression may be temporary, its cure, once undertaken by the methods of the New Deal, will involve a permanent change in our economic policy. Anyone who thinks that the emergency behind the recovery act will soon pass is gravely mistaken, for if the law is at all successful, not only will its duration be extended, but its application to the economic life of the country will doubtless tend to be intensified rather than diminished. So that while Congress enacted this statute in the form of emergency legislation—no doubt to make it more palatable to the court—nevertheless, it is perfectly plain that that prop is insecure and can afford no permanent support to the constitutionality of the New Deal. In short, if we are to go by the point of view

expressed in many of the past decisions and articulated past policies of the court, the Industrial Recovery Act would have as much chance to pass through the Supreme Court as a camel through the eye of a needle.

And yet the Supreme Court will in all probability find it difficult to throw out the Industrial Recovery Act as unconstitutional. For if it should do so, the popular resentment would be so great and the need of action so uppermost that no one would be surprised if Congress and the President should utilize the power, which they always have in reserve, of "packing" the court—that is to say, of appointing additional justices to secure a favorable majority for the act. The court has been packed before—at the time of the legal-tender cases in the seventies—and it can be packed again. Moreover, under the present alignment of the court, with three justices to be counted in all probability on the liberal side of allowing the legislative will to express itself unhindered by the judiciary, the packing would be a relatively simple matter. And if packing were not sufficient, or if it were desired to make the legislative policy permanently secure against judicial encroachment, a constitutional amendment could be submitted to the people, so clearly worded as to take away forever the power of the court to declare this and similar legislation unconstitutional. This latter proposal has been urged upon the country for a number of years. A judicial declaration against the validity of the recovery act would certainly add great impetus and perhaps be the necessary immediate cause to effectuate the reform.

Thus, in the last analysis, the National Industrial Recovery Act puts the Supreme Court between the horns of a dilemma, so that, whichever way it chooses, it must contemplate the approaching curtailment, at least on major questions of industrial and economic policy, of its arrogated power to legislate—or rather to checkmate and prevent legislation—on economic policy.

The New Deal has been called a "silent revolution" in American politics. But if it is this, the true revolution, at least in the political aspects of the New Deal, lies not so much in the steps taken as in the reconquest of the right of the general will to grapple intelligently with the public destiny, and to tackle, before it is too late, the vast problems which a century of unregulated and unplanned business enterprise has heaped up on the community. Instead of going forward with the solution of these new problems before they piled up in a revolutionary manner, political thought in the United States has stood pat on its doctrine of natural rights and laissez faire.

It is wrong to single out the courts and the Constitution as a scapegoat for social ills resulting from this stagnation of thought, for in the last analysis its development was part of the whole social process. But at the same time we must realize that not only did the court use its powers of mechanical obstruction to the utmost; it actively stretched the Constitution backwards and forwards in order to uphold vested private interests. The chief instrument by which this was accomplished was the famous "due process" clause. While in the early cases arising under this clause, like the slaughterhouse case of *Louisiana* (1873) and *Munn v. Illinois* (1877), at the time of the "granger revolt," the court itself disavowed the prerogative of interfering with legislative action, a different judicial attitude was soon apparent. In 1897, with the decision in the case of *Allgeyer v.*

Louisiana, the court was ready to hold that a particular scheme of regulating the insurance business was invalid because it deprived the appellant of property without due process of law. Shortly thereafter a series of railroad rate cases was decided which definitely established the supremacy of the Supreme Court in rate-making.

By these and subsequent decisions the preeminence of the court in almost all fields of industrial and social legislation has become firmly established. Mr. Justice Brandeis has pointed out in his notable dissent in the *Oklahoma* ice case that this result is traceable to the holding by the Supreme Court that due process applies "to matters of substantive law as well as to matters of procedure." The process by which it is suggested that the court should avoid the dire consequences of this holding suggests the laws of the Medes and the Persians, wherein it was provided that no edict sealed by the king's signet ring could be changed except by a new circumventing edict. Justice Brandeis suggests that the court keep due process but apply standards of rationality so bold and brave as not to shut out any legislative experimentation that looks at all promising.

It is true that the anti-trust laws had been upheld as constitutional by the Supreme Court, but the philosophy back of the anti-trust act was antiquarian in its tendency. It looked backwards to the golden age of the eighteenth century and the early nineteenth, through whose aura competition appeared free, fair, and equal; blind to the intrinsic development of capitalist production, it had operated like a law of gravitation to concentrate business in fewer and fewer hands and to give the larger aggregations of capital a dynamic advantage over the smaller ones. But despite the backwardness of its philosophy, the anti-trust law, had it been vigorously enforced, would have led experimentally at least to a more adequate perception of what was required. And in any case it would have checked the more flagrant abuses of economic power. It is characteristic, however, of the whole American social process from the nineties until the present that the feebleness of the law's philosophy and the irresoluteness of the enforcing agencies were matched only by the vigor with which the Supreme Court protected the corporations' interests against the law. Right at the outset, in 1895, the court declared that the sugar trust was out of reach of the law, since its business was manufacturing, and manufacturing was done inside of State lines. Zeno's paradoxes of motion were thus pressed into the service of the vested interests!

It is true that this doctrine had to be modified in subsequent decisions, but the court had the reserve weapon of determining when a combination or a restraint of trade was "reasonable." By this means, as Justice Brandeis wrote in one of his dissenting opinions, "the Sherman law was held in *United States v. United States Steel Corporation* to permit capitalists to combine in a single corporation 50 per cent of the steel industry of the United States, dominating the trade through its vast resources. The Sherman law was held in *United States v. United Shoe Machinery Company* to permit capitalists to combine in another corporation practically the whole shoe-machinery industry of the country, necessarily giving it a position of dominance over shoe manufacturing in America." But when it came to a labor boycott—the attempt of "members of a small craft of workmen . . . to cooperate in simply refraining from work when that course was the only means of self-protection against a

combination of militant and powerful employers"—the court declared that this was an unreasonable restraint of trade, and the fact that everything was done within State lines was of no avail.

In some of the cases dealing with railroad rates and other utility regulation the court has, indeed, allowed a certain latitude in the meaning of "due process," when that latitude was for once in the interest of the social good, and it is these cases which are put forward by constitutional lawyers as a reason why the court may declare the National Industrial Recovery Act to be within the scope of Congressional authority. But by this time it should be evident that it is not a question of what the Constitution and the precedents permit the court to do—the Constitution and the precedents permit the court to do practically anything it pleases. The real question is the economic bias of a majority of the members of the court, which is the only thread that allows the historian to guide his way through the tortuous labyrinth of its decisions.

From the point of view of bias, it may be said that on the matter of price regulation—one of the prime objects of the recovery act—the predominant view of the court has been illustrated not only by the cases already cited but by the Tyson theater price-fixing case of 1927. There the majority of the court, speaking through Justice Sutherland, declared:

If it be within the legitimate authority of government to fix maximum charges for admission to theaters . . . and every possible form of amusement, including the lowly merry-go-round with its adjunct the hurdy-gurdy, it is hard to see where the limit of power in respect of price-fixing is to be drawn.

Well, the scope of the recovery act includes the hurdy-gurdy and everything else. And as far as the question of emergency is concerned, it is a fact that on March 21, 1932, at the very height of the depression, the court outlawed a State system of licensing such as the recovery act contemplates, and it outlawed it not because the State had no jurisdiction but because the particular regulation was unreasonable under the Fourteenth Amendment.

The lifting of labor standards, by fixing hours of labor and minimum wages, outlawing yellow-dog contracts, and encouraging collective bargaining, is another coordinate objective of the recovery act. And what is the predominant view of the court on this point? In the whole mass of labor cases the only rays of light that stand out are the upholding of Oregon's laws restricting the hours, first of women, and then of men—on the sole ground of their being regulations in the interest of health! (This ground is, of course, not available when a five- or six-hour day is legislated into being.) But against these feeble rays of light stands the Stygian darkness of the court's successive rulings that legislation outlawing yellow-dog contracts was unconstitutional, that anti-injunction legislation was unconstitutional, and finally that minimum-wage legislation for women (and a fortiori for men) was unconstitutional.

And yet with its hostility to reform legislation so cumulatively expressed by the court, it will suddenly have to abdicate its powers of economic censorship. How will this miracle come about and how has its groundwork been prepared? Here the great work of the dissenting minority looms up as of vast importance. A steady flow of minority opinions from the hands of Holmes and Brandeis, and more recently of

Stone and Cardozo, points the road to the true position of the court in American political life—to the restoration of the scheme of things contemplated by the framers of the Constitution. The court will become again a needed check on legislative excess and will permanently relinquish its right to act as a superlegislature. Mr. Justice Holmes has many times reiterated this view, pointing out that the agreement or disagreement of particular judges with any legislative policy "has nothing to do with the right of the majority to embody their opinions in law."

This presents the court with a real opportunity to assume that role of leadership for which it was created and to fulfil, by sound decisions, the economic and political aims which have brought about the "silent revolution."

Something snapped in American life in the winter of 1932-33. That something is the arrogant confidence of business that it can run its own show. If there were space here, it would be interesting to trace the direct and remote causes of this transformation. The unexampled depression, the example of Russia, half menacing and half seducing, the truly remarkable leadership of Roosevelt and his Administration, half a century of agitation for reform—all these contributed their share. But whatever the causes, the fact is that the revolution is here—the program of the New Deal was actually framed and allowed to be put through Congress. Granted the contexture of conditions which made this revolution possible, a revolution in the Supreme Court is bound to follow as a matter of course.

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New Labor Leaders Needed

The A. F. of L. and Its Racketeers

By HAROLD SEIDMAN

THE American labor movement is in greater need of honest and progressive leadership at the present time than it has ever been in the past. The power and prestige of organized labor in the United States, which have been declining rapidly in the past few years, have been revived by the National Recovery Act, but the hope that this act offers cannot be realized unless the racketeers who despotically rule many unions are driven out. Most American workmen do not trust unions, and the thousands who have recently been added to union membership lists will break their affiliations rather than be victimized by the labor czars. Unfortunately, the American Federation of Labor has never attempted to clean out the racketeers and has actually encouraged racketeering by its policy of non-interference, though the whole trade-union movement has thereby been brought into disrepute.

New cases and new methods of labor racketeering are uncovered almost daily. United States Attorney George Z. Medalie is now investigating charges that bricklayers working on the new federal building in New York were forced to pay five dollars a week to the union for the privilege of working. Dave Friedman, a former member of the executive committee of the Boot and Shoe Makers' Union, has said he knew "of an instance where an employer volunteered higher wages and the union heads vetoed it." When members become too curious about union affairs, the czars call strikes to unite them and make them forget their other grievances. Opposition groups that go to court are frequently kept embroiled in litigation until their limited resources are exhausted and they are forced to give up the battle. The rank and file in many unions are reduced to dumb submission. Appeals to the federation have been in vain.

Owen S. M. Tierney, who represented Local 125 of the International Union of Operating Engineers in its fight against Patrick J. Commerford, now in prison for violating the income-tax law, received absolutely no cooperation from the federation. Tierney wrote to William Green in 1932 describing the unbearable conditions that existed in Local 125 under the despotic rule of Commerford, who was on the pay roll of several employers and had accepted huge bribes to break and prevent strikes. Green refused to grant Tierney an appointment to see him in Washington, but said his personal representative was in New York making an investigation. Mr. Tierney never saw this representative, and his subsequent letters to Green were unanswered. Despite more than fifteen successive court victories, Local 125 is still battling to have its charter restored. The majority of employers now obtain their workmen from Local 130, the new union set up by the International, as they are unwilling to deal with a local which is not favored by the International for fear that their out-of-town jobs will be tied up. If its funds are not exhausted, Local 125 will ultimately be successful in its fight against the International, whose president, Possehl, is an official of the American Federation of Labor.

In the meantime members of Local 125 are experiencing extremely hard times.

William Green could not have been ignorant of the intolerable conditions that existed in Local 306 of the Motion Picture Operators under the tyrannical rule of Sam Kaplan, another convicted labor racketeer, yet he did almost nothing to eradicate the evil. Numerous complaints to the A. F. of L. went unheeded. In appointing receivers for the union, Judge Cotillo wrote:

The American Federation of Labor was dilatory in protecting the property and working rights of members of Local 306 of the Motion Picture Operators. When organized labor neglects to clean its own house, under its own laws, until conditions become so bad that it finds itself in a court of equity, it must not be surprised to suffer the consequences of its own indifference.

William Green, however, was enraged by the appointment of receivers and declared it "an unjustifiable invasion of the legal and administrative rights of the American Federation of Labor."

In Hudson County, New Jersey, 600 drivers resigned from Local 461 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters and Chauffeurs and accused the union officials of racketeering. The drivers announced that they would form a new organization and passed a resolution severely criticizing the American Federation of Labor. They said that all appeals to that body to investigate charges of racketeering and dictatorship in the locals had been ignored. Green said in reply that these men "were affiliated only indirectly with the federation."

The usual excuse offered by the A. F. of L. for its failure to prosecute racketeers is "lack of jurisdiction." However, in some cases Green has found means to overcome this obstacle. In the fur workers' strike of 1926 Mr. Green met Mr. Samuels, president of the employers' association, in Washington and arranged a settlement secretly without consulting either the strikers or their leaders. A meeting of the strikers was then called at Carnegie Hall, at which Green and his lieutenants were to explain to the workers the terms of the settlement and the advisability of accepting them. To make sure that Mr. Green's advice would be followed, the strike leaders were not permitted to enter the hall. Nevertheless, Green was howled down and the men refused to accept the settlement. The terms finally obtained were much more advantageous than those Mr. Green had agreed upon and tried to force upon the workers. Shortly afterward Green appointed a committee to investigate the Fur Workers, and thirty-two officers of the New York locals were expelled. When the locals refused to recognize the expulsions, they were all suspended. The Needle Workers' Industrial Union, with which the A. F. of L. has been waging a violent struggle, grew out of these suspended locals. The federation was not hampered by "lack of jurisdiction" in this case.

Since unscrupulous employers are always looking for opportunities to attack labor unions, one would expect labor organizations to exercise great care in their choice of officers. But just the opposite has been the case. Many a man has walked out of jail into a high union office with the tacit approval of the high command of the A. F. of L. Though officers of the union spent \$19,000 on his defense, William Hogan was convicted of stealing \$30,000 from the treasury of Local 3 of the Electrical Workers. Hogan was not expelled from the union, and some time after his release from prison he was elevated to the office of International treasurer, a position which he still occupies. P. J. Morrin, president of the International Union of Iron Workers, was convicted in the notorious MacNamara case. Minor union officials with criminal records are too numerous to mention here. P. J. Commerford will probably get back his old job in the union when he is released from prison.

Joseph Fay, one of the members of the labor triumvirate in New Jersey—the other two, Brandle and Sherlock, have both been expelled from the Iron Workers' Union—was recently appointed by President Possehl International representative of the Operating Engineers in New York City "to preserve the International union's aspirations in formulating and perfecting contractual relationships with associations of contractors and employers." Part owner of the International Excavating Company and International Hoisting Company, Fay had been expelled from the union in June, 1932, because he was an employer, but had been unconditionally reinstated in August; he said at that time that he would "ultimately disassociate himself from the contracting companies." Apparently he did not, for in June last he was charged with conspiracy to control the excavating and trucking business in northern New Jersey for the benefit of companies controlled by him and his associates. Fay is typical of the capitalist labor leaders who have infested American unions in recent years. Time was when a man immediately lost his union card on becoming an employer, but that is so no longer.

Matthew Woll, first vice-president of the A. F. of L., who has distinguished himself in recent years by his bitter opposition to unemployment insurance and to the recognition of Russia, has continually allowed salesmen to exploit his high office to sell policies issued by the Union Labor Insurance Company, of which he is president. Mr. Woll has given this explanation for the formation of his company:

As a result of our study we realized that the trade unions are all ill-equipped to cope with problems involved in any insurance arrangement. The only sound way to overcome the difficulties presented was to form an insurance company that would be managed on a safe and sound basis. The result was that the Union Labor Insurance Company came into existence for that purpose.

The Union Labor Insurance Company has far exceeded its original purpose, and there is hardly a labor lawyer who has not been approached by one of Woll's insurance salesmen. Sometimes prospective buyers are told that Mr. Woll wants to speak to them on the telephone. An insurance salesman greets them instead of Mr. Woll. One business man, active in the recovery movement, declared he received a telephone call purporting to come from a "Mr. Schwaum of the American Federation of Labor," to the effect that Mr. Woll was returning from Washington and wanted to

see him. Assuming that it was an important labor or government matter, the business man canceled all his engagements for the afternoon. Aaron Nadler, an insurance salesman, appeared instead of Mr. Woll, with a letter of introduction signed by the latter. When this case was brought to the attention of Mr. Woll, he said he did not countenance such acts by his salesmen. However, he did not deny that it was his signature on the letter.

Dr. Leo Wolman, now chairman of the Labor Advisory Board of the NRA, wrote that the Amalgamated Union broke off from the United Garment Workers in 1914 because of "autocratic and unrepresentative administration of the [latter] union's business . . . corrupt practices among the officers of the United Garment Workers, and misuse of union funds, particularly in connection with the abuse of the union label." The A. F. of L. has since then continually waged war against the Amalgamated, which is probably the strongest union in the United States today.

Although fewer than 10 per cent of the American workers have until recently been included in the membership of the A. F. of L., the federation has frequently claimed sole ownership of the labor movement in the United States. President Green recently stated that "there is no room in the United States for any other labor movement." The A. F. of L. regards members of independent unions as non-union. Yet many American workers are not able to join A. F. of L. unions because of the stringent admission regulations and high initiation fees. Where can men who have long been unemployed find from \$25 to \$300 for initiation fees?

The failure of the A. F. of L. does not mean that trade unionism is unsound. Even under corrupt leadership, organized workers have gained benefits which they could not have obtained in any other way. But by permitting racketeering to continue, the A. F. of L. has endangered the cause of all organized labor. Employers are justified when they refuse to deal with these grafters and ex-convicts. No honest employer would protest against collective bargaining if the racketeers were driven out of the unions. That is a problem which General Johnson and his aids who are directing the National Recovery Act cannot evade.

For the first time in history the American government is aiding organized labor. The NRA has abolished the "yellow-dog" contract and guaranteed to every worker the right of collective bargaining. But labor needs more than this. If it is to go forward and prosper it must have new, honest, courageous leaders who can consolidate these gains. The new labor leader must be a man who commands the respect of both the employer and the worker. The American Federation of Labor as it is now organized cannot provide this leadership. The federal government should hold an investigation through one of its agencies to determine why the A. F. of L. and its affiliates, especially in New York, New Jersey, and Chicago, consistently block all efforts to sweep out the czars and their gangsters. Labor should no longer be permitted to stand above the law. After a thorough investigation a code of fair practice should be drawn up for labor unions. The capitalist labor leader, the czar who extorts money from employers and members of the union, the stacked constitutions, the paid gangsters, must all be eliminated. If organized labor in the United States is to survive, it must have a complete New Deal and a complete new leadership.

The German Nightmare

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, September 20

I RECENTLY spent ten days in Germany—two days in Frankfort and the rest in Berlin. I had not been in either place for eight years and my first impression was how dead they both appeared to be. I had intended to stay at the Engländerhof at Frankfort, but it was closed for lack of custom. At the Bristol, where I put up, there were about a score of visitors. One evening I dined on the terrace at the Frankfurterhof. I counted seventeen diners and was told that they were all Frankfort people. There was not a light in a single window of the great hotel. A German in the train told me that there were hardly any foreigners at Baden Baden and other holiday resorts in South Germany. There are very few first- or second-class passengers in the trains. In the afternoon express from Frankfort to Berlin, for which there is a small extra supplement (three marks) in addition to the ordinary express supplement, the first-class compartments were quite empty and the second-class passengers averaged less than one for each compartment. There were so few passengers that no dinner was served in the dining-car, though seven or eight people ate à la carte.

In Berlin the hotels, usually so crowded in August with foreign visitors, were nearly empty. No doubt the depreciation of the dollar and the pound has something to do with it, but there have been plenty of English and other summer visitors in some other European countries, and even in Switzerland, now the dearest country in Europe, bad as the season has been, there have been rather more tourists than last year. Germans themselves admitted, even while regretting it, that hostility to the present German regime had kept foreigners away. The more they stay away, the better. It is good for Germans to be made to feel that the opinion of the civilized world is against them, and nothing will bring that home to them more effectively than being made to feel the pinch economically. By staying away foreigners support the necessary economic boycott.

It was not only the absence of foreign visitors that made Berlin appear dead, especially in the evening. On a Saturday evening there was a fairly large crowd in the Kurfürstendamm, but the next evening there were not half the people that one used to see there on a Sunday night. The center of Berlin looked as deserted in the evening as a village, but what struck me most was the pall of gloom that hung over the working-class quarters. At about eight o'clock on a Saturday evening I went to see a family of my acquaintance living in a street in a populous quarter. I remembered what the quarter was like on such a fine, warm Saturday evening nine or ten years ago, when I was living in Berlin—the streets full of children playing, hawkers selling their wares, people walking up and down, talking and laughing. This time I went through deserted streets. The people are afraid to go out and afraid to speak above a whisper, even when they are at home with doors and windows closed. At one corner of the street that I visited two Nazis in uniform stood in front of a Nazi building of some sort.

There are uniforms everywhere, far more than in pre-

war Germany and more even than in Italy. All day there are constant processions of Nazis in uniform or school children carrying flags. A dozen little girls headed by a bigger one march along two by two trying to do the goose-step. Sometimes the marchers sing the Horst Wessel song or "Siegreich werden wir Frankreich schlagen." Many of the schoolboys are in brown shirts. Any boy that does not join the Hitler *Jugend* has a bad time. There is every sort of military ceremony. Even the police go through a solemn ceremony of changing the guard on the Pariserplatz. In short, everything possible is done to cultivate a military spirit and hatred of foreigners and Jews. A German told me that he would like to send his son to a school abroad, if only it were possible, for hatred was being inculcated in the schools by means of garbled history. It is as plain in Germany as it is in Italy that the whole nation is being trained for war, although the training in Germany has not yet had time to become so complete. Nor is the training merely theoretical. Boys from fourteen to sixteen practice under the supervision of a teacher throwing dummy hand grenades at pasteboard soldiers in dummy trenches. There is no secret about it. They can be seen doing it in Berlin. Germany will soon have a large army, for which the Reichswehr will provide the officers. The recent demonstration at Nürnberg was a rehearsal of a mobilization. For years the men in the Reichswehr have been trained to act as non-commissioned officers in a national conscript army. For the revival of German militarism does not date from the advent of Hitler. That has only made it evident to the world. Noske, Scheidemann, and Ebert were its first parents—and Scheidemann has been deprived of his German nationality!

The moral atmosphere of Germany is appalling. One has the impression of being in a criminal lunatic asylum. It is not surprising that the Berlin correspondents feel the strain. Not that all the inhabitants are lunatics or criminals. Opinions in the foreign colony in Berlin differ on the question whether the majority of the German people are at heart with Hitler, but those who think that they are not add that it makes no difference. It will be as easy to make the flock of sheep march to the battlefield as it is to make them march down Unter den Linden. On the other hand, it is quite possible that if the armies of England, France, Poland, and the Little Entente walked into Germany, they would be welcomed by half the people, if they behaved well and especially if the occupation were accompanied by commercial concessions, such as a customs agreement. In any other country a foreign occupation would intensify nationalist feeling, but not necessarily in Germany. The British army was adored in Cologne, and when it left, a high local official said in a public speech that the occupation had strengthened the ties between Germany and England. The French and Belgian armies were disliked because their commands behaved so stupidly. The fundamental cause of German nationalism and German anti-Semitism is an inferiority complex which the Germans are trying to get rid of by loudly proclaiming their superiority to all other races in the hope of persuading

themselves. They know perfectly well that the French are not a Negroid race, as Hitler said in "Mein Kampf" and as the Nazi papers are saying every day. At bottom they hate the French for the same reason that they hate the Jews—namely, because they believe them to be more intelligent and more civilized than themselves.

The Nazi movement is a conscious and deliberate attempt to destroy European civilization and return to barbarism. Recently the *Neue Tagebuch*, published in Paris, said that the Nazis were going back to the primeval forest. On August 28 a Nazi leader, one Dr. Haupt, speaking to about four thousand school teachers at Harzburg, said that the *Neue Tagebuch* was right.

The primeval forest is the symbol of our people, who come from nature, from the forest. It is a natural people that has rediscovered its origins and gone back to its native soil. This primitive people will listen only to the forces of its nature. The reply to the Treaty of Versailles is that the German people has left the path of Western civilization.

It has, indeed. This was brought home to me when I looked in Frankfort for the monument of Heinrich Heine, one of the finest examples of modern German sculpture, and found that it had been removed. So had the war memorial, partly because its sculptor was a Jew, but partly, no doubt, because its tendency was pacific. It did not glorify war but symbolized its horrors. And the only inscription on it was "To the victims." That sort of thing does not encourage the future victims. Between Heine and the primeval forest there was nothing in common. The Nazis must feel, too, that there is an unpleasant personal application in a line in one of Heine's poems, "Ich bin ein echter Deutscher Esel." And "ein schlechter Esel" into the bargain.

Never have I met with such a consensus of opinion among men of different nationalities, different outlooks, and different political standpoints as that which exists among the foreign correspondents and, indeed, in the whole foreign colony in Berlin. With insignificant exceptions they are all agreed about the character of the Nazi regime and the way to deal with it. As to the character of the regime, it must by now be known to most people. The persecution of Jews, Socialists, Communists, pacifists, and republicans continues. There are probably about 80,000 persons in concentration camps. Jews are still beaten up, but usually at night. So many have been beaten up in Berlin and the other big towns that the physical outrages are fewer there than they were, but in Berlin the Nazis go out in huge motor trams at about three o'clock in the morning to do their work. Breslau and Nürnberg are now two of the places where the Jews are being treated worst. But the outrages, brutal as they are, are less serious than the systematic attempt to deprive Jews of any means of subsistence. They have been squeezed out of the professions, for even Jews allowed in theory to practice as lawyers or doctors cannot get clients. People dare not go to them. And the other day seven Jewish lawyers were assaulted in the law court at Frankfort and then arrested, but released the next day. Now the Jews are being gradually squeezed out of all businesses, including even the banks. In many parts of Germany, notably in the Ruhr, the boycott of Jewish shops continues silently. The names of people entering them are taken and published in the papers. A member of the German government recently boasted

that in a year there would no longer be any Jewish question. It would be *erledigt*. It is openly declared that if the Jews are tolerated at all, it will ultimately be only as helots without civil rights, condemned to hard manual labor.

Foreign opinion in Berlin is that there is no chance at all of an overthrow of the Hitler regime by the Germans themselves. The stories of Communist underground activities are greatly exaggerated. The Communists seem to be the only Germans with any courage and they are doing what they can to organize secret opposition, but it is very little and has no chance of success. The Nazis encourage exaggerated stories of Communist activities to give themselves an excuse for further barbarities. The hope of an overthrow of Hitler by the Reichswehr is an illusion. The Reichswehr might have done something months ago, but it is now too late. There should be no mistake about it. Hitler is the complete master of Germany and has come to stay, unless he is overthrown by intervention from outside. We should not make the mistake that so many of us made about Italian fascism. Foreign opinion in Berlin is that outside intervention is necessary, will be sooner or later inevitable (for the Nazis will make it so), and that the sooner it comes, the better for everybody, including Germany. What is meant is military intervention—an occupation of Germany—although if the United States and England, for instance, agreed on a policy of economic pressure, that would no doubt have considerable effect. We have to deal with people that understand nothing but force and will yield to nothing but force or the certainty that force will be used if necessary. "Friendly representations," such as the British and French governments so foolishly made about Austria, will have about as much effect on Hitler as they would on Attila or Al Capone. The only result of those particular "friendly representations" has been a great increase in Hitler's prestige in Germany, for he is now the man who has inflicted a humiliating rebuff on the governments of the two greatest Powers in Europe. Incidentally, their dear friend, Mussolini, advised him to inflict it.

The poltroonery and supineness of the British and French governments are likely to bring about the very disasters that they seek to avoid. For now that Hitler believes that England and France are afraid of him and dare not take any decisive step, he will be encouraged to do something that they cannot overlook. The British and French governments should have him up before the League of Nations. There are plenty of counts on which to indict him. They could and should, for example, ask for a League inquiry into German rearmament. It is said in official circles in Berlin that the German government would refuse to appear before the League and would give notice of withdrawal from it. Nothing could be better, for then we should have a free hand, but would even Hitler be so stupid? In any case, men that have lived in Germany for years realize that Europe is threatened with a new invasion of the barbarians and will succumb to it unless it is repulsed.

Meanwhile we must boycott Germany, morally and economically. Young people are still being sent there from England, and perhaps from other countries, to be humbugged by the Nazis. This should cease. It is difficult to restrain the silly people who after a week or two in Germany, during which they have seen no Jews beaten up in the streets, go back to their own countries and declare that the stories told

in the papers about Germany are all untrue. Recently an Englishman who had conducted a party of young people to Germany told a German audience in the Rathaus in Berlin that now he knew that what the foreign correspondents said about Germany was false. He knew because the Nazis had told him so. Modesty might have suggested to him that men whose business it is to find out the facts, many of whom have lived for years in Germany, probably knew more than he did, but modesty is not a characteristic of these casual visitors

who give testimonials to the Nazi movement and the German government. Few of them ever take the trouble to make inquiries from newspaper correspondents or foreign residents. They wish to be deceived.

The moral boycott should extend to relations of every kind. There should be no more cooperation of any sort with Germans, neither in athletics nor in any other domain. They have excluded the Jews from all social and athletic relations. Let us exclude them.

The Revolution in Spain

I. Revolt from the Top

By ANITA BRENNER

Madrid, August 17

WHEN the Second Spanish Republic is history it will be put in a chapter with the First Republic of 1873-74 and, contradictory as this may sound, with the seven years of dictatorship under Primo de Rivera. It is generally described as the "French Revolution" of Spain, a century overdue. But though in some respects the fall of Alfonso XIII had a family resemblance to the fall of his French kinsman, actually the process which brought the republic about, and even more the two and a half years of its life to date, have fundamentally much more in common with Spain's own previous attempts to perform what several of her supreme statesmen have called *la revolución desde arriba*—a revolution from the top.

The name is self-explanatory. The idea, which at present is shared by a good portion of this world's desperate humanity, has been active in Spanish politics for almost a hundred years, but it had been tried before it was given a name. Each trial has been ushered in by either war or smothered revolution and has ended in a brusque change. Almost each trial has been accompanied by uprisings, acts of violent pressure, as if the formula of "revolution from the top" were a product of the forces of revolution grinding against the forces of reaction.

The Bourbon dynasty was also from the first caught and ground between the forces of always latent and sometimes active revolution and those of equally potent and dangerous reaction. The idea of revolution from the top in itself contains the contradiction in the Bourbon tradition in Spain,—reform by force, and liberalist intentions carried out by the practice of rigidly absolute rule. It was tried by the first Bourbon, Felipe V, who was crowned in 1701 and was almost immediately plunged into a war that lasted eleven years. It was tried again by his son Fernando VI, and by Fernando's brother Carlos III, who went farther than the first two Bourbons and attacked the power of the church, cutting down the privileges of the Inquisition, expelling the Jesuits, and proclaiming the freedom of the press. The next two Bourbons canceled almost everything that the first three had done, and of these the later, Fernando VII, whose reign was split in two by the French invasion in 1808 and the reign of Joseph Bonaparte, brought back the Jesuits and restored the Inquisition. He also broke his oath to abide by the constitution written in 1812, while he was in exile.

Fourteen bloodily repressed revolts followed, and in this period Spain lost all her American colonies except Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. Fernando's death brought a civil war, the Carlist war, that lasted for six years. Though theoretically a war of succession it was actually a struggle between the Catholic absolutists and the liberals, and between the feudal and the industrial-commercial regions of Spain. At the same time the liberals, who were in possession of the power because they were the party backing the Queen Regent Maria Cristina and her infant daughter Isabel against the Pretender Carlos, the dead king's brother, were split into moderates and progressives. Both led uprisings and revolts, and both at the same time tried to control "headless" popular uprisings, such as one led by a sergeant who broke into the queen's bedroom and forced her to recognize the constitution of 1812.

The progressives in power in the reign of Isabel II launched a revolution from the top. They wrote a new constitution, nationalized church property, and expropriated much of the church's land, which they distributed among the peasants. All religious and military orders were suppressed. Tithes and tributes were abolished. These measures meant about 5,000,000 pesetas in the royal treasury from the sale of some church properties, and the flight of 36,000 friars. They followed a revolution from below which in 1835 had swept the country, hurling blindly savage mobs against everything that was Catholic. Churches and convents had been burned and sacked, and thousands of monks and friars beheaded. Even the images in the churches, and in many monasteries even the small bas-relief images on the columns, had been hacked beyond hope of repair.

Isabel II was a gay and scandalously democratic queen, but she reigned uneasily. Her revolution from the top zigzagged between uprisings from the bottom, Carlist outbreaks, and coups d'état in the struggle within the liberal camp. The country was full of bandits, beggars, and rebels, and it was at war in Morocco, Cuba, Cochin-China, and Mexico (on account of Maximilian). This devil's brew exploded first, during the regency of the Queen Mother, in a semi-democratic revolt that frightened the royal ladies into France and put the head of the progressives into the regency, and finally in the republican uprising of 1868, which presented Spain with its first republic and fifth constitution.

Revolution from the top was the motto of the men of

the First Republic. They were divided into three factions, but they shared the idea put forth eloquently by Francisco Pi y Margall, the intellectual of the government. It was their motto because they wanted order, prosperity, and democracy, and they dreaded the violence in the demands made upon them from below. They governed hopefully, trying to be moderate and to achieve liberal ends slowly, meanwhile trying to pacify the forces of reaction by compromise. At the same time they had to spend most of their energy—as Azaña does today—on the sheer problem of staying in power, because they were threatened from the right by Carlist outbreaks and from the left by peasant revolts and other popular uprisings.

The parallel between the two republics at this stage is startling. Azaña knows it. That is why he is Minister of War. A military coup d'état cut the First Republic down at the age of nine months and brought Alfonso XII to the throne; and a sixth constitution was written. Then Alfonso, and after his death the Queen Regent Maria Cristina, managed to have most of the previous reforms forgotten or put away. Uprisings and Spain's first strikes and labor riots were crushed and held in check by a top-heavy army and a very expensive spy and police system. The peasants of Andalusia, Castile, and Extremadura developed a fierce hatred for the Civil Guard, originally a corps organized to do away with guerrilla-bandits. The loss of Cuba and the Philippines caused a revolutionary flare toward the end of the century, which settled into a smolder in Catalonia, the richest commercial-industrial region in Spain and always the backbone of revolutions. The smolder flared again in 1905, shortly after Alfonso XIII was crowned; in 1909, provoked by the war in Morocco; and in 1917, when it was focused in Barcelona and pushed to the point of a labor revolt by the anarcho-syndicalists, who at that time had the great majority of the Spanish proletariat behind them.

So, in the shape of Primo de Rivera, came the desperate and familiar remedy: revolution from the top. Dictator and king joined hands with big business to transform Spain into a prosperous, modern, liberal industrial country, by force and rapidly. Monopolies were established and contracts were made which brought rich returns to the treasury and made business in Spain a pleasure. Roads, schools, hospitals, government buildings, and nice new jails spread over the country. The war in Morocco was ended. Hotels were built with government money in every picturesque or historic town, and a national advertising and tourist bureau was created to develop another source of civilization and revenue. Modern architecture, modern lighting, a good telephone and telegraph service, all flowed from the source of plenty. Attempts were made to create a new kind of government on the basis of national "assemblies of notables" and officially created "patriotic unions." The Socialists were given a place in the government.

However, money went out faster than it came in, and a mounting debt began to cause dictatorial and royal headaches. Furthermore, the prosperity Spain had enjoyed during the war shrank to proportions which, though still bigger than before the war, were not big enough to satisfy the new industrialists and the new industrial proletariat. Panic tightened the reins and the dictatorship assumed the contradictory character of Bourbon tradition and of previous

revolutions from the top. The press was muzzled, the universities were policed, the students clubbed and sabered, their professors jailed and deported. Terror was the order of the day in Barcelona for all rebels of whatever doctrine. Mysterious political murders occurred nightly; "fugitive law" was applied; there were so many spies that nobody talked to his neighbor. The dictatorship even tried to force Catalans to speak only Castilian, though Castilian is a foreign language to most Catalan children and peasants. A Catalan who forgot himself and spoke his own language to an official was rudely ordered to "talk like a Christian."

Monarchists and republicans agree that after the Rivera dictatorship the fall of Alfonso XIII was inevitable. The seven years of revolution from the top turned everybody except absolute royalists (Carlists) and extremely pious Catholics against the king. Monarchists who believed in royalty but not in divine right and who expected a constitution and civil liberties agitated as much as anyone else, not against the Crown but against the King, and some went so far as to call him, from the platform, a tyrant, a traitor, and a worm. In the last year of the monarchy the jails were practically political clubs in which conservatives plotted with Communists and fervently radical lieutenants, and were aided and abetted by the guards, the wardens, and sometimes the superintendent of the jail.

These alliances put the leadership of the republican revolution from the first in the hands of coalitions formed on a minimum program of Down with the King! The left got behind everybody who pledged the end of the Crown, and the right promised support on condition that the change was made without violence. Therefore a number of strikes and military outbreaks, any one of which might easily have been the beginning of the end, were checked or smothered. And therefore the republic was voted in almost by acclamation, and the royal family was escorted to the border politely, and not a palace, nor a church, nor a convent, nor a store, nor a bodega was touched, except to remove the royal insignia.

The Second Spanish Republic, proclaimed on April 14, 1931, inherited many problems which other countries had solved long ago: huge stretches of land still held in practically feudal tenure; a state cemented to the church, which controlled the education, social welfare, and soul of Spain and had a generous share of the national budget; provinces, each with its own language and culture, and long resentful of the tyrannical centralism practiced by Madrid. It also inherited a lousy collection of modern problems: a budget painfully burdened by the dictatorship; urgent financial, industrial, and labor problems aggravated by the world crisis; and, finally, a population whose health and education had been sadly neglected.

The men of the Second Republic faced these problems on April 15 with enthusiasm, generosity, considerable technical knowledge and political experience, and the sense of security which came from knowing that they were supported by the overwhelming majority of the population. But they were also bound by pledges, each involving compromise, and each one found himself allied to men and principles normally in the enemy territory. The Cabinet of the Provisional Government which proceeded triumphantly to the palace on April 14 to inform Alfonso that he was deposed was an assembly including three conservative Catholic republicans, one of whom had only recently been a constitutional mon-

archist; three left-wing republicans, among them an ex-anarchist; three Socialists; and two unconditional democrats, one of them known as a "Jacobin."

That Cabinet, though in theory republican, at heart had little faith in democracy. It half believed the royalist prophets who said that the Spanish people would go amuck in a revolution and would loot, burn, plunder, murder, and rape. It was more than half convinced that the masses of Spain were "not prepared"—one hears that phrase a hundred times a day—to use the privileges of free citizens with intelligence and dignity. In spite of the astonishing demonstration to the contrary they had just witnessed, and in spite of daily proof since, at any newsstand and in any public place, that Spaniards of every class are perfectly aware of the significance of democracy, and that they read, discuss, and think many times before they judge, the men of the republic feared the free play of political and civil liberty, and preferred instead to jump ahead of it if necessary; in other words, to perform a revolution from the top.

Without the key contained in that formula, it is hard to understand the acts of the constitutional Cortes elected shortly after the republic was proclaimed, and the policies of the three coalition Cabinets which have since held the power. They have been composed, with a few changes, of the same men who took the Provisional Government in hand. These three Cabinets have performed the dangerously agile feat of maintaining the complicated balances established between opposites for the purpose of bringing about a republic. They have done this entirely by the skill of Manuel Azaña, the strange, cold, clever man whom nobody knew before the republic, and whom everybody now calls the Man of the Republic. With a Cortes split among eleven parties and heavily weighted toward the left, Azaña has managed to juggle political combinations that would in every case guarantee a majority vote for the Cabinet's decisions; for example, the Socialists have been hypnotized into voting for laws which they say go against the grain with them. And this is true of every party represented.

But with compromise comes deadlock; and between them the republican government swings right and left incomprehensibly if one forgets that it is itself a contradiction—in theory a democracy and in practice a dictatorship determined to give Spain what its leaders believe she needs, whether or not that is what she cries for at this particular moment. Taken as a whole, the constitution and the laws written by this government divide sharply into measures of radical reform and measures of radical repression, neither of which are laws of a democracy. The constitution calls Spain a "republic of workers of all classes," and guarantees every citizen "all the conditions of a dignified existence," but until the day before yesterday, August 15, the constitution was virtually suspended by the Law of Defense of the Republic, which in practice canceled the civil liberties—freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom of assembly—guaranteed in the constitution.

There are hundreds of political prisoners in the government jails, some royalist and some radical. Meetings of any kind, even meetings of ten or fifteen people, must be authorized and must have a policeman present. The right and extreme left—anarchist, Communist—press is censored. There are three national police patrols. And there are two new laws which put civil liberties somewhere near the moon.

These conditions, together with the laws on the other side of the fence—church laws especially—have considerably cooled the vast popular enthusiasm that two years ago indorsed every move of the new government. Now it is under fire from almost every direction, and Azaña, who is still the Man of the Republic, maneuvers busily and quietly to prolong the life of this Cabinet and this Cortes, which are nevertheless expected to dissolve daily and may be history by the time this statement is in print.

What comes next? Nobody knows. Each known solution seems full of danger. The possibilities tossed about in the press and the cafes are an all-republican conservative Cabinet and government, still with Azaña in it; an all-Socialist Cabinet; a dictatorship. Also, in case of elections, violence and, according to the most outspoken of the numerous citizens questioned by this writer, "either the fascists or the bolsheviks," although the latter are weak and divided and there are no signs as yet of an organized fascio or of a fascist messiah. Whatever the solution, it seems unlikely that Spain will have what we call a democracy. She stands deadlocked and nervous between two equally mighty forces, and the struggle between them will decide whether the Spanish Revolution that every Spaniard is talking about will be a revolution from the bottom or a revolution from the top.

[This article, the first of a series on the Spanish Revolution, was written before the Cabinet crisis of September 8. Subsequent articles will discuss later phases of the situation.]

In the Driftway

ANYBODY who has ever glanced at the Drifter's column in *The Nation* must have had the surprise of his life when he learned that the Drifter was to drift on the radio. But nobody could have been more surprised than the Drifter himself. The Drifter is no Timid Soul. He is not cursed with any offensive modesty. But he has always thought that his particular kind of babble would last about as long on the radio as a five-cent chunk of ice in the Hot Place. (The Drifter says "Hot Place" because he surmises he would not be permitted to say "Hell" on the radio.) Anyhow the Drifter, who hates publicity almost as much as he does spinach, is not responsible for his appearance on the radio. It is all arranged—just as is everything about a modern periodical—by the advertising and publicity departments.

* * * * *

AS the Drifter recalls it, he received a letter from either the advertising manager or the publicity director—he has forgotten which. He stuck it in a pocket, intending to read it later, but never gave it another thought until he was called on the telephone a week after and asked if he would agree to the plan suggested in the letter. Not wishing to admit that he hadn't read the letter, the Drifter replied in a mood of repentance that he had always been known as an agreeable person and might be counted on to agree to the plan suggested. Since then the Drifter has been flattered by the most solicitous attention. The advertising manager has taken out an insurance policy on his life, while the publicity director has engaged a private detective to dog his steps and

see that he does not try to join Sam Insull in Greece. The publicity director tells him what he must say and the advertising manager what he mustn't. The Drifter has about as much freedom of action as a groom on his wedding day.

* * * *

FOR years the Drifter has been speculating as to what a column such as he attempts should be like. Now he knows. His keepers have explained to him in great detail the kind of column which he always writes—meaning, of course, the kind of column they want him to write. It was moderately amusing, even instructive, until the Drifter was told that he was not contentious. That is almost as cruel as telling a man he is harmless, and the Drifter bristled right up and retorted that even his best friends regarded him not only as contentious but as positively venomous. One of the Drifter's captors went so far in the direction of informing him what he was expected to write as to submit a list of half a dozen of his recent columns which, it was tactfully explained, were especially characteristic and unusually good. When the Drifter looked over the list he discovered that five of the six specimens of his work chosen as especially characteristic and unusually good were the work of other persons, contributed at a time when the Drifter was sick. The one product of his own pen was a piece for which the Drifter never much cared.

* * * *

BUT there is gain as well as loss in the life of a kept Drifter. For instance, the number of contributions has increased prodigiously. The Drifter has so many versions of the kind of column he always writes that he will never have to produce another line himself. The barrel of sermons which the old-time preacher was supposed to accumulate and draw from is nothing compared with the Drifter's hogshead. It was said of the ships turned out by the Shipping Board during the World War that they were built by the mile and cut off in lengths to suit. The Drifter seems now to have so much material in stock that for the rest of his days he need only sit with scissors in hand and snip off words in the number desired.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Praise for Mrs. Rumsey

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Paul Y. Anderson indulges his proclivity for "Pin Pricks and Brickbats" in the September 13 issue of *The Nation* in his allusions to the NRA. Good journalism should be entertaining, but when we are reading about a matter of serious import to all of us we prefer enlightenment to drollery.

Mr. Anderson speaks of the Consumers' Advisory Committee. There is no such thing in the NRA. I imagine he refers to the Consumers' Advisory Board when he says: "The Consumers' Advisory Committee (*sic*), up to this week, was a total loss. Its chief purpose seemed to be to give Mrs. Mary Harriman Rumsey a season in Washington. Within the last few days, however, the activities of the committee have been placed under the direction of a first-rate economist, Dexter

Keezer. Now there is a possibility that it will do something useful."

It has not been a total loss up to this week (September 13). Let us take one instance. The President signed the oil code on August 19. The oil code, as presented by the oil industry, contained provisions intended to destroy the 1,500 existing co-operative oil-distributing societies and to check the formation of new societies, which is going on at the rate of about two a week. These are consumers' societies for the processing and distribution of petroleum products for the members. These consumers' cooperative oil societies represent \$15,000,000 of farmers' investment, and last year saved the members some \$6,000,000. Their destruction would be a calamity to a million farmers. It was prevented by the Consumers' Advisory Board; and the person who did most of the work to accomplish this result was Mrs. Rumsey.

Mrs. Rumsey worked with committees, conferences, and hearings. She went to every department of the government that could be of service. She personally saw the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of the Interior. She elicited opinions, decisions, and assistance from the experts in law and in code-framing. She even resorted to plain old-fashioned political action. She personally presented the case to deputy administrators. I was with her one morning when she aroused such an official from his sleep; he came out of his bedroom in his wrapper to listen to the case of the cooperative consumers. She reached General Johnson, and elicited his interest in this cooperative problem. She took the matter to the President. No discouragement stopped her efforts; and in the end she got results.

Woods Hole, Mass., September 18

J. P. WARBASSE

Consumers in Action

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

All this talk about protecting consumers will end in just more talk. And the consumers will pay the bill, for they only among the economic groups of the country are completely unorganized and helpless. This is said with a recognition that the consumer and the worker or farmer are really one and the same person. But from Washington down no effective methods for their protection as consumers has come forth. Radicals and liberals alike imagine that ownership determines control and that nothing can be done without first changing ownership. But recent research indicates that control by ultimate consumers of the flow of goods is much more important at this stage than ownership, because those who control the economic process, not those who own, have the immediate and final say.

Realizing this, labor people, farmers, engineers, church people, and cooperators have for nearly two years been working away at the problem of so organizing consumers that they may exercise control of the distributive process for their own protection. Through their efforts Cooperative Distributors, Inc. has been founded as a national cooperative distributing association, owned and operated by ultimate consumers. This association now has a membership reaching from coast to coast. It controls the testing of consumers' goods in its own laboratory and elsewhere. It distributes and even produces an ever-growing list of commodities. It acts as a purchasing agency for non-profit organizations, cooperative clubs, and individual consumers. The interest of consumers may be gauged by the fact that during the first seven months of its existence this association received some 7,000 requests for its literature.

Local cooperative clubs affiliated with Cooperative Distributors are being organized throughout the country. Through their own committees, which check quality and price, they pro

tect the local consumer. They investigate gasolines and oils and purchase collectively for their members at lower cost. The clubs' own purchasing agents buy coal and other supplies on a specifications basis for their members. They watch for opportunities to improve their milk and vegetable supplies. They make arrangements with nearby mills to grind their cereals, and maintain the right to inspect the mills without previous notice to the operators.

In Chicago our affiliated Consumers' Cooperative Services has grown to 400 members in a short while. The Trenton, New Jersey, Cooperative Club is interested, among other things, in improving the milk supply. It is cooperating with the farmers of Solebury, Pennsylvania, who produce the Guernsey milk which the people of Trenton consume after it has been exploited by a corporation. The farmers who are being forced into bankruptcy and the consumers who pay high prices are so incensed that they will meet together shortly, under the chairmanship of the farmer vice-president of Cooperative Distributors, to organize jointly for self-protection.

Our cooperative clubs can cooperate. They can also refuse to cooperate in a still largely competitive society. By placing a product or a service on their "consumers' unfair list," they can deal a blow which will command respect. Their power is already being felt. Who said the American consumer would not organize? Further information may be had from 128 East Sixteenth Street, New York City.

New York, September 15

E. J. LEVER

The "Mob" and the "Best People"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In a recent letter to *The Nation* Robert Herrick feels called upon to rise to the defense of the "mob" against the attack of a college professor representing, according to Mr. Herrick, the "best people," whom he defines as those whose social and educational advantages are superior to those of the herd. The writer then expresses his belief that the "mob" has been consistently right, when his "best people" have been wrong, and strangely indeed, cites for his first example the World War and the aggravating peace. Allowing the assumption that the people of the belligerent countries had no part in the events leading to hostilities, it should be obvious that they did nothing to prevent the outrage, and if my memory serves me right, afterwards displayed an enthusiasm for the war which has not been prevalent in any cause since.

As for the ensuing peace, again it can probably be shown that the people had no direct hand in framing its iniquities, but the so-called statesmen who did so merely reflected the attitude of their respective countrymen. It seems only yesterday that one heard the respectable "man in the street" demanding the "hanging of the Kaiser," or saying, "We didn't go far enough," and "We should have devastated Germany," and although fourteen years have elapsed since the signing of the Versailles treaty, it is not from the "mob" that one may expect protests against the injustices of that treaty. Nor has the "mob" sense of justice in California provoked it to intervene on behalf of Mooney and Billings! The whole truth of the matter is that the "mob" is overwhelmed by the surge of its own passions, and is rarely, if ever, found on the right side of any controversial question. If the masses happen to vote for the right man at the right time, it is usually a matter of luck rather than perception! The same mass vote which elected Franklin Roosevelt also chose Calvin Coolidge, and one need look no farther than Germany for an excellent example of "mob" psychology!

Where Mr. Herrick falls into his most grievous error,

however, is in his definition of the "best people" as college professors, business executives, Winston Churchill, and Herbert Hoover! After all it should be perfectly clear that such people as these differ from the rest of the "mob" only in their status within the "mob." The "mob" creates its idols in its own image, and Mr. Hoover in his pompous "rugged individualism" merely expressed the ideas of the masses in concrete form. Furthermore, although the Great Engineer is now discredited by the "mob," the type he so aptly personifies is still, I regret to observe, the reigning ideal of the contemporary masses both here and abroad. Democracy lowers the standards and ideals of civilization to the dead level of mediocrity and creates a tendency, most noticeable in the United States, to exalt the mediocre to a position of recognition and respect. Only by following men who are obviously independent of the "mob," such as Shaw, Russell, Chase, Debs, Thomas, and others whose thought is consistently clear and intellectual, may an intelligent man divorce himself from the falsity and stupidity of "mob" psychology!

San Francisco, Cal., September 13

G. A. BALDWIN

A Word at the Right Time

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of September 20 Mr. Villard feels called upon to preface his admirable article on Sir Edward Grey with an explanation of why he criticizes a statesman only just passed away. Many readers of *The Nation*—I hope most readers—will hardly require that paragraph. Precisely this readiness to speak a needed word at the time when multitudes are averse to cool thinking has made *The Nation* the important force which it is. The tortures which our planet is undergoing are due far less to wickedness than to such unenlightened emotions as necessitated those introductory sentences by Mr. Villard. More power to him and his associates!

Brooklyn, N. Y., September 22

HENRY NEUMANN

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New York, N. Y.

Literature and Utopia

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

THE American intellectual is no longer much interested in literature as such. "Culture" of the more genteel sort went out with the decline of New England's dominance, and the hard-boiled renaissance which followed a couple of decades ago was short-lived indeed. While it lasted it generated both the "hog-butcher" poems of Carl Sandburg and a particular sort of aestheticism having its center in Greenwich Village, but only an emergent element of social protest survived.

The little magazines are no longer devoted to either rootabaga epics or "pagan" songs. They no longer shock the middle class with imagistic forms or fleshly improprieties. Even Bohemia has grown grim, and the attic philosopher, having discarded the windsor tie of the artist for the flannel shirt of the worker, descends from his eyrie to frighten the simple citizen with the red flag of revolution, instead of, as was his wont, with the twin banners of free love and free verse.

Moreover—and as usual—the behavior of the lunatic fringe merely parodies the behavior of the more substantial intellectual. He, too, rarely thinks of himself now as primarily an artist of any kind, but almost always as either an economist or a social philosopher. His instrument may happen to be the brush or the typewriter; he may make woodcuts or compose novels; but in any event he talks less of "significant form" than of "social significance," and he is pretty sure to think of himself as enlisted in one service or the other of the army of social reform.

A few years ago it was the "crudeness" of America which most worried the intellectual. He was determined to free her from the tyranny of her exclusive concern with material and moral values, to teach her how the "good life" as practiced in more civilized communities included both an appreciation of the beautiful for its own sake and a most unpuritan acceptance of the amenities, even the luxuries, of life. Now he has lost his enthusiasm for what he used to call "culture." The "cultivated Frenchman," or the "good European" of England or Germany, is no longer a model to be imitated, but a horrible example of decadent frivolity, a feebly luminescent but fungoid excrescence nourishing itself upon the juices of a dying society. America is not, as he had once thought, too standardized and too homogeneous. Instead, she is rotten with individualism and a vague, idealistic good-will. She is too tolerant, too eclectic, too little fanatical. What she needs is not cultivation but indoctrination; not more culture in the old vague sense of a familiarity with the best that has been thought and said, but rather a greater and more exclusive concern with the formulas of a new and living religion of materialism.

This attitude is shared by most of the more "advanced" writers, no matter to what particular sect they may belong, but as usual it is the Communists who have best succeeded in expressing the attitude in slogan form: "Art is a weapon." That, to be sure, is exactly what the Puritan would have

said if he had said anything at all. It is, as a matter of fact, exactly the assumption which is behind the remark of Mr. Babbitt when he asks what a picture is "good for," or when he complains that a certain novel will not make him or anybody else "a better man." Of course weapons may be used by either side and in more than one sort of battle, but the immediate point to be noticed is that the intellectual has reversed his position. For approximately two decades he struggled valiantly to convince his countrymen that there exists a set of independent values which are called aesthetic. He poured ridicule upon such lingering representatives of an older day as still insisted that it was, after all, relevant to ask of a novel or poem what effect it would have upon the morals of society. But now he has come over to their side, so far at least as one fundamental principle is concerned. Art is useful. It *must* teach. It must "be good for something." The conception of a detached or neutral literature, of an art whose only end is the pleasure which art itself gives, is, he has now discovered, a conception born only of the bourgeois decadence.

Under the circumstances it is not easy for a heretic to win a patient hearing. The very fact that he is discussing literature at all when he ought, quite obviously, to be either discussing something important like economic conditions or at least producing some work of art calculated to further social progress militates against him. But I want to defend a paradox which may be stated thus: The chief function of fiction and drama and poetry is not to make anything or anybody better. It is not to improve society any more than it is to improve morals. Its purpose, rather, is to make existence tolerable to those who are compelled to accept Things As They Are.

II

Now of course no man either is or needs to be pure artist. As a human being he functions in various ways, looking at the world about him, now with the eye of the artist, and now with that of the humanitarian determined to improve both the world and himself. Not infrequently the novels which he writes and the pictures which he paints reflect these two sides of his nature. But my thesis is that man *qua* artist and man *qua* reformer are antithetical things, the reformer concerned largely with what he can do to the world, the artist primarily interested in what the world is doing to him. We must, says the one, change "all this." Let us, says the other, see what beauty, what joy, what heights and what depths of emotion our perceptions and our imaginations can induce "all this" to yield.

Oddly enough those persons whose temperaments are primarily utopian never seem to have noticed that the idea of Art and the idea of Utopia are fundamentally, and for a very good reason, completely antithetical. It is no accident that Plato banished the poet from the first Ideal Commonwealth of which we have any knowledge. His stern decree was not, as has sometimes been maintained, a strange perversity, but rather the necessary consequence of his logic, for

the simple reason that no artist of any kind could have any possible use in a *perfect* commonwealth where men would be constantly immersed in the direct experience of things as they ought to be. His business is with men whose life is to some extent unsatisfactory, and whose experience is somehow incomplete. In various ways he teaches them to find such life and such experience worth the having, and to that extent he is the enemy of the reformer who wants nothing less than that men should find tolerable the kind of life they are leading. Unhappiness, discontent, and the sense that the world as it is can no longer be borne are the fulcrum of the reformer's lever, but the artist, on the other hand, is busily proving with his songs and his tales that it can—if only one is capable of contemplating the spectacle in his fashion. The one would abolish the slums; the other, putting his easel down between a perambulator and an ash can, discovers a fine subject.

So inevitable is the antithesis which Plato felt that it is bound to be rediscovered by every Utopian, who cannot but find, sooner or later, that he really has no use for the artist—hard as he may try, for conventional reasons, to find some place for him. Already the problem has presented itself to the Utopians of communism and they are working toward the only logical solution—namely, that of Plato—as is illustrated by a remark made to me in private conversation by the greatest of the Russian movie directors, Sergei Eisenstein. "My aim," he said, "is to destroy the moving picture."

Pressed for an explanation he replied somewhat as follows: "There are two kinds of art, bourgeois art and proletarian art. The first is an attempt to compensate for unsatisfied desires. The second is a preparation for social change. Now in the perfect state there will be no bourgeois art because there will be no unsatisfied desires. There will also be no proletarian art because there will be no necessity for further social change. Therefore, since I am working for the perfect state, I am also attempting to destroy the motion picture."

Neither Eisenstein nor Plato, be it noted, suggested that the banishment of the poet should be decreed as one of the necessary steps in the achievement of Utopia. Both implied merely that his function would be bound to disappear when the perfect state had come into being. But the important thing is that the Russian idealist, like his Greek forerunner, had been compelled to realize that the artist works with those maladjustments between man and either nature or society which it is the aim of the reformer to abolish. Mr. Eisenstein professed never to have heard of Plato's decree. Obviously, indeed, he resented the suggestion that there could be any parallel between his thought and that of a Greek philosopher whose sympathies were certainly not with the proletariat. But the fact remains that the reformer who pushes his attitude to its logical conclusion is bound to discover the fundamental antipathy which exists between him and the artist. Sometimes the poet—who is capable of imagining himself a reformer as he is capable of imagining himself anything at all—may dreamily exclaim:

Ah, Love, could you and I conspire
To seize this sorry scheme of things entire.
Would we not shatter it to bits and then
Remold it nearer to the heart's desire.

But give him merely what he can get in even this imperfect

world, give him his loaf of bread, his jug of wine, and, for good measure, the not impossible—indeed, the almost inevitable—*her*, and he is more ready to exclaim, "That were paradise enow."

III

These days we hear a good deal about the contemptible evasions encouraged by the "literature of escape." Its enemies talk as though art were always and necessarily either a call to battle or a subtle "opiate of the people" designed for the express purpose of drugging them into a supine acceptance of the capitalist tyranny. Few seem to realize that many at least of its greatest examples have been neither, that art is essentially a form of rationalized and extended contemplation, designed primarily to render more vivid and assimilable those experiences which are capable of being enjoyed for their own sakes. Propaganda and "dreams" are both no more than occasional and incidental by-products; literature is really concerned with finding a way of looking at things. Thanks to man's power of contemplation, thanks to the fact that his most important life is led inside his mind, he can make even his thoughts about imperfection delightful. Calamities happen, but calamities furnish the material out of which tragedies are written, and the contemplation of tragedy is one of the purest, one of the most human, joys there is.

Perhaps this sounds somewhat illusive but it is really very simple. Consider one of the greatest works of literature—the tragedy, for example, of "Romeo and Juliet." The story, the incident upon which the whole is based, is lamentable enough. Two young people love each other with a great love. Brutal chance comes between them, and in trying to meet the difficulties which chance puts in their way, they meet death. Nothing like that could happen in Utopia. Probably most of its citizens would be, like most bees and most wasps, wholly free from the distracting influence of the sexual urge and concerned with nothing except the common good. Certainly no parents would be allowed to interfere with any eugenically desirable mating, and certainly no youth of either sex would seek a union not advantageous to the state. But Shakespeare neither preached a sermon against society nor sought refuge in a dream; his tragedy was neither propaganda nor "escape." What he did do was to discover so satisfactory a way of contemplating these incidents that we come away from "Romeo and Juliet" as we come away from "Hamlet" or "Othello," not depressed by the character of the incidents, but somehow rejoiced and exalted. He has focused his attention—and therefore ours also—upon the gains not the losses, so that the thing of which we are most keenly aware is this: How greatly they loved and, by comparison with their love, how unimportant is the fact that they died at last! Long life was not the business of these two human beings. Their business was to show how passionate, how lyric, love can be, and since they succeeded in this business their story is a story not of failure but of success. For that success it was, indeed, even necessary that they should die, because only by dying could they prove what they had to prove—namely, that death can sometimes seem unimportant in itself.

Such is the typical attitude of the artist toward the major calamities of life, and the result is much the same when he turns from them to its minor imperfections. What is Falstaff? He is a coward, a drunkard, and a liar. He has

Beauties parachute from trees, and weave their aerial
nests

In leaves above the water; pralangers, with limbs
spread,

Skim the lower airs. Inhabitants of Bachan include
A little flying 'possum, a fruit-pigeon, big and elegant,
With metallic green and rufous plumage. (Captain
John Smith

Wrote from Virginia in 1612: "An opossum hath a
head

Like a Swine, and a taile like ■ Rat, and is of the
bignesse of ■ Cat.")

The jungles of Borneo swarm with tree-leeches and
flying frogs.

The swift there fashions of saliva his edible good nest.

Comb out your hair for the feet of the dancers, monkeys.
monkeys,

For the foxes waking with muzzles lifted, monkeys,
To the rot of fruit, sweet but invisible, spicing the trails of
the air.

American Virility and British Decadence

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

AS an illustration of the valuable results of that psychologico-historical criticism of which such brilliant examples have recently been offered by several American writers, I should like, in ■ modest way, to point out the particular significance of this type of criticism in the case of three great American writers and three hardly less great Englishmen. The three Americans are Daniel Defoe, George Noel Gordon Byron, and Thomas Carlyle; the three Englishmen are Ralph Waldo Emerson, H. W. Longfellow, and Henry Thoreau.

Daniel Defoe, born in the maritime town of Salem, Massachusetts, passing his middle years in Concord on the edge of the wilderness, and dying heroically with John Brown at Harper's Ferry, was peculiarly qualified to interpret all phases of American life. This best appears in his masterpiece, "Robinson Crusoe." The story moves on from the era of the clipper ships, commemorated at the outset, through the period of pioneering, and down to the Civil War, suggested in its tragic close. The central figure, Crusoe himself, is the finest embodiment of the American pioneer that is to be found anywhere in literature. Through the wreck of his ship on a desert island, he is thrown into that condition of isolation from his fellows in which the American dweller in the forest lived for half a century; he is the Daniel Boone of fiction. His leading traits are that extraordinary inventive capacity which has characterized the American throughout his career, an amazing ability to be ■ successful jack-of-trades, and finally a Yankee canniness which leads him to loot the wrecked ship of every ounce of food and machinery. The American looting of Nicaragua and Cuba is already foreshadowed in this magnificent Crusoe. Note also the accuracy of Defoe's description of the savages, as contrasted with the vague idealization of the

Indian by the English romanticist, J. F. Cooper; Defoe's savages are cruel and treacherous, not scrupling to kill their own tribesman Friday when he becomes the white man's friend; in the death of Friday the defeat of the more peaceful Delawares by the ferocious Iroquois is clearly symbolized. I have not the space to show in detail how Defoe's further works illustrate other phases of American character: his splendid picture of American adventurousness in "Captain Singleton"; his concessions to American prudery in the forewords of "Roxana" and "Moll Flanders"; his inspired forecast of the gangster in "Colonel Jack."

George Noel Gordon Byron represents a later phase, the "Golden Day," of American life. Occupying ■ distinguished social position, he revealed in all his work that intense love of personal liberty for which the American upper classes have always been noted. The struggle was now not with the wilderness but with restraining laws and customs. His lines

I write this, reeling,

Seeming to stand upon the ceiling,

were ■ ringing challenge to prohibition. Hampered by an unhappy mother fixation which drove him, by transference, into his incestuous relations with his half-sister, he nevertheless succeeded, for the most part, in sublimating this passion into broader intellectual and spiritual interests. His "Childe Harold" expressed our national zeal for travel; "Don Juan" showed the early Spanish influence upon our culture; "Manfred" caught the spirit of our Western mountains. General Byron's noble speech when he led his little band of American heroes to Missolonghi to fight for Greek independence—"Nous voici, Demosthenes"—while it exhibited the unfortunate American tendency toward ■ confusion of tongues, voiced also our recognition of indebtedness to the dimly apprehended culture of the past. His pathetic dying words, "Only God can make a tree," show how at the last his mind reverted to thoughts of the American forest.

Thomas Carlyle, perhaps the greatest of all our American writers, united the temper of the Puritan with that of the captain of industry. First, last, and always, his gospel was the American gospel of action. Whereas the English Emerson chose to celebrate men of thought—Plato, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Goethe—our Carlyle eulogized Cromwell, Frederick, and Napoleon, eulogized them, it must be admitted, with a disregard of facts which no British scholar could have tolerated, but with ■ fine exaggeration, boisterous humor, and fantastic style which only our land of sectarians and cranks could possibly have produced. Furthermore, Carlyle's well-known sexual impotence seems aptly to symbolize that especial weakness of American life which Ludwig Lewisohn was the first to point out, as late as 1932, although it had been vaguely hinted at before by a few other American writers, such as Crane, Dreiser, Masters, Floyd Dell, Sinclair Lewis, Anderson, Fitzgerald, Cabell, Wolfe, Faulkner, and Dos Passos. With regard to Carlyle, Mr. Lewisohn well says: "Hopelessly crippled in the most vital and pervasive of human functions by a trauma sustained in infancy, a pseudo-aristocrat of Virginia [where, of course, Carlyle lived, at Charlotteputtoch] . . . greatly gifted, insanely sensitive . . . worthy of tears and not of taunts." Mr. Lewisohn is right. When we think of our Carlyle, we should weep and weep. And, above all, let there be no taunts. For not only our American sex bungling and vulgarity but also

our American verve and dash and sense of power are expressed in Carlyle, our most characteristic man of genius.

How different are the British analogues of these writers! Emerson, product of the Oxonian idealistic tradition, lover of Plato and Plotinus, versed in Oriental mysticism, almost a quietist in his sense of the perfect whole, that quality which, as Mr. More, and also Mr. Foerster, well insists, is necessarily the product of a long-established tradition. Longfellow, the man of culture, the versatile linguist, the translator of Dante, so ignorant of America that he could attempt an Indian epic in the meter of the Finnish Kalevala and a domestic story of New England in classic hexameters. Thoreau, true son of the English Lake region, ever repeating, in his rural residence at Waldenmere, Wordsworth's summons to come to church in the vernal wood, and exhibiting that same weak spirit of pacifism shown in more recent times by Bertrand Russell, Bernard Shaw, and the students of the Oxford Union—a spirit fortunately almost unknown in our own virile land of fighters, which from the day of our first battle with the Indians has been a country of war and will continue proudly to prepare for war as long as ■ single Roosevelt remains alive.

On the one hand, in our American authors we see the exaltation of personal initiative and the energy of the explorer, we see power and virility (except in the unimportant matter of sex), and, on the other hand, in the British we perceive a cultured decadence, a condescending ignorance of other lands, and a pacifism which signifies exhaustion. Such thoughts will surely help to lead us farther on the happy path of economic nationalism. (Admitting indebtedness to many, but chiefly to Mr. Mumford and Mr. Lewisohn, for the method used above, I should add that any trifling inaccuracies are also illustrations of the method.)

Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

What without speech we knew and could not say
what without thought we did and could not change
violence of the hand which the mind thought strange
let us take these things into another world,
another dream

what without love we touched pronouncing good
what without touch we love and gave no sign
violence of spirit which only spirit knew divine
let us take these things into another world
another sleep

walk with me heliotrope, fly with me sparrow,
come beating of my heart and learn how life is narrow
how little, and ill, will be remembered by tomorrow
let us give our lives into another world
another hand

where like the rocks we shall be heaped forgetful
or waste away like stars in fiery stillness
no clock with mortal cry to speak our illness
let us take our deaths into another time
another god

come girl, come golden-breasted girl, and walk
on the so silent and sun-sandaled path
between the foremath and the aftermath
let us take our joy into another chaos, another wrath
and make it love

what without speech we knew we then shall say
and all our violence will there be gay
what without thought we do will be but play
and our unspoken love as bright as day
and we shall live.

Books

Death May Be Delightful

Some Turns of Thought in Modern Philosophy. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

THE unity of the five essays which compose this little volume is chiefly that given to them by Mr. Santayana's mind and style. The several subjects are John Locke, Bradley, the new physics, a suggestion by Freud, and the philosophy of Julien Benda. Those familiar with Mr. Santayana's multitude of merits—his penetrating and relentless logic, his learning, his scornful wit, his gift for aphorism and for delightful and surprising turns of thought, and the lulling music of his prose—will hardly need to hear them rehearsed in these columns once more. Such readers need only to be assured that Mr. Santayana at seventy reveals no diminution in his powers or in the range of his interests. If one must admit that he also has defects (which this reviewer must, though always grudgingly), then it can be confessed that they are also here: his superciliousness, for example, and a certain gratuitous obscurity. I say gratuitous, because Mr. Santayana's gifts of expression are so extraordinary that he could never fail to make himself clear if that were always his foremost desire: there is never any real obscurity when he is thoroughly aroused, as, say, in his excoriating analysis of Henri Bergson's philosophy in "Winds of Doctrine." But his view of style is far from a purely instrumental one; he is like a pianist obscuring the melody or the structure of a composition by throwing in pure bravura passages, or like one of those ancient Chinese or Hindu sculptors, covering his edifice with the most elaborate and exquisite carvings, but neglecting its fundamental uses and proportions. Few living writers can handle individual sentences as dextrously as he can, but few seem to be so careless regarding the architecture of their essays. In the present volume the essay on Locke is the best example of this weakness. It opens with a delightful Stracheyesque portrait, but after that it is not always clear in what direction the author is carrying us. We are given a series of fragmentary and raptive "supplementary notes" as long as the essay itself, and the tone is so uniform and ambiguous—a sort of sympathetic irony—that it is difficult to know in certain passages whether Mr. Santayana is agreeing with Locke, supplementing him, or confuting him.

The two papers in this volume that I found most interesting are those on the new physics and on Freud. Mr. Santayana's comments on the theory of relativity are in one sense merely those of a layman; but most of the new physicists, whether all of them recognize it or not, are also setting up as metaphysicians, and it is well to have their sometimes amateurish speculative flights examined by an expert. Mr. Santayana, however, does not deal with the religious apologetics of such writers as Eddington and Jeans; he prefers to make a criticism much closer to the heart of the new physical theories.

These theories seem to him to be affected, and partly inspired, by a particular philosophy, "itself utterly insecure":

This philosophy regards the point of view as controlling or even creating the object seen; in other words, it identifies the object with the experience or the knowledge of it: it is essentially ■ subjective, psychological, Protestant philosophy. . . . Yet . . . neither in logic nor in natural genesis can perspectives be the ultimate object of science, since ■ plurality of points of view, somehow comparable, must be assumed in the beginning, as well as common principles of projection, and ulterior points of contact or coincidence. Such assumptions, which must persist throughout, seem to presuppose an absolute system of nature behind all the relative systems of science.

The essay on Freud does not discuss the questions with which the famous psychoanalyst's name is chiefly associated, but ■ more general idea which appears in "Beyond the Pleasure Principle." This is merely what is on its face the truism that "the goal of all life is death," and that the elaborate and highly organized life of man is merely a circuitous route to death. Santayana finds Freud's insistence on this point an admirable counterblast to such "prevalent follies" as, for example, Bergson's *élan vital*. Nor does he consider Freud's position pessimistic. "That the end of life should be death may sound sad: yet what other end can anything have? . . . An invitation to the dance is not rendered ironical because the dance cannot last forever." The transitoriness of things becomes sad only by virtue of a sentimental illusion, which makes us imagine that they wish to endure, and that their end is always untimely. But if all our instincts could be harmoniously satisfied, until our desires themselves began to ebb slowly and quietly away, "then doing and dying would coincide throughout and be a perfect pleasure."

HENRY HAZLITT

Romantic Decadence

Poor, Splendid Wings. By Frances Winwar. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.50.

UNDER the florid verbiage of "Poor, Splendid Wings" lies the skeleton of an exciting chapter in literary history. Make the bones dance once more, for the story is not unfamiliar; it is so close to us, in fact, that the book itself serves as an anti-climax, the latest document in a study of romantic decadence that wheeled to its close at the end of the last century. Here is a lively, schoolgirl version of the Pre-Raphaelite text which has just received ■ \$5,000 prize from the Atlantic Monthly Press. We are asked to enjoy it in the same mood that we read a summer novel, and yet we are also requested to accept it as literary history or biography. As fiction it has plot and adroit, sinuous movement; fragments of biography are neatly joined to fit a pattern, the pattern of a Paisley shawl revolving at high speed. With the unconscious logic of a prolonged day-dream every flaw of romantic fervor declining into bohemianism is exposed. If we are to take the book as history, then we can readily understand why the canvases of the P. R. B. are no longer to be treated with critical respect and why the latter phases of Swinburnian lyricism are now offensive to the ear. We must remember, however, that Frances Winwar is quite unconscious of the effect she has created, for in her author's note she says:

This is not fictionized history or biography, though it read like a novel . . . For the first time Rossetti's two great loves are drawn from the pious mists of innuendoes and brought to light in an attempt to interpret his otherwise irreconcilable actions. Here, as elsewhere in the book, the author with no false modesty may claim the pioneer delving that struck buried gold.

Evidently she and her editors have already forgotten Violet Hunt's "The Wife of Rossetti," published as recently as last year. They have forgotten that if anyone deserves credit for striking "buried gold," the prize belongs to Violet Hunt. I make the personal reservation that such gold-digging is scarcely worth the effort, since it cannot change the aesthetic values of Rossetti's work; Miss Winwar's treatment of the story is far more revealing.

How, then, has she improved upon the material first discovered by the hysterical Violet Hunt? As I have already suggested, she has expanded the entire story and interwoven into it brief biographies of John Ruskin, Swinburne, Millais, Holman Hunt, Ford Madox Brown, Burne-Jones, Whistler, Buchanan, William Morris, and David Gray. The half-century of romantic decadence is unrolled like ■ map before our eyes—and where Miss Hunt is narrow and intense, Miss Winwar trips lightly, avoiding controversy by chanting praise of nearly everyone in ■ large company. All, all are gods. Even poor Haydon, whose bad painting never lived up to his grand intentions, whose poverty and bewilderment led to suicide, earns ■ wreath of greatness from Miss Winwar's hands. Surely Miss Hunt, though often quite mad, shows far deeper emotional and critical insight—but I must return to the book before me.

Samuel Rogers, the banker-patron of the arts, friend of Byron and Tom Moore, whose poetry was a bore to his contemporaries and was mercifully forgotten by posterity, is resurrected as a "splendid giant" of the eighteenth century. Laetitia Elizabeth Landon (1802-38), ■ precocious, vivid little journalist, a female Edgar Guest, who published many books of verse, who edited a magazine and wrote rhymed effusions as filler for its pages, is now called one of those "Victorian women, soul-awakened—'whose heart was breaking for a little love' . . . who sang before her song-time and died, her youth scarcely begun . . ." This is merely one of a number of cases where Miss Winwar's tears seem gratuitous, for the lady was over thirty-five and had written reams of copy covering a period of fifteen years. I cite these few minor errors of fact to show how thoroughly one is inclined to mistrust Miss Winwar's interpretation of the more important events in her narrative, down, through the various controversies of the P. R. B. and their enemies, to a feverish eulogy of David Gray, whose great misfortune was that his verse could never rise above a pale, flaccid imitation of John Keats.

What actually emerges from Miss Winwar's pages, illustrations and all, is groundwork for the following observations: that the great bulk of Pre-Raphaelite painting seldom if ever rose above the level of book illustration; that Dante Gabriel Rossetti's aesthetic values were seriously deflected by a theatrical attitude toward his work, both in painting and poetry, which led him to exploit unconsciously the growing popularity of the early romantics—this, by the way, is no charge against his personal life; that despite Dante Gabriel's deeper talent, Christina's poetry has a purity of line that deserves sane, unsentimentalized revaluation; that John Ruskin, for all his apparent weakness, was the strongest figure in the entire group and that his perceptions were by far the most profound; that decadence in romanticism follows the same curve that we have often observed in neo-classicism—both lead to a species of hedonism and in both cases the language of poetry has specious emotional quality.

If Miss Winwar's book does nothing else, it will serve to remind us that the charges brought against the powerful Pre-Raphaelite clique by W. E. Henley and John Churton Collins were not invalid. Miss Winwar is careful to omit mention of these two names, is careful to forget that these men placed the anti-Pre-Raphaelite controversy on a level that permitted more than a display of personal rancor and the expression of critical frustration.

HORACE GREGORY

An Elaborate Imposture

The Italian Corporative State. By Fausto Pitigliani. London: P. S. King and Son. 15 shillings.

WE know very well the price which a country pays for fascism. Our memories of how fascism achieved power in Italy have been refreshed by the spectacle of the German counter-revolution. We have seen the destruction, not only of all those organizations, trade unions, cooperatives, and the like, by which the poorer members of society seek to better their lot, but of all that was highest in one of the great civilizations of the world. We have seen German science, music, and literature ravaged by carefully produced mob passions directed against the works and persons of all Jews, pacifists, and liberals: we have seen, in the words of the *Manchester Guardian's* Berlin correspondent, "the steep decline of a civilization that until only a few weeks ago was one of the highest in the world" (*Manchester Guardian*, April 19, 1933).

The world is less familiar, however, with the aims and objects of fascism. The Fascists themselves claim great "constructive achievements." They say that fascism offers us the true solution of our present problems. Fascism, they say, is a third "social order," distinct from either capitalism or socialism, though combining the best features of each. It sets up, the Fascists say, a new kind of economic system known as the "corporate state"; and this is the "practical" way of realizing those high promises of universal plenty which the Socialists and Communists have held out before the workers of the world.

It is exceedingly important that we should carefully examine this Fascist claim to constructive achievements. For it is by claiming that fascism is in some sense a "revolutionary" force, opposed to the existing capitalist system and proposing to substitute a new, less unjust, and less unstable system for it, that fascism is able, in certain circumstances, to gain mass support. Hence the present volume, which is on the whole the fullest account of the present organization of economic life in Italy yet published in England, is very useful.

We are justified in regarding Signor Pitigliani's book as an official account of the working of the corporative state, giving us the very most favorable picture which can possibly be drawn of the present condition of Italian economy. This is evident both from the sympathy and support for every Fascist institution shown by Signor Pitigliani and by the fact that he tells us that "throughout the preparation of this study it was necessary to work in close contact with certain officials of the Ministry of Corporations." This, in the condition of present-day Italy, is tantamount to an official Fascist imprimatur.

What, then, does the corporate state turn out to be? I recently evoked a great deal of skepticism by stating that not only did the institution of the corporate state leave capitalism, except in one particular, exactly as we know it today throughout the non-Soviet world; that not only would the various institutions which taken together are said to constitute a corporate state have, if they were established, no particular influence one way or another on a given capitalist economy; but that in Italy, after ten years of Fascist rule, the corporate state does not in fact exist at all. The corporations, which are the main entities of the corporate state, have never been established. The whole thing is a gigantic and ludicrously open piece of bluff such as the hand of Punchinello could alone have created.

Many opponents of fascism have themselves expressed the view that this was an exaggeration. They were more than willing to admit the evils and horrors of fascism, but surely, they have objected, it was not possible to deny that the Fascists in Italy had some constructive achievements to their credit? Surely they had succeeded, by means of the corporate state, in

building up a more stable, if more servile, economy, free from the worst effects of boom and slump as we know them in the capitalist democracies? It will in future be possible to refer such critics to Signor Pitigliani's book. The admittedly astonishing fact that the famous corporations simply do not exist is fully confirmed by this official apologist of fascism.

Let us turn to Chapter IV, entitled *Corporative Organizations*, page 110, section 111, *The Corporations in their Actual Working*. The second sentence of the section tells us most of what we need to know. It reads: "Only a single corporation, viz., that of the stage, has so far been established in Italy." Truly, the choice of the theater, the eternal land of make-believe, as the sole field for the application of the Fascist policy for the regeneration of all human activity was perfectly appropriate.

We can, however, pursue farther our studies of these elusive things, the corporations. If we cannot study a corporation in action in any of the substantial fields of human endeavor, in any industry, great or small, in agriculture, in distribution, or in commerce, for the excellent reason that they do not exist, yet we can, either from Signor Pitigliani's pages or from that informed though now somewhat out-of-date work "Making the Fascist State," by Mr. Schneider, discover what a corporation would be like if it did exist. And it turns out that a corporation would be—were it established—a joint standing committee set up between the employers' organization and the Fascist trade union in any given industry. Thus, for example, the National Railway Wages Board of Great Britain, on which the railway companies and railway unions are represented and which meets periodically, would certainly be called a corporation—and no doubt hailed as "a revolutionary achievement"—if it existed in Italy. Indeed, the reason why such bodies have not been established in Italy, although they have been called for by numerous laws and decrees promulgated since April, 1926, is not clear. And it may be that some such bodies will eventually be established in the major Italian industries. But needless to say, they will, if they are established, do no more to modify the fundamental nature of Italian capitalism than does the Railway Wages Board to modify the nature of British capitalism. For the simple truth of the matter is, as anyone can now see for himself by reading Signor Pitigliani's book, that fascism is capitalism, and that the corporate state makes no important modification whatever in the existing capitalist structure of industry.

To a comic extent the corporative state is a matter of words. For example, we find on page 115 that in 1927 the name of the Italian chambers of commerce was altered to Provincial Economic Councils. But this was not "corporative" enough; so Signor Pitigliani announces that "by the Law of 18 June, 1931, No. 875, the epithet 'Corporative' was added to this title," and it became Provincial Corporative Economic Councils. And then, it seems, everybody felt happy.

But the Fascist regimes in Italy and Germany have made one real and important change in social relations. (This change was made in Italy by the Law of April 3, 1926, just before the elaborate imposture of the corporate state had been thought out.) And this change is the repeal of the workers' hardly won right to strike. Signor Pitigliani writes (page 87) that "the right to strike is a penal offense when three or more employees or workers leave their work, by preconcerted agreement, with the object of obtaining from their employers changed labor conditions." This is the one reality of Fascist economic policy. It involves some system for the arbitrary fixing of wages, since these are no longer left to the play of the market. Accordingly labor tribunals have been set up with the power to impose legally enforceable wage rates. The terms of reference for these tribunals are that "wages must correspond to (1) the normal requirement of life, (2) the possibility of production

and (3) the labor output (page 52). "It is certainly no easy task," comments Signor Pitigliani, "to determine wage rates with the aid of the indications supplied by the Labor Charter and the other laws of the Corporative State" (namely, the laws embodying the above principles). We may readily agree with him. It must be about as easy as "finding a black cat in a dark room, that isn't there." What in fact happens is that the wages of Italian workers are kept down to the economic level, that is, to the subsistence level.

The rest of Signor Pitigliani's section on wages edifies with such remarks as the following: "Wage rates under the corporative system do not mean a decided leaning toward one or the other of the present tendencies to high or low wages" (page 54).

According to Signor Pitigliani's own table, printed on page 258, Italian wages have varied as follows.

Index figure for Italian hourly wage rates.	
December	July, 1928 to June, 1929—100
1928.....	101.6
1929.....	102.1
1930.....	95.5
1931.....	89.5
1932.....	86.5

The "leaning" toward the present tendency to low wages seems to have been fairly "decided" after all. On page 54 the author admits that Italian wage rates are not in fact governed by the corporative system, but are, like wage rates everywhere else under capitalism, the sport of economic circumstances which the capitalists and their government are themselves quite unable to control. "The wages of a category cannot remain fixed at a very low level when the movement of production is upwards and business is prosperous, just as it is impossible for wages to be left at a high level when prices are dropping and business generally is falling off." We may remark also that of the 3,486,881 persons whom Signor Pitigliani classifies (page 147) as industrial workers in Italy, over one million are, according to the League of Nations, totally unemployed. This truly crushing percentage of unemployment shows that the corporative state has done nothing whatever to protect the Italian workers from the effects of the slump.

So much for the claim of the corporative system to introduce a new social order.

For the rest, the book consists for the most part of an account of the Fascist "occupational associations." This term means the Fascist trade unions and the Fascist employers' organizations. This section is vitiated by the omission of the fact that the Fascist trade unions, or "syndicates," as the translation, failing to translate, insists on calling them, are not genuine or spontaneous organizations of the workers at all. On the contrary, they are state organizations which were compulsorily imposed upon the Italian workers after all their own organizations had been destroyed by terror.

Another grave fault of the book is that time and again Signor Pitigliani mentions a matter of great importance and then withholds all essential information about it. Thus on page 58 we are told that part of the wage of an Italian worker "is frequently kept back, either to cover sureties required from the worker or as a contribution to the various insurance funds that are compulsory by law." What are these "sureties"? We are told nothing of them, yet their existence may make nonsense of all the safeguards which, it is claimed, insure that the worker will at any rate get the wages which his Fascist trade-union officials agree with his employer he shall have, or which the labor tribunal awards to him.

Again, on page 89, we are told that "strikes with political objects have been judged with great severity, as where, e.g., several drivers of public vehicles ceased work as a protest against an order of the Podesta (Court of Cassation 1st Penal

Section, 8 February, 1929)." What was the order of the Podesta and what constituted "great severity"? We get none of the information which really matters.

The book is extremely difficult to read, both because the translation is execrable and because at least two-thirds of it consists of meaningless generalities. This is a pity, since it is one of the most effective pieces of Fascist self-exposure available in English.

JOHN STRACHEY

Literature and Industrialism

The Great Tradition: An Interpretation of American Literature Since the Civil War. By Granville Hicks. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

IT seems to me that even those who oppose Mr. Hicks cannot but pay tribute to the central virtues of this lucid and fruitful book. For whatever its shortcomings, it draws order out of chaos. It establishes an American tradition in literature which all of us can recognize. His opponents, I believe, must admit that the author's interpretation makes sense, though they may hate bitterly the kind of sense it makes.

The postulates are simple. The dominant movement in American life since the Civil War is the rise of industrialism. Since that movement is all-permeating, it is perfectly fair to relate the important writers of the period to it. We might relate them to other forces—sexual puritanism, materialism—but we are gradually coming to see that these forces are more cogently subsumed under industrialism than the reverse. Mr. Hicks's subtitle reads "*An Interpretation.*" He attempts no god-like final estimates, no perfectly rounded surveys of his subjects. But the platform on which he stands offers him, one feels, a wider angle of observation than that, for instance, on which Mr. Lewisohn stands. Mr. Hicks omits reference to Whitman's homosexuality and stresses his sentiment of democracy and its contemporary application. Mr. Lewisohn gives us a very subtle piece of psychoanalysis; but when he has finished, the dynamic influence of Whitman is made no clearer. Hicks and Lewisohn are both partial interpreters; but Hicks is nearer the center, Lewisohn nearer the periphery. There are no omniscient critics.

I may be simple-minded, but I fail to see why you have to be a Marxist to realize that this book offers a coherent and reasonably satisfactory series of insights into our literature from Emerson to Dos Passos. Certainly the tradition of critical realism is the dominant one since 1865. Emerson, Whitman, Howells, Dreiser, Lewis, Dos Passos are all linked together by common sympathies and partially similar outlooks. What Mr. Hicks has done—with remarkable clarity and scholarship—is to show what these common sympathies are and to describe the state of development those outlooks achieved, in accordance with the limitations placed upon each man by his environment and his historical situation. Mr. Hicks's point of view enables him to deal equally pointedly—and not at all unsympathetically—with writers like Emily Dickinson, Willa Cather, Sarah Orne Jewett, who have chosen to retreat from the Industrial Age.

The author's literary judgments (with some reservations noted below) are not eccentric. Most liberal critics, even many highly conservative ones, will confirm his estimates of such men as Thoreau, Whitman, Henry Adams. The point is that he arrives at his estimates by a method which relates these men to the major environmental forces that produced them; and it is the method which furnishes us with new insights, rather than his final judgments.

In common with the gentlemen to my right, I do not believe that American literature culminates in John Dos Passos,

much as I admire Dos Passos. But, then, Mr. Hicks does not say that it does: he is perfectly well aware that Melville is a greater novelist than Norris, though Norris concerned himself with the social struggle and Melville, except by implication, did not.

There is, of course, his notable last chapter, where his hopes perhaps betray him into an over-enthusiastic assessment of those contemporary writers who are imbued with the revolutionary point of view. I cannot conceive of any major fiction or important criticism from now on which fails to take into account the fact of the social struggle; but an awareness of that struggle, even a thorough understanding of it, will not of itself produce great writing or even good writing. Post-revolutionary Russian literature, though thoroughly realistic, seems to me also damnable dull. So far the Marxist insight has produced in America, in my opinion, one first-rate novelist (Mr. Dos Passos), one first-rate critic (Mr. Wilson), and three or four writers who are already important, among them Mr. Hicks. It is perfectly clear that Sinclair Lewis is still a far more interesting and able novelist than most of the left-wing writers. The point is that unless Mr. Lewis enlarges and deepens his point of view, he cannot possibly become *more* interesting (I refer you to "Ann Vickers"), whereas the left-wing writers—but only if they have talent and the faculty of self-criticism—are reasonably certain to become more interesting and important to our generation. And this is true whether or not you like the economic and political implications of their work. To that extent Mr. Hicks's enthusiasm is justified.

I recommend his brilliant book, not especially to those who agree in every detail with Mr. Hicks's convictions, but to those who are willing to reexamine American writing from a point of view so broadly based that all eccentricity, faddism, and literary impressionism are ruled out.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

A Poetess's Dog

Flush. A Biography. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

MRS. WOOLF is so clever a person that she could think up answers to a caviler against this book as quickly as he could beg them, if not more quickly. I am sure, for instance, that even as she wrote it she reminded herself of the difficulties and dangers which beset her on every hand. She must have known that human beings cannot write the biographies of animals without being silly; to which, of course, there was the rejoinder that this was to be a biography by one remove of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose dog Flush would serve merely as a device for bringing the reader into a novel and special intimacy with the true protagonist. The story of the Brownings, that is to say, could thus be told by indirection, and Mrs. Woolf was ready to remind one that she had always worked by indirection. What, though, if the objection should be raised that not enough could be told in this way about Miss Barrett and her suitor? Why, to such an objection she could reply that she was writing about a dog after all, and dogs know very little about their mistresses. She could point to the chapters which have relatively little to do with Miss Barrett—to the fourth, for instance, wherein Flush languishes for several days as the miserable guest of a Whitechapel dog thief, and wherein the story becomes a costume piece of the 1840's, as indeed it does elsewhere. Or, finally, she could smile and say that her intention was obscure and precious, and that if you failed to discern it you might at least inquire whether the book were pleasantly and ingeniously written, and whether in its own fashion it deserved to be called interesting.

It is certainly well written, in Mrs. Woolf's most brittle

and at the same time flowing manner—like glass which has been blown by magic into unimaginable curves. Mrs. Woolf has never written better than this. But it is also true that she has never had less to say. Her triumph is trivial, for at the best she has delicately avoided danger. And at the worst she has erred—oh, most delicately—by pretending to know a bit too much about Flush's thoughts as he lay at Miss Barrett's feet and wondered about the hooded man with the lemon-yellow gloves who came in the afternoon for two hours and left the invalid so oddly transformed. His speculations as he lies there are quite too much to the point—of a biography of Miss Barrett. And yet it is the biography of a dog. Mrs. Woolf is so intelligent that she has proved the impossibility of the very task she set for herself. She has proved that the silence of animals had better be respected. To which she can be imagined saying: Such was my intention.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Novel of Revolution

Three Cities. By Sholom Asch. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

THREE cities, three tense periods in Russia's dramatic, twentieth-century history, and the two classes into which the Industrial Revolution had split the Jews are dealt with in this novel. The cities and the periods are St. Petersburg in the commercial and industrial expansion after 1905, Warsaw during the pre-World War years of unrest which probably determined the Czarist decision for war to divert the Russian masses from rebellion, and Moscow during and after the October revolution. The two classes are the fawning Jewish millionaires who intrigued for, married for, and paid for Russification to make themselves safe and powerful in a hostile society, and the Jewish workers, also seeking a secure future, but an honorably unprivileged one in a classless proletarian state.

The Petersburg section of the book exposes the brilliant but morbid society of the Jewish haute-bourgeoisie. The chief figure in it is the advocate Halperin, in whose cunning Jewish brain Russians even more than Jews have a fanatical faith. Halperin diversifies his well-paid practice with occasional non-paying racial and liberal cases, not without a shrewd if unconfessed calculation of their advertising value, in the manner of some celebrated American lawyers who have also known how to profit from benevolence. Halperin has a beautiful wife, his elegant social front, around whose decorative figure is arranged a luxurious home, in which an antique-collecting beau is in constant attendance to make her a completely fashionable Petersburg matron. Their lovely daughter Nina is being swiftly and stylishly corrupted at "aesthetic" affairs where decadent artists of every variety teach the upper-class voluptuaries to take a new sanction for their orgies from the newly sanctified name of Art. Their son, Misha, a beautiful boy, becomes a sensualist almost before his senses have matured. A frequenter of the household through his position as one of Halperin's assistants is Zachary Mirkin, son of Gabriel Haimovitch Mirkin, multimillionaire, who has his actress-mistress like any Grand Duke, and who, when his insulted wife leaves him in protest, allows his son to grow up motherless. Many subsidiary characters appear and are well drawn.

Young Zachary Mirkin is the central character of the novel as a whole. He is a bad choice. The events of a revolutionary era are better understood in the character of a man of will than in that of a man without will. The actual revolutionist is allowed to become unreal, a legendary figure, and the movements he directs are allowed to become foamy and formless like the helpless churn of fantasy in a Zachary Mirkin's mind.

The source of Zachary's weakness is given explicitly enough; but it serves to obscure the major motive of a revolution, the struggle for a social system wherein all men may find not only physical security but psychological security, since all men may be sure of counting for something. Zachary, however, who has suffered all his life from the shock of separation from his mother, looks to the revolution, not to give him a responsible and active place in society, but to mother him. The revolution is to be for him, as for all the weak and helpless, a sheltering, warming, protective mother. And he seeks mothering not only in the abstract but in the flesh. Large, ripe, confident, deep-bosomed women attract him irresistibly. Nina Halperin becomes his fiancée, but though the marriage is not carried through, Zachary consummates a liaison with her mother. The woman revolutionist from Warsaw, Rachel Leah, with her maternal body and mothering ways, draws him to Warsaw, where he enters the revolutionary party and returns, at the same time, to his own race, the poor Jews whom his father and his father's kind have repudiated in the effort to be more Russian than the Russians. For a time the unknown vastness of the revolution, pregnant with a new society, sublimates his passion for matrons, but later, though he has become engaged in the meanwhile to the gentle, girlish Hélène, daughter of Rachel Leah, he follows the large-breasted, commanding, maternal sister, Sosha, who is the true inheritor of Rachel Leah's energy.

Alongside this weak, maimed personality, the revolutionists who appear in the third volume, which describes Moscow during the crisis of the revolution, are drawn in incredible terms. Their hardness and inhumanity, their dreadful insensitiveness, make a good foil for an author who mothers too much his motherless hero; but they are unreal and unconvincing. It is at this point that Mr. Asch, stepping out as a philosopher to rationalize his defense of the individual, fails chiefly as a writer. The narrative stops and drags; characterization takes on the rigidity of something on a map. And the philosophy is as poor as the writing, for it is no more than a succession of pulpy metaphors. Ultimately Mr. Asch is excusing weakness and defending cowardice. These are clearly enough handled as long as they are handled in direct narrative, but the formal analysis of them could better have been left to the psychologist.

So far as the chief function of this work is concerned, therefore, as a picture of a society in revolution, it fails at the decisive moment. It draws the rottenness of prerevolutionary society in all the lurid phosphorescence of decay; it draws the prerevolutionary activities of the revolutionists with firmness and vigor. But at the miracle of the revolution itself the author falters; he will not see its human face, but shrinks terrified from it, as at the appearance of monsters who have depersonalized themselves and become suddenly savage and cruel.

Except for this fall into philosophy in the middle of the third volume, the book is structurally a fine achievement. As a portrayal of Jewish life it is continuously striking and interesting. Some of its scenes are, in fact, passages of major writing: the dinner in the first volume, where Halperin convinces himself and his guests that the Jews are the best Russians; the description of the tree in the tenement back yard in the Warsaw volume and the terrifying May Day in the same volume; the picture of the Jewish money-men triumphantly floating the New Russia Company which is to buy back Russian properties from foreigners scared by the Kerensky revolution, and pay for it with stock issued to the people, who will thus become "collaborators" in the great enterprise; the picture of the gradual demoralization of the aristocrats besieged in a luxurious hotel. Passages like these would alone be enough to make the book memorable; they testify to Mr. Asch's great gifts. It is a pity that a mistaken and unnecessary defense of individualism was permitted to mar so fine a book. In undertaking such a defense Mr. Asch followed the mawkish tra-

dition of the last generation of novel-writers, who concerned themselves with sensitive weaklings broken by harsh realities. We have come to the end of that phase.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

How "Peace" Was Made

Peacemaking. By Harold Nicolson. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.50.

YEAR by year the indictment of the peacemakers of 1919 piles up. Gradually every one of the defenses of the Big Five is broken down, their excuses for their betrayal of mankind shown up in all their falsity. The glacier-like sweep of the economic forces which the war and the treaty released has crushed the pretensions of the Versailles architects of disaster. But year after year eyewitnesses come forward to give their testimony on the moral breakdown of the defenders of democracy, freedom, and the rights of small nations, the opponents of militarism. The latest of these witnesses is Harold Nicolson, from whose brilliant pen we have come to expect remarkable books. This one is no disappointment. It is highly entertaining, informed, extraordinarily illuminating, often amusing, and enlivened by personal experiences, not only with the Big Five, but with lesser figures as well. As history, this picture of how history was made in 1919 will be an indispensable source book for future historians.

Harold Nicolson was himself one of the Foreign Office experts assigned to the British peace delegation as all-knowing advisers on certain subjects and states. Concerning his competency he entertains doubts enough not to take himself too seriously, as is shown by this note from his diary on May 16, 1919: "He [A. J. Balfour] is very critical. 'These three ignorant men,' he exclaims, 'with a child to lead them.' The child, I suppose, is me. Anyhow, it is an anxious child. And one who does not want to have anything to do with leadership in this matter." Yet Nicolson, like other junior officials, found himself on occasion responsible for certain decisions of profound import. He went to Paris steeped in the common British Liberal belief that Wilson was to be the world's savior—God-sent—and wholly devoted to the Wilsonian principles. He came out of the conference feeling—well, let him describe it in his own words:

I find Headlam Morley standing miserably in the littered immensity of the Galerie des Glaces. We say nothing to each other. It has all been horrible. . . . Celebrations in the hotel after it. We are given free champagne at the expense of the taxpayer. It is very bad champagne. Go out on to the boulevards afterwards. To bed, sick of life.

This after watching the complete triumph of the Allies!

Again, he writes to his future wife: "I have been working like a little beaver to prevent the Austrian treaty from being as rotten as the German. The more I read the latter the sicker it makes me." And to his father on June 8:

Yet the real crime is the reparation and indemnity chapter [of that treaty], which is immoral and senseless. There is not a single person among the younger people here who is not unhappy and disappointed at the terms. The only people who approve are the old fire-eaters. I have tried, with the help of the treasury man, who is first class, to water down the Austrian financial clauses, but was told by Sumner to mind my own business. Anyhow I think we shall, provided Lloyd George wins his battle, get the Germans to sign. God help us if we can't! They will have us at their mercy.

But the old men had their way. We editors of *The Nation* used to be denounced in 1919 for calling them the "wicked old

men," but here is Harold Nicolson's view of the great, the noble A. J. Balfour, under whom he did most of his work:

Go round to A. J. B. after luncheon [May 15, 1919]. And talk to him for a whole hour in this sense. I attack the moral aspect of partitioning Asia Minor. He is tiresome about it. "All that," he says, "is quite true. But, my dear young man, you forget that we are now at the Paris Conference. All you say is pure aesthetics." What is wrong with these experienced statesmen is that they are so used to justifying expediency on moral grounds that they are not convinced by immorality even when it is inexpedient.

As for Woodrow Wilson, the Woodrow Wilson Foundation had better not add this book to its library. I am so constantly accused by a few readers of *The Nation* of harboring a bitter enmity for President Wilson that I wish all my critics could read this book, as well as that wonderful character sketch of Woodrow Wilson drawn by Maynard Keynes, which is so utterly destructive, so entirely correct, so completely unanswerable. Mr. Nicolson's characterization does not compare with Mr. Keynes's, but their judgments are the same. In explaining how it was that Mr. Wilson fell in Paris Nicolson says:

[Clemenceau and Lloyd George] knew that Mr. Wilson would never face the fact that his own American people had let him down. They knew that in order to disguise that fact from himself he would submit to any humiliation. They knew that one way to manage Wilson was to threaten to, and then to refrain from, showing him up. The conceit and egotism of Mr. Wilson must, of course, be admitted: yet these were but as straws upon the deep current of his faith. It was his faith which they exploited. His faith in The People and in God. They knew that it would be excruciating for him to admit that neither of these two illusions played any part in the Peace Conference. President Wilson was destroyed, not by his faults, but by his virtues.

But Mr. Nicolson does not take stock for one moment in the Ray Stannard Baker representation of the conference—he dubs the great defender of Wilson an "American propagandist" who saw the conference as a "conflict of the Powers of Light (represented by President Wilson) with the Powers of Darkness (represented by M. Clemenceau)." Nothing, he says, was clear-cut in Paris. "The whole business, as Mr. Balfour remarked, was, after all, a rough and tumble affair." The Wilson visits to England and to Italy he calls "these regrettable and hysterical visits." They convinced Woodrow Wilson, he says, "that the people of Europe were with him heart and soul. Here was a most misleading conviction." But here I would take exception. I was in London myself, and Manchester, too, when Woodrow Wilson arrived, and I was at the Peace Conference, and I cannot but feel that the peoples were with Mr. Wilson. The chief reason why he failed was that he did not make good his veiled threat at the opening session of the Peace Conference to go behind the statesmen. Mr. Nicolson admits that President Wilson could have triumphed by driving Lloyd George and Clemenceau from office, but he feels that America would not have supported Mr. Wilson had he done so. Here, too, I think he is wrong, but it is just my judgment against his, with the fact in my favor that I knew American public opinion well and Mr. Nicolson did not. The truth is that Mr. Wilson held every card in the pack. The Allies were absolutely dependent upon him for money, three billion dollars of the Allied debts now owed to us were advanced by us after the Armistice; we had the greatest military force in France, and Mr. Wilson himself was the dominating figure in Europe. He failed at the very outset because he did not insist that the Allies live up to their plighted word in the Armistice agreement with the Germans, signed by Robert Lan-

sing on behalf of them all. The minute he yielded there he lost the whole battle. The rest of the Big Five had taken his measure. They knew that they had him. They knew that his virtues as well as his weaknesses could be breached. They played upon those weaknesses; they wore him down all the more easily because he was so terribly ignorant of the problems with which he had to deal, because his conceit and egotism kept him from realizing how little he knew. Had he only ordered the George Washington to get up steam at the first session of the Big Five, had he only ordered Pershing to set his troops marching out of Germany, and notified the American Treasury that there would be no more advances to the Allies, his associates of the Big Five would have collapsed. There was no other way out for them. The fate of the world was placed in the hands of Woodrow Wilson. He failed utterly, and in doing so destroyed the faith of millions all over Europe who believed that they saw in him the Savior come to earth again.

But one must not end a review of this remarkable book on such a somber note. There are too many delightful and amusing touches in it. Some of his characterizations are wickedly good, as for example this:

Lunch at the Meurice with [Herbert Bayard] Swope, an American correspondent. He bursts with boost. He is very vulgar. He is a nice man. My liking for the Americans is becoming a vice. I like the scholarly sort, such as Coolidge, Seymour, Day, and Allen Dulles, because they are quiet and scholarly, and because they like the truth. I also have a weakness for the noisy sort, such as Swope, because he is so unlike myself. I feel like a mouse much impressed by a jaguar.

And this delicious description of the way Alwyn Parker organized the British delegation to the Peace Conference and "carefully considered the dangers and temptations to which we might be exposed." He was especially concerned with protecting the delegation from (a) espionage, and (b) disease. As to (a) he organized a "security service" with the result that

... although it was easy enough to get out of the Majestic [hotel] it was extremely difficult to get in. Many a foreign statesman was detained on suspicion for daring to press beyond our portals. . . . In order to cope with (b) he had engaged an obstetric physician of the greatest distinction. The female staff were placed under the direction of a chaperone. The atmosphere of the Majestic was in this way one of cheerful and comradely Anglicanism.

Surely this book is priceless.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A Distinguished American

Along This Way. By James Weldon Johnson. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

PROBABLY no circumstance in the full and fortunate life of James Weldon Johnson was more fortunate than his being born in the year 1871. For even in Florida this meant for a Negro boy being born in one of the most hopeful periods of our history. Reconstruction was in full swing; Jim Crow laws were as yet unknown. Probably in no other period could a Jacksonville Negro have enjoyed a boyhood so serene and normal, so full of diverse interests and activities, so little clouded by the consciousness of race differences and race prejudice. To this situation other factors also contributed, among them the fact that his father was born a freedman in Virginia, and that his mother was a school teacher from Nassau. Both were persons of substance and intelligence who enjoyed the

respect of the community. The happy result was to give to Johnson and his brother an unusual degree of confidence and courage in following their individual bents, in seeking adventure and developing their numerous talents. It gave them the start that carried them to eminently successful careers, through the bitter post-reconstruction years—when, in Johnson's words, "the civil status of the Negro had fallen lower than it had been at any time since the Civil War"—and into the Negro renaissance, in which, both as a writer and as the secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Johnson was to play so prominent a part.

It is impossible to condense into the space of a review an adequate account of Johnson's many-sided career. He has sketched it in leisurely fashion in this mellow book, with a wealth of humorous and affectionate detail. He attended Atlanta University, then an institution of singularly lofty if narrow ideals, whose students "were never allowed to entertain any ideal of themselves as 'go-getters.'" Most of them looked forward to a life-work of underpaid teaching. Johnson himself one summer taught in a rural school in Georgia at a salary of five cents a pupil for each day of the pupil's attendance. Later he became principal of the Stanton grade school in Jacksonville and developed it into a high school. He studied law and was admitted to the Florida bar; he wrote verse and started a daily newspaper which lived for eight months. He followed his brother Rosamond to New York, and together they crashed the gates of the theatrical world. For several years thereafter—in partnership with the gifted Bob Cole—they literally "wrote the songs of a nation," the popular songs that everyone knew and sang.

In 1905 Johnson entered the diplomatic service under Roosevelt, serving as consul in Venezuela and Nicaragua, and resigning when it became clear with Wilson's election that a colored man could not hope for further advancement in that service. In 1916 he joined the staff of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People as field secretary, and later, as executive secretary, directed the famous campaign for the Dyer anti-lynching bill, which for the first time made lynching a national issue and front-page news throughout the country. In 1925 he was awarded the Spingarn Medal, "the most distinguished badge of merit that an American Negro may wear." He edited the two widely popular books of Negro spirituals arranged by his brother and the "Anthology of American Negro Poetry"; he wrote, among other things, the memorable volume of poems, based on Negro sermons, "God's Trombones." In 1929 he resigned from the association to accept the chair of creative literature at Fiske University. He is a trustee of Atlanta University, and has been president of the board of directors of the American Fund for Public Service. This list does not by any means exhaust the honors that have come to him.

Such a career gains an added significance, of course, because it is that of a Negro, of a man whose work brought him honors and acclaim, but who might on a theatrical tour be refused a meal or a night's lodging because of his color; of a man who, though probably Jacksonville's most distinguished citizen, narrowly escaped being lynched in that city because he was seen in a public park with a woman supposed to be white. He was saved on this occasion by his coolness in the face of danger and by the technicality that, according to the Florida statutes, the woman was *not* white, having the necessary, though invisible, drop of black blood that made her colored. This man has surmounted the obstacles of race and at the same time achieved eminence partly because of them. Yet he is still hampered by race, in so far as prejudice forces upon him preoccupation with the problems of a minority rather than with the whole field of human interests.

MARTHA GRUENING

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

God's Country

Seeds of Revolt. By Mauritz A. Hallgren. Alfred A Knopf. \$2.50.

Life in the United States. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

THE reader who is interested in a concise and faithful report of the way in which the depression has affected the American people will find it in Mr. Hallgren's book. He will also learn, in case he needs to be told, that the crash of 1929 was no inexplicable breakdown of an economic machine which had been running smoothly until that time. The prosperity of the boom years was spotty and artificial. Mr. Hallgren brings out the fact that in 1927 "more than 35 per cent of the American people were living at or below the border line of physical and moral security, while another 25 per cent were living at the 'minimum comfort' level." This, being interpreted, means that monopoly capitalism had pretty well destroyed the domestic market. The foreign market was being busily cut off by the economic nationalism of this and other countries. Monopoly capitalism had taken advantage of the resultant collapse to throw the burden of its losses on the taxpayers while it increased its holdings at bargain-counter prices, and to reduce employment and wages while it increased dividends—all the while holding its pocket handkerchief before its streaming eyes and proclaiming its sympathy for the sufferings, its approval of the fortitude and patience, of the dispossessed.

The sympathy, however, lasts only so long as the patience; and the patience is expected to withstand intolerable exasperation. Mr. Hallgren not only reports the desperate situation of farmers and industrial workers; he also describes the ugly tactics employed against them by the owning oligarchy and its political representatives whenever they dare to manifest their discontent. The massacres of Dearborn and Herrin, the use of armed force against striking farmers, lynchings both official and unofficial of Negroes driven to desperation by their wrongs—such outrages have become as familiar in the news reports of the past four years as refunds of federal taxes to the owning oligarchy. And one finishes Mr. Hallgren's account of them with the feeling that if American workers were even half as class-conscious as American owners, we should be very near to revolution.

That we are not may be partly due to want of revolutionary leadership, as Mr. Hallgren suggests. But the want of leadership is not adequately accounted for by his strictures upon the isolationist policy of the Communists, their abject dependence on Moscow, and their internecine warfare. Revolutionary leadership implies a potential revolutionary following; and as yet such a following does not exist in this country, for reasons which Benjamin Stolberg adduced in these columns a few weeks ago. Mr. Hallgren remarks that among the thousands of jobless workers with whom he has talked the vast majority were "utterly cold to communism as a way of life." Under the circumstances it is perhaps unfair to be too severe upon the Communists for getting their revolutionary inspiration from Moscow; after all, it must come from somewhere.

Thanks to this coldness of the masses toward any really revolutionary idea, effective protest against the depredations of monopoly capitalism has been strictly petty bourgeois. Mr. Hallgren deals at length with the schemes of liberal fixers for eating our cake and having it—schemes such as the late unlamented Technocracy and the myriad economic plans hopefully designed to make omelets without breaking eggs. The new Administration represents this protest, and it seems to be rapidly proving Mr. Hallgren's contention that it is powerless to halt the decline of the petty bourgeoisie. Mr. Hallgren regards it as incipient fascism; possibly he would modify that view if he

were writing now, for in the past two months it has become pretty clear that the Administration is trying to organize labor not for monopoly capital but against it. In other words, Mr. Roosevelt seems to be trying to prove his contention that the government can "check and counterbalance" the owning oligarchy—in this instance by setting up a strong labor movement to offset the enormous increase in power granted to monopoly capitalism through the suspension of the Sherman Act. He will fail of course, because the attempt implies a neutral state acting as arbiter between these two opposing forces. His friends the economic planners have not, apparently, enlightened him concerning the nature of the state—probably for the excellent reason that they do not know anything about it. He will no doubt be enlightened eventually by the owning oligarchy. But a struggle between the owning oligarchy and the federal government over the government's attempt to foster labor unions is not fascism; nor is the injection of new life into a moribund labor movement by federal statute.

To quarrel with Mr. Hallgren about certain definitions and interpretations is not to impugn the value of his book. It is not only readable but well worth reading. As a pendant to it, the collection of stories published by Scribner's under the title "Life in the United States" takes on a special interest. These are stories of actual experience selected from some 4,500 submitted in a prize contest conducted by *Scribner's Magazine*; and they range from mere anecdote to stories with profound social implications such as Oklahoma Race Riot, The Jersey Devil Came, Five Kids from the East Side. According to the publishers' note, the editors of *Scribner's* "hoped by appealing directly to those who were not professional writers to discover a more wholesome and contented picture of life than the work of the foremost writers suggested"; the theory being, one assumes, that successful writers become morbid and embittered—or that morbid and embittered writers become successful. They got—if the published stories are any criterion—what Mr. Hallgren might have told them to expect, a picture chiefly of grimness and frustration. And it does not require any theory to account for that—nothing, indeed, beyond the old adage that figs don't grow from thistles.

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

The "Lost Generation"

Testament of Youth. By Vera Brittain. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

DURING the lull after a literary deluge of experiences of the last war and rising warnings against the coming chemical extinction of mankind, books of this sort assume a greater significance. They are written by that "lost generation," invisibly marked with the shadow of death and destruction. The whole tragedy of a hoary youth without the exciting self-assurance of a "barbarian heroism," the bitterness of its sorrow and frustration, carry far more striking agitation against a new massacre than do the glowing tales of trench moles. Vera Brittain's story is the average story of a million individuals during the war: the conventional middle-class home in rural England, a meager adolescence, a short period at Oxford, and then the beginning of the war. Her fiancé is drafted and killed, her brother and their friends follow soon after, and Miss Brittain enlists as a nurse. Her hospital experiences in London, Malta, and France take up the greater part of the book.

For fifteen years Vera Brittain, poet and author of several novels, intended to write the story of her generation, fully exposing all the horrors which culminated in a sullen determination "never to forget." But time and distance had to be gained for an objectivity which released repressions and enabled her to

relate her modest experiences to the great catastrophe. We can understand therefore the expansion of this human document into a voluminous opus. For the shock of those four years proved too reverberating an experience not to create within the writer a constant fear that the omission of the slightest incident might weaken the impression upon the reader of the hopelessness of that time—a time, as it were, when nursing mutilated bodies back to life seemed far more comforting than the sheltered life between optimistic victory headlines and ever-growing casualty lists.

It is an ambitious work. The 660 pages are divided into many sections and chapters, mottoed with poems by the author, her fiancé, and other writers, and span a period from early girlhood to the, after all, happy ending, many years after the war. Vividly written in passages, it contains much valuable material. There are descriptions of battle scenes in France and of the Zeppelin horror over London, accounts of active service in hospitals, college life in Oxford, post-war political activity, and travel for the League of Nations. Yet one can only state with regret that it has not the importance one would wish for such a book, nor does it remain a stirring, unforgettable experience. It is throughout a personal account of a personal life, full of trivial incidents and diffuse meditation; never does it penetrate and define the intoxication and morbidity of a whole generation. Neither passion nor inspiration touches the many pages of solid type; cold reasoning permeates all matters of sentiment and emotion. Indeed, the Testament of Youth has still to be written of a generation that stayed at home but was none the less the victim of mass murder and the moral collapse that followed in its train.

FRED J. RINGEL

Notes on Fiction

Bonfire. By Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

Dorothy Canfield's knowledge of Vermont is authentic and intimate. Unlike many sectional rural novelists she is not committed to an idyllic formula, a sordid, or a humorous one, but faces the idyllic, the sordid, and the humorous aspects of her subject candidly, with a vigorous and flexible realism. The pity is the greater that, knowing as much as she does and seeing as clearly, she rarely troubles to lift her writing above the level of comfortable woman's-magazine fiction, even though her conclusions about life are far deeper, more searching, and less complacent than such a label suggests. Primarily she is not interested in writing for its own sake but in the story she has to tell, and she is still capable of feeling a warm and generous interest in the lives and problems of the characters she creates. These problems are to her absorbingly real and she labors over them with insistence and detail, with results which are not always happy. There is much in this story of Vermont character and background to make it worth reading—acute and sensitive observation of character, a convincing feeling for the beauty of the Vermont countryside, and an occasional profundity of knowledge and experience. These might have made it memorable if only the writer had been a more sensitive and selective artist.

Night Over Fitch's Pond. By Cora Jarrett. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

One seldom reads a novel that combines the elements of a good mystery story with those of psychological drama. Cora Jarrett's book begins with a suicide and ends with the reasons for that suicide. Her characters are college professors and their wives and she knows them well. Her scene, Fitch's Pond,

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WHY FORD WORKERS STRIKE

by

CARL M. MYDANS

is the summer camp of these intellectuals. Here the tragedy takes place. Here, in one night, the most sensitive and imaginative of her characters unravels the mystery. Mrs. Jarrett writes very well. She has an extraordinary insight into the minds of rather complex men and women. Her novel is well constructed, its scene and its characters are fully drawn. The author has not lived among college professors for nothing. Nor has she known their wives without discovering what such women may be like. Mrs. Jarrett has been writing short stories under the pen name of Faraday Keene. The present novel is the first book she has published under her own name. In it she has proved herself a competent writer and a clever student of human nature.

Ordinary Families. By E. Arnot Robertson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

E. Arnot Robertson is one of those fortunate writers who can waive all forms of experimental expression and experimental emotion, and work effectively in the most conventional patterns. Incidental to this history of an English family given to much amateur sailing, she deftly satirizes many aspects of the present scene—modern education, highbrow art, Bohemian self-righteousness. Her method is never to exploit a situation to its fullest possibilities, and yet never to assume an air of strained and self-conscious reticence. Her writing has a quality of graceful and unassuming wit that achieves the miracle of outdistancing the more pretentious stride of many of her contemporaries.

To a God Unknown. By John Steinbeck. Robert Ballou. \$2.

This book reads like a novelized version of a Robinson Jeffers poem, and its setting is what may be known to tourists of the future as the "Robinson Jeffers country." It is the story of a Yankee Abraham who has emigrated to California and who, in obedience to the voice of his God which is the earth and the fulness thereof, sacrifices his wife and ultimately himself on the altar of fertility. In the bas-relief of a poem, where much is taken for granted, the characterization of the story might have been adequate, but in a novel, which demands treatment in the round, it is pitifully thin and shadowy and invalidates the most ambitious effects of the book.

Other Brief Notices

Democracy, Debts, and Disarmament. By Walton Newbold. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

This is one of the most cruel, most penetrating, and most valuable studies of the world crisis yet published. Unlike Sir Arthur Salter and others, Mr. Newbold expounds no favorite theories, sets up no straw men in the realm of currency or trade to knock down in order to prove his case. Nor does the author start from scratch in the sense that he believes that there was once a truly normal period and that all we have to do is to find our way back to the standards of that period. Instead, he digs deep into the history of finance and world trade. He traces monetary theory and the gold standard back to "the age of Amsterdam," or rather begins with that period and shows how the economics of modern capitalism have developed until they have brought us to the mess we are now in. The author, moreover, sees the world picture as a complete whole, something few students in recent years have been able to do. He connects events that appear to have little if any connection. For example, he shows, plausibly and convincingly, that the bank holiday in Michigan and Stalin's arrest of the British engineers were not unrelated events. To Mr. Newbold, democracy, intergovernmental debts, and disarmament, all intricately inter-

woven, are hopeless problems. He does not specifically say that they cannot be solved under capitalism, but he marshals up a wealth of factual evidence that they cannot be so solved.

Giacomo Puccini: The Man—His Life—His Work. By Richard Specht. Translated by Catherine Alison Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.75.

Musically inclined readers seeking a rationalization of their fondness for Puccini's operas will find it here, together with a sagacious estimate of the composer's qualities both as artist and man. Richard Specht is a musicographer whose judgments have weight, and this book avowedly presents the *amende honorable* for his earlier pronouncements that the creator of "La Bohème" was "the great corrupter, the very negation of an artist, a merely theatrical composer striving after nothing but effectiveness, and the incarnation of modern degeneracy and insincerity." Reasons for the complete reversal of these censures form the warp for an interesting biography which is nicely balanced between the critical and the anecdotal. If the author's desire to atone for injustice urges him at times a little too far into the rhetoric of praise, one pardons the excess because of the generosity behind it. The eulogist has not overpowered the critic in Herr Specht, and he has a sharp eye for flaws in technique and limitations of talent. He attributes the charm of the operas to Puccini's emotional candor and his gift for infusing vitality into the commonplaces of existence. Behind the outward naivete and frankness of character he detects an introspective and melancholy nature with a psychopathic strain of cruelty.

Toward a United Front. By Leon Samson. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

Why is it that many students who really have something to say must bury their argument under a style that wearies and annoys the reader? Mr. Samson repeats himself again and again. Not only is there a needless repetition of argument, often in the same paragraph, but Mr. Samson has three or four pet phrases—one of them is "I repeat"—which he works to death before he gets to the end. And he has a way of sneering at persons whose ideas he cannot accept which suggests that he is not entirely sure of his own ideas. Yet his central thesis is sound and worth serious discussion. Briefly, he contends that the problem of a united working class in America is largely dependent for solution upon solid knowledge of the American mind. He has discovered from his own study of American psychology that the average American is really a Socialist, a revolutionary, but deceives himself into accepting "Americanism" as a substitute for socialism and "America" as a substitute for the revolution. According to Mr. Samson, it is waste of time to attempt to pound Socialist principles into the American's head by direct appeal. Instead, his own inherent socialism should be made clear to him. The present reviewer cannot accept all the author's conclusions. Certainly he does not agree that mere organization of the working class, however essential such organization may be in itself, is enough to bring about a revolution. Nevertheless, the reviewer feels that Mr. Samson has made a brave and worth-while beginning in the effort to find the answer to the often-repeated question: Why is not the American working class, the most advanced in the world, also the most revolutionary?

Colonial Hispanic America. By Charles Edward Chapman. The Macmillan Company. \$2.40.

Mr. Chapman's history of Colonial Hispanic America is a thorough and comprehensive treatment of its subject. It dwells, however, a little too much on the corruption and venality of the viceregal governments of Spain and Portugal in the New World, and it is written too much in textbook style.

The Bloody Traffic. By A. Fenner Brockway. London: Victor Gollancz. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Brockway, one of the leaders of the Independent Labor Party and a moving spirit in the campaign to organize the British workers against war, has summed up in vigorous, clear-cut language the case against the munitions makers. Some of his facts are new, some are old—the author acknowledges that his is not entirely a work of original research. He goes over much of the ground covered by other writers. Nevertheless, the story he tells is startling—and extremely discouraging. What *are* we to do with these munitions firms that bribe government officials, control the press, create war scares, and sell guns to enemy countries with which to carry on war against the very children of the shareholders of these companies? And it is all done for the sake of profit. The mass murder of millions of human beings means nothing to these munitions makers so long as the entries on the right side of the ledger are plentiful. No one can honestly say, after having read this book, that the American armaments industry should not be ruthlessly exposed and thereafter completely nationalized. But nationalization, as Mr. Brockway pointedly declares, is not enough. It must be only the first step. We must also, he asserts, “bring about a revolution, a complete transformation, in the basis of the present system of civilization.”

The Making of Geography. By R. E. Dickman and O. J. R. Howarth. Oxford University Press. \$3.

This history of the growth of man's knowledge of the earth and the perfecting of his instruments and devices for enlarging that knowledge is excellently written and illustrated. The exposition of technical matters is clear, and the narrative of the expansion of geographical knowledge is at many points absorbing.

Dickens. By Bernard Darwin. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

There has seldom been a more successful emergence out of a dismal beginning than that of Dickens, whose childhood was almost unbelievably impoverished and unlucky. His youth was happier, and after “Pickwick,” his first and greatest book, success never wandered far from him. A vast and infatuated public waited on him and he entertained them not only with novels but with popular journals under his editorship, theatricals, and public readings from his books. It may almost be said that he worked himself to death playing for them, for his end was hastened by overwork. Mr. Darwin packs a great deal of information into small space without injury to the narrative; but he spoils his good work at times by such allusions to the novels and their leading characters as only a fresh reading of the complete works of Dickens could make intelligible.

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SIMON AND SCHUSTER, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Victoria. By Arthur Ponsonby. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

The author does not use the narrative method; he writes his little book as a series of essays: *The Queen and Her Ministers*, *The Queen and Foreign Affairs*, *The Queen and the Empire*, *The Queen's Husband*, etc. The advantage of the method is that a large volume of information can be conveniently handled; the disadvantage, that it makes for less fluent reading than continuous narrative provides. Lord Ponsonby's portrait of Victoria is done competently, but hardly more than that.

Films

Forgotten Children

EVERY so often Hollywood attempts a subject which is either so difficult or so dangerous that a great many people decide beforehand that the result cannot be anything but grotesquely unsuccessful. Such an attempt is to be seen in "Wild Boys of the Road" (Hollywood), which is based on the sensational newspaper accounts of the increasing number of boys and girls in all parts of the country who are leaving their homes, where they can no longer be assured of either food or shelter, to shift for themselves on the road. Of course the principal difficulty of such a subject for Hollywood is the unavoidable necessity of taking something like an explicit social attitude—for Hollywood, as we all know, is not much given to taking attitudes that might prove too seriously disturbing to its great audience. Let us make the necessary comparison: this exciting and unusual American film does not equal in savage concentration the much-admired Soviet film, "The Road to Life." Everything in it is considerably softened down for our finer American sensibilities. The boys and girls are not allowed to become so physically filthy or so morally depraved as in the Russian picture. Moreover, no attention is paid to the sex problems or *mœurs* of these irresponsible nomads, although the latter figure prominently in all the newspaper stories. It is also less intellectual in that it fails to indicate the obstacles that stand in the way of any eventual resocialization of these forgotten children of our present economic order. But, despite all these faults, the picture constitutes a very much more powerful criticism of that order than one had expected from Hollywood. It becomes a criticism by virtue of certain objective elements in its subject matter which no amount of softening or sentimentalization can altogether efface. Never before does one recall having witnessed an American picture whose climax is made to consist in a pitched battle between a band of ragged outlaws and the police, in which the sympathy is manifestly with the former. This has already been prepared for, as a matter of fact, by two other situations of extraordinary violence: one in which a railroad guard who has attacked one of the girls in the band is promptly hurled out of the moving train to his death; another in which the assembled members of the band, suddenly awakened to the idea that they are really an army, drive off a whole contingent of railroad detectives. There has also been the incident of the boy who has not dodged the trains rapidly enough and has to have his leg amputated—secretly, and without anaesthetic. Not even the heavy pathos with which this incident is blurred is likely to make many people forget the chain of causes which have made it possible. And this is in general true, for whatever other efforts toward softening have been made throughout, especially in the last scene, in which two boys and their girl companion, arrested for a theft which they did not commit, are released by a kindly Juvenile Court judge with some muttered promises of a "new deal." In the back-

ground, over the bench of justice, one makes out ever so dimly the familiar outline of the Blue Eagle—the new *deus ex machina*, apparently, of the American screen. Somehow the popular bird looks very small; and what we take away from the picture is not so much the renewed hope that this symbol should evoke as the feeling that our society is simply deluding itself if it pretends not to hear the barbarians at the gates. The hordes are on the march, and whether or not they will reach Rome is the question.

Anyone committed to such a point of view could make a very good case against the German and Viennese operettas to which we are subjected from time to time on the ground that they appeal to a debased bourgeois taste which no longer exists with the same strength that it once possessed. "Waltz Time" (Little Carnegie) is a British version of Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus." It is a wandering, heavy-footed, and generally mirthless effort to recapture the spirit of a kind of entertainment which no more belongs to our time than do the sentiments and attitudes to which it once appealed.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

Mr. O'Neill's Comedy

THE audience which gathered at the Guild Theater to witness Eugene O'Neill's new play was even more surprised than it had expected to be. We had all been warned that "Ah, Wilderness!" was a comedy and that the star was no less unexpected a person than George M. Cohan himself, but we were still not prepared to find an engaging little domestic piece whose virtues bear not the slightest relation to any of those one is accustomed to find in Mr. O'Neill's plays. The audience signified its approval by ready laughter and frequent applause, but if the comedy had been produced anonymously and the spectators given ten guesses at the author, I doubt if Mr. O'Neill's name would have appeared on any of the lists.

Inevitably this tale of calf-love and its accompanying phenomena will be wonderingly compared with the work of Booth Tarkington and even with Miss Rose Franken's still more sentimental version of the theme in "Another Language." Nor is the comparison so completely outrageous as one would think that it must inevitably be, for Mr. O'Neill's method is here essentially the method of direct and somewhat softened realism. This typical American family—the scene is a Connecticut town in 1906—has the virtues which William Dean Howells might have seen in it and no vices which he would have thought it improper to mention. The kindly, rather futile mother, the wise if uncultivated father, the uncle with a weakness for strong drink, and the callow son who discovers love and literature together are recalled, as it were, with a tender nostalgic affection. The boy comes through, and the play ends with the two parents standing in the moonlight, happily remembering their own springtime and concluding that autumn also has its joys. Is this—can this be—the work of an author who has so often brushed sentiment aside, assaulted heaven itself, and cursed God for giving his creatures thirsts which no earthly liquor can quench and passions which can consume nothing except themselves?

It is not merely that Mr. O'Neill has dispensed with those murders and rapes, those incests and insanities, which furnish the material for most of his tragedies—as well, let his flippant critics remember, as the material for most of the great tragedies of the world by any authors whatsoever. The really striking

fact is that for the purposes of this play he has also dispensed with the whole of that attitude toward human life which has served in the past to distinguish him from dramatists content to deal with life in terms of its local manifestations and current standards of value. All his other recent work and, to a lesser extent, even all his earlier work dealt with ultimates. The characters had, of course, their local habitations and names; some of them—the Anna Christies and the Ephraim Cabots—were rooted in a time and place to an extent to which the Hairy Apes and the William A. Browns obviously were not. But even the most concrete of his personages were only secondarily and for the sake of convenience men and women specifically of a yesterday or a today and dressed in the mental or physical costumes of their period. Essentially they were all naked souls; forked radishes trying to be gods; helpless Lears exposed to the thunder of high heaven and the pitiless rain of God. The houses they lived in, the clothes they wore, the words with which they tried in vain to conceal from themselves and others the real nature of their predicament, were all so little substantial that they were only by convention treated as real at all. The sky of eternity was the only roof above them, and when they talked they could actually communicate with no one except themselves and God. Something of this sort is what O'Neill's symbolism has always been intended to convey, and it is everything of this sort which "Ah, Wilderness!" quite deliberately refrains from suggesting at any moment.

To say this is not to say that the play is not an extremely good one of its kind or that, as presented by the Guild, it does not supply an evening's entertainment of charming humor and pleasant sentiment. As a matter of fact, it does just that, for in addition to its merits as a play it is beautifully directed by Philip Moeller and very skilfully played by an excellent company, from which, however, Mr. Cohan stands out by virtue of the unobtrusive but not-to-be-forgotten authenticity of his performance. Nor is it further to be supposed that the comparisons with inferior writers which I mentioned as inevitable are really fair. The superior truth and sincerity of Mr. O'Neill's picture of the tragi-comedy of youth may possibly be suggested by the fact that this young man does not want to go to Paris to study art, and it may, perhaps, be even more truly suggested by the additional fact that the poets he has discovered are not—as seems inevitable in more sentimentalized versions—Shelley and Keats, but only the vastly more probable Oscar Wilde and Omar. Nevertheless, the amazing fact remains that Mr. O'Neill is writing about sentiment rather than passion, and about men and women who are quite contentedly unaware of anything not publicly recognized in a Connecticut family of quite ordinary people.

"Ah, Wilderness!" is almost certainly a hit, and so too is that hilarious experiment in miscellaneous libel, the musical revue called "As Thousands Cheer" (Music Box). Of story there is none, but we have rarely if ever been presented with more witty, spirited, or hard-hitting series of topical sketches than those which Moss Hart has here put together and Irving Berlin set to music. Perhaps the highest moment is either that when Aimée McPherson (Helen Broderick) comes to sound out Gandhi (Clifton Webb) on the prospects for a vaudeville tour together, or that when Marilyn Miller, Leslie Adams, and the rest demonstrate the effect of Noel Coward on the personnel of the hotel which he has been gracing with his presence. Nevertheless, all the sketches are on an unusually high level, and with the help of the very talented performers the whole becomes far and away the best thing of its kind in town. Incidentally, full credit should be given to the contributions of Leslie Adams, who is not featured on the program but is remembered for his playing of the husband in "Good-Bye Again." Ethel Waters, also, is outstanding.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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AH, WILDERNESS. Guild Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

AMOURETTE. Henry Millers Theater. Play by Clare Kummer, direction by Bulgakov, and acting by Francesca Brunning, the star of "One Sunday Afternoon." Nevertheless, not so good.

A PARTY. Playhouse. Agreeable parlor entertainment in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell gives an imitation of herself trading insults at a soirée with a younger actress said to represent our own Tallulah Bankhead.

AS THOUSANDS CHEER. Music Box. Reviewed in this issue.

DOUBLE DOOR. Ritz Theater. An exciting melodrama obviously suggested by the Wendell case.

HEAT LIGHTENING. Booth Theater. Simple but exciting melodrama about two girls and a gas station in the great desert. One of the two things so far most worth seeing.

HOLD YOUR HORSES. Winter Garden. Amiable madness with Joe Cook.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Extraordinary production of an extraordinary play.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES. New Amsterdam. Unholy mixture of absurd melodrama and routine review. Nevertheless a big success.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON. 48th St. Theater. Pleasant little play held over from last season.

Some Notable Fall Books

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS

- Abbot, Willis J. *Watching the World Go By*. Little, Brown. \$3.
- Batho, Edith C. *The Later Wordsworth*. Macmillan. \$4.50.
- Belloc, Hilaire. *Charles I of England*. J. B. Lippincott. \$4.
- Benson, E. F. *Edward VII*. Longmans, Green. \$3.
- Bobbé, Dorothy. *De Witt Clinton*. Minton, Balch. \$3.
- Brittain, Vera. *Testament of Youth*. Macmillan. \$2.50.
- Brooks, Van Wyck, Ed. *The Journal of Gamaliel Bradford*. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.
- Bryant, Arthur. *Samuel Pepys*. Macmillan. \$3.
- Chesterton, G. K. *Saint Thomas Aquinas*. Sheed and Ward.
- Chinard, Gilbert. *Honest John Adams*. Little, Brown. \$3.75.
- Churchill, Winston S. *Marlborough*. Scribner. \$4.
- Clifton, Violet. *The Book of Talbot*. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.
- Dell, Floyd. *Homecoming: An Autobiography*. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.
- Dennett, Tyler. *John Hay*. Dodd, Mead. \$5.
- De Sélincourt, Ernest. *Dorothy Wordsworth*. Oxford Press. \$7.
- Edwards, J. Hugh. *David Lloyd George*. Sears. \$7.50.
- Fay, Bernard. *The Two Franklins: Fathers of American Democracy*. Little, Brown. \$3.50.
- Ford, Ford Madox. *It Was the Nightingale*. J. B. Lippincott. \$3.
- Geller, G. G. *Sarah Bernhardt*. Stokes. \$2.75.
- Gide, André. *Autobiography*. Random House. \$20.
- Graham, Stephen. *Boris Godunov*. Yale Press. \$2.50.

- Griggs, Earl Leslie, Ed. *Unpublished Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. Two volumes. Yale Press. \$10.
- Guedalla, Philip. *The Queen and Gladstone*. Doubleday, Doran.
- Gwynn, Stephen. *Jonathan Swift and His Times*. Holt. \$3.50.
- Hamilton, Mary Agnes. *Sidney and Beatrice Webb*. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.
- Hitler, Adolf. *My Battle*. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.
- Howarth, R. G., Ed. *The Letters of Lord Byron*. Dutton. \$3.
- Howarth, R. G., Ed. *Letters and the Second Diary of Samuel Pepys*. Dutton. \$3.
- Johnson, James Weldon. *Along This Way*. Viking. \$3.50.
- Jusserand, Jules. *What Me Befell*. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.
- Kang, Younghill. *The Happy Grove: The Story of My Boyhood in Korea*. Scribner. \$2.
- Keller, A. G. *Reminiscences of William Graham Sumner*. Yale Press. \$2.
- Kern, John D. *Constance Fenimore Woolson*. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$2.50.
- Kitchel, Anna T. *George Lewes and George Eliot*. John Day. \$2.50.
- Kurtz, Benjamin. *The Pursuit of Death*. Oxford Press. \$3.50.
- Leacock, Stephen. *Charles Dickens: A Life*. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.
- Le Gallienne, Eva. *Autobiography*. Longmans, Green. \$3.50.
- Lenard, Philipp. *Great Men of Science*. Macmillan. \$3.
- Lloyd George, David. *War Memoirs*. Vols. I and II. Little, Brown. \$4.
- Longworth, Alice Roosevelt. *Crowded Hours*. Scribner. \$3.
- Lipsky, Abram. *Martin Luther: Germany's Angry Man*. Stokes. \$3.
- Malone, Dumas, Ed. *Dictionary of American Biography*. Volume IX: Hibben-Jarvis; Volume X: Jasper-Larkin. Scribner. \$12.50 a volume. \$250 for the set of twenty volumes.
- Marcuse, Ludwig. *Heine*. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.
- Merejkowski, Dimitri S. *Jesus the Unknown*. Scribner. \$2.75.
- Miller, Max. *The Beginning of a Mortal*. Dutton. \$2.50.
- Millin, Sarah Gertrude. *Cecil Rhodes*. Harper. \$3.75.
- Murdoch, William. *Brahms*. Sears. \$4.
- Neale, J. E. *Queen Elizabeth*. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.75.
- Nevins, Allan, Ed. *Letters of Grover Cleveland*. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.
- O'Connor, Harvey. *Mellon's Millions: The Biography of a Fortune*. John Day. \$3.
- O'Sullivan, Maurice. *Twenty Years A'growing*. Viking. \$2.50.
- Perry, Bliss. *Richard Henry Dana*. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.
- Ponsonby, Sir Frederick. *Sidelights on Queen Victoria*. Sears. \$5.
- Reid, Edith Gittings. *Woodrow Wilson—the Caricature, the Myth, and the Man*. Oxford Press. \$3.
- Repplier, Agnes. *Father Junípero Serra*. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.
- Roeder, Ralph. *The Man of the Renaissance*. Viking. \$5.
- Rolland, Romain and Von Meysenbug, Malwida. *Correspondence of*. Holt. \$2.
- Ross, J. Elliot. *John Henry Newman*. Norton. \$2.75.
- Royde-Smith, Naomi. *Portrait of Mrs. Siddons*. Viking. \$3.
- Russell, Charles Edward. *Bare Hands and Stone Walls: Reminiscences of a Side-Line Reformer*. Scribner. \$3.
- Sadleir, Michael. *The Strange Life of Lady Blessington*. Little, Brown. \$3.50.
- Schauffler, Robert Haven. *The Unknown Brahms*. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50.
- Sigerist, Henry E. *The Great Doctors*. Norton. \$4.

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THE PEACE OF EUROPE, having been planted on top of a handsome sowing of dragon's teeth in the form of the Treaty of Versailles, is now threatened by exactly the crop of bitter fighting men that might have been looked for. That much of Chancellor Hitler's speech explaining why Germany was withdrawing from the League of Nations and from the Disarmament Conference can be granted him: a bad war was ended by a bad peace, and Europe learned nothing from either, although prior to the establishment of the Hitler Government the sympathy of the world was inclining more and more toward the Germans. But to dissociate Germany summarily from the only existing attempt to improve matters is the work of an insane and dangerous egoist. France has already repudiated Hitler's attempt to create a Franco-German bloc against England; England, it is predicted, will firmly oppose any suggestions for reduction of armament; Italy talks of a rapprochement of nations without Germany. It is true that Hitler insisted on Germany's ultimate desire for peace and disarmament, should the rest of Europe agree; it is true that Italy is taking the German withdrawal with "maximum calm" and emphasizes those portions of Hitler's speech which urged amity among all nations. In spite of all this official dispassion, in spite of all

this talk of peace, the cloud of war hangs thick over Europe. In Austria barbed wire is being strung along the frontiers; in every country of Europe except censored Germany the word "war" is being shrieked or whispered, either one with telling effect. The Disarmament Conference, already on the rocks, is admittedly lost, in spite of Arthur Henderson's adjurations to carry on. It has adjourned until October 26. A fortnight after that come the German elections, when every German is to be permitted to approve of the Nazi foreign policy—and God help him if he refuses! Meanwhile Europe waits.

IT is at least encouraging to note that the French government is not too much disturbed, although it sees clearly enough that in the conciliatory phrases toward France in his speech Hitler was trying to drive a wedge between it and the other Allies, especially England. There is no clamor in France for a reoccupation of Germany and little excuse for it in any act of the Reich thus far. Indeed, with the exception of propaganda in Austria and Schleswig and the various border incidents which may kindle the European powder keg, Teuton fury to date has spent itself chiefly internally. The main cause of friction has been attacks upon foreigners in Germany, generally for failure to salute the Nazi flag. For these occurrences Germany has been officially regretful, and has just arrested, in response to most emphatic protests, the assailants of Roland Velz, the latest American victim of Nazi ruffianism, although dispatches point out that no storm trooper has been punished so far in consequence of attacks on foreigners. If German violence could be confined to Germany, there might be no disruption of the peace of Europe. Foreigners would learn that they entered Germany at their own risk. The outside world has far more effective means of influencing events than military aggression. The circle of moral disapproval and economic pressure is tightening about the Reich. The resolution of the American Federation of Labor recommending a boycott of German industry commits to that policy the largest organization that has so far spoken in this country. It may be argued that the censorship permits nobody in Germany to know of it. But the censorship cannot restrain the effect of the boycott upon Germany's economic life, and that, in turn, cannot be concealed from the German public now any more than could the country's desperate industrial plight during the World War.

WHILE EUROPE IS SHIVERING under the blow dealt it by Germany's withdrawal from the League, Japan and Russia are continuing their contentious negotiations over the Chinese Eastern Railway. *Izvestia* and *Pravda* have both carried articles protesting alleged official documents proposing seizure of the railway by the Japanese. Japan's comment in reply varies from indignation to the soft answer which is evidently designed to smooth the incident over. But two Soviet officials, recently appointed to posts on the railway, have been summarily removed by the Japanese authorities, and the Soviets have not failed to protest this action also. It is plain that there is considerable tension be-

tween the two governments, and the newspaper editorials in Moscow merely give warning that Russia will not take too many affronts lying down. *Izvestia* says frankly: "It is therefore quite clear that the plan for seizure of the Chinese Eastern is the plan of the Japanese government and that all responsibility for working out this plan . . . and for the consequences rests wholly upon the Japanese government." Japan's answer may very well be fortified by Hitler's withdrawal from the Disarmament Conference and the League. German animosity in general has been directed against Russia and not in the least against Japan, and Germany now joins Japan in having repudiated the League and all its works. It is not too much to say, probably, that as a result of the German decision, Japan and Germany are closer together than ever, and Russia is farther from either. Which not inconceivably makes Russia nearer to the rest of the world.

IT'S A LONG WAY from Broadway to Bechuanaland, but the jump is worth making to consider the banishment and return of Tshekedi, the native chieftain. Although Tshekedi's authority extends only among his Bamangwato tribesmen, and not to Europeans, he tried a white settler and sentenced him to be flogged for offenses against native women. For this the chieftain was banished by the British High Commissioner of the protectorate after a spectacular trial. But the banishment aroused much criticism among European elements in South Africa, especially among the missionaries, who contended that the flogged man had got what was coming to him. Hence London recently ordered Tshekedi's reinstatement. The significance of the incident lies in its revelation of changing conditions. A quarter of a century ago neither of the major events would have been dreamed of in a region under British rule. The flogging of a European by order of a native would have been almost inconceivable, and had it occurred, the continuance in office of the man responsible for it would have been impossible. But Britain's far-flung line of world imperialism has had to give way. The "white man's burden" has been x-rayed and found to be mostly a moral justification for commercial greed—a rationalization of the need of a hard-pressed capitalist industrialism to exploit the last corners of the world. Not only have the "lesser breeds" revolted against Kipling's phrase but those for whom the creed was written no longer believe it either. The doctrine of the "white man's burden" and the industrial system which it sought to justify have both been crumpled by the march of events.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and Secretary of State Hull should be warmly commended for having changed the attitude of the United States with regard to the appointment of a Chief Adviser to Liberia under the plan of assistance of the League of Nations. The Firestone interests, supported by the permanent officials of the State Department, had insisted that the adviser be an American citizen. At the meeting of the League of Nations committee at Geneva by which the plan of assistance is being put into final form, the Liberian representative strongly opposed this course. The reasons for this opposition were explained by Mauritz A. Hallgren in our issue of August 16. They are, briefly, that the State Department in 1926 forced upon Liberia a loan it did not want, whose interest payments—at 7 per cent—it has

been unable to meet, and that the League plan of assistance for Liberia is in reality the State Department's plan for collecting the loan. This plan, which bristles with provisions for "foreign experts," would not only deprive Liberia of its administrative autonomy but also seriously reduce such essential public services as education and health in order to guarantee the disproportionate salaries of the unwanted "experts." When, finally, one reads Firestone interests for State Department, Liberia's opposition becomes doubly understandable. It appears that neither President Roosevelt nor Secretary Hull, both of whom have been busy with other and more pressing matters, was fully aware of the implications of the proposal that an American be named. When the situation was fully described to these officials, they acted promptly, and in consequence General Blanton Winship, the American member of the committee, was able to reply to the Liberian delegate that the United States would not oppose the appointment of an adviser from a disinterested country.

SPAIN, the youngest republic in the Old World, has recognized the administration of Grau San Martin in Cuba. This is now in its sixth week, having already exhibited double the longevity of its predecessor, the Cespedes Government. True, reports emanate from Cuba that the government is not representative, that the students number only a few thousand, that they are young and irresponsible, that the army represents only itself, that President Grau is but a puppet of both. Granting that all this were so, is it the function of the United States to sit by until just the government we think "right" is shaken out of the dice-box of chance? We helped instal a most "representative" government and gave it our blessing. It vanished before the crude realities of revolution. Are we so old and distant from the days of our national beginnings that we cannot understand the genuine youthful stirrings in the republic to which we are so closely attached by history, proximity, and circumstance? Howard Brubaker, in his pithy column in the *New Yorker*, remarks pointedly: "There is another difference between Cuban and American folkways. Havana students are running the government while ours are curled up with copies of Kipling's 'If.'"

ONE of the immediate results of the Administration's intrusion in the New York City election has been the sabotaging of the Senate investigation of investment banking. Valuable as were the revelations brought out by the examinations of the house of Morgan and of "old Doctor Kuhn, Loeb," it is no secret that the probing might have been deeper and more productive. Ferdinand Pecora, counsel for the Banking and Currency Committee, at first unfamiliar with the intricacies of finance, was presumably gathering wisdom as he proceeded. The division of his interest by his candidacy for the district attorneyship of New York on the McKee ticket has, however, already become manifest. The investigation of Dillon, Read and Company was superficial and hasty. It barely scratched the surface. There is, to be sure, distinct value in the cumulative evidence of enormous bankers' profits, of evasion of tax payments through the legalistic loopholes of the income-tax law, of "rigging the market" for the sale of dubious offerings, of none too great solicitude for the safety and soundness of the securities sold the public, and of the involvement of men highly placed in public office or

in private life through loans or membership on preferred lists. But the story of high finance and of the leadership which dominated America to its cost in the Dizzy Decade is too important to be slighted. The information which is obtained may form the basis for remedial legislation. The Chase National Bank is to be investigated next, and it is an open secret that the preparation for this inquiry is sketchy and inadequate. The banking fraternity is quietly rejoicing. Thus President Roosevelt's Man Farley has done the Administration and the country a double disservice. He has injured or at least imperiled the prospect of a New Deal on two fronts.

AN INVESTIGATION hardly less important than that of the Senate banking inquiry has been under way in the District of Columbia for several weeks. It has had no nation-wide publicity, although it has exposed conditions relative to the concentration of wealth and industrial control which affect the interests of virtually all Americans. This is the milk-trust investigation undertaken by the Committee on the District of Columbia of the Senate. It began simply as an inquiry into high milk prices in the city of Washington, but thanks primarily to the vigor and dogged persistence of the committee's investigator, Elwood Seal, it has led to the exposure of the curious methods whereby the National Dairy Products Corporation grew within the space of a few years from a small company owning six or seven small dairies to the largest milk trust in the world. In every case in which dairies or milk-distributing firms have been absorbed by the trust, with the exception of two small companies, the corporation paid for the properties purchased not in cash or out of its own resources but by issuing stock. After examining the books and questioning the treasurer of the corporation, Mr. Seal declared that these stock sales appeared on their face "to show watered-stock operations in all subsidiaries acquired by National Dairy." The Senate committee is mainly interested in the manner in which the trust brought most of the dairy farmers in the rural districts adjacent to Washington under its thumb, as well as in the methods whereby the corporation acquired control of the two largest milk-distributing companies in the capital. But so important is this inquiry to the country as a whole that the Senate, upon reconvening, should act immediately to widen its scope.

THE California Council on Oriental Relations reports a most encouraging change in sentiment on the Pacific Coast in regard to the 1924 immigration law. Composed of some forty-five outstanding citizens of the State the council has now drawn 3,000 representative leaders of opinion into cooperation with it, among them the presidents of the three largest universities in California; municipal, county, and State officials; manufacturers, business, and professional men; and agriculturalists throughout the State. The object of the council is to bring about the amendment of the law so that Japan and China will be put upon the same footing as the other countries of the world, whereas their nationals are now discriminated against by being completely excluded and not given the benefit of the quota plan. Not only does the report itself indicate a great change in public sentiment in California, but there is much additional evidence in the favorable attitude of the press of the State, with the exception of the Hearst newspapers. Thus, the San Francisco News

admits that the act of 1924 is a "gratuitous insult to Japan" and that the Pacific Coast carries a heavy responsibility for this injustice to the Japanese and Chinese. "The sooner the exclusion act is replaced, the better for international relations," says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, pointing out at the same time that putting Japan and China upon a quota basis means only the admission of the horrendous number of 185 Japanese and 105 Chinese a year. The California State Chamber of Commerce, to its great credit, is leading the fight. It is, of course, true that the profit motive is partly behind the chamber's move. Our Asiatic trade has risen from \$125,000,000 in 1913 to something over \$2,000,000,000 today.

WITHOUT BEING VINDICTIVE, one may nevertheless rejoice at the speedy disposal of the Urschel kidnapping case by the Department of Justice. Within a period of ninety days from July 22, when Charles F. Urschel, the rich oil man of Oklahoma City, was urged from his home at the point of a gun, the money paid by the Urschel family was recovered, the kidnapping gang was apprehended, and six of them began life sentences in various federal penitentiaries. After a series of kidnappings in which nothing much happened except that the kidnappers received the swag and returned the victim, it is heartening to know that it is apparently not impossible to punish this type of criminal with the restraint he deserves. If this is the result of federal participation in the apprehension of such criminals, then one can be grateful for the law that made such participation possible. Kidnapping was distinctly assuming the proportions of a successful racket in which the rewards were large and the hazards few. Since it is obviously impossible to keep the families of victims from doing everything in their power to bring about the return of the kidnapped person, even though this includes paying ransom money in large sums and keeping quiet, and since local police to date have been unable in most cases to find the kidnappers, one can be grateful for the competence and incorruptibility of federal officers, who may thus add to their long list of successful prosecutions of counterfeiters and mail robbers the successful prosecution of the lowest criminal of them all.

GEORGE CRAWFORD, Negro, under indictment for the murder of Mrs. Agnes Boeing Ilsley and her maid, must go back to Virginia for trial. The Supreme Court of the United States has ruled that the issue raised by Judge James A. Lowell, that Negroes did not serve on grand juries in Virginia, is not valid in habeas corpus proceedings. The Circuit Court of Appeals had previously reversed Judge Lowell, and its decision is now sustained by the highest tribunal in the land. An enormous service, however, has been rendered by Judge Lowell. The issue has been brought into the open. The eyes of the nation will be focused on Virginia, where the probability of a fair trial for Crawford is greatly enhanced. The publicizing of the racial discrimination in the omission of colored jurors has already brought some reform in that State. The Supreme Court's reversal of Judge Lowell's decision was essentially on technical grounds and does not at all preclude, should Crawford be found guilty, an appeal to the Supreme Court on the issue that a man is not being tried by a jury of his peers if members of his race are excluded therefrom.

Organized Labor Stands Pat

THE American Federation of Labor has elected to cling to its rutted conservatism for yet another year. By deciding to continue to support the principle of craft unionism it has said in effect that what was good enough for Samuel Gompers and the rebels of the Cigar Makers' Union fifty years ago is still good enough for the labor movement of today. And it adheres to this policy despite the fact that the working class in general and the A. F. of L. in particular would be immeasurably strengthened if the craft union were scrapped in favor of the industrial union.

For those of *The Nation's* readers who are not acquainted with the terminology of the labor movement, let it be said that craft unionism divides the organized workers according to their special trades or crafts. Thus a bricklayer, a carpenter, and a plumber, though all three are working on the same construction job, belong to different unions. Industrial unionism, on the other hand, puts all the workers in a given industry into the same union. The former type of organization is sometimes known as the horizontal union and the latter as the vertical union.

While the fight between craft and industrial unionism has taken on new importance and has perhaps for the first time found real public interest as a result of the National Industrial Recovery Act, the fight itself is by no means new. Indeed, the federation was born largely in consequence of the struggle between these two opposing schools of thought. The Knights of Labor believed in and fought for the industrial union. The A. F. of L., composed primarily of autonomous craft unions that had broken away from the Noble Order of the Knights of Labor, naturally supported horizontal unionism. The skilled workers, who at best were never very enthusiastic over, as one student has put it, "a program calling for the 'uplift' of the great mass of unskilled laborers," were won over to the A. F. of L., leaving the Knights of Labor with no foundation upon which to build.

But it must not be supposed that all the local, national, or international bodies affiliated with the A. F. of L. are autonomous craft unions. Some are so-called "federal" unions, whose affairs are completely under the control of the federation; others are mixed-craft unions; and still others almost pure industrial unions. In the latter category belongs the United Mine Workers of America, the fastest-growing and one of the largest unions in the country today. Nevertheless, the A. F. of L. has always stood faithfully by the principle of craft unionism. Though there has been a strong minority within the organization which has long advocated the reorganization of labor along industrial or vertical lines, this element has invariably been voted down.

What has craft unionism meant for the labor movement? It has departmentalized the movement, broken it up into cliques working at cross-purposes. It has resulted in almost complete failure to organize the semi-skilled and unskilled workers. With the need for skilled mechanics becoming relatively less as industry is rationalized and labor-saving machinery is introduced, the base upon which organized labor stands has inevitably become smaller in proportion to the working class as a whole. This has contributed to the decline

of the A. F. of L. quite as much as has its stupid leadership. But organized labor has been hurt in other ways as well. For example, the steel strike of 1919 was lost largely because of the selfishness and narrowness of the interested craft unions. They competed with one another to organize the strikers instead of working together as they would have done had they been trying to establish a vertical union in the steel industry. In 1926 a plan was drawn up to organize the automobile workers. The seventeen craft unions involved, each of which claimed the right to organize one section or another of these workers, agreed to waive their jurisdictional privileges for the period of the campaign. But they insisted that once the automobile workers were organized they should be transferred to the respective craft unions. As a result of this petty jealousy the campaign was not even started.

Jurisdictional strikes, another product of craft unionism, have likewise proved costly to organized labor. They have dissipated the strength of the labor movement and have led to heavy wage losses. In such cases the members of a union strike not against the employers but against rival unions. There have been several such cases in connection with the government building program in Washington in the last few weeks. For example, more than a thousand workers were forced into idleness because the carpenters and iron workers took to quarreling over who should install radiator covers in the Labor Department and Interstate Commerce buildings. The work to be done involved a total of no more than \$800 in wages, but because of the strike other workers whose total pay roll amounted to more than \$40,000 a week were laid off for a fortnight or longer. Another quarrel in the national capital involved the boiler-makers and iron workers. They could not agree on who should put up the smokestacks at the central heating plant, and in consequence work on this project was all but suspended. A third dispute concerned the bricklayers and asbestos workers, who argued for days over the question of which union should do the caulking around the window frames of one of the government buildings. There have also been cases in which craft unions have become strike-breaking organizations by siding with and doing "scab" work for employers engaged in disputes with rival unions.

Quite apart from the huge waste involved in these senseless jurisdictional strikes, it would seem especially necessary just now for organized labor to drop its craft unionism and swing to the vertical union because of the changed relationships among employers brought about by the NRA. Under the recovery laws the employers are being not only encouraged but actually compelled to form industry-wide trade associations. Thus all the employers in a given industry can and will present a solid front to labor. The workers, on the other hand, so long as craft unionism obtains, will be divided. Thus in negotiating with the workers the united employers can, as they have done in the past, play off one craft against another. Only through the industrial union, only by organizing all the workers in a single industry into a single union, can labor confront the solid front of the employers with a united front of its own. This seems so obvious that one is

amazed to learn that the A. F. of L. at its Washington convention again saw fit to reject the principle of industrial unionism.

The attitude of the federation officials can perhaps be explained. The skilled worker is interested more in his own day-to-day struggle than in the economic status of the working class as a whole. Just as in the seventies and eighties of the last century, he is still an individualist who sees in organization a means of improving his individual lot rather than a method of moving toward some remote workers' paradise. And when he decides to join a union he naturally prefers to be associated with members of his own craft. Another obstacle to industrial unionism is the salaried bureaucracy of the national and international unions. These officials feel, and certainly not without justification, that if the workers should be organized on industrial lines, the semi-skilled and unskilled laborers, through their overwhelming superiority in numbers, would capture control of the unions. These workers of lesser rank would inevitably tend to be more radical and would surely be opposed to the continued payment of munificent salaries to union officials. Industrial unionism would almost certainly smash the bureaucracy which now rules organized labor with an iron hand. More than that, it would be a means of preparing the whole working class to take over industry if and when the opportune moment should arrive. In short, it would be paving the way toward peaceful revolution. If industry should collapse under present conditions, with 90 per cent of the workers unorganized, only chaos and civil warfare or a tyrannical dictatorship could result.

Illness and Idleness

IT has been stated at several times and places, upon various authority, that the health of the American people has improved since the industrial depression and the large amount of unemployment associated with it. Although it would be easy to misinterpret statistics so as to reach that conclusion, the conclusion is not improbable. When, however, the conclusion is twisted—as it has been—to imply that health is better because of unemployment, or that it has improved among the unemployed, the conclusion becomes so improbable that it deserves to be rejected unless adequate and accurate data can be produced in its support. So far nothing of the kind has appeared, but unfortunately there has been little contrary material with which definitely to refute the theory. A study has just been made in New York City, however, by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor which, although it covers only a small area, shows convincingly in so far as it goes that health suffers rather than benefits from unemployment when income depends upon having a job. Bailey B. Burritt, general director of the association, says in a foreword to the report:

Much current discussion about health during the depression suffers from the fact, first, that it is based very largely on mortality data instead of morbidity data and, second, that it is based on data of the whole population, thus affording no opportunity to compare the health conditions of the unemployed part of the population with the employed part. There is every reason to believe that the

health of the employed part of the population, or that part of the population having sufficient income to secure the necessities of life, is, on the whole, better during a depression period. The reason for this probability is obvious. Health, generally speaking, suffers more from the excesses of life than the restraints of life. Health is temporarily or permanently injured more by excessive eating, excessive drinking, unreasonable hours of sleep and rest than by restraints in these particulars. There has been some danger that the argument of the beneficial effects of a depression period upon families still having incomes, though perhaps impaired, would by implication be applied to families deprived of both employment and income.

The district studied is that served by the Mulberry Health Center, lying between Broadway and the Bowery and Bleecker and Canal streets. The population is one of low-paid industrial workers, dependent upon work for their livelihood. It is almost wholly of Italian stock, and thus presents an unusually homogeneous group in regard to susceptibility to disease. A survey of the district was made as far back as April, 1922. Another was made in November, 1930, and a third was conducted in April, 1932. A comparison and interpretation of all the information has now been published. There has been a great deal of unemployment in the district since the depression. The proportion of wage-earners who were unemployed was 11 per cent in April, 1922, 31 per cent in November, 1930, and 48 per cent in April, 1932. Also there was a definite increase in the amount of sickness in the district from the beginning of the depression to the spring of last year. In the autumn of 1930 sickness was reported in 24 per cent of the households, and in the spring of 1932 in 39 per cent of them.

But the findings go farther than merely to discover that there has been a striking decrease in employment and an increase in illness since the beginning of the depression. A direct relation between the two is also indicated. In nearly 2,000 households with one wage-earner in November, 1930, 14 per cent reported illness where the worker was employed as usual, 25 per cent where he was working less than usual, and 31 per cent where he was idle. It was found also that sickness was more prevalent in homes where the occupants had got behind in the rent—indicative of economic distress—than in those where payments were maintained. Thus in April, 1932, the sickness rate was 98 per thousand in households not in arrears with rent against 166 per thousand in homes where payments had fallen behind.

There are some exceptions to the general tendencies shown. Infectious diseases do not seem to have been influenced by the economic situation, and there is no conclusive evidence that the severity of sickness is increased by inadequate family support. Not all age groups are equally affected by employment status. The outstanding exception is the child between two and six years of age, which seems to be largely immune to the economic situation in the home. As for the rest, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor says: "The evidence seems conclusive that in both April, 1932, and November, 1930, the unemployed portion of Mulberry's population suffered more sickness than the employed. This association persists after all cases in which illness is the cause of idleness are eliminated from consideration."

The findings should be a sufficient answer to the nonsense that unemployment is conducive to health.

The Case of Mr. McKee

THE sudden tide for Joseph V. McKee for Mayor of New York City, which apparently reached a high mark at the end of the first week in October, was due to the rush of Tammany district leaders in the Bronx and Brooklyn to the "recovery" party. The performance could not fail to elicit sarcastic comment. The New York *Herald Tribune* politely referred to the deserting district bosses as "rodents." Langdon Post, independent Democrat on the fusion ticket, remarked more forthrightly: "The rats are leaving the sinking ship, but they are still the same rats." The reaction of the public within forty-eight hours was logical—that there was little to choose between the two Tammany factions.

Mr. McKee's record strengthens that growing belief. Except for the thirty September days of 1932, in which he captured popular approval by imposing some drastic economies, his performance for six years was one of unvarying subservience to the Tammany machine. Even much of what Mr. McKee did in the month that he was a headline hero was greatly exaggerated by the daily press. He was credited with cutting his own salary \$15,000. What actually happened was that a week after his assumption of the duties of Acting Mayor, he was informed by Tammany's complaisant corporation counsel that he was entitled to draw the Mayor's full salary, \$40,000 a year. He declared: "My salary will be \$25,000, representing a cut of \$15,000, beginning now." Actually he continued to draw the \$25,000 salary he had been receiving, a salary which two years before, when the depression was well under way, he had voted to increase from \$15,000! No sacrifice here. Had he reduced his salary and others to their pre-depression figure, that would have lent some color to his present promises to "eliminate every dollar of unnecessary expense and every unnecessary job." Elsewhere in this issue Paul Blanshard, a close student of city affairs, pictures the public record of Mr. McKee. Space lacks to detail all the extravagance which he countenanced. In addition to his salary boost, and in contrast with the one car which sufficed Mr. LaGuardia when he was President of the Board of Aldermen in 1919, Mr. McKee by 1930 had at his disposal four Cadillacs and a Packard, all owned by the city and maintained, as we should remember, at the public's expense.

As for Mr. McKee's alleged anti-Semitism, this should not be allowed to confuse the basic issue, namely, the salvaging of the city of New York. Let it be noted that "A Serious Problem" was written eighteen years ago when Mr. McKee was twenty-six years old. Doubtless he has since regretted writing as he did. One is led to believe that by his own denial of any intent to asperse the Jews, by the protestations from the McKee camp, and by the difficulty of finding a copy of the article in any of the public or university libraries in New York, where the volume itself is either missing or, if present, minus the pages containing the article.

Mr. McKee accuses his opponents of "tearing passages and sentences from their context for the deliberate purpose of producing a false impression"—a charge which a reading of the whole essay scarcely substantiates.

Broadway Looks Up

TO the great surprise of all concerned and unconcerned, the Broadway theatrical season has enjoyed an almost phenomenally successful beginning. Last year was, of course, disastrous, and there has seldom been a September which found the managers in a more gloomy frame of mind than did the one just past. The early openings were few and trivial. Even promises—with which the producers are generally so free—were conspicuously absent, and for a time it looked as though these dispirited gentlemen had simply decided not to open at all the plays which they felt sure would only close again.

Then, suddenly, Earl Carroll's "Murder at the Vanities" was a great success—though no one could tell exactly why. It was certainly inferior even as a revue, and conspicuously lacking in the lavishness which, at least, one expected from Mr. Carroll. What is more, it was almost universally "panned" with more than usual vehemence by the critics of the daily press. Nevertheless, before the week was out it was playing to near capacity. Next came the melodrama called "The Double Door," which received moderately favorable notices but soon was doing excellent business, and this in turn was followed by the Joe Cook revue, which began almost immediately to draw nearly capacity houses despite the fact that it, also, received only a tepid reception from the critics. By this time bewildered managers had begun to take manuscripts out of the desks where they were reposing, and the theatrical pages of the Sunday papers began to carry lengthening lists of productions about to open.

Nor has there been any sign so far that this is only a false dawn. "As Thousands Cheer," the first musical show to win enthusiastic reviews, was selling standing room almost from the time it opened, and three plays appearing shortly after immediately won places in the list of hits. "Men in White," the Group Theater's vivid play of hospital life, climbed to capacity during its second week; "Sailor, Beware!" a more or less Rabelaisian tale of sailors in love, drew excellent business immediately following a very favorable press reception; and the O'Neill comedy at the Guild Theater showed every sign of being destined for high public favor. It was noted that out of one group of seven openings five seemed almost certainly established for a profitable run, and one can realize how extraordinary that is only by remembering that even in the most prosperous seasons approximately eight out of every ten productions are financial failures.

No satisfactory explanation of the cheery phenomenon has yet been offered. The fact that a number of the new plays are above the average in interest may have something to do with it. But it is evident, on the other hand, that a public which flocked to see one or two of the earliest of the season's shows was a public sufficiently anxious to go to the theater not to be too choosy. Optimistic observers may conclude that good business in the theater is the first sign of returning prosperity and proof of the success of the NRA. The more melancholy may maintain, if they like, that a populace grown used to the depression has decided to enjoy itself while it can. In any event, the fact is clear. The theater is flourishing again.

Issues and Men

Two Americans: Hillquit and Adler

I MOURN the loss of Morris Hillquit, lawyer, author, and Socialist leader, whose death at sixty-four took place on the eighth of October. He was much too young to die. Indeed, as I get older I more and more recognize the wisdom of that passage in Bernard Shaw's "Methuselah" in which he points out that men pass from the scene at three score and ten, or even later, just when they have really learned something, when they possess great stores of knowledge and have profited by long experience. If we could prolong human life to the century mark it might be that we should advance faster, provided, however, that increased age would not make for ultra-conservatism. Morris Hillquit matured early and he had still a great deal to give us and much to teach us. From my first contact with him I was deeply impressed by a statesman-like quality in him which I characterized as European. It pleased him, not because he—or I—was snobbishly inclined toward Europeans and European methods, but because men in public life in England and on the Continent usually stand on a broader basis, with a greater understanding of the rest of the world, than do our public men. One felt in Hillquit a breadth of vision, an ability to study our problems not from the valley but from the hilltop, and one felt that he did not express himself without careful consideration. I always had the feeling when I met him that I was going to learn something from him and I was never disappointed.

As to his role in his party, I must leave that to others to appraise, for I have never been a member of his party and therefore know little or nothing of what went on at its councils. But I can well understand that his idealism made him hold rigidly to orthodox Marxism and look with suspicion upon those who sought to dilute the genuine brand of socialism and to adjust party policy to existing conditions. However much the party may have been split along this line, it was extremely fortunate to have a man like Morris Hillquit to fall back upon. His two campaigns for the mayoralty were dignified, extremely able, and altogether statesman-like. He knew the city, knew what it needed, and he neither compromised nor trimmed. Particularly was this true of him in his war-time campaign for Mayor. We were still at war; the ruthless spirit which characterized all our authorities from Woodrow Wilson down was rampant. Police cars were driven into any crowd of people, however legal and law-abiding, if Mayor Mitchel did not like their point of view or attitude. It made no difference to him, or to our other rulers, that the Constitution was ground under foot by them. But nothing deterred or frightened Morris Hillquit. His slogan was, "I will not kill." He was quite willing to face arrest and prosecution. The severer the attacks upon him, the calmer he became. I am happy to think that he rounded out his last political campaign with a record-breaking vote of nearly 250,000—he got 150,000 when the patrioteers, and especially the recreant Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, were denouncing this pacifist revolutionist because he could visualize a better and nobler America than they. I

have read the tributes to him in the conservative newspapers, notably the *New York Times*, with a great deal of sardonic amusement. That cowardly and compromising sheet, owned by a fellow-Jew, would have gladly seen him torn limb from limb in 1917.

Still another great American Jew passed from the scene last April, and I take this belated opportunity to put on record my high regard for Felix Adler and for his achievements. He too was born abroad—Hillquit came from Latvia. He too was of the race which, in Germany, is once more being crucified. Though educated and cultured, both were the immigrants that prosperous and aristocratic Americans and our stupid labor leaders say should be rigidly excluded from the United States. Well, I do not happen to recall a single member of the Sons of the American Revolution who has made any such contribution to the ethical and moral development of the United States as Felix Adler made. He was a profound philosopher, a man with a splendid mind, which busied itself from beginning to end with the tremendous problems of human relationships, and always from the point of view of pure ethics. He had within him the making of a stoic. One felt of him that he could have drunk the hemlock with the equanimity of Socrates, and could have sat in judgment on his own children with complete impartiality. In a sense his mind functioned like a superbly operating machine. There were no missing spark plugs here, no grit in the gears, no backfiring. He went straight to the nub, and he never discussed an issue or a problem until he had viewed it from every angle. One felt in him the strength which comes from quiet meditation, from the ability to divest himself not only of considerations of creature comfort and of the flesh, but of any influences which might hamper a calm and detached survey of the problem.

Perhaps it was because of this rigid control of his emotions that those who did not know him well thought him cold and lifeless, lacking in feeling. They felt that his face was a mask, and so it was in that it hid on the public stage the profound emotions in those depths of his spiritual nature which far too few had the privilege of plumbing. None the less, he brought comfort and consolation to innumerable people. The members of his Ethical Culture congregation turned to him as the great rock of their salvation. They appealed to him first of all when some cruel stroke of fortune put them on the rack, made them question the justice of life and every belief that they held.

At twenty-four years of age, in 1876, he founded the Ethical Culture movement in America, a movement to apply ethics, pure and unabridged, to every problem of life, to create a religion of duty and of the brotherhood of man, which should flourish without the myths, the miracles, the rituals, the dogmas, and the idol-worship of the established religions. Naturally the movement was attacked, but it grew steadily. Not by any means as it should have. It set standards too high for most people, who wish, if they go to church at all, to have their panoplied bishops and cardinals, their

chants, their incense, their genuflections. It was, of course, not an atheistic movement; on the contrary, it recognized the presence of a divine force. It was, and is, a movement to establish a rational view of life, especially in its relation to the unknown. One reason why it did not grow faster, I suppose, was that it lacked warmth, and perhaps emotion, in its Sunday devotional services. Yet there have been times when I have sat in Felix Adler's audience and been more deeply stirred by him than by any other preacher that I ever listened to.

It was a source of deep regret to me that I had to break my ties with the Ethical Culture Society when the war came and it refused to take any position on that greatest tragedy of mankind. It was explained to me by some of the members that to do so would disrupt the society. I objected that that was the very argument made by all the churches, which were turning their backs upon the Prince of Peace and amending a certain Commandment to read: "Thou Shalt Kill." My objection met with few approvals. In the face of the greatest ethical disaster of modern times, the Ethical Culture Society remained silent. I thought it ought to speak out, and if necessary perish, in protest at the crucifixion of mankind. Had its leaders spoken out, I believe that the movement would be far, far stronger today than it is, just as I think that the Quakers, weak in numbers as they are, are stronger because of their policy during the war than they would otherwise have been. I would have had Felix Adler and his fellow-leaders imitate Wendell Phillips in his demand that if he died before emancipation of the American Negro it should be recorded on his tombstone that he refused to remain loyal to a church that was silent in the presence of a nation's sin, and that he was "recreant to a country which was a magnificent conspiracy against justice." But my feeling on this matter never for a moment affected

my tremendous admiration for Felix Adler. Nor does it prevent me now from stating my honest belief that few men have made such contributions to the ethical welfare of the United States as did he; few men have more generously and completely served their adopted country.

And still there are multitudes among us who would put up the bars against any future Morris Hillquits and Felix Adlers. They forget that the greatest leader of mankind was a Jew who was born in a stable. I never hear people saying that we ought to shut out these ignorant, ill-bred South Europeans and Jews, and cling to the Nordic stock, without my gorge rising. I hate the ingratitude of it; I abhor the selfishness of it; I despise the folly of it, its readiness to shut the door on men and women seeking liberty and our way of life, among whom are to be found again and again individuals of purest gold whose contributions to our American life are priceless. My father, too, was an immigrant, but I hope that if he had been a native-born American I should still have sufficient justice to give every man his due, and to recognize such high idealism, such unselfish efforts for the betterment of their times, as distinguished Morris Hillquit and Felix Adler, and will, beyond all question, distinguish many others of their race in the years to come. That fine-hearted English Tory, Ormsby-Gore, told the Hitlerites to their faces in Geneva the other day that where Jews were decently treated they became the most loyal and patriotic of citizens. I know that he was right. Now as never before I think it is incumbent upon us who have no Jewish blood in our veins, and who know what the facts are, to bear our testimony.

Samuel Garrison Villard

LaGuardia Versus McKee

By PAUL BLANSHARD

NOT since Henry George ran for Mayor of New York in 1886 has any municipal election assumed such national importance as the present fight between LaGuardia and McKee in New York. When Fiorello H. LaGuardia was nominated for Mayor last August by a motley coalition, including the City Party and the Republican Party, most of the wise political prophets predicted his defeat by the all-powerful Tammany machine. Then, as the weeks went on, and successive tax programs of the O'Brien administration met with overwhelming public opposition, it became evident that New York was facing political upheaval.

Early in September it appeared that fusion had a chance to win. Late in September, with the defeat in the Democratic primaries of McCooley's choice for Controller by the opposition Tammany leader Frank J. Prial, it became evident that Tammany faced not a revolt but a whirlwind. Now, as I write these lines three weeks before election, all signs point to the worst defeat for O'Brien that any organization mayor has ever suffered. He is running a bad third in every newspaper, magazine, and theater straw vote. Like Taft in 1912, who carried only Vermont and Utah for reelection,

O'Brien seems destined to be the worst-defeated incumbent his office has ever had.

The race is between McKee and LaGuardia, with the odds now favoring LaGuardia because of the enormous registration of voters, 2,322,000, only 16,000 fewer than the high-water mark of last year's Presidential election. If only 1,500,000 voters had registered, the task of the fusion nominee would have seemed hopeless. The silent vote is for the most part a non-Tammany vote. For many years Tammany has triumphed in New York elections largely because only half the people of New York take the trouble to vote at an ordinary city election. With 3,250,000 eligible voters in the city, fewer than 1,500,000 took the trouble to vote at the last election for aldermen in 1931. O'Brien was elected Mayor in 1932 for one year by only 28 per cent of the city's potential voters.

When, late in September, the approaching Tammany doom became apparent, Jim Farley, President Roosevelt's astute political manager, and Edward J. Flynn, for many years political boss of the Bronx, suddenly realized that they had the opportunity of a lifetime to gain control of the New

York City Democratic machine. As far as party enrolment is concerned, New York is overwhelmingly a Democratic city. Farley and Flynn reasoned that this fact, plus the personal popularity of Joseph V. McKee during his brief term as Acting Mayor in 1932, would give them a chance to defeat LaGuardia in November. They reasoned also that many conservative elements in the city, including reactionary Republicans who had followed the defeated Republican boss Sam Koenig, were distrustful of LaGuardia's progressivism. After days of argument, hesitation, and doubt they finally persuaded McKee to launch his candidacy on September 29. The entrance of McKee into the fight was so astounding that for the time being all political camps were thrown into complete confusion. The prestige of the President was so great that the meaning of the Farley-Flynn maneuver did not at first become apparent. Hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers saw in McKee, and still see in him, simply a clean man of the Roosevelt stripe, attempting to give the city a new deal in the Roosevelt manner.

One reason for the popularity of this conception of the man was the *World-Telegram's* effective campaign in his favor in 1932, when it persuaded a large number of citizens to write in his name on the ballot. The *World-Telegram* then overrated McKee as valiantly as it is now debunking him. The conception of McKee as a good man is partly due also to his personal appearance, his dignity, and his splendid radio personality. He is quiet and scholarly in his method of address; he is garbed pleasingly and correctly; his collars and neckties fit well; his face is always pink and well shaven; he is an Irish Catholic; no scandals have been printed concerning his private life. These are no mean qualifications for success in New York City politics. In fact, the form and manner of political campaigning are often more important than the substance. LaGuardia has none of McKee's smoothness. His radio voice is not good. He is immensely forceful but not polished. Although a native of New York, he comes from Italian stock, and there is still great prejudice in New York against Italian leadership.

But when one looks behind these superficial qualities the contrast in the records of the two men is amazing, especially so when one considers that many New Yorkers are balancing them as almost equal in reforming zeal. McKee has always been a machine politician; he served for years in the New York State Assembly without any signs of rebellion and sat for seven years at the right hand of Jimmie Walker on New York's Board of Estimate without once attacking the corruption that surrounded him. Not until he had been denied the regular Democratic nomination for Mayor in 1932 did he show any signs of breaking with his Tammany connections. After all the revelations of the Seabury inquiry he declared on September 12, 1932, while serving as Acting Mayor, "I am an organization Democrat, always have been, and always will be."

I do not say here that the record of McKee can be used as the basis of any certain prophecy concerning his future conduct. He is a shrewd and an ambitious man. If he is elected Mayor of New York it is possible that his character will definitely change for the better. In the past his reticence in the presence of corruption has been based upon personal ambition and the fear that any other course might mean political doom. That same personal ambition and astuteness might lead him as Mayor of New York to give the city ■

sound and progressive administration, because the line of promotion of a Mayor of New York is away from machine politics toward the governorship and the Presidency. And it still pays for a man to be good in the *upper* reaches of American politics.

If Joseph V. McKee is elected Mayor of New York, however, and becomes ■ courageous progressive, he must overcome one of the worst coteries of political gangsters in American politics, the district leaders of the McCooey, Flynn, and Curry machine, who have recently climbed upon his bandwagon in the desperate effort to save their jobs. Space will not permit me here to call the roll of these various leaders who are now supporting McKee. They include former License Commissioner James F. Geraghty, whose department was found to be a "hotbed of petty graft" by the Meyer Legislative Investigating Committee. They include the notorious James W. Brown, Bronx political leader and godfather of former Magistrate Silberman, who admitted on the witness stand before Judge Seabury that district leaders considered it their "civic duty" to intercede with magistrates in cases pending before them, and who remarked, "That is the way we make Democrats." They include "Hymie" Schorenstein, register of Kings County, who claims that he can read and write. They include, besides ■ host of others, Kenneth F. Sutherland, boss of the Sixteenth District of Brooklyn, who for many years drew \$10,000 as McKee's assistant in the office of the president of the Board of Aldermen. In fact, nothing could possibly have occurred in the course of the campaign that would more clearly reveal the nature of the forces supporting McKee than the desertion to his standard of many of Tammany's worst district leaders. The Seabury inquiry made clear that the fundamental force in New York's corruption is the district-leader system, ■ system whereby the political leaders in each assembly district fix judges, choose court clerks, and issue orders to the Mayor. The fact that these same leaders, after years of association with Joseph V. McKee in the same political party, have now decided to support him is the best imaginable proof of his past character and future weakness.

LaGuardia, on the fusion side, has very few embarrassments. In minor places on his ticket are many commonplace Republicans, but LaGuardia is burdened with no political boss. The defeat of Sam Koenig and the desertion to McKee of the most reactionary financial interests have left LaGuardia free to be himself. The guiding spirit of his campaign is Samuel Seabury, whose integrity is unquestioned, and whose fearlessness is so extreme that at times it becomes very bad politics. If McKee is elected, his office will swarm with Flynn henchmen, and Flynn will doubtless succeed Curry as the political boss of New York. If LaGuardia is elected, it is equally obvious that he will not owe allegiance to any political overlord. His difficulty will not be subservience to a political boss but the unification of the many diverse elements that are now working for his success. Some Socialists are charging that he is a bankers' candidate because he has one running mate who is an officer in ■ financial institution, but the description is obviously nothing more than political oratory in view of the make-up of the fusion slate. It is ■ motley slate, as any slate would be when made up so hurriedly, but it is not a bankers' slate. Hearst, who is supporting McKee, is attacking LaGuardia on the other flank

by calling him "the little red flower of communism." Incidentally, the LaGuardia slate has more leading Democrats than Republicans. What is more important than any associations of LaGuardia's is the forthright manner in which he has spoken in this campaign, and the record of the man in thirty-two years of public life. He has never pulled his punches in Congress, and it seems to be as certain as anything can be in politics that if he is sent to the City Hall he will exercise the vast powers of the Mayor of New York with economic insight and political independence.

Let us test LaGuardia and his rival, McKee, by the two most important criteria: what is the record of the two men in public life, and what do the two men stand for in the present campaign? While McKee has played the role of a political regular all his life, LaGuardia has been a bold rebel leading the fight in Congress for almost every progressive measure advocated by the pioneers of American social reform. He was the author of the anti-injunction bill which abolished the yellow-dog contract; he fought for old-age pensions, national unemployment insurance, a federal employment bureau, the five-day week, and employers' liability laws. He has been a staunch enemy of the power monopolies and he fought for the public development of Muscle Shoals. No man in Congress worked harder than he did for unemployment relief or against child labor.

Apparently McKee's natural inclinations have been against these progressive measures of economic control that have been the central aims of LaGuardia's political life. Again and again at the Board of Estimate I have watched McKee's face during discussions about unemployment relief. I have heard his cold, parsimonious comments on the extremity of the unemployed. All through these last years of the great depression McKee has abetted the niggardly policy of Tammany in giving to the unemployed of New York City less than the amount necessary to sustain them decently. He has united with the Tammany politicians in keeping down relief to a figure approximately one-fourth of that which the welfare agencies themselves estimate is necessary to maintain a family at the decency level. His educational philosophy is equally reactionary. He complained before the Board of Estimate at a public hearing on school expenditures last year because public funds were being spent on children more than fourteen years of age.

At a hearing before the Board of Estimate on the tentative budget for 1933 McKee, after hearing pleas for the retention of continuation schools and adult education, said:

Where is education going to stop? We are carrying on classes in stenography and the like for adults. We did it because we had the money at one time. Now that we propose to stop it, we are attacked. It is my belief that if pupils are more than fourteen years old we have gone too far beyond American ideals in education. We are pampering and softening boys and girls. It wasn't so many years ago that boys were working for a living when they were fourteen. Now we are educating boys of eighteen and over, and inclining their minds toward theories of government education far beyond what is necessary.

This conservative attitude of McKee on educational matters has been the occasion for the unwelcome intrusion of the religious issue into the campaign. Now that the issue has been raised it may as well be admitted that it plays an important part in the struggle. For several weeks it con-

tinued in the whispering stage. McKee, it was said, had attacked the Jews, and Tammany was printing two million copies of a statement of his for use among Jewish voters. The facts were not particularly secret, for the statement had been published with large headlines on the front page of the *Brooklyn Eagle* of November 19, 1932, and had been partially requoted in the *World-Telegram* of October 12 last. Finally, it was dragged into the headlines and on to the front pages of the papers of October 15. The original statement, more anti-Socialist than anti-Semite, was contained in an article on education by McKee in the *Catholic World* of May, 1915, written when he was a teacher at De Witt Clinton High School and a frequent contributor to Catholic journals. McKee wrote:

Our city is the most cosmopolitan city in the world, with inhabitants of every race and creed. Of the 5,000,000 people, about 75 per cent are Christians, of whom Catholics constitute 76.5 per cent. The Jewish race constitutes a little over 1,000,000 or about 25 per cent. This is a ratio of three Christians to one Jew.

Yet when we examine the enrolment of our city high schools, we find that less than 25 per cent are Christians—that more than 75 per cent are of Jewish stock. Although the Jewish people are in such a minority, their children possess an overwhelming majority in our high schools. . . .

After the election last November a composition entitled "Why I Like the Election" was given to five classes totaling about 150 boys. On examining the papers the writer found that over 90 per cent of these students rejoiced particularly in one thing, the election to Congress of the Socialist, Meyer London. These were pupils drawn from many classes of the school, and were representative of the whole student body.

The fact stated is merely an indication of their attitude on one of the vital economic questions of the day. In overwhelming numbers these students are Socialists, or Socialists in the making, whose gospel is contained in the *New York Call*, and whose ambition is the furtherance of socialistic dogma.

Whatever hold the teachings of Zionism had upon these people is lost when the children learn English. The obligations of the orthodox Judaism of their fathers and mothers prove irksome in the competition for material advancement, and are soon laid aside. The influence of religion, consequently, is a negligible factor in shaping their thoughts and actions.

In oral discussions on such topics as "Is Lying Justifiable?" or "Is It Wrong to Cheat?" their words consistently show that they recognize no code of morals, and are governed by no motives higher than those originating from fear of detection and consequent loss in money. Surely we cannot look for ideal results from such material.

It is to such as these that our children who are without the benefits of education must bow in later years. It would be denying that result follows cause to gainsay this, for training and education do give to the possessor advantages over his more poorly equipped fellow. We are giving them the sharper tools, the better instruments, and then are expecting our children to cope successfully with them. It must follow that in the years to come our handicapped boys will be forced to give way in competition for better positions and higher advancement in law, medicine, education, and business. It was only recently that a prominent authority on education remarked that "within twenty years these people will be in control of our public education."

Neither LaGuardia nor McKee, of course, will bring about a social revolution in New York City. Within the framework of our State and federal governments what could a good Mayor accomplish? He could not, even if he were a Socialist, with a Socialist Board of Estimate, go very far in the direction of public ownership without running afoul of the State constitution and the conservative legislature at Albany. New York does not have the power to build its own houses, operate its own buses, or own its own banks; and none of these powers can be obtained without the consent of Albany. In general, there are four important and permanent things that a progressive administration in New York City could accomplish. It could give the city a new charter with proportional representation and thoroughly reorganized departments; it could eliminate political job-holders and establish a genuine merit system throughout the whole government; it could launch a large municipal housing development with the help of the federal government, although even this might require the approval of Albany; it could unify New York City's transit system, with municipal ownership and operation and the maintenance of the five-cent fare. It is difficult to see how any city administration could go beyond these four things until a more progressive party captured the State and federal governments and released the city from some of the present restraining limitations upon its governmental powers. Public ownership of electric and gas companies, for example, is probably impossible in the next four years because of the city's recent agreement with the bankers to limit real-estate taxes, and because of the general unsalability of New York City's bonds.

On all of these practical issues the position of LaGuardia is absolutely clear, while the position of McKee is either hostile or doubtful. McKee is opposed to public housing and has even expressed great hostility to tax exemption for any kind of housing enterprise. When he opposed the recent Hillside housing development in the Bronx, which, incidentally, would have put many hundred people to work, he declared that there were no slums in the Bronx, his own borough, although it is notorious that the Bronx has some appalling sections. When he appeared before Judge Seabury, McKee spoke vaguely about minority representation, but he has never come out flat-footedly as LaGuardia has for the practice of proportional representation. If LaGuardia became Mayor and put into effect his charter plan, it would give the Socialist Party its first opportunity for revival in many years, since it could be represented on a municipal council in proportion to its total vote in each borough. McKee would strengthen and enlarge the borough presidents' offices, which now are centers of incompetence and local patronage; LaGuardia would continue the office of borough president, but would make each borough president a kind of acting mayor for executive work, with only very limited powers.

In the great unemployment relief crisis which afflicts New York, LaGuardia has come out for cash relief, more relief stations, the abolition of the "skip-feed" system of relief, and the payment of rent before evictions instead of afterwards. He favors the consolidation of the Home Relief Bureau, the Work Relief Bureau, and the City Free Employment Bureau. He has pledged himself to abolish all political favoritism in relief.

Both McKee and LaGuardia stand for the unification of subways and municipal ownership with the five-cent fare,

but the record of McKee in regard to transit during his seven years as president of the Board of Aldermen raises a grave question as to his attitude toward traction companies. He not only voted for the notorious Equitable bus bill which was one of the main factors in bringing about the downfall of Jimmie Walker, but he did it as part of a larger deal in which a favorite Bronx bus company received a cut of the franchise pie. Walker supported McKee's favorite company in the Bronx, and McKee supported the Equitable Coach Company's franchise at Walker's request. Even after the Equitable Coach Company had been disclosed as an irresponsible and fly-by-night concern, McKee voted to continue its franchise in force.

This record of the man is immensely important in view of the transit crisis in New York. Within two years after taking office the new Mayor of the city will be compelled to recapture or purchase from the great transit companies the present subway and elevated lines, or lose the five-cent fare. The State law requires that within two years the new city-owned system must be self-supporting, and it is unthinkable that this new city system could adopt a ten-cent fare while the private lines operated on a five-cent fare. Quick and aggressive bargaining with the transit companies can save the five-cent fare, and these companies know that LaGuardia and his associates are men who cannot be fixed.

McKee is now making eloquent promises concerning municipal housecleaning, but it is not even clear that under Flynn's rule he would be able to eliminate those whose faithlessness is a matter of public record. One of McKee's last official acts as Acting Mayor was to restore to the city's payroll his own chief examiner, Francis T. McEneny, whom Leonard Wallstein, in his investigation of the condemnation racket, had caught red-handed. Wallstein proved that McEneny had used McKee's office for getting inside information concerning schoolhouse land that the city was about to buy. When the scandal became public, McKee was forced to dismiss McEneny, but some mysterious power forced the reinstatement of McEneny even after the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court had declared in an official decision: "McEneny is shown to have deceived his superior, and therefore was removed from his position."

Several times in New York's history, when the tide of anger has risen against Tammany's misrule, adroit substitutes have been put forward who have given the city certain obvious and surface reforms, but who have left the Tammany district leaders secure in their favored positions. Gaynor, in spite of his bold public pronouncements, left most of the Tammany army in office, so that when he was dead Tammany came back with all its old arrogance. All signs now point to McKee as the new "good man" chosen to satisfy the public clamor for reform, but destined, if he should be elected, to shift only slightly the leadership and methods of the old machine.

From the long-range point of view the coming election in New York is important not only because the election of LaGuardia might bring new faith in the capacity of a city to use democracy intelligently, but because LaGuardia, with his social progressivism, could make out of New York a gigantic laboratory for civic reconstruction. Certainly his record indicates that his elevation to New York's City Hall might mean a genuine new deal for a long-suffering metropolis.

The Suppressed Advertisement Concerning R. H. Macy

THE boycott against the Nazis which has grown spontaneously in many parts of the world attracted unprecedented public notice in New York City recently when R. H. Macy and Company, the city's largest department store, decided to state its position in a full-page advertisement published on October 2 in the New York daily press. This advertisement was apparently the result of many criticisms of Macy's policy of buying in Nazi Germany, and of the consequent withdrawal of patronage by customers. The episode takes on its special interest because of the rejection by the leading New York morning papers of an advertisement offered in answer by Samuel Untermyer, as president of the American League for the Defense of Jewish Rights, to statements contained in Macy's advertisement. The background of this situation may be briefly summarized as follows.

Since the establishment of the Nazi regime last spring and the publication of its acts and policies, many customers of Macy's have written letters protesting against the store's buying goods in Germany. These protesters received letters in reply. On August 1, in answer to a letter written by a customer on July 30 objecting to Macy's advertising of German cheeses, and protesting against Macy and Company's buying of goods in Germany, Percy S. Straus, president of R. H. Macy and Company, wrote as follows:

I have your letter of July 30 in which you protest against our advertising German cheeses. I think you are right. We should not advertise them.

As to whether or not we should carry German merchandise, that is a different matter, which has been discussed at a meeting of the chief executives of this corporation. It was the unanimous expression that individually all of us, both Jew and Gentile, were sympathetic to showing our disgust of the Hitlerite attitude toward the Jews, but as trustees for the stockholders and employees of Macy's, we could not permit our emotions to control our actions.

Were we without responsibility in the matter, our first reaction would be to stop buying German goods, but facing our responsibility, we have so far deferred taking any action.

For your information, our total imports from all foreign countries approximate about 5 per cent of our business, and Germany's share of this has grown steadily less as the effect of such censorship as yours is making itself felt.

All our German goods are clearly marked with the country of origin. Therefore you yourself can exercise your own censorship in this store.

On October 2, in the full-page advertisement entitled "Three Personal Letters Concerning the Sale of German Goods by Department Stores in the United States," Mr. Straus, quoting a letter he had written on September 15 to an unnamed customer, wrote:

Dear Mr.—: I have your letter of September 13 and am glad you have written me so frankly.

In view of your desire not to purchase German goods, I feel that I should explain to you as explicitly as I can exactly what our policy is, and am confident that when you understand it fully, you will realize that our sentiments are no different from your own.

I have no desire to conceal the fact that up to the present we have continued to handle a small quantity of goods of German manufacture. However, our purchases

in Germany have rapidly diminished and are now being confined to that type of merchandise which we cannot obtain elsewhere, particularly such things as china and glassware, in which we have open-stock patterns, which we are obligated to maintain for hundreds of customers who need replacements. Ninety-five per cent of all our sales are of American-made goods. Our total importations from all foreign countries approximate only about 5 per cent of our business. All German goods which we sell are clearly marked with the name of the country of origin, and no one need buy German goods. We do not press them for sale or advertise them.

This had been our policy up to the moment. I may tell you that it has been the policy, according to my information, of all the other important New York stores. [See (4) below.] We know of no important store which has entirely discarded the sale of German goods. The subject of our handling German goods is continuing to receive careful attention, and our ultimate policy will be determined by considerations which will in our judgment contribute practically toward accomplishing results which we desire to see realized as much as you do.

As a loyal Jew, it is hardly necessary for me to tell you that personally I bitterly resent the treatment of the Jews in Germany, just as you do and just as should any American, be he Jew or Gentile.

We are, however, deeply concerned with helping the position of the Jews in Germany, with whom we have the greatest sympathy. In so far as we are now making any purchases in Germany, we have instructed our buyers to purchase goods, when available, only from Jewish manufacturers, many of whom we are advised are still permitted to function in Germany. If we boycott such firms their plight will be harder than it is now.

The question of general policy in this matter is a very large and serious one, involving many considerations and obligations. My emotions as a Jew are exactly the same as your own, but we do not feel at liberty in view of all our responsibilities to allow our emotions to govern actions which may have far-reaching results, possibly against Jews themselves, without the most careful investigation and deliberate reflection.

We trust that you will realize, therefore, that at heart we have the same purposes which you have, namely, in the interests of humanity to do what we can to help the plight of the Jews in Germany. In our efforts to contribute effectively toward accomplishing that result we cannot allow ourselves to be led into impetuous actions simply because our emotions are stirred with a sense of outrage. We realize that hundreds of thousands of Jews still remain in Germany. My own influence will be exerted toward making the present unbearable lot of these Jews more presently tolerable, and to support influences which will restore to unoffending Jews in Germany the exercise of all the rights to which as human beings they are entitled.

[Signed] PERCY S. STRAUS, president

In reply, Samuel Untermyer composed an advertisement entitled "An Open Letter in Reply to the Advertisement of R. H. Macy and Company," addressed to Percy S. Straus, Esq., president, R. H. Macy and Company, and offered it to the morning papers for insertion on October 3. The *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the *American* refused to print it. Reasons given to *The Nation* for their refusal vary. *The Nation* deems the matter of such public interest that it here gives space to Mr. Untermyer's suppressed advertisement.

AN OPEN LETTER

in Reply to the Advertisement of
R. H. Macy and Company Entitled "Three Personal Letters"
Concerning the Continued Sale
by Them of German Goods

PERCY S. STRAUS, ESQ.,

PRESIDENT, R. H. MACY AND COMPANY:

If you had been as frank with your anonymous customer as might have been expected, his answer would doubtless have been very different.

If, for instance, you had, as you should have, told him:

1. That you had no right to speak for the "department stores in the United States" and that all of them (including non-Jewish stores), unlike your company, do not, as you imply, continue to buy goods made in Germany. Some of them, including non-Jewish-owned stores, have discontinued the practice or are about to do so;

2. That unlike your company, they no longer continue to maintain agencies in Germany for the purchase of goods there;

3. That unlike your company, they have not recently bought "blocked marks" in Germany at a heavy discount, which your company is said to have used in making purchases in Germany;

4. That the decision of the New York department stores to which you refer, against refusing further to handle goods made in Germany, is said to have been influenced largely by your leadership as the most important store in the group, supported by another Jewish-managed store in New York City; that so long as you persisted in continuing to buy German goods you would have maintained an unfair advantage over them if they had failed to follow your lead; that they preferred not to subject themselves to such unequal competition from your company;

5. That you are managing to hold rather firmly in check your convictions and sympathies as to Judaism, to which you so feelingly refer, since you must know that among the signatures of the department stores to your published announcement are those of non-Jewish stores that have ceased to buy goods made in Germany;

6. That Jewish manufacturers are no longer permitted to function in Germany, except very recently and in rare instances, and only under the most stringent Hitler control and conservators who have supplanted and superseded the Jewish owners, and that these few concerns have been forced to discharge all Jewish employees;

7. That there has long existed the most rigid boycott by the German people of the identical concerns from which you say you continue to make part of your purchases, solely because of their Jewish ownership;

8. That Germany has no monopoly in the manufacture or sale of gloves, textiles, chinaware, or any of the articles you continue to buy there. Apparently it is only a question of price, and as the other department stores in New York would doubtless gladly follow your lead if you took your purchasing agents out of Germany and dealt elsewhere, you would be under no disadvantage in doing so;

9. That the "dangerous precedent" of the boycott, to which you so feelingly refer, is in no respect dangerous nor is it a "precedent" in that it is a purely defensive counter-boycott against a vastly more impressive and all-embracing boycott that is being enforced against all Jews in Germany. It follows the precedent that was set by Germany when it brutally inaugurated and actively continued to prosecute the boycott of Jewish manufacturers and shopkeepers and professional men by the entire German nation for the avowed purpose of destroying their means of livelihood and of ruining and exterminating the German Jews;

10. That your statement that "all German-made goods we sell are clearly marked with the name of the country of origin" can be, and I supposed it had been, overwhelmingly disproved to your satisfaction. I do not

by this mean to imply that you have knowingly been a party to the continuous violations and evasions of law that have been and are being practiced upon the American public in that respect, some of which have been, as you are well aware, called to the attention of the federal authorities.

Although this incredible "crime of the centuries" is aimed at every loyal unoffending Jewish citizen solely because he or one of his grandparents happened to be a Jew, this is not, as you seem to assume, a Jewish question. It far transcends in principle and importance all limitations of race and creed. It is the struggle of civilization and humanity against a reversion to the bigotry, fanaticism, and barbarism of medieval times.

Germany's crime against all womanhood regardless of creeds in ousting women from all business occupations and condemning them to the fate of breeders of children and household drudges is enlisting, as it is bound to enlist, the outraged protest of men and women the world over, as is its suppression of voluntary organized labor and its rigid exclusion of all Jews from labor unions.

With a gagged press and with freedom of speech made a crime punishable by death, this is the only way by which the knowledge of world opinion can reach into Germany. When the world refuses to deal with Germany, when its factories are closed and its workmen unemployed, its people may awaken to the enormity of the crime its government is perpetrating against civilization. That is the only effective weapon against it and the only language it can be made to understand.

No self-respecting man or woman of any race or creed will, in my judgment, buy German-made goods or patronize a store where they are sold.

It may seem to you ungrateful that your fellow-citizens do not appreciate your self-denial in lending the patronage of your company to the defeat of the boycott, by buying goods in Germany and thus prolonging the misery of German Jews and adding to the prosperity of that benighted country whose persecutions of your fellow-Jews you denounce in such eloquent terms, whilst at the same time you continue to maintain your agencies in Germany and to buy German goods. In that connection they are curious to know the amounts of such purchases within the last ninety days and what proportion, if any, was really bought from Jewish manufacturers, of whom they are told that few, if any, are still in existence and that those have been forced virtually to abdicate their control.

This movement has as yet barely begun in this country. It is much further advanced in foreign countries throughout the world. A campaign for funds, *strictly confined to the prosecution of the boycott*, will be launched throughout the country by the undersigned organizations. It has no connection whatever with appeals of any other organizations for funds to support other movements. The proceeds will be used strictly for boycott activities.

WORLD JEWISH ECONOMIC FEDERATION
and its American branch

AMERICAN LEAGUE FOR THE DEFENSE OF JEWISH RIGHTS
by SAMUEL UNTERMYER, president

Letters were interchanged between Mr. Straus and Mr. Untermyer in which each stated his position without any meeting of minds. These letters add nothing essential to the published material. In fairness to R. H. Macy and Company, *The Nation* deemed it proper to learn at first hand its position. This position may be summarized as follows:

Percy S. Straus, president of R. H. Macy and Company, declares that Macy's asked no newspaper to suppress Mr. Untermyer's "open letter." Mr. Straus saw a proof of the advertisement for the first time the day after the morning papers had declined it.

Mr. Straus states that with respect to many of the points referred to in Mr. Untermyer's "open letter," Mr. Untermyer is misinformed. As to Macy's itself, Mr. Straus emphasizes that his store is following exactly the same

policy as that adopted by all the other important stores in New York. That policy was determined upon following the recommendations of a committee of store managers, upon which committee Macy's was not represented. Macy's had previously indicated its willingness to follow the action of a majority.

It has been represented to Macy's by those promoting a German boycott that it would be good business for Macy's to lead such a boycott. Macy's took the position that it never had attempted to capitalize public calamity for profit, and would not do so now.

Mr. Straus considers it important to draw a clear distinction between the action of an individual in refusing, for any reason which appeals to him, to buy goods, and that, on the other hand, of a large mercantile establishment which undertakes to cater to the demands of all its customers in refusing to sell goods which its customers want. Macy's has followed the policy of the other New York stores in declining to establish an absolute boycott. Macy's reasons are twofold:

First: Public Policy. Action on the part of a large business house which tends to accentuate racial cleavage in the United States is un-American. The policy of a mercantile establishment ought not to be directed to inculcat-

ing or to opposing the views of anyone on the ground of race, creed, or politics.

Second: Mercantile Policy. It is the obligation of a department store to furnish to customers the goods which they have been accustomed to find on its counters and which the customers desire to find there. Macy's is, accordingly, buying in Germany only such goods as may be demanded by its customers which cannot be purchased anywhere else. No German goods are being either advertised or pressed for sale.

Mr. Straus states that there is steady diminution of the demand for German goods at Macy's store, and, accordingly, that the amount purchased by Macy's in Germany is constantly dwindling. Macy's on its own account has also initiated a policy of stimulating the manufacture in the United States and other countries of certain qualities of goods which for the present are made satisfactorily only in Germany. This procedure is under way, but necessarily the results of it cannot be realized immediately.

Macy's present purchases of German goods constitute but a small fraction of 1 per cent of its total purchases. If present tendencies continue, the small supply of German goods which Macy's offers will in the course of another year dwindle to almost nothing.

Airing the Airship

By S. FITZ-RANDOLPH and H. PHILLIPS

THE Macon and the Graf Zeppelin are today the best the world has to show for seventy-five years of research and experimentation in rigid airships. So far one hundred and fifty of these craft have been built. When the World War began, Germany had fourteen; later 110 others were constructed. At the close of the war the Allies took the eight Germany had left. There had been a terrific mortality. Today, with only two major dirigibles surviving, it is timely to question whether the expenditure of more public money on airships is advisable.

The truth is that dirigible builders have never been able to overcome leakage. The last word in dirigible construction, the Akron, lost one-third of her helium on her first trip to the coast, a distance not half her estimated range. Other dirigibles the world over have had the same difficulty. Dirigible champions in this country declared that the R-101's trouble was caused by the use of hydrogen instead of helium. Then the helium-inflated Shenandoah cracked up. The champions of dirigibles next declared that helium-filled ships would still be safe over water. Now the Akron has punctured that theory. Nothing remains but to declare that dirigibles should avoid storms, and this the Naval Court of Inquiry and the Joint Congressional Committee did quite heartily. The Macon's commander agreed so entirely with this view that he delayed trial flights many times, and on one occasion abandoned a proposed twelve-hour cruise at the end of eight hours, when clouds appeared. If the dirigible must run to cover at the sight of every cloud, it is difficult to see its practical value.

In military maneuvers the Los Angeles proved "of little value, even for scouting." Compared with the airplane, the dirigible is slow, unwieldy, easily sighted, and a splendid target, while its own gun range is hampered by its bulging sides. Enemy airplanes can pounce down from above and destroy it before the airship's own planes can attack. Besides, the dirigible is expensive. The Akron has cost Ameri-

can taxpayers, at a conservative estimate, \$10,000,000, not counting the pensions still to be paid to the dependents of the men lost on her. The hangar at Akron alone cost \$2,000,000, on which no return has been realized.

In spite of these facts, the Joint Congressional Committee appointed to investigate the Akron disaster recommended unconditionally, contrary to the proposed plan of abandoning the Lakehurst hangar since the Macon was to be stationed on the Pacific, that the hangar be kept and the Los Angeles reconditioned as a training ship. It also advised construction of another ship to replace the Akron, and urged not letting other countries outdo ours in dirigible construction and management. The report was, of course, based upon the testimony of witnesses. But these, for the most part, had interests which led them to testify in favor of dirigibles. To be sure, no lighter-than-air expert gave testimony negating further dirigible construction, for today the only experts of this type in the United States are in the navy or with some commercial firm promoting airship construction. Naval officers whose pay and promotion are involved are apt to rationalize their testimony. Experts in airship building would scarcely make statements reflecting upon themselves or their ability. Men with commercial interests in airships or airship materials naturally urge government support of their construction.

Certain facts connected with the witnesses at the inquiry are worthy of note. Capable as Commander Rosendahl is, he could not prevent an accident to the Akron on February 22, 1932, at Lakehurst, nor the death of two men on her at San Diego. None of the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation officials who testified were called upon to show whether their company refunded to the government the \$5 per pound for excess weight of the Akron, to the extent of approximately \$25,000, or to explain the increase in shares of common stock issued by the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company from 1,450,000 to 5,000,000 sixteen months after

actual contracts for the building of the Akron and the Macon were signed. Colonel Lindbergh did not have to reveal that his attorney, Colonel Breckenridge, counsel for the committee, is or was at one time a stockholder, voting trustee, and director in an air company the majority of whose stock is controlled by a member company of the United Aircraft Corporation, and that it in turn is one of a group of concerns which was represented by Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Company in his negotiations with Dr. Eckener for international Zeppelin transportation service; further that mail subsidies and other appropriations have been urged for the past three years in Congress as the nucleus upon which this transportation service and two others like it (one sponsored by the Harriman Bank) proposed formation.

As long ago as 1929 a public statement was made, and never repudiated, that Senator Bingham's "position as head of the National Aeronautic Association was manipulated by interests profiting largely from government aircraft contracts. A gigantic air trust . . . and its lobby have worked for the passage of legislation that diverted millions of the government's money to the pockets of the trust. . . ." Cap-

tain Anton Heinen's expert knowledge did not prevent his own private dirigible venture from ending disastrously. Jerome C. Hunsaker, formerly a federal employee for aeronautics, is vice-president of the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation which cooperated with the Guggenheim Foundation to establish an institute for airship study in Akron. And now Mr. Hunsaker has been rewarded by the Guggenheim Medal for "contributions to the science of aerodynamics, to the science and art of aircraft design, and to the practical construction and commercial utilization of rigid airships." His company built the Akron, which last word in "practical" rigid-airship construction carried seventy-three men to their death.

The burden of much of the testimony was that the dirigible had a practical commercial value. Legislation authorizing dirigible building will undoubtedly be urged. Meanwhile a continuation of construction is assured, to judge by the complacency with which the Congressional gentlemen from Ohio viewed the naval appropriations bill, which was worded to permit of such construction. The public would have no quarrel with those who have faith in the dirigible if the latter would also pay the bills.

Illness and Recovery

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Baltimore, October 14

IF you hunger and thirst after knowledge about hydrotherapy, hydriatics, and the revivifying effects of ping pong, I am your man. I can tell you something about dream interpretation, occupational therapeutics, and the proper construction of stepladders. I might even pass out a few pointers on sleep-habit forming. But don't ask any questions about NRA, AAA, PWA, or any other three-letter recovery program. I last saw General Johnson in a hospital, and the day after he was discharged from the Walter Reed I was admitted to the Johns Hopkins. To me the Blue Eagle is only a bird of distant memory. In short, my friends, I am enjoying what is known to the vulgar as a "nervous breakdown," although I believe the term is unknown in medical science. Whatever it is called, the genius who discovered or invented it deserves the grateful thanks of the working classes. No more satisfactory formula for eluding the ardors of productive labor has ever come to my attention. I only wish to know how long it has been going on. Let other and better reporters contract flat feet from plodding endlessly through the hard corridors of the Commerce Building at Washington. Let them vegetate in the White House press-room or wear their trousers thin in the outer offices of Secretaries Ickes and Wallace. No such lot is mine. On the contrary, I loll voluptuously for hours in a hammock suspended in a tank of warm water, dozing or being read to by beautiful females in starched uniforms. At my convenience the routine is varied by the carpenter shop and the gymnasium, or, duly attended, I am permitted to hook and slice—mostly slice—my way around the neighborhood golf course. In the past various persons have intimated that I should be placed under observation. This has now been done on my own motion, and I trust they are satisfied. I certainly am.

ON occasions a small voice hints that I ought to be ashamed of resorting to such a device as a "nervous breakdown," but the voice is very small, and the occasions are diminishing in number. Surveying the Washington scene from a distance, I say it's a headache, and I say to hell with it. Such moods are always subject to the influence of chemical changes, but that is how I feel now. Do the cotton-textile manufacturers continue to cheat on their code by firing experienced hands and rehiring them as "apprentices"? I wouldn't know. Does Henry Ford insist on exercising his preference to go out of the automobile business rather than deal collectively with his employees? I wouldn't care. Has the newspaper publishers' committee persisted in its campaign of wire-pulling and intimidation in order to evade the responsibilities of a code of fair practice? Doubtless, judging from its record, but I decline to worry. Two psychiatrists, the great Adolf Meyer and his brilliant young associate, Dr. Edward G. Billings, are trying to put me together so that I will tick again, and until the outcome of that noble experiment is known I shall remain more or less oblivious to outside concerns. It is astounding to discover how much solid satisfaction resides in a hand saw, a jack plane, a chisel, and a few poplar planks. Does the average man—barring carpenters—have any idea how many separate and distinct processes enter into the construction of a simple stepladder? Your venerable correspondent is now engaged upon the seventh or eighth, and the thing is beginning to take form but dimly. Or take the game of ping pong. For years, in my ignorance, I employed the name derisively, to denote physical frailty or effeminacy. Do not fall into the same error, my masters. The demands which the game makes upon eye, wind, and limb are almost as brutal as those imposed by tennis. There is a vast comfort to be derived from the rediscovery of simple pleasures. A month ago it would hardly

have occurred to me that I should be perfectly content on this date to sit on a bench in the sun and think of nothing in particular—but here I am.

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TO be sure, one can hardly refrain from looking over the newspapers and ruminating on some of the contents. This reporter is especially intrigued by the refusal of "Brutal Bill" Humphreys to accept his removal from the Federal Trade Commission by President Roosevelt. The President's mistake in this instance lay in asking Humphreys to resign like a gentleman, instead of removing him for cause. It would have been extremely easy to make a case against him. Only a few weeks after the late Calvin appointed him Humphreys declared in a public speech that he intended to reverse the policies of the commission. Instead of proceeding against business concerns which had violated the law, he said, the commission would "cooperate" by showing them how they could accomplish their ends without violating the law. Not within my memory has a public official made such a brazen declaration of his intent to frustrate the purpose of the statute which he had taken an oath to support. Soon thereafter, in an interview with this writer, he reiterated even more bluntly his intention of sabotaging the work of the commission. He went to the extreme of saying that commission employees who insisted on carrying out the investigations in which they had been engaged would be discharged from the staff. "If the commission has been going east, you may rest assured that hereafter it will be going west," he grimly declared. Prior to his appointment, and subsequent to his defeat for reelection to Congress, Humphreys acted as a lobbyist in Washington for certain Northwestern lumber interests. His appointment was a scandal, and his official conduct was an outrage to public decency. I note a disposition on the part of certain Republican leaders to make an issue of his dismissal. In other words, the "Roosevelt luck" still holds.

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THE President's intervention in the "captive" mine situation in Pennsylvania was excellently timed. Here the recovery program collided squarely with the most arrogant and benighted industrial leadership in the United States. On the surface the question is whether the United States Steel Corporation will recognize the union of the men who work in its coal mines. Actually, the issue is whether it will submit to what it regards as the entering wedge to unionization of the steel mills. A bitter strain of logic and consistency appears in the fact that the center of the trouble is the coal mines of the H. C. Frick Coke Company, a Steel subsidiary, for it was at Homestead, in 1889-90, that Henry Clay Frick, with the approval of his friend and partner Andrew W. Mellon, smothered the steel workers' union in its own blood. For more than forty years that tradition has been ruthlessly maintained. Now it stands in the way of the recovery program, and if Roosevelt temporizes with it or its supporters he is lost. Woodrow Wilson once found it expedient to threaten to put federal troops into the steel mills. The example may prove of value in the present situation. More recently—and in peace time—the troops have been put, as General Johnson might express it, to more louseworthy uses. I wonder whether the gallant MacArthur would display the same *élan*

leading his tanks and cavalry against the properties of the Steel Corporation that he exhibited when driving the unarmed veterans and their women and children from the capital last year. But why wonder? The intrepid Chief of Staff is, as he has been at pains to explain since the B. E. F. eviction, a soldier, and has no choice but to obey orders.

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THE attendant announces that the time grudgingly allotted me for the performance of this chore has expired. From this makeshift and feeble sortie into the field of reporting I am now compelled to return to the routine of a "patient." Perhaps I should make a show of protest—but nobody here would believe me. The treatments are soothing; the nurses are lovely and attentive; the doctors are learned and not too damned "professional." Wisdom seemed to demand that I take a count of eight, and I am taking it cheerfully. Presently I will be coming up again, and when I do I will be swinging from the floor with both hands. But for the present I am content with my warm baths and cold showers, my ping pong and stepladders.

Why Ford Workers Strike

By CARL M. MYDANS

THE real object of the strike at the Edgewater, New Jersey, plant of the Ford Motor Car Company was, of course, a wage increase. The workers seized the opportunity, however, to protest against a number of the conditions under which they had been working. These, each small in itself, had become unbearable, and the request for their amelioration was included in the workers' demands to the Ford officials.

Ford has been applauded by the outside world for the favorable conditions in his factories, but he was referred to with sullen looks and sour noises when the writer questioned the workers about these conditions. The one which the workers protested against most vehemently is the result of circumstances which they are helpless to control. A breakdown on any part of the assembly line means that they all must knock off. The moment this happens, the time is recorded and the worker's pay stops. If the tie-up is for two hours, he must work two hours longer that night. In the meantime he is not permitted to leave his station. He may not smoke, and even conversation is discouraged.

No lockers are provided for the men, and those who bring their lunch instead of eating in the Ford restaurant have no alternative but to leave their food in the washroom. It is a gamble whether or not they will find it there when the noonday gong sounds. Nor do the men have any place to leave coats and hats and other personal belongings. They are not permitted to carry them into the workroom, and it happens only too often that a man who came to work with a coat goes home without one.

Frequently production reaches a point where it is necessary to shut down early in the day. Very often this breaking-point is at noon. But the men are never advised of this

until after they have bought and eaten their lunch at the Ford restaurant. Then they are dismissed for the day, their pay covering only those hours which they have worked.

If a man is one minute late he is docked fifteen minutes. No provision is made for a worker to leave his post at any time for any reason while the "line" is moving. It is an unfortunate day for the man who must leave for the wash-room. Usually he doesn't go. But if he does, he "must run like hell and back again" and catch up on what he should have been doing. If he can't, "it is just too bad." There is supposed to be a man who can fill in in such emergencies, but he is seldom available.

A man who injures himself has indeed a problem. He must decide quickly whether or not his hurt is severe enough to warrant his running to the plant doctor. If he doesn't go, he is, of course, breaking a Ford rule. If he does, it is up to the doctor to decide whether or not the injury is bad enough to "O. K. for time" or slight enough to "deduct for time." Unless a man is badly hurt, he decides against leaving his post, for a record is kept of every injury brought to a doctor, and soon a man is accused of being "careless," a crime for which he will be fired. But a man can't be too careful, say the workers. He is forced to work fast. "Most of the guys on that line are punch drunk," one told me, "long before the end of the day."

The men are given a half-hour for lunch. They are paid twice a month—during their lunch hour. On pay days they must stand in line during this period eating their food. Those who are still in line when the 12:30 gong sounds must come back after work that night and stand in line again, or wait until the lunch hour of the following day. Ford pays his men on their time, not on his.

The workers voiced strong resentment also against the "pushers," the men hired to stand over the assembly line and shout disconcerting advice to a man whose human effort may for a moment fail to keep pace with the machine Ford has built. The "pushers" are men made hard by their job.

The sprayers have another complaint. They must get to work a quarter of an hour before the rest of the men, and are not permitted to wind up their tubes until after the line has stopped moving at night. They are on the job, they say, some thirty minutes extra each day, for which they are not paid. Yet if they are a minute late they are docked for a quarter of an hour.

When the strike broke out at the Chester, Pennsylvania, Ford plant on September 26, the Ford Motor Car Company announced that the workers were out and that the plant would not be reopened. Unrest at the New Jersey plant followed, and the workers were told that instead of the four-day week they were getting, they would be given five. But they were not to be fooled. They knew that the extra day came from work previously done at the Chester plant, which was being turned over to them. They were not going to "scab" on their fellow-workers. So they murmured, and then they struck. And the Chester boys came over to Edgewater to see that they did.

It is rumored among the Edgewater workers that Ford will close the New Jersey plant also. "If he does," they say with a determined coolness, "we will simply do what the Chester workers did. We will travel the country in mass and close every plant Ford owns." The method appears to be a pretty efficient one.

In the Driftway

IT is sometimes said that we are living today under government by decree. It is even more true that we are living under government by initial. We are ruled by the NRA, the AAA, the RFC, and a score of others. The Drifter was asked out of a clear sky the other day for the full name of the FERA. The Drifter didn't know, and he is betting 1,000 Peruvian bonds, or say \$1 in gold, that nine out of ten of his hearers don't know either. He leaves you the conundrum to chew on. The correct answer will *not* appear in next week's *Nation*.

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GOVERNMENT by initial is not, of course, a novelty growing out of the Roosevelt Administration. It appeared formidably during the World War, especially in England, which from 1914 to 1918 was as cluttered up with initials as Broadway is with ticker tape and confetti made from telephone books after Aviator Whosis has been welcomed home from his flight across Whatyoumaycallit. The English people were obliged to spend almost as much energy in hurdling initials during the war as in climbing over the barbed-wire entanglements of the Somme. Perhaps that is the purpose of initials in our recovery program. They may be intended to provide work for the unemployed.

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PRACTICALLY all that one remembers of that great armada of World War initials is a few of the more euphonious ones—those which could be pronounced and so have remained in the memory. Perhaps the famous DORA (Defense of the Realm Act) is the best recalled today, although beside it must be placed that juicy mouthful popularized by our own doughboys, AWOL (Absent Without Official Leave). There is real reason behind the use of initials for certain Russian organizations or institutions because of the impossibility of pronouncing, or even spelling, the words in English. Some of them are wonderfully expressive besides. The OGPU, for instance, is as terrifying and implacable in sound as the Russian secret police are said to be in fact, while the NEP man of newspaper phraseology becomes a ready symbol of the New Economic Policy.

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IN this country and time the attempt to initial the people back to prosperity is raising a problem for editors, proof-readers, and printers. To put a period after the initial or not, that is the question. The New York *Herald Tribune* insists on the old usage, and in its columns the National Recovery Administration becomes the N period, R period, A period. The New York *Times* consents to a periodless NRA, but it is not equally relenting toward the lesser fry among Mr. Roosevelt's organizations. As a weather prediction for the autumn, the Drifter would say that the period would cause periodic disturbances among the periodicals. In this connection he recalls the trouble made for the newspapers of Washington a good many years ago by a scientist in the government service by the name of McGee. He used the initials W J, but he insisted that neither of them stood

for a name and therefore should not be followed with periods. Whenever, in recording the name, a newspaper used periods (or full stops, as printers call them) it received a letter berating and correcting it from Mr. McGee. Thus he came to be known, and eventually passed into a legend, in Washington newspaper offices as W J No-Stop McGee. There was once another man in Washington whose initials were the same as those of the present Agricultural Adjustment Administration, or AAA. He was a highly valued official of the State Department and his name was A. A. Adee. Somebody once talked with him by telephone without knowing who he was, and at the end of the conversation asked Mr. Adee to spell his name in full. "A," said Mr. Adee. "Yes," was the reply. "A," continued Mr. Adee. "I've got that; what comes next?" "A," went on Mr. Adee. "Two A's?" "Yes," replied Mr. Adee, patiently. "Well, what comes after them?" asked the other man, not so patiently. "A," said Mr. Adee, relentlessly. "Go to the devil," shot back the other man and hung up the receiver.

* * * * *

SO far as the Roosevelt Administration is concerned, the Drifter hopes it won't go on from three- and four-initial organizations to others of five or six. He thinks its initial expenditures have already been large enough, although if HSJ will manage eventually to give everybody a JOB, there will be no KICK on the part of the PEOPLE. As for the Drifter, he will stand for a good deal, but if an attempt is made to abbreviate him into a DRFTR, the person responsible will be put on the SPOT. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

War or Peace?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just read with interest your editorial "War or Peace?" in *The Nation* of October 4. I have always been and still consider myself as good a pacifist as any, but let me ask you one or two questions. Suppose France *knows*, as many people outside of France *know*, that the Hitlerites are preparing for an *aggressive* war. What should France, what should Great Britain, do? Permit Hitler's Germany to arm to the teeth, to mobilize the entire nation from children of ten years upward, and then drag the world into a war which will cost tens of millions of victims? A war against Germany today might cost the lives of 50,000 people. A war five years from now, which would unquestionably become a world war, would cost the lives of 50,000,000 combatants, besides hundreds of millions of the civilian population. Well, pacifist as I am, I prefer a war with Germany now, today. Such a war would not only prevent a future, much more disastrous war but it would clean out Nazism, the most malignant phenomenon in history.

In the same issue with your editorial there is an article on The New Germany, in which the author says of Hitler: "He is converting Germany into a fortress bristling with hate and martial fervor. The saber rattles more loudly than under the Hohenzollern. The Nazi troopers . . . are armed with bayonets and revolvers." This is the report of everybody returning from Germany. Would you permit the twin evils of Hitlerism and militarism to grow and develop unrestrained?

New York, September 29

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

In Reply to Mr. Stolberg

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the July 5 number of your publication you printed Mr. Stollberg's sprightly review of my book, "The Beginnings of Marxian Socialism in France." I shall pass over his sophomoric and supercilious attempt to grade the vast number of published monographs in any one field of interest and his general condemnation of Ph.D. dissertations, except those of two of his friends. Mr. Stolberg characterizes my book as a "slight and dull performance, neither original nor mature," and even descends to personalities, though he has never had the misfortune to meet me. I shall not quarrel with Mr. Stolberg about his tastes. But when he calls my conclusions "false," when he refers to "minor errors" twisted "into crucial blunders," I feel that he owes it to the readers of *The Nation* to prove his case. Had he devoted the two paragraphs of his harangue against "Ph. Deocracy" to an enumeration of the errors and to an analysis of the false conclusions, he would have earned the thanks of the general reader as well as of the author. Disturbed by the "disproportionately stout bibliography," Mr. Stolberg questions the veracity of the statement that my study is the first on the subject in English and even in French. He questions, without producing the name of a single work to substantiate his doubts. To be sure, "there is an immense literature on French revolutionary political and social doctrine." But what does that prove? Does the reviewer expect a student of the French revolutionary movement to neglect that literature? Does he expect the general reader to consult the vast source material of that movement? Is it not of scholarly interest, to say nothing of intrinsic value, to analyze and to synthesize this vast source material in a compact study? And what does Mr. Stolberg mean by originality? Does he, in this case, expect a new theory of social regeneration? I admit that Mr. Stolberg is a shrewd reviewer, but I confess that I do not know what he means by "glorified shrewdness."

Mr. Stolberg accuses me of "artificially delimiting Marxism to its most orthodox variety"; of maintaining that what is not strictly orthodox Marxism is not socialism. But this is misrepresentation, Mr. Stolberg. The study in question, which is only a small part of a larger work on the history of modern socialism in France, limits itself to the decade after the Commune. Its aim is to show how the mature and living doctrine of Marx—little known in France before the Commune—slowly trickled into France. That there were other socialist theories current in France before the Commune Mr. Stolberg cannot deny, for the introductory chapter of the book should have partly convinced him of that. Yet he has me contend that "what is not strictly orthodox Marxism is not socialism." How can he, the "Marxist," descend to such petty-bourgeois-liberal phraseology as: "French syndicalism is an excellent example of Marxism undergoing cultural changes under the stress of a national psychology." Only a person unacquainted with the economic and social development of France could write that.

Mr. Stolberg accredits me with saying that the Commune was not a proletarian movement, when a reading of the section on the Commune, and particularly of page 43, reveals precisely the opposite view. Furthermore, I did not dismiss Marx's famous pamphlet on the Paris Commune, as the reviewer would have us believe. A two-page analysis of its main ideas is hardly a dismissal.

One expects from Mr. Stolberg a careful and searching criticism, for he is indeed capable of writing it. Instead, his harangue leaves one wondering just how much of the book he read.

Paris, August 15

SAMUEL BERNSTEIN

To Admirers of Edward Bellamy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Edward Bellamy, though he died thirty-five years ago, visualized a social and economic scheme which is so timely that we he more widely read by the present generation, he would again sweep the country by storm, as he did when his most famous books, "Looking Backward" and "Equality," were originally published in the late eighties.

All admirers of Edward Bellamy will be happy to learn of the existence of the Edward Bellamy Association of New York (formerly the Edward Bellamy Group of Brooklyn), P. O. Box 484, Grand Central Annex, New York. This organization is strictly non-partisan and non-commercial.

THE EDWARD BELLAMY ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK
New York, September 14

Farming and the Jobless

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

We are very much interested in what is being done this year to promote an interest in agriculture on the part of young people, particularly in connection with farming projects in urban communities for the unemployed. We shall appreciate hearing from any group conducting courses in agriculture or farming projects.

New York, September 19

JANET G. WEISMAN

For a Twin-City Group

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

All young men and women living in the twin cities who are interested in the discussion, from the liberal and radical point of view, of current political, economic, literary, and general problems are urged to write to me at 1335 Penn Avenue North, Minneapolis, for the purpose of forming a group.

Minneapolis, Minn., September 25

LOUIS OSTRIN

Finance

Wall Street at the Wailing Wall

WALL STREET'S wailing against the securities act is mounting in a carefully controlled crescendo which will reach its fortissimo just as Congress meets in January. The Street's chameleon cloak, designed for public appearances, has passed into its third transition within a year and half. From the arrogant, swashbuckling cavalier's cape which was flaunted before the Senate began its investigation of Wall Street practices in April, 1932, from the somber robes of the penitent and reformed sinner assumed with the start of the New Deal, the Street's disguise has now shifted to the mourning shawl of the despondent patriot, weeping that the flow of new capital essential for national business recovery should be stifled by what is described in financial circles as "well-intentioned but ill-considered" legislation.

The Wall Street dirge was solemnly intoned at the con-

vention of the Financial Advertisers' Association in September, certainly the most receptive audience in the world for subversive propaganda against the securities act. At that time spokesmen for Wall Street described in the direst terms the catastrophes that would result if the act were not drastically amended, declared that the act had put a complete stop to new financing by important concerns, and intimated that it would cause wholesale defaults on funded debts with fatal repercussions on the credit structure of the nation. In this lamentation the role of Jeremiah was taken by Arthur H. Dean of the Wall Street law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell, who is now preparing a series of proposed amendments to the act which will be submitted to bankers and corporation counsel throughout the country preparatory to the descent on Congress. Mr. Dean has summed up his own attitude toward the act as follows: "With the purpose of the act, that is, the protection of the public against fraudulent securities, the writer is in full sympathy, but it seems hardly necessary to burn down the house to exterminate vermin." (One wonders whom he considers the vermin.) But notice how smoothly he slides by the main point—as if the experience of the past decade had not demonstrated conclusively that mere safeguards against demonstrable fraud are entirely inadequate protection for the investing public against the guile of Wall Street.

Those unfortunate investors who intrusted their savings to South American bond issues, sold with all the majestic trappings and ostentatious ballyhoo of Wall Street, might suspect a very personal basis for Mr. Dean's displeasure that liability in the securities business should be extended beyond the simple limits of fraud as defined in the common law. For Mr. Dean's firm of Sullivan and Cromwell was right at the heart of the Latin American bond racket; its name was affixed to many of the issuing circulars for these bonds, assuring the investor that all legal details had the approval of this august authority. There was an issue of \$42,500,000 of 6 per cent bonds of the Republic of Chile, sold in October, 1926, which is now in default and sells for 8 per cent of par. There was an issue of \$24,000,000 of 7 per cent bonds of the Province of Buenos Aires, sold in December, 1926, which is now in partial default. There was an issue of \$41,100,000 of 6 per cent bonds of this same province, sold in February, 1928, which is now priced at 38. There was approximately \$18,000,000 more of bonds of this province—all sold with the stamp of Sullivan and Cromwell's approval. There was another block of \$27,500,000 of bonds of the Republic of Chile sold in February, 1927, in default since August, 1931, and now selling at 8. There was a \$15,000,000 Chilean consolidated municipal loan sold with the legal blessing of Sullivan and Cromwell in 1929, in default since March, 1932, and now selling at 6 per cent of par. There was \$25,000,000 of 6 per cent bonds of the Republic of Colombia, now in partial default and selling at 36.

The name of Sullivan and Cromwell is also associated with the financing activities of Goldman Sachs and Company, carried out in the later stages of the stock-market boom. In December, 1928, Sullivan and Cromwell passed on the legality of the initial issue of 1,000,000 shares of the Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation, sold to the public by Goldman Sachs for \$104,000,000. At the time of the market's low point in 1932 the market value of these original shares was little more than \$2,000,000 and the value of all the assets of the corporation had shrunk from \$329,000,000 early in 1929 to \$33,700,000 at the end of 1932. Furthermore, Sullivan and Cromwell were regularly associated with the trading corporation as its counsel, and as such were familiar with the details of management which were later carried into the courts in suits by stockholders alleging mismanagement.

The firm's name also appeared on the offering circulars for the Blue Ridge Corporation and the Shenandoah Corpora-

tion, affiliates of the Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation, which were floated in the summer of 1929. Not only were Sullivan and Cromwell counsel for these two concerns, but John Foster Dulles, one of the partners, was a director in both. The public investment in Shenandoah was about \$67,500,000, subscribed in July, 1929, for 1,000,000 shares of 6 per cent preference stock at 50 and for 1,000,000 shares of common at 17½. In 1932 the preferred stock sold at 4½ and the common at ⅜, while the value of the assets of the corporation had depreciated from \$165,000,000 to \$9,300,000. In the Blue Ridge Corporation the public bought 1,000,000 preference shares at 51½ and 1,000,000 common shares at \$20 a share. By 1932 the preferred had dropped to 16½ and the common to 50 cents a share.

Another dubious "security" with which Sullivan and Cromwell were associated in a legal capacity was the Prince and Whitely Trading Corporation, now known as the Phoenix Securities Corporation. The public was let in on this on September 5, 1929, exactly at the peak of boom stock prices, paying \$24,600,000 for 328,000 shares of preferred and 650,000 shares of common. By 1932 the preferred was selling at 8, and the common at 25 cents, while the net assets of the corporation had depreciated to \$3,200,000. One can understand why Mr. Dean shudders at a law which offers recourse to so many investors against the sellers of such "securities."

The sappers and miners against the act employ the familiar Wall Street strategy of befogging the main issue by raising "practical" objections. The reasoning behind these tactics is clear: if enough changes can be secured on the ground of "practical" requirements rather than of open opposition to the underlying theory, then the act will be sufficiently emasculated to make its theory unembarrassing to Wall Street. But now, of all times, when the whole question of effective regulation of securities is at stake, the main issue should be unobscured. The

main issue is that Wall Street is reluctant—and for the time being refuses—to accept responsibilities which it should long ago have accepted as its established practice. It is laughable that business men and financiers, whose boast is always of the accurate and factual basis for all their operations, should now cry havoc before a law which merely requires them to stand behind this accuracy and these facts when they are offered as the basis for securities.

Despite all the talk of defaults in connection with the act, there has as yet been no important bond maturity since the act became effective in July. Consequently, its real influence on refunding operations has yet to be demonstrated. On the other hand, it is true that new corporate bond issues have been at a standstill and that no important established concern—other than investment trusts—has attempted new financing of any character under the act's provisions. In the absence of maturities a large part of this lag can be accounted for by the low level of business and by the fact that plants built to accommodate a 1929 volume of business are more than adequate for current demands. However, to the extent that financing which otherwise might have been attempted has failed to materialize, Wall Street has gone on strike against the securities act.

This strike, veiled in a cloak of patriotism, is the bludgeon which Wall Street will hold over the head of Congress and the Administration to compel the desired "practical" modifications of the act. It is a threat which will require all the support of seekers after honesty in securities to counteract, but which, if pushed too far, might prove a two-edged sword to Wall Street, should the government be forced to take a direct hand in corporate financing. Meanwhile, there is widespread confidence in the Street that by next spring there will be a changed securities act which will permit business to be conducted much as in the past, along the old lines of public exploitation without bothersome responsibilities.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES



Henry Hazlitt

new editor of

The American Mercury

and author of

The Anatomy of Criticism

WE are proud to be the publishers of Henry Hazlitt's first book in eleven years: *The Anatomy of Criticism*.

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
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Books, Films Drama,

A Dialogue of Self and Soul*

By W. B. YEATS

I

My Soul. I summon to the winding ancient stair;
Set all your mind upon the steep ascent,
Upon the broken, crumbling battlement,
Upon the breathless starlit air,
Upon the star that marks the hidden pole;
Fix every wandering thought upon
That quarter where all thought is done:
Who can distinguish darkness from the soul?

My Self. The consecrated blade upon my knees
Is Sato's ancient blade, still as it was,
Still razor-keen, still like a looking-glass
Unspotted by the centuries;
That flowering, silken, old embroidery, torn
From some court-lady's dress and round
The wooden scabbard bound and wound,
Can, tattered, still protect, faded adorn.

My Soul. Why should the imagination of a man
Long past his prime remember things that are
Emblematical of love and war?
Think of ancestral night that can,
If but imagination scorn the earth
And intellect its wandering
To this and that and t'other thing,
Deliver from the crime of death and birth.

My Self. Montashigi, third of his family, fashioned it
Five hundred years ago, about it lie
Flowers from I know not what embroidery—
Heart's purple—and all these I set
For emblems of the day against the tower
Emblematical of the night,
And claim as by a soldier's right
A charter to commit the crime once more.

My Soul. Such fulness in that quarter overflows
And falls into the basin of the mind
That man is stricken deaf and dumb and blind,
For intellect no longer knows
Is from the *Ought*, or *Knower* from the *Known*—
That is to say, ascends to heaven;
Only the dead can be forgiven;
But when I think of that my tongue's a stone.

II

My Self. A living man is blind and drinks his drop.
What matter if the ditches are impure?
What matter if I live it all once more?
Endure that toil of growing up;
The ignominy of boyhood; the distress
Of boyhood changing into man;

The unfinished man and his pain
Brought face to face with his own clumsiness;

The finished man among his enemies?—
How in the name of heaven can he escape
That defiling and disfigured shape
The mirror of malicious eyes
Casts upon his eyes until at last
He thinks that shape must be his shape?
And what's the good of an escape
If honor find him in the wintry blast?

I am content to live it all again
And yet again, if it be life to pitch
Into the frog-spawn of a blind man's ditch,
A blind man battering blind men;
Or into that most fecund ditch of all,
The folly that man does
Or must suffer, if he woos
A proud woman not kindred of his soul.

I am content to follow to its source
Every event in action or in thought;
Measure the lot; forgive myself the lot!
When such ■ I cast out remorse
So great a sweetness flows into the breast
We must laugh and we must sing,
We are blest by everything,
Everything we look upon is blest.

American Politics

Government of the People: A Study in the American Political System. By D. W. Brogan. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

MR. BROGAN is one of the associates of Professor Harold J. Laski at the London School of Economics and Political Science. His book is remarkable for two things, the first being its probably unexampled display of precise knowledge in its field, and the second being its tolerant and philosophical air. The facts that the author has to set forth are, in large part, unpleasant and even shocking, for politics in America is almost a monopoly of professionally dishonest and dishonorable men, but there is no snuffing here over their villainies, and no vain attempt to show that they are worse than their colleagues of other lands. Both in his preface and in his conclusion Mr. Brogan apologizes for what may seem to be the unrelieved gloom of his narrative. There is more to government, he recalls, than mere politics, and it is well to bear in mind that the same camorra of fools and rogues which produced Teapot Dome also managed, by some unfathomable magic, to produce the Bureau of Standards.

Professor Laski, in a foreword, says that Mr. Brogan's book is "the most illuminating treatise on American government since the late Lord Bryce's." This is quite true, but it probably does not go far enough. Bryce, for all his curiosity about politics, kept himself in a kind of cloister, at least from the neck down, all his life, and in consequence his famous monograph shows something of the academic aloofness of Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell's "Government of England." It describes, adequately enough, what goes on (or at least what was going on at the time it was written), but it leaves the motive behind the overt act obscure, and often neglects the personality behind

* Reprinted from "The Winding Stair and Other Poems," copyright by the Macmillan Company, to be published October 24. By permission of the publishers, the Macmillan Company.

the motive altogether. Mr. Brogan is never guilty of that muddiness. He is a scholar, but he is also, I take it, an Irishman, and to an Irishman, however learned, politics can never be a conflict of merely moral forces; it is always and inevitably a combat between concrete human beings, Pat and Mike.

But Irishman or not, it is amazing that a foreigner, however frequent his visits to the United States, should have won his way so far into the dark backward and abysm of our politics. I can recall no work of native authorship that sets forth the essential facts more accurately, or more copiously. All the treatises on politics that we produce at home fall into two classes. The first consists of monographs by university pundits who have everything at third or fourth hand, and only too often show it in both their premises and their conclusions—the late Woodrow Wilson's "Congressional Government" offers a good example; and the second consists of books by men who, though they have actually been to the front—reformed Senators and Congressmen, retired Cabinet officers, literate Washington correspondents, etc.—make it clear in every line that they have too little historical sense and information to know what the war was about. Mr. Brogan manages to gather in the virtues of both classes without taking on any of their vices. He makes an occasional slip but not many, and he reveals a pleasant and plentiful skepticism about what is generally believed—for example, that city politicians are crookeder than their country colleagues, and that the late Warren Gamaliel Harding was nominated by the black art of the late Colonel Harvey, LL.D.

His conclusions are somewhat damaged by the fact that the speed of American history has been advanced from that of a dance marathon to that of a skyrocket since he finished his labors last February. Many of the changes that he could then discuss only as remote possibilities are already in full force and effect, to the edification of men and angels—for example, the vast augmentation of the power of the federal executive, and especially of the President. Others, though they have not been proclaimed, nor even seriously projected, are creeping in as facts—for example, the abolition of the Supreme Court's right of veto in economic matters. Mr. Brogan, in general, is inclined to approve all such reforms. He believes that the best way to combat the spoils system, which is manifestly the chief curse of American government, is to whittle away the prerogatives of the State, city, and county politicians. That we are headed in this direction seems probable, but that a Farley unassisted would do much better than a Farley beset by local sub-Farleys and the Senatorial prerogative is not so sure; indeed, he might do worse.

Mr. Brogan gives over an interesting chapter to speculating about the future course of the Democratic Party, which was triumphant when he wrote but had not actually ensnouted the trough. Obviously, it may head in either one of two directions. On the one hand, it may try to come to terms with the Eastern money boys, and so complete the wreck of the Republicans by stealing both their metaphysic and their fat cats; and on the other hand it may follow the Western agrarians and silver men into genuine radicalism. Mr. Brogan apparently believes that it will try, characteristically, to do both, and that it will come to grief in consequence. This is probably a sound guess. The chief vice of the Democratic Party, as everyone knows, is suicide: it is forever swallowing handfuls of bichloride tablets or cutting its own throat. Did it come into the world with nine lives? Then seven of them have been shed to date, and maybe eight.

Mr. Brogan argues very plausibly that the prospects for a new radical party in the United States were never better than they are today. The cutting off of immigration has let the proud Anglo-Saxon into the ditch, and soon or late he must discover that the independent and lucrative filling-station or hot-dog stand that he dreams of will never take material shape.

"Baseless hope is the last infirmity of feeble minds, but the power of self-deception must have a limit." True enough, but are we near that limit now? I presume to doubt it. The American, in the not too distant future, may see at last that he has been fooled, but that will hardly save him from being fooled again. Mr. Brogan, I think, greatly underestimates the virtuosity of American politicians in this department. If he had waited six or eight months before closing his book he'd have had some new and unparalleled masterpieces to record.

He deserves to be read, for he is a man of curiously wide and sound information, and his discussion of the facts he sets forth is nearly always sensible. There is little of the theorist in him; he is interested mainly, not in what might be or ought to be, but in what is. Moreover, he writes amusingly, with many a shrewd wink and pawky phrase. A really complete autopsy, carried on in strict accord with the Virchowian canon, would require far more than one volume, however fat, but within his limits Mr. Brogan has done a very competent job.

H. L. MENCKEN

Ruskin: A Career of Error

John Ruskin. An Introduction to Further Study of His Life and Work. By R. H. Wilenski. Frederick Stokes. \$4.50.

FEW men of genius have been so monumentally wrong as John Ruskin. The title and preface of his first book indicate the arrogance and unreliability of statement that were to mark his whole career. The title read: "Modern Painters: Their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters, Proved by Examples of the True, the Beautiful, and the Intellectual from the Works of Modern Artists . . ." The author's claim in the preface that—at twenty-three—he had a practically complete acquaintance with "all the ancient masters" is shown by Mr. Wilenski to be quite unbased. His attack on the earliest seedling of modern architecture, the Crystal Palace, his belief that the beauty of a building lay in its applied decoration, his support of Napoleon III, his vilification of Whistler, his hysterical denunciations of machinery, are but the better-known incidents in a long career of error.

But Ruskin was never entirely wrong. He made no virtue of consistency and he did not develop his ideas in a straight line; he was constantly doubling back on himself in contradiction. As Mr. Wilenski says, "Ruskin calendars can be compiled by Tories, Fascists, and Communists, by photographic painters and cubist artists, by chauvinists and pacifists, by parsons and agnostics." For every brilliant insight he had an insular prejudice; for every cruel and stupid thought—and he had many—he had a liberating insight; and the same subject could call forth from him both wisdom and drivel. In short, he is one of the most perplexing personalities in English literature and he offers a standing challenge to the critic to find the "key" to his thirty-nine large volumes of self-contradiction.

In his careful and perspicacious study, Mr. Wilenski meets that challenge with the hypothesis of a "true" and a "false" Ruskin. The true Ruskin uttered opinions with which a civilized modern, not puritanical in ethics, not literalistic in art, a liberal or a radical in politics, would agree. But Ruskin was a mental invalid; his malady eventually brought him to madness. During his active life it imposed upon him aberrant states of which the most notable were manic periods in which he desired—and assumed—absolute wisdom and Godlike power. In these states he uttered the nonsense of the "false" Ruskin.

There is, of course, no doubt that Ruskin was the prey of mental disease. And there is no doubt that much of his nonsense arises from the ascendancy of the pathological states. But

his manic tendency was surely as productive of his deep insights as of his shallow falsities. Ruskin was probably psychotic, as Mr. Wilenski implies; but he was also neurotic—that is, he had a mental malady which was the result of conflict. This conflict, the result of Ruskin's training by his parents, which was in many ways representative of the society of his time, not only made Ruskin mentally ill but also determined the content of his mind. This aspect of Ruskin's psychological condition Mr. Wilenski largely ignores.

The "key" to Ruskin lies, I believe, in a broader method of comprehension than Mr. Wilenski has used. What Ruskin accomplished was to place the whole of human activity in a great organic synthesis: art, science, religion, morality become in that synthesis integrally related to one another within the integrating social order. Ruskin's individual perceptions within this synthesis were frequently wrong. On the other hand, some of his perceptions are exciting in their truth and originality. Although I cannot feel with Mr. Wilenski that "Unto This Last" and "Munera Pulveris" represent the "true Ruskin," they certainly represent the truth in Ruskin. Here, working alone—for he seems not to have read any radical economists—he attacked the assumptions of the classical "scientific" economists, showed the fallacies of the Economic Man, of laissez faire, of current theories of value, and reared a structure of social realism that the generality of economic theorists have yet to equal.

LIONEL TRILLING

The Swiss Family Borsodi

Flight from the City. By Ralph Borsodi. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

The Promise of Power. By Stuart Chase. John Day Pamphlets No. 32. The John Day Company. 25 cents.

THE homesteading experiences of the Borsodi family are quite entertaining. Compared with almost any urban existence, their life seems interesting, healthy, satisfactory, and pleasant in the extreme. The reader is stimulated to a sort of mental competition in ingenuity, matching his wits and potential skill with Mr. and Mrs. Borsodi, and thinking how good *he* would be at inventing new and productive economies and perfecting this or that labor-saving dodge. The book documents what is at once the most romantic and the most concrete fulfilment to date of that vague ideal of landed self-sufficiency which has been bothering the American intelligentsia—and raising the value of Connecticut real estate—with such cumulative vigor.

If Mr. Borsodi had confined himself to concrete descriptions of the technique of farming, canning, house-building, furniture-making, flour-grinding, and weaving, and had perhaps included a few more specific data on time-schedules and budgets, this would have been a better book than it is and would incidentally not need to be subjected to any such exhaustive criticism as the present one. But the author's enthusiasm and his obviously sincere desire to make others as happy as he is himself make "Flight from the City," in its wider prescriptions and implications, an exceedingly dangerous and even a dishonest piece of propaganda. The descriptions and the order blanks do not refer to the same article.

The pictures of homesteading life—of a busy, efficient, many-sided, "secure," and rich existence in the country—refer to the experience of the Borsodis. Very few figures are given which would indicate exactly how large a reliable cash income one needs for such an existence, but it must be considerable. The Borsodis have one or two servants, they probably have a car, their power-consumption is high, and their investment in productive and labor-saving machinery must by now be rather

large. Not counting extras for education, travel, and doctors' bills, and not including interest on the capital investment, they must require a regular income of at least \$2,000 or \$2,500. Meanwhile, as they adhere strictly to the sensible principle of never producing anything for sale, all their solid and continuous labor on the homestead does not bring in one cent of cash.

Such an economic scheme can in no sense be called "self-sufficiency"—unless one premises that one member of every family receive a regular cash income from some source not requiring either his regular presence in town or any very arduous labor at home. To achieve permanently this type of "freedom," you must be a *rentier* whose income is insured against depression, bank failure, and revolution, or, better, a successful writer who does not need libraries, or, best of all, Mr. Borsodi himself. In addition, you must have a husky wife with a positive taste for domestic production, no desire to do anything else with her time, and a gift for home education as well; you and your whole family must have few outside social impulses and a distinct physical and mental aptitude for all sorts of experimentation; you must be able to enjoy the varied and continued responsibility of owning and planning and directing and repairing fields, gardens, live stock, machines, and an entire domestic economy; and, finally, you must be actively convinced that schools, colleges, theaters, lectures, libraries, museums, art galleries, concerts, automobiles, doctors, dentists, hospitals, travel, leisure, and most forms of social intercourse or communal recreation belong to a world well lost.

However, even if one grants that if you are the Borsodis you *can* be relatively secure on an isolated homestead, this book is intended to have a much wider implication, and for quite a different group from that classified above. Mr. Borsodi is prescribing for the unemployed, for destitute urban families now in receipt of a dole. And already the city of Dayton, Ohio, has plans for setting up some 2,000 families on three-acre farms, in homestead units of some forty families each. Some of the financial and planning features of this experiment are interesting enough—the units will encircle the town within a radius of fifteen miles, and the land of each homestead unit will remain in single ownership—and one must wish it all possible good luck. But the essential dishonesty of this book lies in the fact that while the reader is shown extremely low figures as the price of doing all this, he is at the same time led to believe that the 2,000 families will be able to have the same pleasant, secure existence as the Borsodis—which is just not true.

In the first place, none of these families will have any capital to invest at the start, and even the absolutely minimum capital lent by the city will require some \$30 a month cash by way of interest. More cash, even with an irreducible minimum of leisure, comfort, convenience, and personal choice of occupation on the part of the homesteaders, would be absolutely necessary for such things as power, shoes, medicine, transportation, replacement of machinery, and those many essential food items and raw materials which absolutely cannot be produced at home. Electric power is a fine thing, and it is the very cornerstone of Mr. Borsodi's idea, but it costs money. Mr. Borsodi does not say what his power costs him, but Stuart Chase in his pamphlet happens to mention that the electricity to run *his* homestead costs \$17 per month. Say \$50 a month cash as an absolute minimum of income for these homesteaders, for *Existenzminimum*, with a degree of amenity and convenience and leisure in no way comparable to that enjoyed by the Borsodis.

Fifty dollars a month! Where will it come from? Mr. Borsodi acknowledges the necessity of an outside income, but he offers no very clear idea of what may be its source, beyond the negative statement that the amount required is less than the cost of decent relief. Will the city of Dayton pay this sum out of sheer gratitude for having its slums emptied? (I am not saying that it *should* not, but will it?) And how can any-

one call a family needing \$50 a month in cash, and living fifteen miles from town on a farm which produces nothing for sale, "secure," or living "off the land"?

"Some member of the family will work in town," is, I suppose, the implied answer. But that immediately involves regular and speedy transportation, good roads and higher taxes, and the existence of a regular job not requiring too much waiting around, hunting down, or personal availability on the part of the applicant. It is also necessary that the job provide a very decent wage for short working hours, and that the worker be tractable to the idea of giving up all or most of his wages for the privilege of living far away from work and probably doing some weeding and farm work in his off hours as well.

My guess is that most poor families would be quite justified in being willing to sacrifice something in the quality of their food and surroundings rather than be quite as hopelessly insecure as all that. Clearly, there is no receipt for a millennium here, even without going into the fundamental contradictions in the larger picture—which he does not hesitate to offer as a plausible one—of a society which has followed Mr. Borsodi's advice en masse: millions of individual families devoting all their time and energy to home production for home consumption by means of the cheap materials, cheap machinery, and cheap power which only a highly organized mass-production economy can provide. When all is said, what used to be true is still true now, in spite of the Borsodis. A homesteader must either be able to raise cash crops on which he can make a reliable profit, or he must have a regular and safe cash income from some extraneous source not demanding regular concentrated work on his part—or he must be satisfied to be a hand-to-mouth peasant, with a shack on a stony hillside, a wooden plow, a potato patch, and a level of existence somewhat lower than that of the city slum-dweller.

Well, what is to be done about it? Mr. Borsodi's initial thesis, that at present and under ordinary conditions neither the city nor the country provides satisfactory living conditions, is beyond argument. It is proved by census figures alone. In 1926, 2,334,000 people left the farms for the cities, and in the same year 1,427,000 left the cities for the farms. By 1932 this movement was about equal in both directions. In 1932 about a million left farms for cities, and more than a million and a half went back to the farms. This does not prove that we are a permanently migratory people, but it does prove that so far we have not been clever enough to make ourselves a satisfactory environment.

The primary ingredients in Mr. Borsodi's argument are also part of the thesis of Stuart Chase's little pamphlet, "The Promise of Power." These are (1) that distribution costs account for a terrific burden of waste under the present industrial system, and often more than make up for the economies of mass production; and (2) that the widespread transmission of electricity is the most important single factor with which the planner of the new social environment and of a more efficient industrial economy has to work. That these are fundamental facts accounts for most of what is truth or partial truth in either publication.

"The Promise of Power" says nothing very new, leaves out some of the most important things that have been said before, and makes a few generalizations which one feels that Mr. Chase could not have amplified without getting into difficulties—or at least without saying a few things newer, more important, and more dangerous than what he did say. But still, the facts he brings up are so important that they cannot be mentioned too often. Electric transmission and cheap power might be the vital ingredients in a new world—a world in which the congested megalopolis and the pauperized rural slum may alike disappear; in which automatic manufacturing and remote control may change the typical industrial worker from a robot

to a competent engineer; in which power is cheaper to move than bulk products and in which, therefore, huge factories and enormous, wasteful urban agglomerations may be outmoded, and a better distribution of population along regional land-economic lines made possible; in which newly planned regional centers may provide facilities for the productive use of leisure, plus regular short-time employment and a reliable cash income.

But Mr. Chase makes it all sound suspiciously easy, just as easy and just as suspect as Mr. Borsodi's visualization of the self-sufficient good life. It is all too Swiss Family Robinson. Perhaps what is wrong is best indicated by the recurrence of such sentences as the following: "Electricity can give us universally high standards of living, new and amusing kinds of jobs, leisure, freedom, an end to drudgery, congestion, noise, smoke, and filth. It can overcome most of the objections and problems of a steam-engine civilization."

But electricity cannot do a single one of these things. Electricity is merely a tool in the hands of those who choose how and where and why they shall use it. All the decisions, all the motivating power to change, all the plans, all the notions as to what a standard of living is or might be, must unfortunately come from us and not from electricity. It should be a truism, but one must say it over and over: the mere existence of a means in no way premises the achievement of an end. The fact that in the long run and in the widest human sense the full use of electricity to make a new social pattern would be "economic," does not in any way prove that the coal and railroad age in general, or the knot of vested interests which is New York, or Chicago, or Pittsburgh, in particular, will give a polite bow to "progress" and quietly lie down and die. To believe any such thing is to betray as fallacious and romantic a faith in the existence of a "free," competitive economy advancing willy-nilly toward Utopia as ever was held by any nineteenth-century free-trader.

No, one thing is certain. Planning—an economy in which we only get what we have sense enough to want and work for—is what we have, and planning is what we will have. But the mere fact that we have shown ourselves much more tractable to the idea of planned control than could have been expected does not of itself constitute an unqualified step ahead. It is too often forgotten that "planning" is an amoral word referring to a method, and is not a synonym for either "scientific progress" or "social betterment." There are two mutually opposed kinds of planning, one positive and the other negative, one progressive and the other retrogressive.

One is the kind of which we have had more than a taste already, with a strong threat of more to come, the sort of planning whose purpose, avowed or not, is to bolster up and intrench existing investments—in railroads, in urban land values, in megalopolitan congestion—without regard to their use or value to society as a whole, and at the expense of new forces working in the opposite direction. This is the kind of "planning" which eventually brought about the downfall of most historic civilizations, from Roman capitalism to medieval guild socialism.

The other kind of planning postulates not current interests and values, not present capital equipment, but a real standard of living, real resources—power, materials, land, people—and real technical possibilities and facilities. The policy of this sort of planning must inevitably be to cut down, not to bolster up, the outworn structure which stands in its way.

In a list of the things which power "is accomplishing, or helps to make possible," Mr. Chase's point number 8 is the following: "The collapse of the old unionism and of outgrown theories of class struggle." Beyond this negative remark there is no mention of the means toward electrified bliss. Such a generalization is no doubt very comforting to the *Fortune* audience for whom the article was originally written. It will make

many of our enlightened business men feel more enlightened than ever. But if that is all there is to be said on the score of social struggles, with reference to whether or not the "promise of power" will be fulfilled, then we may as well resign ourselves to meeting the neotechnic age only in heaven.

It may be quite true that the old unionism has collapsed. It is probably also true that the line-up of "classes" which is to decide which form of planning will hold sway has not yet been clearly drawn, and that whatever it is, it may well not be along purely nineteenth-century Marxist lines. But struggle there must be, with a functional economy, a classless society, and a socialized means of production as the goal on one side, and the preservation of existing "values" and interests on the other. For what does the full and economic use of electricity, the "promise of power," imply? It implies writing off almost the entire present investment in cities, in means of transportation, in real estate, in factories and equipment. It implies the power, without any intervening period of individual exploitation or speculation in land and resources, to set up complete new communities, to say what industries shall be located in each and where they shall be placed, to plan their wage scales and periods of operation in the interests of the consumers and the workers, to lay out and construct facilities for residence, education, and recreation in one operation, for permanent use value and not for profit.

If anyone thinks that this can be accomplished without the active participation of a very large, well-disciplined, and well-organized group of people who know exactly what they want and want it enough to be willing to die in the process of getting it; if anyone thinks that the "promise of power," a "flight from the city" to something definitely better, or any real "security" can be achieved without a definite and clear-cut social struggle, he is no worthy candidate even for literary leadership.

CATHERINE BAUER

A Blithe Disciple

Many Happy Returns. By Richard Strachey. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

LET those who read the first lines of this effervescent book not be put off: there is much more to come than was ever known in Peter Pan's philosophy. Woolf, Joyce, and Proust were the godparents who presided at this christening, and one of the many interests aroused by Mr. Strachey's spirited, sophisticated, devil-may-care book is the light it sheds on its forerunners. For Mr. Strachey is word-intoxicated. He drips words, he pirouettes with words, he dances with words, and dancing with words he turns the corner of the long, long trail and brings us back again into the company of the word-intoxicated Dickens and the word-intoxicated Thackeray. And gusty, lusty English prose asserts its Englishness again, and we are as far away from the sober Russian and the sober French approach to subject matter as we were before Arnold Bennett gave us "The Old Wives' Tale." Ironically the man who helped Mr. Strachey turn the corner is the one who gave us "Dubliners" and "The Portrait of the Artist," who then, having pondered too long over words, turned and rent the comely limbs of English prose, and held up to savage display every drop of ink that had crept into its veins, and who finally took the dictionary apart and pelted his readers with its leaves. And if Mr. Strachey's pirouetting were to be taken as a spoof on Mr. Joyce, it would be a very pretty spoof.

But it is not a spoof, it is an "ironic comedy" of modern life. And in spite of its Peter Pannish introduction, which is part of Mr. Strachey's irony, it should be much read, because it flirts delightfully with Vice. Nor does it carry on this *amour*

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in the mysterious, awed, horrendous way of Proust, who follows it gropingly through a labyrinth of caves, each one darker and more gruesome than the one before. Mr. Strachey observes Vice with a light-hearted smile. His hero, who is a dazzling, smart young man, admired equally by charwomen, publicans, intellectuals, Peter Pannish Victorians, Young Men and Women of the World, and Mr. Strachey, welcomes his brother's lover as a fairy fay, gaily and without reproach. And his heroine, in a moment of twentieth-century penance, submits herself to the caresses of a human gorilla who makes Charlus look like a lily. It is all very gay and all very clever, and it ends on a note of wholesome hope.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Shorter Notices

Blossoming Antlers. By Winifred Welles. The Viking Press. \$1.

Winifred Welles comes near to writing poetry of importance. She has a unique command of words, a fine sense of rhythm, a very individual approach to her materials. Just why she does not attain undeniable greatness it is difficult to say. Perhaps it is because, in spite of the equipment, the seeing eyes, of a mystic, she lacks the mystic's intensity and conviction. Her sphere of reference is the physical beauty of nature. Her peculiar insight compels her to describe the scene, the bird, the flower in their most delicate aspect. The result is a fine imagery, never usual, always special. The physical world here is reduced to thin, delicate lines. It therefore lacks bold color, dramatic design.

Fragile as glass my slender tool would break
On those superb designs of suffering,
Bronze Cross and blazing Crown—I only make
The sensitive, faint silver of a wing.

It gains a sensitive, almost perilous awareness. Miss Welles's muse is feminine in the best sense of that often misused adjective. But in this world of hers, which is not entirely unlike De La Mare's, the poet is not nostalgic. In these descriptions, which are sometimes as carefully carved as were Elinor Wylie's, Miss Welles hints at no hidden violence or arrogance. Writing with something of the wit of the metaphysical poets—and more like Herrick than like Donne—this modern woman poet is neither the skeptic to whom the odd comparison is necessary nor quite the mystic who must relate opposites. She commands words; they do her bidding. She never falls into the commonplace image or the ordinary statement of feeling. Her poetic sensibilities are never wrong. The trouble is that they almost never contribute to any larger conception or passion. They exist for their own sake. Microscopic, brittle, delicate details, but no broad outline here, no faith, no fixed poetic philosophy, no large perspective.

Modern Industrial Organization: An Economic Interpretation.

By Herbert von Beckerath. Translated by Robinson Newcomb and Franziska Krebs. McGraw-Hill Book Company. \$4.

Dr. von Beckerath's basic assumption is that business has a mystical destiny of its own which seems to be "permanent profitability" as contrasted with the narrow private interests of investors, workers, and consumers and with social-welfare attitudes. His analysis is largely general, although there are numerous references to specific countries, especially to Germany. It covers internal problems of enterprises, the "objectification" of business policy, conflicts of investors and managers, the influence of various markets on industrial structure, and the growth of cartels, syndicates, and combines to adjust plant requirements to markets controlled to maintain profits. The discus-

sion of the types, methods, evasions, and degree of effectiveness of cartels, as well as of their relation to vertical and horizontal combinations and to monopoly, is especially interesting. Dr. von Beckerath concludes by examining the influence of governments on industry, and observes that much social legislation and government regulation benefit business and leave industry to operate in an essentially capitalistic manner. He believes it most improbable that private industrialism will develop into socialism. This book is especially timely for Americans because of the unintended insight it gives into the NRA program, which appears in considerable part to be a transition from trade-association cooperation, for promoting business interests, to outright cartelization.

Films

"Night Flight"

IN "Night Flight" (Capitol) Clarence Brown had an excellent opportunity to turn out the kind of picture that this column is continually demanding but all too rarely able to announce to its readers. In the first place, Saint-Exupéry's novel, although written in a pretty subjective manner throughout, was full of the right kind of movement for the screen. By this, needless to say, one means the movement of men and things in space: "Night Flight" was an account of the perils, sufferings, and triumphs of the first air-mail fliers in South America to risk the dangerous crossing of the Andes by night. In the second place, Saint-Exupéry's book was an attempt to elevate action, or the life of action, to a kind of poetic ecstasy. Action, that is to say, was not only its subject but also its theme. It was a product of that school of contemporary romanticism which seeks a release from the intellectual and psychological problems of the time in one or another mode of unreflecting action. (It may be recalled that it was another Frenchman, Henry de Montherlant, and not Mr. Hemingway, who first pointed out for us the delights of bullfighting.) The impulse behind this school is of course the perennial impulse of escape—that impulse which has always most naturally symbolized itself in the act of flight and which is perhaps most poignantly expressed in Mallarmé's well-known "Fuir, là-bas fuir!" If in Saint-Exupéry's novels the *là-bas* is changed to *là-haut* it is simply because with aviation man's desire to flee somewhere, anywhere, has at last been concretely realized. We can no longer distinguish between flight as impulse and flight as symbol—the two have become one and the same thing. The desire for flight, therefore, can no longer be described merely as a romantic impulse. In Saint-Exupéry it leads to a kind of pure mysticism of action—action which is its own end, which needs no justification, and which reaffirms many of the lost nobilities. The only trouble is that this mysticism, probably because it is so new and pure, finds a certain difficulty in getting itself properly communicated. Saint-Exupéry's novel is poetic enough, to be sure, but in a style that is compounded of too many outworn literary clichés and rhetorical mannerisms. What was needed was a newer and more appropriate language to communicate an attitude which was essentially a protest against the old rhetoric and tradition.

As far as its simpler elements are concerned, Clarence Brown has done very well by his exciting text. The take-offs, the first night flights, the fierce strain of flying blind through fog and storm are all rendered with a thrilling persuasiveness. But there is not, unfortunately, enough respect paid to Saint-Exupéry's theme. It is true that Robert Montgomery, after a hard landing, is permitted a few desperate remarks on the subject of life and duty before retiring to an upstairs bordello.

And there is also the fine sequence in which Clark Gable, after being lost for many hours over the sea, suddenly emerges from the clouds into the rediscovered sunlight. Something of the exaltation that Saint-Exupéry was trying to get into words is here more successfully realized by the camera. In general, however, the photography is unenterprising—an exception must be made perhaps for the manner in which the electric bulbs on the manager's chart are made to dissolve into shots of the fliers over the mountains or sea. How far the emphasis of the book is lost may be seen in the attempt to make up a little for a possibly too exclusive "male appeal" by building up sentimental interest in the aviators' wives (Myrna Loy and Helen Hayes). In the novel, of course, love is an impurity which must either be entirely cleansed away or reduced to a very small place indeed in the lives of these ascetics of the air. By playing it up in conventional fashion the producers merely add confusion to sentimentality: our most fundamental reason for being disappointed in "Night Flight," therefore, becomes its lack of concentration.

The latest vehicle of Charles Laughton is an obvious but sometimes coarsely amusing burlesque entitled "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (Music Hall). Except for Mr. Laughton's leering, raving, belching performance, which is all a great deal overdone, there is little to recommend in this importation from the British studios. It will nevertheless prove very popular with that wide audience which prefers its bawdiness in costume.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

In Praise of Bundling

THE idea behind "The Pursuit of Happiness" (Avon Theater) is so obviously a good one that we can only wonder that it has not been used before. What is more characteristically American of the best colonial period than the pleasant old custom of bundling, and what could possibly lend itself better to the requirements of the modern writer who would like to pay his respects to the past without finding himself compelled to deal sympathetically with those puritanical austerities which no modern audience is likely to contemplate with enthusiasm?

We know, of course, that bundling had its economic justification in the fact that the winters were cold and the firewood scarce. We know, still further, that the man and the maid were supposed to be separated by a wooden centerboard which was half a genuine barrier and half merely a symbol, like the naked sword which the knight *sans reproche* was accustomed to place between himself and any lady with whom the exigencies of medieval housekeeping rather than the working of profane love had bedded him for the night. But the Puritan Fathers had to be fathers of children before they could be fathers of a country, and we like to think that the more human among them were secretly not sorry that the thrifty desire to save fuel during the necessarily long hours of courtship justified what must have been a pleasant custom and solved the problem of providing an opportunity for those amorous preliminaries in the interests of which less forthright cultures invented the kissing game and our own contemporaries discovered the uncertain privacy of a parked automobile.

Gibbon tells us that the more fanatical of the early converts to Christianity used to go to bed together just to prove how completely they had conquered the flesh. This was a mere perversion, and it is not surprising to learn that, in his words, "outraged nature often reasserted herself." But bundling was

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—Percy Hammond, *Herald Tribune*.

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based frankly upon the expectation that a not too violently outraged nature would reassert itself to the decent extent of calling in a clergyman of the vicinity, and even if he was occasionally called a trifle too late by young people who hesitated to arouse him in the middle of the night for the sake of pure form, the ill was often not serious in a community where the church still had the power to make things right. Perhaps, indeed, the Puritans solved as well as it has ever been solved since the problem raised by the psychologists who maintain that young couples should get to know each other before marriage, and by the protests of the moralists who feel that, though there may be something in the contention, they should not, nevertheless, know one another *too* well. Perhaps, in fine, that degree of knowledge compatible with a complete costume and a center-board is just about right.

Something of the sort seems, in any event, to be the impression which Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Langner intend to convey in their pleasantly unpretentious little comedy. The scene is laid in Connecticut at the time of the Revolution. The heroine is the daughter of a pious mother and not too pious father; the hero, a handsome young Hessian who deserts his regiment because he is delighted by that sentence in the Declaration of Independence which declares for all the right, not only to life and liberty, but to the "running after happiness." This last character, delightfully played by a young German newcomer named Tonio Selwart, discovers that most Americans are not inclined to take too literally these phrases of the Declaration. He also finds some contradiction between them and the power exercised in New England by the clergy. But bundling reconciles him to everything, and he concludes with the opinion which it is obviously the purpose of the play to enforce—namely, that the America of 1777 was a rather agreeable place where the fanaticism of the Puritan was nicely tempered by the workings of unregenerate human nature. As for me, I was especially pleased by the foreigner's translation of "pursuit of happiness" into "running after happiness." No one can complain that it is not accurate, but if the authors of the Declaration had only used the more colloquial phrase there might have been less doubt then and now that they really meant what they said. "The Pursuit of Happiness" seems destined for success.

"Her Man of Wax" (Shubert Theater) is from the German of Walter Hasenclever, but it appears to have been so thoroughly "adapted" as to have lost whatever meaning it may once have had. The original was probably a satiric fantasy—more or less after the fashion of "Wings over Europe" or "The Miracle at Verdun"—in the course of which Napoleon comes to life in the Musée Grévin, is forced against his will to assume control of the French army, and then returns to wax when, for reasons rather obscure in the present version, he decides that the task of remaking Europe is hopeless. As presented here, the play becomes a vehicle for Miss Lenore Ulric, whose talents, it will be remembered, are not primarily political, and the big scene is that in which she rolls from the bed on to the floor in amorous transport. So much time is given over to these antics that very little remains in which to transact what was presumably the chief business of the play. Indeed, it is impossible to guess what the point was intended to be. At the waxworks Napoleon is hailed by Landru as a distinguished murderer like himself, and one gathers that the author is out to preach against the folly of fighting for peace. At other moments there is much talk about the world's need of a strong man and there emerges what appears to be a sort of fascist propaganda. The only thing which remains completely clear is the fact that Napoleon was much taken by Miss Ulric and that she returned his passion with pleasing abandon. I fear, however, that "Her Man of Wax" is not very satisfactory as either political satire or bedroom farce.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

AH, WILDERNESS. Guild Theater. Delightful sentimental comedy of Youth, written by Eugene O'Neill, although it doesn't seem to have been.

AS THOUSANDS CHEER. Music Box. Hard-hitting music satire of current events, with Clifton Webb, Helen Broderick and Leslie Adams. Best thing of its kind.

CHAMPAGNE, SEC. Morosco Theater. To be reviewed next week.

DOUBLE DOOR. Ritz Theater. An exciting melodrama obviously suggested by the Wendell case.

HEAT LIGHTNING. Booth Theater. Simple but exciting melodrama about two girls and a gas station in the great desert.

HER MAN OF WAX. Shubert Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

HOLD YOUR HORSES. Winter Garden. Amiable madness with Joe Cook.

KEEPER OF THE KEYS. Fulton Theater. To be reviewed later.

LET 'EM EAT CAKE. Imperial Theater. To be reviewed later.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Extraordinary production of an extraordinary play.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES. New Amsterdam. Unholy mixture of absurd melodrama and routine revue. Nevertheless big success.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON. 48th Street Theater. Pleasant little play held over from last season.

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theatre. To be reviewed later.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS. Empire Theater. To be reviewed next week.



The Nation

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AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS of non-recognition it is curiously moving to see the beginnings of a rapprochement between "these great peoples," as President Roosevelt calls them, "two great republics," as President Kalinin calls them—Russia and the United States. The largest, most energetic, and most hopeful nations of the West and of the East—how natural that they should be diplomatic friends, exchange ambassadors, and carry on trade of vast benefit to both. It is interesting to note, in the press comment on President Roosevelt's letter to the head of the Soviet state, that the old arguments about the wicked Bolshevik have melted away. The chorus of agreement is almost unanimous; the czarist debts, which were at one time such a stumbling-block to recognition, are barely mentioned. Mr. Duranty of the New York Times mentions them, but only to point out that were Russia to present counter-claims for American intervention on Russian territory, the much-mooted unpaid debts of the Czar's and the Kerensky governments would be met any times over. The New York Herald Tribune points out manfully that Russia's private morals need not engage

us; all we need is assurances that the Third International will not camp on our front doorstep. These assurances Russia may be presumed to be prepared to give. In short, the Bolshevik has come out from behind those whiskers and appears to look about like anybody else, with the important exception that he holds in his hands large contracts for the purchase of American goods. It should be remembered, however, that successful trade works both ways; we must be prepared to import Russian goods as well as to sell our goods to Russia. In the first eight months of 1933 imports from Russia almost exactly balanced exports to that country. This balance must be maintained for the full advantage of Russian recognition to be felt.

THERE ARE MANY AMBIGUITIES in the new monetary policy announced in the radio address of the President, but in so far as the statement is clear it is also extremely disheartening. It means that the value of the nation's currency is to remain uncertain. In September the equivalent of an open market was wisely established for gold, and the Treasury acted as agent for the purchase and sale of the metal, changing its prices each day strictly in accordance with fluctuations in the world price of gold—or rather, with changes in the gold value of the paper dollar—as reflected in prices in the London gold market. This policy is now to be changed. For some strange reason the purchase and sale of gold are to be transferred to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and the price at which gold is bought is to be determined not by world-market conditions but by the decision of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Roosevelt feels confident that this procedure will control the domestic and international value of the dollar. Actually what happens will depend upon the relation of the prices officially adopted to the conditions prevailing at the time. If the official price at which gold is bought is put above the world-market price of gold, naturally American miners will sell the R. F. C. all the gold they have; but this may affect the price of gold without affecting, except in an indirect and uncertain way, the value of the paper dollar.

THAT DOLLAR could be kept at a fixed relationship to any given price of gold only if the American government or the Federal Reserve System stood ready to buy all gold, old as well as new, and foreign as well as domestic, at a fixed price, and if it stood ready also to sell gold at the same figure to anybody on demand, and to any amount demanded. But if that were done, then the Federal Reserve System might be drained of every last piece of gold in its vaults, for if the idea were widely held that the price of gold might be raised—that is, that the value of the paper dollar might be lowered—tomorrow or next month, then everyone would rush to get gold immediately. Only a fixed and assured and permanent new gold value for the dollar could prevent these raids and this constant atmosphere of misgiving and uncertainty. President Roosevelt remarked in his radio speech: "Some people are putting the cart before the horse. They want a permanent revaluation of the dollar first. It is the

government's policy to restore the price level first." No progress can be made until it is understood that it is precisely the President who is putting the cart before the horse in this matter. Depreciation of the currency always raises the price level, but because of the uncertainty and the lack of confidence it involves, it never raises the price level in any proportion corresponding to the depreciation. This has been amply proved in the last few years not merely by our own experience but by that of Great Britain and Japan. We should have to have an appalling depreciation to get back to the price levels of 1926. The great need is a permanent revaluation, preferably in agreement with England, at the earliest possible moment, and a return to free and full gold convertibility.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is likely to find himself in a none too pleasant political predicament when the ballots of the New York City election are counted on November 7. The McKee candidacy, despite its ample finances, is slumping with the increasing realization by the electorate that the "Recovery Party" represents merely a Tammany faction seeking control of the machine, and that Mr. McKee's own record, apart from his fictitiously flamboyant thirty days as Acting Mayor, is that of a subservient Tiger henchman. Through the activities of "Jim" Farley the President is to a degree committed in the public view to giving aid and comfort to a movement which at its inception seemed likely to defeat the voters' first opportunity in twenty years to install a decent administration in New York City. That was bad enough in itself, and has already somewhat impaired the President's standing with the progressive following throughout the nation which hitherto had been enthusiastically loyal to him. But suppose on top of that Mr. McKee is defeated—which day by day grows increasingly likely. Where will that leave Mr. Roosevelt? It is true that he made a perfunctory utterance of neutrality early in the campaign. But Mr. Farley's unceasing activities, the inexcusable permission to Harry M. Durning, the newly appointed Collector of the Port of New York, to act as McKee's campaign manager, are manifest violations of the Administration's neutrality. Moreover, Mr. McKee, as his prospects darken, begins to lean more and more heavily on the alleged Roosevelt support, proclaiming it by inference in interviews and speeches.

THE INJECTION of Mr. McKee into the campaign, in so far as it had the connivance of the White House, displayed a tragic misunderstanding of the sources and values from which Mr. Roosevelt has, both before and since election, derived his most valuable support, and on which he must count for the success of his whole program. Not only was Mr. LaGuardia an outstanding progressive of national repute, holding, as Paul Y. Anderson points out elsewhere in this issue, a position in the House of Representatives matched only by that of Norris in the Senate, but his following is truly a fusion—a popular revolt against Tammany misrule in which party, in the conventional sense, plays and should play but a small role. Mr. LaGuardia with characteristic courage seized the first essentially Republican rally as the occasion to declare his complete independence of party and partisan commitments. The Republican machine bitterly opposed Mr. LaGuardia's nomination. So did Ogden Mills. That he and other leading Republicans are supporting the

fusion ticket furnishes no evidence that they view the issue otherwise than in terms of the city's obvious needs. But if a partisan interpretation has been advanced by the McKee strategists, Mr. Roosevelt has only himself and his man Farley to blame. It is happily not too late to rectify this error. A public statement making unmistakably clear that the White House is in no sense favoring the Flynn faction of Tammany and its candidate, Mr. McKee, would enable the President to escape the unfortunate consequences in which the supposedly astute Mr. Farley has entangled his chief.

JUST as in New York City, a combination of political and economic circumstances this year gives Philadelphia's citizenry an opportunity, for the first time in many years, to throw off the yoke of machine rule. "Boss Bill" Vare and his Republican organization, until now probably the strongest of its kind in the country, face the gravest crisis in their history. A strong, sincere, and honest minority, something virtually unknown in the sedate citadel of Republicanism, has brought about the near-miracle. On the tide wave of Democratic sentiment that Roosevelt created in the last election, an independent Democratic bloc, openly backed by Postmaster-General Farley, has turned out the Vare controlled clique that previously represented the Democratic Party, and taken charge. In addition, reinforcements from progressives led by Governor Gifford Pinchot and an insurgent Republican group called the Town Meeting Party, which threatens seriously to split the machine vote, have lent aid to the forces of revolt which threaten to destroy the Vare supremacy. In the primary election in September the combined vote of the independent Democrats and the rebellious Republicans was larger than the Vare total, a truly strange situation in Philadelphia. The election of November 7, in itself unimportant, because it is concerned only with four municipal offices and a hand-picked judiciary, but it may indicate a trend of consequence. Not only is the opposition confident in its new-found power but, what is more significant, Vare himself realizes that at last the worm has turned. "I can't believe it. I can't believe it," he muttered, after the primary. In the face of the present circumstances, what he will say on the morning of November 8 should not be hard to imagine.

THE FARM STRIKE, which was called off in May in order to allow time for the Administration to show what it could do for the farmer, has now been declared by Milo Reno, president of the Farm Holiday Association. How widely supported it will be is not predictable, but the demand for cost of production for their produce is one that most farmers can agree on. The disparity between farm prices and the figures set down in the Holiday Association chart of the cost of production is even greater than it was four months ago, and the association has now announced publicly its lack of faith in the Administration's program of relief. Farm leaders feel that the crop-reducing provisions of the farm-relief act are impossible of enforcement, and that they will only result in the setting up of a huge bureaucracy and the spending of millions of dollars which might better be applied to a direct government guaranty of cost of production. To the question whether such a guaranty would not also be difficult and expensive to administer, they reply that if President Roosevelt can decree that industry shall

have cost of production plus a profit he should be able to guarantee the farmer at least the first. As for the mortgage-refinancing provisions of the farm act, the Holiday Association considers the interest rate, 4 per cent, far too high to afford any real relief. The farm mortgage is, of course, the heart of the problem. Until some way is devised by which the farmer can pay interest on 1919 mortgages out of 1933 prices, his discontent will continue and deepen. He is determined not to give up his land. The strike and the demand for inflation are his immediate defensive weapons.

MARYLAND'S EASTERN SHORE has been indulging again in a nasty lynching with all the trimmings—beating down the jail doors with battering rams, dragging the Negro victim through the town with a rope around his neck, hanging him, burning his body, and cutting up the rope for souvenirs. The Negro, George Armwood, accused of having attacked a white woman seventy-one years old, was first taken to Baltimore and then returned to the county jail at Princess Anne. Although violence was anticipated by a good many persons, and the Negro was scheduled to remain a week in jail before being tried, the presiding judge and the State's attorney both assured Governor Ritchie that no alarm need be felt for him, and the Governor was willing to take their word for it. During the fracas at the jail not a shot was fired. The mob is said to have informed the police officers that it was armed but would not fire unless the police fired first, and the police politely refrained. As a result only one Negro died and eleven policemen were battered up a bit. No member of the mob received any injury. Governor Ritchie blames the judge and the State's attorney for not telling him that there might be trouble; a number of Marylanders blame the Governor because he took the word of the local officials; the revered and noble people of the Eastern Shore who made up the lynching mob were inclined to blame the whole matter on the fact that another Negro, Euel Lee, accused of the murder of four persons, had remained for months in jail. There have been twenty-one lynchings in America so far this year, as compared with ten for the whole of last year.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is the country's largest news-gathering service and ought to be its most impartial one. It is unfortunate, therefore, that it should be accused of a bias against labor organization and unfriendliness toward the purposes of the NRA, under the provisions of which a recognized place has been granted to labor organization in the recovery program. Yet at this year's convention of the American Federation of Labor a resolution was adopted instructing the executive council of the A. F. of L. to take steps to obtain for the telegraph operators of the Associated Press the right to organize under the NRA. The convention was told by a representative of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union that the United Press, the International News Service, and the Universal Service—the other chief news-gathering organizations of the country—have had union-shop relations with the telegraphers for years, but the Associated Press maintains an "attitude of aloofness from the provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act and actual hostility toward organized labor with respect to its own employees." No code has yet been filed for news-gathering services, owing, it is said, to the refusal of the Associated

Press to participate. Arthur Markel, deputy international president of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union, writes to *The Nation*:

When we started an organizing campaign among Associated Press operators some months ago we received reports of attempted intimidation of men desiring to affiliate with our organization. Both Mr. Noyes [the president] and Mr. Kent Cooper, general manager of the Associated Press, have refused to answer the specific question of whether or not the Associated Press officially countenances such terrorization of its employees.

THE AWARD of the Nobel Prize for Medicine to Professor Thomas Hunt Morgan is doubly gratifying to Americans in view of the fact that its propriety cannot possibly be questioned. The layman may know him only as the man who made the fruit fly, *Drosophila*, famous, but there is probably no living biologist whose contributions to science are more important than those which Professor Morgan has made to our knowledge of the mechanism of heredity. Thanks to his work, it is now not only definitely established that the genes carry the factors which determine the constitution of the offspring of any mating, but it is possible, in the case of *Drosophila*, at least, to draw a map showing the position of the particular genes responsible for the presence or absence of a given trait. If the problem of eugenics is ever solved, it will be solved on the basis of the investigations to which he has contributed so largely, which have had already the negative result of demonstrating the folly of any of the simple-minded procedures advocated by fanatics. Professor Morgan, now sixty-seven years old, was for many years professor of experimental zoology at Columbia University, but since 1928 he has been in charge of one of the laboratories at the California Institute of Technology.

IN HIS COMMENTS upon the provisions of the proposed motion-picture code Will H. Hays characteristically laid his emphasis upon the moral rather than upon the economic responsibility of the producers. Meanwhile, and under his auspices, Mae West is rapidly eclipsing the popularity of all other stars of the past or present. According to our energetic contemporary, *Variety*, papers from all parts of the country are clamoring for publicity material, and exactly 185 interviews with her have been published since April. In addition, *Liberty* has ordered a six-part serial story of her life, 1,200 newspapers have signed up for another serial biography of the same heroine, and *True Confessions* will publish a third. At the same time the Macaulay publishing house is having the finishing touches put to her new volume, "How to Misbehave"; *Cosmopolitan* is dicker-ing for a novelette; and articles have either already appeared or are scheduled to appear in *Vanity Fair*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Time*, and the *American Mercury*. Her last film is said to have earned about \$3,000,000 gross, and we note from the trade-paper advertisements of the new one that Miss West is offering prizes to the exhibitor who puts on the best advertising campaign and to the one who plays the film the greatest number of times. One prize is "a personally conducted 'Come up and see me sometime' trip to Hollywood"; the other is "a diamond-studded watch with an intimate inscription in the back; it's got to be good for a man like that."

The Future of the NRA

THE national-recovery machine, which the NRA has spent four months in putting together, is now about completed. There remains only the task of making it work. And this task the NRA must undertake with business entering another slump, with public support of the Roosevelt program noticeably dwindling, and with the farm-
in open revolt.

Last June, when the recovery bill was signed, President Roosevelt expressed the hope that "the ten major industries which control the bulk of industrial employment can submit their simple basic codes at once and that the country can look forward to the month of July as the beginning of our great national movement back to work." Instead, it has taken months to get these industries under codes. The financial panic of last spring frightened big business, but not enough to induce the industrialists to mend their ways. They sought to block the NRA at almost every turn. This was especially true of the coal and steel industries, the codes for which have only within the last week or so been adopted.

The recovery machine thus erected is far from perfect. No one realizes this better than General Hugh S. Johnson and Donald R. Richberg, the key officials of the NRA. They have not only had to face the stout opposition of the industrialists, but they have had constantly to work against time. If they had insisted upon detailed perfection and complete equity in every code, they would probably have little or nothing to show for their efforts of the last four months.

Hence, apart from the job of drawing up codes for numerous minor industries which were purposely left until last, the NRA is now entering the second stage of its activities. It must perfect the codes already adopted and devise ways and means of enforcing them. Why the problem of enforcement was put off until now is something of a mystery. At the NRA offices it is said that its officials have been under such pressure to get codes drawn up that they have simply had no time to give to the enforcement problem. On the other hand, Department of Labor officials as long ago as last August submitted a plan of enforcement which, so far as can be learned, received no consideration from the NRA. This plan would utilize the State labor departments and inspection services, and perhaps also the trade unions, as enforcement agencies. Most States have labor departments that are equipped to undertake this work. In addition, if thus brought into the picture the States would share with the federal government the responsibility for the success of the recovery program, which is something the Roosevelt Administration ought to desire, for it would tend to strengthen and broaden the support its program so sorely needs. However, the enforcement problem has been left virtually untouched. In consequence, as the hundreds of thousands of complaints pouring into national and local headquarters of the NRA would indicate, many abuses have grown up, and these may be difficult to correct or eradicate at this late date. Nor does it appear likely that the type of enforcement agencies, the so-called local compliance boards, which the NRA is now setting up will suffice to stop these abuses. For the most part these compliance boards are made up not

of disinterested parties but of local business men. The district labor boards being created to cope with disputes under Section 7a of the recovery laws are perhaps better equipped, but even they, since they are so few in number, cannot possibly hope to deal with all the violations of Section 7a that have been reported to date.

Enforcement, however, is not the only problem before the NRA. One of its chief objectives is the expansion of purchasing power. This it has so far failed to attain, though admittedly not entirely through its own fault. The labor provisions of the various codes have established minimum-wage limits but they have also reduced the number of working hours. Thus, though the wage rates in the lower grades may have been increased, many workers are actually receiving less pay because they are working fewer hours. Secondly, employment has not greatly increased as a result of the recovery program. The latest estimate of the American Federation of Labor shows that there has been a gain of 3,600,000 employed workers since the low point of March. This leaves nearly 10,000,000 jobless if we accept the A. F. of L. estimate for March, which showed 13,000,000 unemployed, or 14,000,000 if we take the figures of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, which asserted that 17,000,000 persons were without work last winter. In this connection, it is worth noting that the President's figures on unemployment in his radio speech were extremely loose. He accepted the figure of 14,000,000 unemployed, dismissed 4,000,000 as unemployable, and added 400,000 to the A. F. of L. figures for a grand total of 40 per cent back at work. Thirdly, production costs and prices have gone up. Whether this has resulted from the operation of the NRA or is a product of a "natural" economic recovery is not clear. Yet it is certain that the rise in prices has more than offset the small gain in purchasing power resulting from the increase in employment. The NRA is not anxious to plunge headlong into a price-fixing venture, although some of its officials are convinced that there is no other way of conserving the purchasing power that has been or can be built up as a result of the codes. True, most of these codes in themselves provide for disguised price-fixing, but in virtually every case prices have been revised upward, not downward. Fourthly, the farmers of the country make up the largest single class of buyers, and it is evident by now that neither the NRA nor the Agricultural Adjustment Administration has been able to help them. Here there has been a singular and inexplicable lack of coordination between two government recovery agencies, the more inexplicable because officials of both agencies understand that until the farmers' purchasing power is restored there can be no sound economic recovery. Fifthly, the unstable dollar, as NRA executives privately acknowledge, is now perhaps the chief obstacle to a revival of business activity and purchasing power. The fluctuating dollar and repeated hints from official quarters of the inflation to come prompted not only large corporations but individual consumers to lay in supplies before prices went up. While this contributed to the industrial boom that ran from May until August, it has now resulted in a marked contraction in buying just when buying is needed.

America, the Allies, and Hitler

HITLER has put the Allied nations in a serious hole. Of this there can be no doubt whatever, just as there can be no question that their present plight is of their own creation. So is Hitler himself. Had the victors in the World War, including, of course, the United States, lived up to their solemn pledges, had they disarmed sincerely and effectively, there would have been no Hitler and no such impasse as exists today. They have even no right to assert that they were taken by surprise. Months ago Hitler and his lieutenants warned Geneva that if there was not prompt disarmament Germany would withdraw, just as prior to his becoming Chancellor he outlined in complete detail the monstrous and criminal anti-Jewish policy which he subsequently carried out. With three-quarters of his speech explanatory of his Geneva action we are in entire accord, for it states the facts as to the post bellum conduct of the victors.

No reference to the sins of omission and commission can help us now and no crying, "We told you so," as *The Nation* is entitled to say. The only questions are how shall the victors extricate themselves from their position, how shall another war be prevented, and how shall the menace of Hitler—whose domestic prestige has again been greatly enhanced—be met. Well, if the leaders of nations could behave like ordinary, normal, and sensible people the course would be clear, however difficult. They would call an assembly for the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, to which the representatives of Germany would be asked on equal terms; they would promptly agree on far-reaching progressive disarmament on land and sea and in the air; and they would then proceed to rally against Hitler the united public opinion of the world and, if necessary, apply economic sanctions—after they had made good their plighted word and done justice to Germany.

Obviously, however correct this course, it would be a bitter one for England, France, Belgium, and Italy to follow. Its first effect would be further to improve Hitler's position at home. "Do you see," he would say to his fellow-citizens, "by a simple insistence upon our rights, without any force to back me, I have brought the Allies to their knees and made them behave, something the republic was never able to achieve." The calling of a conference for revision of the peace treaty would similarly be heralded as a tremendous moral triumph over the enemy. Even the granting today to Germany of the right to double her Reichswehr would be seized upon to fortify the Nazis' death-grip upon Germany. But what other just and constructive policy is there left? None that we can see. To start in cold blood a preventive war is unthinkable. Has the world not learned that wars correct no evil, accomplish no good, and only leave matters worse? It would be madness to resort to the sword now because the Allied faithlessness and blunders have brought about the present menace to all civilization.

But, our readers may ask, since it is almost impossible to expect England, France, and Italy to admit their past errors and retrace their steps, or to look for prompt, radical, and drastic action by the collapsing League of Nations, what

next? Well, we believe that President Roosevelt, who has now twice spoken out about world peace to all the world, should back up those admirable sentiments by taking the lead in offering disarmament, urging a revision of the peace treaty, and treating Germany as an equal among the nations in any and all negotiations. We notice that our contemporary, the *New Republic*, which once led in the effort to put America into the World War in order that we might have the opportunity to formulate a healing peace, has now thrown up the sponge and is calling on the United States to quit Europe. This we cannot do; our moral responsibility for what has happened is too great. Even if we wished to do so, our trade entanglements and the threat to our economic life which would come to us if hostilities should ensue would not permit. We say once more, for the hundredth time, that there can be no complete economic restoration and safety in the United States until there is genuine peace and economic restoration in Europe.

And next? When President Roosevelt goes on record thus, we would have him let the world know exactly how this country feels about Hitler, and lead in the encirclement of Germany, not by bayonets, but by a horrified and outraged world opinion. If it was a wise and successful American maneuver during the World War to drop pamphlets over Germany setting forth the American position and calling upon the German troops to surrender, cast off their rulers, and embrace democracy, it will surely be a similarly wise policy to show our detestation of Hitler and Hitlerism in such a way as to compel the publication of the whole in Germany. Even if he does nothing else we hope that the President, as the leader of this country, will promptly voice our complete reprobation for the bloody crimes committed under Hitler and for—what is worse even than the imprisonment without trial of multitudes and the fiendish condemnation to slow economic death of a million people—the threat to self-government, free speech, free thought, and liberty throughout the world.

We cannot see how President Roosevelt can hesitate when the situation abroad is so grave as to be almost desperate, and it is idle to think that we can sit by unscathed if the explosion comes. But even if none should come, there is a profound menace to America in every act of the Hitler Government. Its half-crazy representatives are organizing—perhaps even drilling—on our soil. Two or three times a day its propaganda—skilful this time—comes over the short-wave radio from Berlin. Let no one speak to us of Hitler's assurances that Germany desires peace. Last summer Goebbels, his propaganda minister, declared openly, without any protest from Hitler, that the Nazis would soon send 500,000 Brown Shirts to take back the Polish Corridor. The rise of the German dictator has in fact been achieved by deliberate falsification and cheating, by false promises never meant to be kept, by a Machiavellian policy of lying and roguery which makes it impossible for any unbiased person to accept any statement or pledge of Hitler's as of any worth whatever. Against this man and his government the moral opinion of this country must be ceaselessly alert.

"Buy Now!"

BETWEEN the upper millstone of the Albert Wiggins with their hundreds of thousands a year and the nether of the "laboring man" who gets his pay by the hour when he works lie several millions of our fellow-countrymen who, with their families—and they usually have families—may roughly be called the American middle class. One of them in this issue of *The Nation* tells how he spends his income of \$30 a week—an income which in 1929 was \$50 a week, or \$2,500 a year. The name he signs to his article is a pseudonym; he lives not far from New York City; he speaks plainly and simply enough, but the number of persons must be large who will cry "Me, too, brother!" to what he says.

What do the "Martins" spend their \$30 weekly for? Not rent; they still own their house; but 16 per cent of their weekly income goes for mortgage interest on a dwelling which they bought seven years ago for \$8,000 and were able to mortgage for half that amount. Twelve per cent of the income goes for taxes. The "Martins" have a telephone. Possibly for business reasons; more likely because people have telephones and what would they do without one? They burn both gas and electricity. The house demands that, and it would be silly to buy candles or kerosene—which would cost nearly as much—when all you have to do is push a button or light a match. They use the bus, the railroad, and keep a car in addition, the latter a business necessity. In addition to the gas and electricity and taxes and interest, the house needs coal. Add all this to the house and you get, by Mr. "Martin's" reckoning, \$11.95, or nearly 40 per cent for the house. Houses come high. Rent, even with gas and lighting added, would not be so high. Mr. "Martin's" point is that in 1926, when he bought it, his house took up less than a fourth of his income—although he apparently did not plan to reduce his mortgage and did not figure in the interest on his original \$4,000 as part of his rent—while now, when his income has been reduced, his house charges remain the same.

The "Martins" buy cigarettes and go to a dentist who charges them \$5 for pulling a tooth. "Motion pictures," says Mr. "Martin," "are a necessity rather than a luxury." Millions of Americans would agree. It is particularly interesting to note that the "Martins," when they must spread the \$10 left to them out of their \$30 over all the necessities of life not coming strictly under the head of what they consider fixed charges, save on food: they eat less "meat, cake, ice cream, soft drinks, candy."

It would be easy to analyze the "Martin" income and point out the defects in the spending of it. Too much for a dwelling, even when times were good. Too much for transportation, too much for unnecessary luxuries like the movies and tobacco, a general reorganization of their standard of living needed. But it would be a graceless and stupid analysis. What is going to happen to all the families of Martins? They can't go on paying for living as they used to live, much less take part in a general buying campaign. They must just hang on and wait for the lightning to strike. Boom times again; the Martins would be all right then. But in the meantime—what?

The Doubly Dead

WE are seriously wondering if we will ever visit either the new Carl Akeley Hall of African Life at the American Museum of Natural History or any part of the vast Theodore Roosevelt Memorial now going up on the Central Park side of the old museum building. It is true enough that the preliminary accounts of both sound thrilling in print. Certainly no pains, or skill, or money is being spared in the effort to make the new exhibits the last word in things of that kind. Craftsmen have gone to Africa to study the landscape. Whole cargoes of moss, dried plants, and tree trunks have been shipped to New York, and these the artists will use in building up the "habitat groups" intended to make the exhibits as lifelike as possible.

But after all the skill is exhausted and all the labor spent, how lifelike will they really be? Sad experience and the memory of depressing hours spent in museums compel us to confess our fears that they will not be lifelike at all. The more elaborate they become, the more painstakingly they are arranged, the more distressingly evident it becomes that the whole is a ghastly fraud from which facts may possibly be learned but from which one certainly gets no ~~more~~ whatever of that living, breathing reality in which lies the charm of animal life. A well-arranged cage with two ordinary monkeys attracts twice the interest, and we think that it is also, in the truest possible sense, more "educational."

There are few persons who have not experienced the peculiar lassitude which half an hour in almost any museum produces. There is no worse way of looking at pictures, even though they seem more at home there than does anything else; and thousands of travelers who go to Italy to look at art wonder, after a day of sight-seeing, why they came. But of all museums there is none quite so deadly as a natural-history museum, even—or perhaps especially—to those who are interested in living creatures. It is not, we hope, that we are sentimental; not primarily because we have certain unreasonable qualms at the thought of the slaughtered creatures. It is because, after all the slaughter and all the careful taxidermy, the animals have become so dull, indisputably lifeless in the dusty rigor of their "lifelike" attitudes.

Perhaps we are a little morbid on the subject. Perhaps others do not feel with the same force the parody which the exhibits constitute of the very things they are supposed to celebrate. But we are always acutely conscious of the stuffing within. The very skin and fur look dry and harsh, ready at any moment to fall into a most unwholesome dust. For all the camphor and other more recondite repellents which we know must be inclosed in those cases of glass, we sense the moths at work; and yet this most deadly—because half-real—sort of waxworks is supposed to give us the sense of the abounding activity which it so maligns.

Surely the secret of the outrage is exactly here. Animals are interesting because they are alive, and life is what natural history is supposed to celebrate, but there is nothing more completely, emphatically dead beyond all hope of pious resurrection than a collection of stuffed animals. Neither the mummy of a Pharaoh nor the water-soaked corpse of a suicide could put faith in immortality to a severer test.

Issues and Men

The Case of Albert Wiggin

THE case of Albert Wiggin is not different from others brought out by the Senate inquiry. He is essentially a product of these times. I feel the more deeply about it, however, because in my rare contacts with him I have found him much more broad-minded than the average Wall Street banker, with an understanding of the European situation most unusual downtown. Everyone who went through the panic of 1907 as a bank official or director will remember with gratitude the admirable service Mr. Wiggin gave at that time in holding the banking situation together, as chairman, if I remember rightly, of the emergency committee formed by the Clearing House. This makes it only the more regrettable that he too stands convicted of yielding to the mania for getting enormously rich in the shortest possible time. The whole story is sordid and shameful.

What I cannot understand about these men is why they were so selfish in holding on to their own large salaries, and in Mr. Wiggin's case increasing them, at the very time that their enterprises were jeopardized by falling revenues and they were cutting the salaries of their employees. Some of them, again like Mr. Wiggin, were vociferous in their demands that labor "take its share" of the deflation and submit to drastic wage cuts. People who have known the plight of bank clerks in New York, the long hours they have worked and the wretched wages they have received, have every reason to be especially resentful of such incidents as the paying of \$1,500,000 in a single year to Charles Mitchell, and of \$1,100,000 to Mr. Wiggin in four and a half years before his retirement with a pension of \$100,000 a year. As I wrote in connection with George Hill of the American Tobacco Company, who paid himself and his associates \$2,000,000 in a year, and Eugene Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, who was paid \$1,000,000 a year, there are no men on earth who are worth such salaries. We pay the President of the United States \$75,000 a year, plus a \$25,000 traveling allowance and certain other perquisites. If that is enough salary for the highest position in the country, and I am sure it is, there is no reason that larger sums should be paid to the heads of private corporations. That these men have failed to realize this is one of the most extraordinary phases of the whole situation. I do not deny their remarkable ability—at least in good times when everything is going well—but their ability has never enabled them to take a detached view of their own actions and of the natural and logical consequences of the things that they do. They themselves are responsible for the fact that the profit system is endangered as never before. From the point of view of those who wish to take private profit out of business these great executives are doing great service, but it has been done at the expense of underpaid minor employees and manual laborers, and of the stockholders whose interest these overpaid executives are there to protect.

Still another thing that passes my understanding is that men actuated like Mr. Wiggin did not jump at the chance to display real generosity and leadership. Why wasn't there

one of them with sufficient nobility of spirit to come forward and say that as long as \$15- and \$20-a-week employees had to take cuts he would not draw more than \$1,000 a month, or nothing at all? That would not have hurt, for all these men have built up great private fortunes, not merely because they save a part of their salaries, but because, as a friend of mine put it, "If you are at the pie counter you can't help eating pie." These men have had endless opportunities, from their inside knowledge of what was going on in the political, financial, and economic world, to build up their private fortunes—I mean legitimately, given the system that has obtained. I know, of course, that they usually have large commitments, that they have expensive country places and town houses to maintain, not to speak of winter residences in Florida, and that they find it as hard as the poor man to cut expenses when the crash comes. But even so "nobility obliges." The head of a great institution or a great railroad ought to take the same kind of medicine that is given to his subordinates, and in far larger doses. It is always expected of the colonel of a regiment—at least it was until war became a matter of trenches—that he would place himself at the head of his men, ready to be the first to fall if necessary, and we still admire the captain of the ship who goes down with her when she sinks. What would it not have meant to the minor employees of the Chase Bank if they had known that Mr. Wiggin had denied himself all salary from January 1, 1930, on? He would not have gone bankrupt or lacked food or clothes, and he would have been repaid a thousand times over in the increased loyalty that his working force would have given him. Certainly, had he done so, stockholders would not feel so badly today about the revelation that 77 per cent of the value of the holdings of the Chase Securities Company has evaporated since 1929. That he, through a private company, gambled in the stock of his own bank—only to be rewarded by a pension of \$100,000 a year—is enough to make every decent official of the Chase hang his head and every stockholder vow vengeance.

Of course these men are the very ones who rave against the tyranny of organized labor and its grasping character. They wish to die multimillionaires, but they are very angry at the impudence of their employees in aspiring to have nice homes, radios, phonographs, and automobiles, sufficient income to give their children better opportunities than they have had, and an occasional opportunity to go to a good theater. It is just because of their shortsightedness and greed, their inability to put themselves into the other fellow's shoes, their failure to live up to their obligations and opportunities, that the Administration of Franklin Roosevelt is now moving to make such preposterous salaries impossible.

Orval Garrison Villard

"Buy Now"—on \$30 a Week

By JAMES R. MARTIN

OUR local NRA committee has just started a "Buy Now" campaign. We are urged to increase our buying to the limit, so that factories can be busy again and the millions of unemployed be put back at work. I wish I could buy more, but I can't. My total earnings of \$2,500 a year in 1929 have shrunk to about \$1,500 today. But many of my expenses have not shrunk at all. That is the reason I cannot buy more, and am, indeed, on the road to ruin. If my case were an exception, it would be just my hard luck. However, I think it is typical of the situation in which the great mass of consumers find themselves today. I suspect my own decline in income of 40 per cent since 1929 represents just about the national average.

Prices have not come down with incomes. Food, clothing, merchandise have fallen substantially, yes. But I still pay 1929 boom-time prices for mortgage interest, taxes, telephone, electricity and gas, bus and commuting fares, movies, insurance, doctors and dentists, and coal, and fairly high prices for gasoline and motor oil, tobacco and cigarettes, and ice.

In 1926 I bought an \$8,000 house and borrowed a \$4,000 mortgage. I am still paying 6 per cent on that \$4,000, despite the fact that the mortgagee lent me dollars that were inflated and wouldn't buy so much, while I have to pay him now in dollars that can buy a great deal more. Of my \$30 weekly earnings, I have to pay almost \$5 for this interest.

My tax bill did not fall at all during the first three years of the depression, and this year was reduced only 10 per cent. Taxes take almost \$3.60 each week.

Telephone rates are the same as they were in 1929. The stockholders are still receiving the high dividend of 9 per cent on their money, the bond-holders are still getting the same interest, and the officials and employees, after "suffering" a temporary salary reduction of 10 per cent in the past year, have just had their pay restored to its boom-time levels. None of these classes know that there is a depression, but the customers do.

Electric and gas rates are still the same, although the company advertises that it has made reductions. My bill on a weekly basis runs to about \$1.25. The company's bondholders are receiving their interest in full, the common-stock dividends were paid right up to a few months ago, and the salaries of officials and employees have been reduced only 15 per cent.

Bus fares remain high. Before the war the street-car company charged five cents flat over a sizable region. Now the bus company charges ten, fifteen, or twenty cents, according to zones, and declares that it is losing money. The company attempted to obtain a State-wide monopoly and bought out one independent bus system after another at fancy prices. In this way it ran up a huge bonded debt, and now claims that the heavy interest charge on this debt makes lower bus fares impossible. Yet it makes no attempt to lower these charges, takes good care of the stockholders, and pays high salaries to a large number of officials.

Motion pictures are a necessity rather than a luxury. The three theaters in our town charged forty cents in boom times and made money. Two of them were leased at a high rent and for a long term by a large motion-picture producing company, which immediately raised the price to fifty cents and has kept it there. I suppose that besides the high rents it also must pay heavy bond-interest charges, a host of high-salaried officials, and dividends on at least the preferred stock. If these movie admissions had fallen as much as my income has since 1929, they would be twenty-five cents today. The third theater is a neighborhood institution that still charges forty cents as it did in 1929. The manager told me the price of admission could not be reduced because the producers still charge 1929 prices for films, and the theater building is under a long-term lease fixed in the high-price years. The theater company is owned by three New Yorkers who spend their winter vacations in Florida.

The railroad which carries many local commuters to New York every day has not only refused to lower rates but raised them 15 per cent. The railroad asserts that it carries the commuters at a loss. The fact is that for ten years the civic interests of the State have been trying, after extensive studies by experts, to persuade the railroads in this area to pool their commuting business in a unified, electrified rapid-transit system. This would mean profit instead of loss to the railroads, and a saving of time for the commuters. The railroads, jealous of their individual independence, have refused to do this, and the passengers pay the cost in time and money.

Coal is still around \$14 a ton in this area. The coal bill is an important one in the consumer's budget; for me it amounts to about \$2.10 a week. Oil for my automobile is about what it was in 1929. Gasoline is back to eighteen cents a gallon, which is only two cents away from the five gallons for a dollar of boom days. Both cost me about \$2 a week. So many petroleum companies have sunk wells that cutthroat competition has resulted, and five months ago the price of gas went down to eleven cents. Then the companies all got together under the NRA code, restricted production, fixed a "fair price," and gas shot up to eighteen cents a gallon.

Cigarettes at twelve cents a package have fallen 20 per cent since 1929, or only half of the fall in my income. Probably that is the reason why some of these tobacco companies have until recently been able to pay million-dollar bonuses to certain executives, and why the National City Bank in a recent survey stated that the tobacco manufacturers had been able to maintain their boom-time profits more successfully than any other line of business.*

I had a tooth pulled recently. The dentist charged me \$4 for two X-ray views and \$5 for pulling the tooth. These were the same rates he charged four years ago. Doctors' and dentists' bills for us average \$1.25 a week. The rates are still high.

A decent lunch costs almost as much as it did in

* Quoted in an editorial in the New York Herald Tribune, August 22, 1933.

1929. The reductions have been astonishingly small. In drugstores ice-cream sodas and sundaes and coffee still cost the old high prices. Many of these places complain of the high rent they still have to pay on account of long-term leases contracted when rentals were fabulous. The more fundamental reason, it seems to me, is that there are far too many eating places and drugstores. Each gets so small a share of the available business that it has to charge high prices to make ends meet. One would think that competition between all these places would lower prices until it drove the excess number out of business. It doesn't work out that way. These businesses have learned to keep prices at a certain level. It is another case of the consumer having to support too many firms.

All these things cost us \$20 a week. They cost us the same amount in 1929. There has been no reduction. But then I was earning \$50 a week and these necessities were only 40 per cent of my income. Now I am making only \$30 a week and they are 66 per cent of my income. I had \$30 left over then. I have only \$10 left now. After paying a reduced amount for food and cheap shoes, I have nothing with which to buy the clothing, furniture, rugs, automobiles, books, lamps, and other merchandise whose production would keep our factories busy and restore employment to millions. That is why the factories are largely idle. The consumers have nothing left with which to buy merchandise after they have paid tribute to mortgage and bond owners, electric-light and gas companies, bus and railroad systems, coal barons, motion-picture producers, doctors and dentists, and the oil and gas price-fixing combine.

What can I buy? A new automobile or even a second-hand one is out of the question for me. I shall have to continue using my five-year-old car. I know clothing prices have declined, but I am wearing a slightly worn suit which I bought from my brother for \$10. My last pair of shoes was purchased eight months ago. I have not bought a necktie for two years. The radio has worn out and we haven't reached the point where we can spare \$15 for a new one. We haven't bought any furniture or house furnishings for four years. We do not patronize plays, concerts, or big games. Summer vacations are no longer possible, and a week-end trip would cost money we couldn't afford. We have even cut down on food—less meat, cake, ice cream, soft drinks, candy.

Our expenses are more than our income. That is why our savings have gone down to a few hundred dollars in the bank against illness or disaster. The securities we had were sold two years ago at a loss. We have begun to borrow on our insurance. The taxes for 1933 are not yet paid and probably won't be. We can discontinue the telephone, but the automobile is a business necessity. If you think we haven't been thrifty, try and run a home on \$30 a week.

Now we find that prices are going up again, although our income is not. The NRA is supposed to increase employment and raise wages. Several million of the unemployed are back at work, it is true, but the wage level has not risen, except in a few industries. The minimum wage has too often been made a maximum wage as well. The point I wish to make is that a rise in wages and incomes may still be a long way off. Meanwhile, the burden of having to pay 1929 prices for so many necessities is crushing us—and making it impossible for us to "Buy Now."

F. H. La Guardia

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

IN one living outside New York, the prospective election of Fiorello H. La Guardia cannot fail to inspire mixed feelings. This is particularly true of a Washington correspondent whose duties bring him into frequent and intimate touch with Congress. If "the Major" becomes chief magistrate of the metropolis, it is questionable that he would ever be content to return to the House of Representatives. This is a disturbing thought, because the House without La Guardia is about as piquant and stimulating as boiled cabbage without seasoning. His position there was unique, being comparable only to that occupied by Norris in the Senate, and the likeness is the more remarkable when the contrast in personality is observed. One is a patient, plodding, homespun ex-judge from a Midwestern hamlet; the other, a fiery, colorful, crusading cosmopolite, product of the world's greatest city. Yet beneath these attributes may be discerned a similarity of character and purpose which explains the influence exercised by each in his sphere. Norris's extraordinary prestige in the Senate exists in spite of formal party lines. Although nominally a Republican, his voice has carried as much weight with Democrats—possibly more. His influence arises out of the universal recognition of his sincerity, courage, intelligence, poise, sense of justice, and unselfish devotion to the public good. Precisely the same things were true of La Guardia in the House. He commanded equal respect on both sides of the aisle because his motives always were above challenge, because he always knew what he was talking about, and because he was not afraid.

La Guardia's importance as a national figure was not fully realized by the House and the men who record its decisions until they were confronted in the last session with the gaping hole left by his retirement. I have seen some imposing figures removed from that lower chamber by defeat and death, but never have I known one whose absence was as keenly felt on every hand as was "the Major's." His bitterest enemies—and he never hesitated to make them—reluctantly conceded that he had "performed a useful function." As a matter of fact, the function which he performed is indispensable in a well-balanced legislative body. It consisted in subjecting every measure or proposal, regardless of party sponsorship, to the acid test of intelligent analysis, and in supporting or opposing it strictly on that basis. Many a time during the last session, when bewildered members were being asked to vote on bills they had not read or did not understand, they were heard to sigh: "If only the Major were here to tell us what this is all about."

Sentiment in the press gallery was much the same. True, "the Major" was a news-maker of the first rank. He did not hesitate to denounce a corrupt federal judge on the floor, or by leaving the floor to divest himself of his Congressional immunity in order to defy Sam Insull from the steps of the House Office Building. But that is not exactly the reason the reporters liked him—contrary to popular impression, there is a surplus rather than a shortage of news in Washington. Rather they liked him because he invested the news with color and significance. Most of all, however, they liked him—and would welcome his return—because

possesses nerve without bravado, wit without venom, and eloquence without bombast. In short, because he is a regular fellow instead of a stuffed shirt.

Of course, if one had the misfortune to live in New York and were compelled to bear the cost and endure the consequences of municipal graft and misgovernment; if the security of one's life and property depended on cleaning up a rotten mess and installing a competent administration, one would hasten to plump for "the Major," and thank God for the opportunity. But nearly 120,000,000 of us live outside of New York. What Congress does is infinitely more important to us than what the New York City administration does. Congress contains plenty of dumb-bells like O'Brien

and tricksters like "Holy Joe" McKee, but "the Major" was in a class by himself. We may harbor a natural impulse to rebuke the Daugherty-like stratagems of Jim Farley—his transparent attempt to capture Tammany under the guise of a "reform" or (heaven save the mark!) "recovery" movement—but we can hardly be expected to work up a lather over the tribulations of New York taxpayers, subway riders, and users of gas and electricity, until they display a more convincing interest in their own welfare. So, much as I like and admire "the Major," I cannot carry a torch for him in this campaign if there remains a chance to get him back in Washington—where he is appreciated. It would be too much like supporting Senator Norris for Mayor of Omaha.

The Physical Director and the Depression

By KATHERINE FERGUSON

THERE is no profession in the world that should carry with it more of a spiritual and bodily panacea for its unemployed members than that of physical education and recreation work. When a teacher and leader of such activities has spent from five to twenty years in directing the leisure time and the physical and recreative welfare of others, and has striven to uphold the message of "mens sana in corpore sano," he should be able, at need, to do all this for himself. It is perhaps true that more than 50 per cent of the unemployed in this calling would be quite happy and willing to apply their teachings to themselves if it were not necessary for them to use at least part of their time as a means of support. Those who have been able to find another vocation may still retain the beneficial practices derived from their former experience, or they may have so lost faith in those practices that they consider them a waste of time even as an avocation.

About 1912 the prestige of the physical-training profession began to increase. Progressive cities established playground commissions, several States passed compulsory laws for recreation facilities, and the more advanced public and private schools instituted or further developed a course of "physical culture." If there were occasional complaints from farmers who considered that their children had sufficient exercise and fresh air at home, from parents who disliked for their own favored youngsters the strenuous program *en masse*, and from taxpayers of limited vision who thought that playground administration was merely teaching kittens to play and that gymnasium classes for adults in night school were superfluous, these were all forgotten when the World War arrived. After the publication of those astounding figures (I've forgotten what they were) showing the number of young men who were physically unfit for military service, the country became very much aroused to the need of education for health. All possible activities to promote health and recreation were immediately set up. Schools, colleges, civic centers, semi-philanthropic organizations, churches, clubs, industrial plants, and retail establishments fostered a program of physical education, and where there was no organization, individuals banded together for the sole purpose

of engaging in some such activity. And they all hired one or more trained persons to direct the work. The main objects of the movement were to enable potential soldiers to meet the physical tests when their time came to serve, to safeguard the health of mothers and future mothers of the nation, and to keep up the morale of those at home.

After the war the standing of the profession began to stabilize, and when the glorious reason for the training of supermen and Amazons and for the preservation of cheerfulness in the face of disaster was removed, promoters of health-education departments began to consider the advisability of maintaining a set of rather expensive employees. The fad for reducing, the vogue of tap-dancing, and the therapeutic exercises carried on in veterans' hospitals opened some new opportunities, but within the last four years the physical-training profession has shown, with so many others, a decided drop in openings for its members.

In the present state of the country there is suffering with no colorful battles, there is deprivation without the satisfaction of knowing that it is for a noble cause, there are viciously unhealthy conditions of body and mind with not even the hope of an imminent military victory to better them. Where programs of physical exercise and recreation were formerly carried on to make people forget their hard labor and anguish of spirit, the need now is to reestablish those same activities for a vast group that has nothing but leisure time and has found that fact harder to forget than the most difficult labor, and that has a despair never caused by reading casualty lists or giving up sugar. From newspapers, periodicals, the pulpit, and the lecture platform come ever-recurring recommendations that a constructive program of health and recreation be worked out for the unemployed and the younger citizenry. If one has kept up with school-board meetings for the past two years, one will have noticed that where faculties have been cut down, the teachers of art, music, dramatics, and physical training have been the first to go. Clubs and organizations which built expensive gymnasiums and swimming pools have been obliged to dismiss directors for lack of funds. Welfare workers in factories and department stores are no longer considered essential. One of

the largest federal prisons for women in the country has been without a physical instructor for years.

Physical instructors themselves may be divided into four groups: (1) graduates of one of the four or five established special schools of physical training who have no academic degree; (2) graduates of a university or college who have majored in physical education and are qualified to teach other subjects in addition; (3) leaders who have taken summer or other short courses in recreation work; (4) volunteers who have had practically no training. In the past when a highly specialized physical-training teacher was demanded, one was usually selected from the first group, just as a teacher was hired from a normal school and a commercial worker from a business college. Lately, with the mania for degrees, the college graduate who has majored in physical education has been given consideration; she has additional economic value in that she can teach one or two other subjects. Members of the third group have often given up the work when there

was not a great demand for it. If they have not continued their training, their departments usually suffer from a limited scope. In lean times the volunteer should have small favor. The girl of means who can dance, play tennis, and swim is not exactly a practical investment as an instructor, or a particularly striking advocate of economic rehabilitation.

The unemployed of this profession have many things to ponder while they are waiting for appointments and wondering if it would be better to learn chocolate-dipping. Is the idea of active participation for all in exercise and healthful diversions going out? Is passive exercise to be one of the modern improvements? Or is an intensive health-education and recreative program, such as was so necessary during war time for the welfare of the citizens, going to be just as indispensable in peace time to uphold that welfare?

[This is the ninth of a series of articles on the effect of the economic crisis on the professions. Others will appear in subsequent issues.]

Money—Servant or Master?

By DAVID WARREN RYDER

THIS is an age of plenty. The problem of production is solved. With the friendly aid of science and invention, man has at last won the age-old battle with scarcity. Today we can produce enough for all. What stands in the way of all sharing in this plenty, what engenders the cruel paradox of dire want in the midst of abundance? One thing—an inept financial system. This system, which is a carry-over from the pre-industrial era, simply will not permit of enough money reaching the people to enable them to buy what the industrial machine can produce. That is the major cause of the depression, which would be cured tomorrow if all the people who need and want goods and services had the money to pay for them.

It is hard for a truth as simple as this to be perceived. It has been obscured by the controversies of the "experts" who were called in to examine the patient and remained to quarrel over the cadaver. Now the babel begins a little to subside. And in the comparative quiet, voices of clarity have a chance to be heard. One such voice is that of the Scottish engineer-economist, Major C. H. Douglas, who for twenty years, in the face of a formidable conspiracy of silence, has been proposing fundamental financial reform. Long before the depression set in, he predicted it—as the inevitable consequence of a financial system which allows a mere handful of men, non-elected and answerable to no one, to control the very lifeblood of all business, industry, and commerce; and to do so, not in the interest of the people, or even of business, but solely in the interest of themselves. "Conspiracy of silence"—I use the term advisedly. When, shortly after the close of the World War, Douglas first publicly enunciated his proposals, they were taken up eagerly and widely discussed. But when it seemed that discussion would lead to concrete action, suddenly the lid was clamped on, and during six years not an important publication in Great Britain so much as mentioned his name. Not until the world lay paralyzed in depression could he break through the ring of silence. Meanwhile Australia and New Zealand have taken up his

ideas with vim; in the latter country sixteen members of Parliament are pledged to put the plan into execution.

The Douglas program of financial reform, known generally as "Social Credit," although fundamental and far-reaching, is comparatively simple. Essentially it consists of three propositions: (1) the socialization of credit, (2) the just price, and (3) national dividends for all.

In discussing the first proposition, Douglas points out that of the various kinds of money, credit or "check-money" is by far the most important. For just as gold replaced earlier kinds of money, and currency later displaced gold, now credit has so far supplanted currency that it is used to transact nine-tenths of the world's business. Moreover, under the existing financial system, the exclusive right to create and destroy it vests in the banks, which create it whenever they make a loan and destroy it whenever a loan is repaid. This power is too vast and vital to remain in private hands, and Social Credit would lodge it solely in the state. Banks would then be simply custodians of money instead of, as now, creators and destroyers of it as well. They could accept deposits, but would have to keep dollar-for-dollar behind them, and could not lend other peoples' money except with its owners' consent. Instead of paying us interest, we should pay them something for looking after any money we cared to put in their custody. This, it seems, was always the practice until the banks acquired the privilege of creating money—and found it so lucrative that they could afford to hire ours as a basis for issuing ten times as much of their own. Paying us three or four cents a year for a dollar whose possession gives them the right of creating ten extra dollars to lend at seven, eight, or ten cents apiece a year is a pretty good "racket," and one can scarcely blame them for wanting to retain it.

Since this kind of money costs nothing to create—save for a few cents to cover book entries—it would be lent by the government *without interest*. Obviously, not to every would-be borrower, any more than that is now done by the banks.

but to all legitimate and established enterprise. If, for instance, a hat manufacturer who had been in the habit of borrowing from the banks to carry on his business needed money for this purpose, under Social Credit the government would let him have it *without interest*, requiring repayment after the hats, for the manufacture of which the money was borrowed, had been sold. The manufacturer, not having to pay interest on his borrowings, could afford to sell his hats for substantially less, which would permit more people to buy them. Thus, through free credit, industry would be able to produce goods more cheaply, and consumers would be able to buy more goods.

People get money in the main from wages, salaries, and dividends disbursed by industry in the course of production. The principal reason that they never have enough money to buy the total product is that the producer must always take back, in prices, not only what he has disbursed in wages, salaries, and dividends, but also his expenditures for raw materials, plant and equipment depreciation and renewal, taxes, and interest on bank loans. Obviously, if he is to stay in business, he has to get back all his costs, even if he has only distributed part of them in purchasing power.

To compensate for this deficiency in purchasing power, Social Credit offers the "just price," which provides for the sale of goods to the ultimate consumer at less than *financial* cost—the difference to be made up to the sellers by the government treasury. This would be done by the issuance of new money or by entries of book credit—whichever proved more expedient. And the basis for this new money or credit would be the additional goods produced; since these would have added a commensurate amount to the national *real*—as distinguished from *financial*—wealth. In the last analysis, it is exactly on this basis that the banks now expand the money in circulation. Under Social Credit the only difference would be that the necessary new money would be obtained *without the creation of a new debt to the banking system*, the government simply recognizing that additional *real* wealth was a proper basis for the issuance of sufficient new money to reflect such additional wealth.

The idea of selling goods below financial cost of production is further justified by the contention that the *real* cost of production is simply cost of consumption, which is always less than the financial cost of production. Social Credit merely proposes selling at this real cost instead of at financial cost. In practice it would work out like this: If, during a specified period, financial cost of gross production was \$500,000 and financial cost of gross consumption was \$400,000, then goods would be sold to consumers at four-fifths of production cost. Thus if the financial cost to all sellers was \$450,000, the total price paid by the consumers would be four-fifths of that amount, or \$360,000. The balance of \$90,000 would be provided by the government through the issuance of new money or credit, backed by the \$100,000 in additional *real* wealth which had been produced during this period.

Prices being thus lessened, more goods would be sold, so that both consumers and producers would benefit from each increase in national production. And since the new money would not be issued until after the new goods were on the market, there would be no rise in prices, but rather a rise in the standard of living. Moreover, with the home market continually expanding, that frantic rivalry for foreign mar-

kets which is the chief cause of war would be unnecessary.

Recognizing that man-power will be rendered more and more unnecessary by the increasing application of solar energy to the various agencies of production, Social Credit expects unemployment to continue to increase. This, however, can be made a blessing instead of, as now, a terrible curse, provided that it is transformed into leisure through a system which insures that more and more of the fruits of the machine shall be distributed to everyone. With a financial system accurately reflecting our effective production system, hours of work and the working week can both be shortened materially, and wages substantially increased. Furthermore, to assure everyone at least the necessities of life, Social Credit proposes to pay every individual, employed or unemployed, a "national dividend." This would be based on and paid out of the national *real* wealth, and its amount would rise or fall with the increase or decrease of total yearly production of such wealth. Thus deliberate idleness would be discouraged, for if too many people decided to cease work and live on the dividend, the amount of it would decrease until they were impelled to return to work.

The theoretical right of everyone to this dividend rests on the fundamental principle that every individual is entitled to share in the "cultural inheritance of the race." As a nation's real wealth increases through the application of science and invention to its productive agencies, everyone should share in it. But the practical justification of the dividend is that, by assuring everyone the means of procuring at least the basic needs of life, it would do away with the necessity for such things as unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, the dole, and all the other clumsy and inept methods now employed to transfer purchasing power from one group of people to another. It would also vastly reduce the burden of taxation.

There is more to the Social Credit program than can be stated in this space. However, it is essentially on these three fundamental propositions that it rests. The logic behind them—the logic and the practicability of the whole Social Credit movement—are epitomized in a short paragraph in Douglas's last book, "Warning Democracy":

If it were in the nature of things that in some way the quantity of money in the world was fixed by the laws of nature, our case would be desperate. But we find by technical investigation that it is not so fixed; that the amount of money in the world is almost entirely dependent upon the action of those institutions which we call banks; that, in fact, the banking system can, and does, control the prosperity of every country in the world, and that the banking system is a man-made system controlled by men, and can be altered by men.

"Systems," someone has written, "were made for men and not men for systems"; and for emphasis it might be added that high above all systems—theological, political, financial—rises the true interest of man, which is self-development. It is in recognition of this—it is to permit and encourage man's self-development—that Social Credit would free him from the slavery imposed by the present financial system, realizing that other forms of freedom are largely meaningless as long as a man remains economically bound. To give man this freedom, to assure him the fruits of his great victory over nature, Social Credit proposes a financial system that will make money the servant and not the master of mankind.

Milwaukee Stays Socialist

By RUBEN LEVIN

Milwaukee, October 15

CITIZENS throughout the land, as they sit down anew to sip the beer that made Milwaukee famous, are wondering what has happened to dim its other, sounder fame as a model city, free of crime, bare of graft, a shining example of financial husbandry. They have read that the glory of this city, ruled by those wicked Socialists, has darkened; that its dramatic, Lincolnian Mayor, Daniel Webster Hoan, has been the target of a recall movement; that grand-jury indictments have besmudged its record; that its treasury, once overflowing, is now barren; that municipal employees have to wait three months for their pay; and that taxpayers are in ferment and turmoil. Many are puzzled by this strange turn of affairs. The city they pointed to as an example of sound municipal government has seemingly failed them. The recall, the indictments, the payless pay days do not fit at all into the former picture of Milwaukee as the "miracle" city of the land. Is it possible that the hosannas sounded over Milwaukee during the past two years were all ballyhoo?

Let us see. Most of the acclaim about the city's financial condition was centered around its so-called \$4,000,000 surplus—a word city officials denied using and manfully tried to down—at a time when other communities, their treasuries in many cases mulcted by grafters, were plunging into bankruptcy. This reputed "surplus"—in reality the remnant of unspent bond issues—came as the culmination of a long series of financial reforms dating back, Socialists maintained, to their first rise to power in 1910. The reforms checked haphazard spending, tightened up budgets, centralized buying, stopped sprees of borrowing, put the city on a cash instead of a credit basis, and ended the old graft and bribery arising out of purchases—graft so flagrant that it brought a grand-jury inquiry and 200 indictments a short time before the Socialists first took office.

After his election as Mayor in 1916 Hoan appointed a number of department heads whose efficiency brought fame to the city. Peter Steinkellner, a Socialist, received the post of fire chief and brought the city the lowest fire-insurance rate of any large American city. Jacob Laubenheimer, a non-partisan, was named police chief and under his reign the city won a national reputation for the suppression of crime and the lowest municipal burglar-insurance rate. Under Dr. John P. Koehler, health commissioner, Milwaukee has taken honors twice during the past four years in the United States Chamber of Commerce health contests as the most healthful city in the country. Leon Gurda, building inspector, wiped out a former deplorable laxity in building-code enforcement and initiated a program of slum eradication involving the demolition of from 400 to 500 unsanitary and deteriorated buildings each year.

Late in 1932 and early in 1933, when tax collections disastrously declined, Milwaukee, despite the past reforms and the \$4,000,000 surplus, began to feel the pinch that other cities had suffered far earlier in the depression. Unemployment and the decline of trade aroused taxpayers, particularly

business men, realty owners, and subdivision operators, to a clamor for lower taxes, reduced municipal salaries, discharge of unnecessary help, and a general deflation of the city's expenditures. In the midst of this agitation came the failure of a small neighborhood bank, the Liberty State. An investigation that followed exposed a dummy securities firm, and out of this emerged a grand-jury indictment charging John I. Drew, former non-partisan city treasurer, with the embezzlement of \$500,000 of the city's money, which sum was alleged to have been used in dubious dealings with the securities concern. His trial is pending. The spotlight turned next on Louis M. Kotecki, non-partisan city comptroller, who was indicted for malfeasance. The indictment merely accused Kotecki of failing to audit Drew's records minutely enough to catch the reputed embezzlement, but Kotecki wilted under the blow and one day whipped out a revolver, shot his deputy and lifelong friend, William Wendt, and then killed himself.

Noisy taxpayers' organizations which arose in the wards seized on these events as an excuse to hammer the City Hall as a den of iniquity and misgovernment and to cry more loudly than ever for tax reduction. The Socialists tried instead to establish a thirty-hour week for all city employees, so that 2,500 more workers could be hired; to force even local private industry by ordinance to put employees on a thirty-hour week; to open stores for the sale of groceries at cost to the poor; to organize a city-owned savings bank; and to lay the groundwork for a municipal power plant. Non-partisans, holding a majority of three in the common council—when party lines were not broken—blocked all of these proposals.

Tax delinquencies now kept mounting and the city's cash continued to ebb away. The Socialists tried to meet the emergency with a \$7,000,000 issue of scrip, backed by tax liens and good for the payment of all bills due the city. Non-partisans defeated the plan just a few weeks before local banks, during the nation-wide banking collapse, printed \$25,000,000 of scrip and found people happy to take the paper. With a payment of \$4,000,000 in interest and principal on the bonded debt due July 1, the city thereupon refrained for three months from paying municipal employees and husbanded its cash to avoid joining the long roster of cities in default. Such regard for bond-holders above workers was alien to Socialist doctrine, but the Socialists in the government recognized that in this case caution had to be put above credo.

After the middle of the year financial woes began to mend. The amortization fund, a reserve growing by annual increments and intended in time to make the city debt free, was tapped of its \$4,200,000 in bonds, for which delinquent tax certificates were substituted as assets. The bonds were then sold and the cash thus realized went to meet part of the overdue pay rolls. Enough non-partisans now joined with Socialists to authorize a \$5,000,000 issue of "baby bonds," chiefly in \$10 denominations, carrying 5 per cent interest—though the Socialists would have preferred non-interest scrip. Backed by a reserve of choice tax liens, about

\$2,000,000 of the bonds have been distributed thus far, partly by sale to the public and partly by payment to employees in lieu of cash for portions of their salaries. At present 1,300 merchants, landlords, and others are taking the bonds at par for goods and services.

With the worst of the money vexations over, the Socialists fought further attempts to trim the salaries of city employees beyond a 10 per cent "donation" to an emergency fund to be used for hiring the jobless on "made work." Infuriated at this Socialist obstinacy, organizations of angry taxpayers' began a campaign for removing Mayor Hoan from office. Ward taxpayers' clubs banded together into the United Taxpayers' League, and the wealthier property-owners formed the Recall Council in a drive for Hoan's removal. In a month these groups gathered 46,000 signatures on petitions for Hoan's recall—4,000 more than were required by law to force a recall election. The Socialists, silent but

watchful while the petitions were being circulated, sprang into action the day the names were filed in court. Five hundred of them started to check the signatures block by block for authenticity. What they found caused a furor—addresses at cemeteries and empty lots, forgeries and duplications, signers dead for years. They found, too, that vagrants at the moment in the house of correction, had collected thousands of the names at four cents each.

These exposures, astonishing even to the sponsors of the recall movement, brought them together in a hasty, worried meeting one noon, after which the leaders went into court to explain that they "could no longer vouch for the regularity of the petitions" and to beg permission to revoke the entire lot. The judge, after some cutting comments about evident fraud, let the recall drop. Thus the crusade against Hoan crumpled up, leaving its supporters doleful and somewhat discredited and Mayor Hoan strengthened and triumphant.

The Revolution in Spain

II. The Fear of Fascism

By ANITA BRENNER

Madrid, August 30

THE hardest-working word in Spain today is "crisis." There are big and little crises all over the morning papers. Nobody knows what to expect; tautness and menace are in the air. The country seems held in a tension of struggling parties, factions, interests, regions, classes.

There are conflicts and splits in the Cortes, conflicts and splits in almost every political party and labor organization. There are strikes in nearly every industry and in almost every town. Some are strikes to obtain improvements required by law, but none the less not granted by hostile employers. Others are strikes against certain protested provisions in these new laws. Strikes for higher wages, shorter hours, better conditions, and against discharges, frequently take on a more general character and spread transformed into embryo revolts. There have been three such major uprisings and several minor ones, in which the struggle seems to have taken on much of the look of a civil war. Revolt is latent in any strike involving Anarcho-Syndicalist and Communist workers. Anarcho-Syndicalist strikes are apt to last sometimes for weeks or months and usually have a political as well as an economic character, for along with economic demands Anarcho-Syndicalists ask persistently for release of political prisoners and derogation of certain laws. Such strikes are accompanied by bombings, fires, and intermittent fighting.

Three national police corps patrol the roads and trains, and search incoming travelers for arms. They are trigger-nervous, and people who talk back to a civil guard are court-martialed. Hysteria breaks out at the points of high tension. A civil guard runs amuck and lays about him with his sword. A hungry peasant hurls his sister into the family well. The Cardinal of Tarragona installs huge metal double doors backed by heavy grillwork at the entrance of his house. Strikers in Barcelona turn up the paving stones and plant bombs in railroad water-closets. Every street is paced by a pair of *guardias de asalto*, a special new corps recruited from

among veterans of the Moroccan wars to curb strikes and riots.

Public expression—from the press, the government, the talkers in the cafes—is wrapped in a heavy cloud of vague dark fears that are pinned to a single word—fascism. Discontented officers plotting in Majorca are "fascists." A royalist demagogue directing an anti-government campaign from Paris is a "fascist." The terrorist fringe of the Anarcho-Syndicalist Federation is "fascist." The Royalist Catholic youth, who wear white berets like their Carlist ancestry and call themselves *Tradicionalistas*, are "fascists." Catholic Basque Nationalist-Royalists are "fascists." Mysterious "fascist credentials" are found on people picked up daily on suspicion—of what? The "fascists" are in league both with the Royalists and the Anarcho-Syndicalists and also, according to very frightened reporters, with the Communists.

This extraordinary nightmare climbed on the back of the government at the end of July and developed a dime-novel "plot" out of two agitations and a lot of political fever. The two agitations centered around political trials, one of military Royalists and the other of Anarcho-Syndicalists. The first was the trial of the officers involved with General Sanjurjo in the frustrated coup d'état in August, 1932. The second, also a court martial, concerned eight workers accused of having instigated an uprising in Tarrasa, in Catalonia. Orders which no one explained suddenly went out from Madrid, and in every city, town, and village the police sealed Anarcho-Syndicalist headquarters, raided homes, cafes and clubs, arrested Royalists, priests, labor leaders, rank and file—calling them "fascists"—massed the troops in the garisons, and practically choked the streets with police armed to the teeth and as jumpy as cats. In Barcelona the usual midnight crowd promenaded down the Rambla between regularly scattered knots of police. Pickpockets, apaches, peddlers, and glistening women seen usually in alleyways filtered out among the good bourgeois families, the squads of set-faced workers, the small troops of students and young men about

town. The crowd poured sluggishly along the Rambla like a river darkened and swelled in flood. An army of detectives appeared; pockets bulging, they attached themselves in a kind of vindictively suspicious way to promenaders chosen for curious reasons of their own, for even this amazed writer was trailed.

But nothing at all happened, anywhere in Spain. Azaña, who is Minister of War as well as Prime Minister,* said he knew nothing about a plot and that the mobilization and precaution orders had come from the Secretary of State (*Gobernación*), who in turn said that they were "preventative" measures, hinting at a sinister Anarchist-Monarchist-fascist combination, much to the indignation of the Anarchists, who said that if it came to defending the republic against Royalists or fascists they would be the first to fight, and that is probably true. Yet suspicion is directed against them, for they are frequently arrested in groups of eight, ten, or fifteen, along with Communists and, not so frequently, Royalists, for holding clandestine meetings. Ten people may not converse in a private house without official permission and unless a policeman is present, as this constitutes a clandestine meeting. To be sure, only Anarchists, Communists, Catholics, Royalists, and "fascists" are ever caught breaking this law.

Nevertheless, conditions are ripe for this spawn. Large sections of the lower middle class are beginning to shy away from the Socialists they vote for, and to dump all their wrongs into the convenient container of "Marxism." Many workers, discouraged, are ready for desperate remedies. A few bankers say boldly that unquestionably the nations of the world are on the way to dictatorships. Nuclei of students, office workers, and all sorts of poor men out of a job are beginning to cohere around the classic fascist trinity—a colored shirt, anti-Socialist nationalism, and order at any cost. One such group in Barcelona, known as the *Escamots*, is openly at war with the Anarcho-Syndicalists, helps to break strikes, and does espionage and other police work more or less surreptitiously. Furthermore, there is a strong Nazi organization of German residents in Barcelona, and some professors with Nazi views have been discovered with Nazi money, as have likewise some journalists. The Nazis publish a paper in Barcelona and either subsidize or collaborate with a satiric weekly in Madrid called *El Duende*.

There is thus some basis for Spain's obsession with fascism, but in reality its development in Germany rather than its embryo form in Spain is what feeds this dread. Spokesmen from both political extremes and from the government set the fascist alarm in all their public utterances. The extreme right, while announcing a reaction with pleasure, says that though it is surely on the way it is "too strong," and "dangerous." They want a constitutional king, not a revolutionizing dictator. And meanwhile the fear of fascism serves political purposes. A "fascist plot," which this writer finds it hard to believe existed, dissolved an imminent deadlock in the Cortes and oiled the way for two significant laws which were then hurried through, opposed only by a few outraged liberals and the single Communist deputy.

These laws, the *Ley de Orden Público* and the *Ley de Vagos y Maleantes*, are powerful double-edged weapons. The first supplants the Law of Defense of the Republic, which for all practical purposes canceled the civil liberties guaranteed in the constitution. The new law provides for

three kinds of martial law, without the army. First, "state of precaution," the mildest; then "state of alarm"; and then "state of danger," the last exactly like true martial law, but in the hands of the police. "State of precaution" can be declared in case of a strike, as, for example, has just been done in Seville. The other law provides that vagrants, habitual criminals, beggars, prostitutes, people without passports or fixed residences, and people who may be considered suspicious politically, can be interned in concentration camps on the basis of hearsay, circumstantial evidence, or suspicion of any of these offenses. No evidence of actual breach of law is required. A thoroughly suspicious judge can sentence such defendants for ten years; one not so suspicious can make it two. A police record is more than proof of a dangerous character, and since practically every intellectual, every organized worker, and, in fact, every prominent government official have records as political prisoners, the possibilities of the law are really grotesque. Such measures as these, plus an elaborate espionage system, the triple police patrol, and the exercise of press censorship, give some clue to the state of nerves afflicting the government.

There are some twenty-odd political parties which dispute the balance of power and contribute to the state of nerves. Of these, eleven are represented in the Cortes and six in the Cabinet. Some stand for political programs and others represent regional or economic interests. The power is distributed as follows: The Socialists have 110 deputies. This is the strongest single block in the Cortes, a little over one-fourth. The Radicals have 90 deputies. This party, headed by Alejandro Lerroux,* an ex-Anarchist, is determined to take the premiership away from Azaña and to push the Socialists out of the government. Its membership and platform make it analogous in some ways to our Republican Party. Though a "lay" party, it defends certain religious liberties: the right of the clergy to teach, own property, and so on. Up to now the balance of power has been in the hands of the Radical Socialists and small coalitions and combinations. The Radical Socialists stand midway between the Radicals and the Socialists; hence their name is misleading. They are a lower-middle-class, anti-clerical party which wants state banking, state control of large industries, state intervention in favor of labor. Other important minorities are the *Esquerra*, a Catalan coalition, leftish Republican; *Orga*, a Galician party, conservative Republican, which watches mainly over Galician cattle interests; *Acción Republicana*, the Azaña party; the *Federals*, a heterogeneous party including many intellectuals and radical military, anti-Marxist and with an anarchist tinge; and the two small but powerful extreme-conservative minorities, the Agrarians and the Progressivists.

The Cortes has been directed by three coalition Cabinets, all headed by Azaña, who has managed the difficult task of keeping such a Cortes whipped up to working order. Hence his nickname—Don Perpetuo—and hence his title of the Man of the Republic. The opposition, and this includes almost all the press except *Socialista*, has concentrated on one goal—Socialists out of the Cabinet. The Anarcho-Syndicalist *Confederación Nacional de Trabajo*, which controls about a million workers and peasants and has a huge radius of influence, is at present the most formidable element in the enemy camp. This organization is intensely rebellious

* Lerroux became Premier on September 8, and remained in office, with no success at forming a government, until October 3.

* The Azaña Government fell September 8.

and stops at nothing. It cannot forgive one clause in the new labor laws which provides for settlement of labor questions by a mixed jury composed of representatives of labor and of employers presided over by a government delegate. Only unions legally constituted, that is, authorized and recognized by the government, may be represented, and since the Anarcho-Syndicalists ignore the state, workers must either join a Socialist union or act outside the law.

Thus the right and the Anarcho-Syndicalist left coincide on anti-Socialist ground—and in demanding civil liberties and release of political prisoners—and act as millstones grinding the liberal Republican-Socialist coalition between them. Furthermore, there is considerable pressure from within the Socialist Party itself to force its representatives to abandon the Cabinet, for their collaboration in a regime by now unpopular with the lower masses is beginning to drain proletarian membership from Socialist unions.

Careful historians will judge the constitutional Cortes of the Second Spanish Republic by its positive contributions. Spain judges it now by what it has not done, and what it has not done forms a long blacklist, overwhelmingly longer than the record to its credit. Spaniards of all shades of political opinion, including Royalists who could not forgive Alfonso for betraying the constitution, voted for the Republic. So now nearly every citizen has a slightly bad taste in his mouth when he says "republic," and though unquestionably the great majority would still fight, if need be, to support it against a restoration, this same great mass is irritably, and even a little belligerently, seeking new roads to follow toward the Utopia the republic was to have been.

[This is the second of a series of articles on the Spanish Revolution. The third will be published in an early issue.]

In the Driftway

THE recent hurricanes along the Atlantic coast brought some strange sea birds to us as visitors, blown far away from their usual habitations by overpowering winds of prolonged duration. The most remarkable of all the visitors reported was an albatross, picked up in a battered condition at Ithaca, New York, by a professor in Cornell University. This bird must have been blown a good many thousand miles from home, for the albatross seems not to like our northern part of the world. Normally none are found over the Atlantic Ocean this side of the Equator. A couple of the smaller kinds of albatross frequent the North Pacific, but all the larger-sized birds live over the great lonely seas which encircle the globe below the Cape of Good Hope and the Horn.

FROM his days at sea the Drifter remembers the albatross as a splendid bird, generally a mottled gray and white, but sometimes of an almost unsullied snow color. It is of tremendous size, often measuring fifteen or more feet from one wing tip to the other. Its weight often runs to twenty-five pounds. The albatross is the most tireless flier of the bird kingdom. It breeds on lonely ocean rocks far from the paths of men, and it is to be seen flying singly or in groups hundreds of miles from land over the most desolate

and remote oceans. There is a superstition among sailors, touched on in Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," that to kill an albatross brings bad luck. Just the same, the albatross was sometimes caught in the old sailing-ship days by sailors who baited a fishhook with a piece of red flannel and a chunk of salt pork, paying it out from the stern of the vessel on a long line. The albatross swooped down from on high, hooked itself as it attempted to gulp down the bait, and was then readily hauled aboard the ship. The flesh, of course, was too rank to eat, but the feathers and bones were used for making scrimshaw—ornamental articles which the old-time shellback used to love to fashion in the dog watches. The Drifter never caught an albatross, but he used to admire them as they floated and volplaned above his ship. He wondered red if they ever rested; he speculated when and where they slept. He recalls the albatross as the most majestic creature of the air, rivaling even General Johnson's Blue Eagle.

* * * * *

THE Drifter wrote last week about the designation of the new organizations in Washington by initial. When it comes to names of persons, he thinks initials, especially middle ones, are a nuisance. People are always getting them wrong and they are of only slight use for the purpose of better identification. One would better call oneself either John Jones Smith or just John Smith rather than John J. Smith. But it is not easy to get rid of an initial, once one has given it bed and board for a number of years. A good while ago the Drifter got tired of seeing his name written John W. or John H. instead of John G. Drifter. So he decided to drop the "G." But the "G" keeps bobbing up like a poor relation. As a gesture of emphasis the Drifter took to signing his name for a while as John No-G Drifter. He was driven to abandon this device when some of his alleged friends abbreviated it to John N. G. Drifter. There is a deep, dark mystery, so the Drifter understands, in the middle initial of the name of the fusion candidate for Mayor of New York, Fiorello H. LaGuardia. As there is no letter "h" in the Italian language, many persons have wondered what the initial could stand for, but Mr. LaGuardia refuses to tell.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Sir Edward Grey

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just read in *The Nation* for September 20 Mr. Villard's article on Sir Edward Grey, the general purport of which I entirely approve. There is no doubt that Grey was made use of by the French from 1905 to 1914, and as a result found himself in a bad hole in August, 1914. It is equally obvious that his statements to the House in reply to queries about England's obligations to France were disingenuous. But I still think you fail to bring out the point on which Grey justified himself. It is this. All the conversations between Grey and Cambon and the written statement prepared in 1912 were based on a supposition. The supposition was that if France and Germany found themselves at war, and if in that case Great Britain should come to the aid of France, then Great Britain could not give France the most effective support unless the military and

naval experts had beforehand agreed on the way in which this support could best be given. Thus, for example, Haldane's very efficient preparations for the sending of a British force to Belgium were not undertaken as the result of an agreement that Great Britain *would* support France in a war against Germany, but were undertaken in order that support might be most effective *in case* Great Britain *should* decide to give it.

So far as I know, neither Grey nor any other member of the British Cabinet ever signed any agreement or gave any verbal promise to support France in a war with Germany. In a strict legal sense, or in the sense of an international treaty obligation, Great Britain was not really bound to support France. But there is a little joker in the pack. The naval experts decided that the most effective use of the two navies would be realized if the French navy took over the protection of both British and French interests in the Mediterranean, while the British navy took over the protection of both British and French interests in the North Sea. Now as a matter of fact the two navies were so disposed just before the war broke out that when France found herself at war with Germany her north coast was unguarded against the German navy except by the British fleet. Did this create an obligation? Grey evidently thought so, and the Cabinet apparently agreed with him, since the Cabinet promised France on August 2 (at any rate before the British were at war with Germany) that if the Germans attacked the French coast the British navy would resist them. This was before Parliament had declared war. This promise was sufficient, if carried out, to involve Great Britain in a war with Germany whatever Parliament did. The whole business reminds me of scholastic discussions tending to prove that God is three in one, or the Jesuit casuistry of the seventeenth century designed to enable confessors to absolve the best people from sins whatever their intentions were.

I believe that Grey was never shrewd enough to know quite where his acts were leading him. It was his muddleheadedness, rather than any deliberate purpose, that got him into the hole he was in in 1914.

Ithaca, N. Y., October 16

CARL BECKER

The Suppressed Advertisement

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Nation, *sans peur et sans reproche*, hurls a bomb at the New York Times, dubbed by Mr. Villard "that cowardly and compromising sheet." "Unless the Times and the Herald Tribune recede from their position of unique and flagrant suppression, The Nation will publish (without pay) Mr. Untermyer's advertisement, together with the accompanying correspondence between him and Mr. Straus." Sure enough the advertisement is printed in The Nation (we presume without pay), but we look in vain for the accompanying correspondence.

Instead we find the Macy viewpoint well set forth, first, by a letter written by Mr. Straus to a complaining customer, then by the reproduction of the Macy advertisement, and, finally, by an ex parte statement of Mr. Straus's nearly a column in length.

But not one word in rebuttal from Mr. Untermyer.

As a face-saving article surely the attorney (with pay) of R. H. Macy could not have done better. The bomb turns out to be a dud.

New York, October 20

HENRY L. TAYLOR

[The Nation has already offered its columns to Mr. Untermyer for any rebuttal or further statement he desires to make. The correspondence between him and Mr. Straus was not printed because the contentions of both were fairly contained

in the material that was published. The Nation feels that this material furnishes its readers ample opportunity to judge the merits of the controversy, but does not necessarily dispose of the issue if other facts or circumstances arise to illumine it.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

LaGuardia and the New Deal

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In New York's present three-cornered mayoralty campaign the heart of the matter is that McKee and his followers don't want the New Deal at home—preferring to admire it from afar. For Washington it is all right, but don't let LaGuardia get in, for then the New Deal might mean something in New York City. LaGuardia really believes there is a lot in the New Deal. He does not resist change. While McKee is talking about "good government"—the old stuff which at least never fooled a realistic Tammany, or anyone else close to the voters—by which he means a good business government, satisfactory to the bankers and the real-estaters, LaGuardia, with the imagination necessary to this period if our civilization is to endure, is considering those basic human services a city should supply to its citizens. The move for McKee and against LaGuardia is led by those who fear the kind of New Deal that Washington does not fear. The follower of Roosevelt in those things that really matter is LaGuardia.

For what the New Deal proposes to do—whether it can accomplish it or not, history will tell—is to raise the standard of living, provide a more equitable distribution of goods, and secure those social and economic changes which are necessary not only to human happiness but also for the preservation of our social order. The social planning and cooperative effort involved in working out policies of education, recreation, relief, and public health, including decent rehousing of the great mass of our people, must indeed be based on the thrifty policies that a business-like and efficient city government will adopt, but the accent ought to be: Business for New York, and not, New York for business.

New York, October 15 MARY KINGSBURY SIMKHOVITCH

Dean Holmes and the Nazis

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of October 4 Richard Neuberger, in an article called The New Germany, quotes a press report purporting to give my views on the Nazi regime in Germany, and in particular on the persecution of the Jews as a policy of the Hitler government. It was entirely natural for The Nation to refer to the report in question, since I had not immediately denied it and since The Nation had no reason to suppose that it did not correctly represent my views. Will you give me, however, the opportunity to present to your readers my actual opinions on this matter by printing the following statement, which I sent on September 26 to the Rabbi Joseph S. Shubow?

Partly by my own error and partly by accident, I find myself in a position in which I owe it to the Jewish people, and in particular to my own Jewish friends, to make quite clear the views I hold on the persecution of Jews under the Hitler regime in Germany. I have been represented as condoning it, at least by implication. On the contrary, I condemn it completely. The evidence is convincing that what has occurred and what is now occurring in Germany involves racial discrimination and persecution impossible either to condone or to put aside as a merely regrettable incident in a program of national re-

generation. My personal opinions as to the general character of the Nazi regime merit no particular attention; but since I have been inadvertently drawn into this controversy, I feel that I ought at least to put myself unequivocally on the side of those who oppose the present German policy toward the Jews. The whole policy is wrong. Many of the incidents reported must be regarded with abhorrence. No one can wonder that the Jews of this country have been aroused to the fiercest and most determined opposition to the Nazis. Under these circumstances it seems to me noteworthy that among the letters written to me in connection with my alleged interview on Hitlerism every letter that I received from a person of the Jewish faith was courteous, reasonable, and fair.

Cambridge, Mass., October 13 HENRY W. HOLMES

Insurance and Banking

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

James P. Sullivan, whose article *Can Life Insurance Be Made Safe?* appeared in *The Nation* for September 20, complains of the "cloak of mystery with which the insurance companies have succeeded in surrounding the mechanics of their operations." That it is a mystery to Mr. Sullivan, although you describe him as an independent insurance actuary, is clear from the stress he lays on the heinousness of the insurance companies being "demand bankers." He states that 60 per cent of a first premium is paid in as a savings deposit to build up the cash value of the policy. Except in the case of endowment policies, no part of a premium is for savings.

It is clear that if the premium covered only the actual cost of the insurance for any given year, it would have to be increased in each succeeding year to cover the greater hazard due to increasing age. In order to avoid this yearly increase in premium, the excess is averaged over a number of years and a level premium arrived at. Should the assured at any time decide that he no longer wants the protection, he is entitled to receive this excess of premium which he has paid and also the reserve value of the policy which the company has built up in expectation of the ultimate death loss. This is no more "savings" than is the refund given to a housewife who returns a purchased article to a department store.

The author's suggestion "that every policy-holder should be given an 'asset-participation certificate' for the amount of the cash value of his policy, so that he can sell it and get some cash if he so desires *without losing his life insurance*" (italics mine), is nonsense. Under these circumstances how could death losses be paid?

During the early days of the bank holiday the insurance companies carried the entire banking load of the country. And even after restrictions were put into effect, in many cases pay rolls were financed and general living expenses paid by the cash values of insurance policies. If this be demand banking—make the most of it.

To rail at insurance companies because they are bankers is beside the mark. When a fund for future disbursement has to be accumulated by periodic payments, these payments must be invested—that is banking. When a policy-holder can on demand receive that part of the face of his policy already accumulated—that is demand banking. Life insurance and banking are inseparable.

Instead of taking the insurance companies out of banking, the solution is to put the bankers into insurance, as is done in Massachusetts by the mutual savings banks, whose system was so ably described by William L. Grossman in *The Nation* for September 27.

New York, September 25

HENRY L. PEREZ

Finance

The Bountiful Barons of Wall Street

IT is a fine thing to be a big shot on Wall Street. The opportunities for self-enrichment are quite unusual. Charles E. Mitchell, in the days before the Senate investigation, furnished a good illustration of what a bright young man can do when he keeps his fingers tightly on his stockholders' money. Mr. Mitchell's reward was about \$3,000,000 in bonuses during 1927, 1928, and 1929 and, when bonuses were out of order, an increase in annual salary in 1931 from \$100,000 to \$200,000. But Mitchell's cleverness in making the most of his advantages was quite overshadowed in resourcefulness and breadth of vision, if not in the total amount of reward, by the activities of his rival big shot on Wall Street, Albert H. Wiggin of the Chase Bank.

Mr. Wiggin was just as zealous as Mr. Mitchell in arranging to have his efforts generously rewarded by his stockholders. Let the record speak for his talents in this regard. Wiggin need doff his cap to none of the chiselers of Wall Street for having extracted \$1,100,000 in salaries and bonuses from the Chase Bank between 1929 and 1932, a period in which the bank's chief problem was to extricate itself from the various imbroglios of Wiggin's own contriving.

When the naive outsider is confronted by the dazzling proportions of Mr. Wiggin's remuneration, his impulse is to demand: "What services were rendered in return for so much of the Chase stockholders' money?" Well, Mr. Wiggin was certainly an active banker. He involved the bank in loans and "investments" which so far have cost its stockholders the sum of \$212,000,000. As the public representative of the bank, he figured prominently in the Wall Street campaign for restoration of prosperity through wage reductions—at a time when his own salary was being progressively increased from \$175,000 in 1929 to \$218,000 in 1930 and to \$250,000 in 1931. On numerous occasions he used the prestige and influence of his office as stepping-stones to handsome outside profits. He engaged millions of his stockholders' money in gigantic pool operations in Chase Bank stock, pools in which he himself shared in the profits and in which, on one occasion, the choicest prizes were reserved for himself while the Chase's affiliate modestly contented itself with the more meager pickings. To the last ditch he preserved his arrogance in loudly defending the reckless banking and stock-selling practices which had filled his own pockets so generously.

If any outsider in general or the Chase stockholder in particular stubbornly remains a bit dubious of the value of these services in relation to Wiggin's salary, at least the Chase directors did not share such skepticism. It was true that Wiggin's genius as a banking executive had involved the bank as chief sufferer in the disastrous collapse of the Fox Film Corporation and of the General Theaters Equipment Company. It was also true that he had tangled the bank in the German bond situation and that, when his resignation as chairman was "regretfully" accepted in January, 1933, his policies had become so discredited that his successor, Winthrop W. Aldrich, was obliged at once to repudiate them publicly. But the Chase board did not allow its vision of the true worth of Mr. Wiggin to be obscured by these details. Indeed, it voted him a life pension of \$100,000 a year as a "discharge in some measure of the obligations of the bank to him." It pays to be a big shot in Wall Street.

After Wiggin's testimony before the Senate, there is no

longer an excuse for ignorance on how the magic wand of Wall Street waves away all the standards of business ethics which would be considered fundamental in humbler walks of life. Those who heretofore have been unversed in this wizardry of the financial world might wonder why it was that Wiggin, in return for all his salaries and bonuses, should not have respected his position as custodian of more than two billion dollars of public funds by avoiding any relationships which might cast doubt on his impartial devotion to the bank's interests. But to Wiggin a multiplicity of interests was all part of the racket, and a lucrative part. Largely if not completely because of his position at the head of the Chase, he found the way open to him to sit on the boards of forty outside corporations. From nine of these he received at various times an aggregate salary of \$83,000 a year. Moreover, some of the offshoots of these relationships would require considerable explaining if Wall Street's ethics were not what they are. As chairman of the Chase, Wiggin was responsible for a personal loan of \$3,331,000 to Archibald Robertson Graustein, president of the International Paper Company. This company was a borrower from the Chase, and Chase Securities marketed its securities, at the same time paying Wiggin \$2,000 a year to sit on its board. In 1930 and 1931 these loans to Graustein were charged off, according to a statement by Ferdinand Pecora which Wiggin was unable to contradict. Again, Wiggin was similarly responsible for a loan of \$4,758,000 to Gerhard M. Dahl, chairman of the Brooklyn Manhattan Transit Company, consummated at a time when Wiggin was receiving \$20,000 a year from the B. M. T. On October 1, 1932, this loan was secured by collateral appraised at only \$1,178,000, while the balance due was \$3,176,000. Wiggin admitted that the loan was used by Dahl to buy B. M. T. stock but did not reveal what connection, if any, it had with the notorious operations in B. M. T. common early in 1932.

But outside directorships by no means exhausted Wiggin's repertoire of sideline profits. As big shot de luxe, he was a predestined target for the financing favors of J. P. Morgan and Company. His name figured on all the lists of "select" buyers from Morgan's which were exposed last May; he was shown to have made purchases at a cost, in the aggregate, some \$300,000 to \$400,000 below the prevailing market prices. He was also on the preferred list of Kuhn, Loeb and Company and participated in their inside syndicate operations to the extent of \$1,200,000 in bonds and 9,000 shares of various stocks. This was how Wiggin kept himself detached from the influence of the House on the Corner and of "Doctor" Kuhn, Loeb.

Wiggin's testimony provides the final explanation for the hollow sound behind all Wall Street's protestations of self-reform. He has revealed once and for all how connivance among the great financiers and their callous disregard of the most ordinary obligations of office will always sacrifice the interests of the public unless some outside authority intervenes. The revelations of the past year or so have clearly shown what happens to the investing public when one man exploits them for his own profit. But when the big shots start exchanging favors, the public is left completely in the cold. These favors never come from the pockets of Wall Street. Instead, they are always at the public's expense; if this were not so there would be no room for mutual favors in the Wall Street philosophy.

Let Wiggin himself say the final word on these practices. When he was being examined before the Senate on the methods of jacking up salaries for Chase Bank officers, the following exchange occurred:

Mr. Pecora: "You helped to fix their's and they helped to fix your's?"

Mr. Wiggin: "Yes, we all sat together."

The little game in which they "all sat together" playing with other people's money was "freeze out."

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

Contributors to This Issue

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Sorcery

By RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG

This luminous air is pierced with silver gulls,
And all the tumbled granite breathes out heat;
Blue evening coolness modifies each beat
Of the great sea-heart and lambent color pulls
To the outer edge and trickles over—no one
Is near, the world slips back an aeon or two,
And presently the moon rides into view
Drenching with quick light each staring stone.
A still sorcery penetrates the air—
Like the ridged back of a dinosaur, the sea
Rolls under the golden wash, enormously—
Reaching almost our feet frozen there.

Darkness Descends Over Europe

The Intelligent Man's Review of Europe Today. By G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

THE energy of Mr. and Mrs. Cole is hardly less remarkable than their ability. It is not too much to say that they are an educational movement in themselves. Here are 600 pages, admirably produced, full of accurate and readable matter, at less than the price of a stall for the Ziegfeld Follies. The intelligent man who has the choice between these alternatives will really not hesitate long if he is an intelligent man.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole could hardly have done their work better. They have sketched the historical background of the forces at work; they have painted a detailed picture of the situation in each country of Europe; they have described the international institutions by which, in 1919, Europe sought to assure itself the prospect of orderly progress; and they have then sought to measure the impact of the ideologies in conflict. The book is really suited to the general reader who wants a synoptic view of the whole; while even the specialist will find it worth while to consider the views of two immensely able people who have sought, with what objectivity is humanly possible, to paint the picture as it really is. I know no better elementary guide to these problems. The more widely it is read, the more hope there is of a sane solution to them.

The result cannot fail to be deeply disturbing to anyone who is inclined to take an optimistic view of affairs. Mr. and Mrs. Cole are, I think, right in insisting that there is no reason not to expect a temporary recovery of capitalism; but I believe them to be wholly right in their insistence that no one has any basis for discovering the foundations of permanent recovery. Torn by national and economic conflicts, unable to be wholly capitalist or wholly socialist, with democracy in peril, with fascism producing an atmosphere of insecurity and panic, one has the sense, in surveying Europe, of watching the end of a phase in the history of civilization. Those who seek to govern in terms of the nationalism of the past have no power to evoke acceptance of the values they seek to maintain; while those who, like Hitler, have built their appeal on irrationalism, inevitably evoke that kind of hostility which, by all experience, is bound sooner or later to mean revolutionary conflict. Reading Mr. and Mrs. Cole's pages in London, with the Disarmament Conference moving rapidly to dissolution, with economic nationalism even more bitter than a year ago, with the progressive forces unable to unite for a clear lead, I do not see how, within the next decade, we shall

be able to avoid a repetition of the catastrophe of 1914. That, in its turn, will mean an epoch of revolution, now Fascist, now Communist, in direction; and this presages, I believe, a kind of dark age in which it will be impossible to maintain unimpaired the heritage of civilization.

I find myself wondering, as I survey that gloomy prospect, whether in America also a similar tale is to be told. If the Roosevelt experiment breaks down, it is certain that America will lack altogether that common agreement upon ends which is the basis of effective social progress; and I should expect to see it enter upon an iron age of industrial feudalism, resentment against which would make certain the rapid growth of a strong Communist party. It is a sad reflection upon the helplessness of reason that men should be blind to any situation save their own; yet anyone who reads the utterances of Mr. Roosevelt's enemies can draw no other conclusion. The *Herald Tribune*, for instance, is still unable to see that the forces which produced the crisis of 1933 are inherent in the present character of American capitalism, and that its recurrence can only be prevented by their excision. It still thinks of "Americanism" as synonymous with the methods that produced Mr. Mellon and the bank smashes, the feudalism of the coal fields, the autocracy of Mr. Ford and the textile owners. American capitalists seem no more willing to surrender their anti-social power of domination than do their European prototypes. As in a Greek tragedy, they condemn themselves to the same relentless fate.

Yet if they would seek to penetrate the meaning of Mr. and Mrs. Cole's survey they would read what will inevitably happen to themselves. They cannot answer the Marxian indictment of their society except by radical reform of its foundations. Their opportunity for such reform is infinitely greater than in Europe. The will to experiment is greater, tradition is less benumbing, internal antagonisms are far less strong. They stand, I think, still at the parting of the ways; their analogues in Europe are already on the highroad to self-destruction. If men like Mr. Lamont and Mr. Lippmann would reflect for a moment on the fact that their position is terribly akin to that of Louis XVI in 1789, they might alter the perspective of the American adventure; and having helped to save it by their energy, they might do something toward saving Europe by their example.

HAROLD J. LASKI

The Philosophy of a Biologist

The Universe and Life. By H. S. Jennings. Yale University Press. \$1.50.

THE present volume by a great biologist and masterly expositor is based upon the lectures which he delivered at Yale University under the auspices of the Terry Foundation. The general subject assigned was "Religion in the Light of Science and Philosophy," and it is not often that an individual cooperating in such an enterprise fulfils so satisfactorily or so precisely as Professor Jennings does here the promise of his title. It would, indeed, be difficult to imagine how anyone could, in four times the space, present a more precise or illuminating discussion of the larger implications of a biologist's researches.

It had, perhaps, best be said in the beginning that Professor Jennings does not find in his own department any reason to fall in with the tendency exhibited by so many physicists to see a renewed prospect for "the reconciliation between science and religion." Biology possesses no purely logical instrument analogous to mathematics, and possibly for that reason Professor Jennings finds no reason to suppose that its students can hope to

arrive by a priori means at any complete formulation of biological principles comparable to that which Einstein believes the physicist may achieve through the exercise of pure reason. His science remains merely a generalization from experiences necessarily very incomplete, and it can predict no phenomena except those which lie very close to the field of such experiences. Even if God be defined—and it is a brilliant definition—as a preexisting path along which living forms are developing, there is still no reason to believe in his (or its) existence:

The progress of life is not the kind that would be anticipated if life were following a certain existing pattern. . . . Every indication that might be sought of a guidance of life toward a preexisting goal is lacking. . . . We find no reason to doubt that life is traveling a new course, the final goal of which does not now exist, the end of which is not now predictable. Life that is upon a new adventure, life that is moving in directions not laid out beforehand, life that is transforming into what did not before exist, life that is rising to heights not before reached—this is the vision that biology presents to our eyes.

Incidentally, and as one might anticipate, Professor Jennings sees no reason whatsoever for supposing that the life or consciousness of the individual persists in any form after death, but such specific judgments are less interesting than his general effort to show what light biology can throw on the crucial problems raised by the philosophical consideration of science. In general his method is brilliantly to redefine the problem itself in terms which furnish his particular science with an approach, and his consideration of determinism versus indeterminism may serve as a typical example. Here, of course, the physicists are hopelessly divided, with Einstein insisting that the behavior of the universe is not only determined but probably completely predictable by mathematical means, while many of his more romantic confreres insist that there exists an indeterminate element which is either random or even, perhaps, on the lap of God. To Professor Jennings the problem can have a meaning only if stated as the question whether the universe of the past behaved in such a way as to render predictable its subsequent development, or whether a knowledge of its present behavior is sufficient to indicate what its future will be. And to these questions he is ready to answer with a firm "No." Life is not predictable; it is probably not possibly or potentially so; and in that sense the universe as a whole is not determined, whether or not the behavior of a lifeless atom is.

Possibly the distinction between living and non-living matter is as artificial as the simpler mechanists would maintain. Perhaps the atoms of aboriginal matter bore always within themselves the potentiality which enabled them to pass through the intermediate stages of enzyme and bacteriophage. But we have to account for more than merely life as exhibited by the irritability of protoplasm. We have direct experience of the phenomena of conscience, of will, and of judgment. Nor is it possible to dispose of them by neglect as the behaviorists attempt to do, since the hypothesis that they may be treated as mere epiphenomena without true significance in the chain of events is not only a pure hypothesis but one which fails to justify itself by simplifying our account of our experience. The behavior of the lower animals can be most easily described in terms of reflexes, but any account of the behavior of man is enormously complicated by any attempt to do the same thing, and science—here Professor Jennings acknowledges his debt to Karl Pearson—is essentially an effort to organize experience in conceptual terms. In that effort the conceptions of consciousness and will are convenient.

What the biologist sees in the record of the past is, then, first, the emergence of one unexpected thing—namely, life; next, the emergence of another unexpected thing—consciousness; and then, finally, the emergence of a third unexpected thing—pur-

poseful, consciously directed will. By no possible stretch of the imagination can all these things be conceived of as predictable from any experimental knowledge of the behavior of the primordial atom, and, in view of that unpredictability, it would be very rash indeed to suppose that the future history of life is predictable in the sense that the physicists hope to be able to make predictable the future history of the particles of matter composing the universe in so far as that history falls within the field of physics. Life is part of an adventure whose course has not been, and is not now, either predictable by the biologist or even fixed beforehand by its own nature—whether you call such a hypothetical preexisting pattern God or not.

Few books will be more rewarding than Professor Jennings's to both the layman interested in following the various sciences in their effort to obtain an intelligible picture of the universe and the student of the philosophy of science. Nor is it without interest to note that the author's sympathies (unlike those of the elder Haldane, whom he does not mention) are rather with the older than with the most recent tendencies. Pure mechanism he dismisses, not as something which has been outlived, but rather—and here again referring to Pearson—as something which never had any meaning as formulated by its more naive proponents. Nevertheless, he makes haste very slowly indeed in the more or less mystical directions taken by some of his fellows. Behind his argument lies the contention of Peirce that a problem becomes meaningful only when posed in a form which makes clear what would be the sum total of consequences following from alternate solutions. And in the light of that contention he concludes that the future of life is something concerning which neither logic nor faith can demonstrate anything—except that it will probably be surprising.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Book of Adolf Hitler: A Diluted Version

My Battle. By Adolf Hitler. Abridged and Translated by E. T. S. Dugdale. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

THE storm of protest with which Americans greeted the announcement by the Houghton Mifflin Company of an English version of Adolf Hitler's "Mein Kampf" seemed to me as ridiculous as it was shortsighted. The author of this book is the master of Germany's political life and an important factor in contemporary world affairs. The American public is entitled to an insight into a book of which a million copies have been sold in Germany alone, especially since its contents have been recently reaffirmed by the author in a speech before his party functionaries as the expression of the party's principles. But E. T. S. Dugdale's version of Hitler's book which lies before me does not fulfil this purpose. His work of reducing the approximately 205,000 words of the original to 75,000 words of excellently written and interesting matter has undoubtedly earned him the gratitude of the German Chancellor and his followers. To his American readers he presents a man who bears only a vague resemblance to the one originally portrayed in the autobiography. Mr. Dugdale quite obviously went at his job with the intention of presenting this confused politician and long-winded sermonizer to his American readers in the most favorable light, without laying himself open to the charge of having falsified the original, and he has admirably accomplished what he set out to do. With the exception of the occasional weakening of an epithet deemed too vigorous for American consumption, he has given us a faithful translation of about one-third of the original volume. The significance of his work lies in the material left out rather than in that so painstakingly

transcribed. The German original of "My Battle," the first part of which was written in prison, is a fearful mixture of clear-sighted opinion on European affairs, evidently culled from the many books the author read during this period, and long, fantastic tirades expressing Hitler's own ill-digested theories on social and political problems. The English version has reduced the tirades to a minimum, leaving what to the reader appears to be the work of a deep student of European affairs, somewhat abrupt in its transitions and sketchy as to material perhaps, but a readable and on the whole intelligent presentation of the National Socialist point of view, which will astonish him for the fidelity with which it forecasts what has since occurred in Hitler's Germany. I admit that it is difficult to translate the bombastic emptiness of Hitler's rolling Germanic periods. No other language can be used as effectively as the German to conceal the intellectual limitations of the writer. In no other tongue is it so easy for the demagogue to acquire a vocabulary of ponderous phrases signifying nothing. But the underlying purpose of the translator is too obvious, his desire to conceal the petty human weaknesses of Hitler the man by cutting out his long soliloquies, to make his philosophy more acceptable to the unprejudiced reader by eliminating the crudities of its anti-Semitism and the worst of its jingoistic pro-war aggressiveness, is too patent, to make "My Battle" anything but a wilful misrepresentation of Hitler's "masterpiece."

It would be impossible to register here all these intentional and distorting omissions. We must be content to call attention to a few important examples: the references to America are carefully edited; the Protocol of the Wise Men of Zion, to which Hitler gave pages of vituperation, is barely mentioned; whole sections devoted by the author to proving that a conspiracy of the world's Jewry is at the bottom of Germany's ills have been tactfully restricted to an occasional sentence and paragraph when they appeared to the translator too outspoken, too foolish, or too vicious to present to his non-German readers; from the chapters dealing with foreign and international affairs those paragraphs which too stridently emphasize the imperialist pro-war attitude of the German dictator have been carefully blue-penciled. The book had to be shortened for the American market. But the partisanship of these reductions justifies every protest that may be made against its publication as an authentic presentation of the German book.

The biographical material contained in this volume is more or less familiar to Americans from the articles and books describing Hitler and his regime which have appeared in this country. His birthplace on the Austro-German border, his early inability to cooperate with his fellow-students, his intensely self-centered nature, his insistence on an artistic career, his disdain for the trade-unionist and the Socialist, his preoccupation with the Jewish question and with the Austrian racial problem, his intense nationalism, all presented with an eye to their effectiveness in the light of his subsequent activity as a political agitator, are interesting as a key to the man he has since become. In portraying his army experiences in this autobiography he significantly makes no reference to the heroic deeds that have been attributed to the *Führer* by his followers. He had been a nobody; now he was a soldier. He received the Iron Cross of the First Class, was twice wounded, and was invalided at the end of the war from the effects of gas poisoning. In the hospital he first heard of the revolution.

His subsequent political activity and the rise and growth of the National Socialist Party are dealt with in great detail. But all of this is less important than the authentic presentation, by Hitler himself, of his plans for developing a Greater Germany at the expense of France, Poland, and Bolshevik Russia.

We must be absolutely clear on the fact that France is the permanent and inexorable enemy of the German nation; the key to her foreign policy will always be her de-

sire to possess the Rhine frontier, and to secure that river for herself by keeping Germany broken up . . . [page 266].

It is only in France that there is intimate agreement between the intentions of the stock exchange, as represented by the Jews, and the desires of that nation's statesmen, who are chauvinistic by nature. This identity constitutes an immense danger to Germany, and it is the reason why France is by far the most terrible enemy of Germany [page 268].

When we talk of new lands in Europe, we are bound to think first of Russia and her border states. Fate itself seems to give us our direction . . . [page 281].

We must not forget that they [the present-day rulers of Russia] are low blood-stained criminals, that it means dealing with the scum of humanity, and that, favored by circumstances in a tragic hour, they overran a great state and in a fury of massacre wiped out millions of their most intelligent fellow-countrymen, and now for ten years they have been conducting the most tyrannous regime of all time. We must not forget that those rulers belong to a nation which combines a rare mixture of bestial cruelty and vast skill in lies, and considers itself specially called now to gather the whole world under its bloody oppression. We must not forget that the international Jew, who continues to dominate over Russia, does not regard Germany as an ally, but as a state destined to undergo a similar fate [page 284].

The German text expresses Hitler's plans for territorial expansion in words less equivocal. On page 757 he says (reviewer's translation):

No orientation westward or orientation eastward must be the tenor of our foreign policies in the future, but an Eastern policy that strives to achieve new homeland for our people. . . . That Power is our natural ally which, with us, resents as intolerable the domination of the French on the continent. No effort to unite with such a Power should be too great, no sacrifice too heavy, if it will help us finally to overthrow the enemy that pursues us so relentlessly with its hatred.

"My Battle" is a weak, perfumed distillation of "Mein Kampf." But even its carefully censored pages should convince the thoughtful reader that the suppression of the working masses, the destruction of modern culture, the aggressive imperialism of the Dritte Reich, and its virulent hatred of the Jew are not incidental to a social upheaval that is to bring about a National Socialist state. They are the essence of National Socialism.

LUDWIG LORE

The Next Horizon

The Death of a World. Volume IV of *The Soul Enchanted.* By Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by Amalie de Alberti. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

ROMAIN ROLLAND has always been concerned with the inner life of the individual, with the soul's salvation in a very materialistic world. But he has seen and represented that inner life as reflecting the world of social forces. He is a great mystic and as great a naturalist. And in this last volume of "The Soul Enchanted" he fuses these attitudes toward life.

"The Soul Enchanted" might have been a significant study of individualistic womanhood; Annette might have stood beside Jean Christophe. But Jean's world was pre-war. The progress of Jean's soul was toward strongly intellectual and spiritually pure living in a fairly fixed if totally unidealistic world. Annette's world shortly became the war chaos, and then Rolland turned denouncer and frenzied pacifist prophet. He was exiled from France. In the third volume, "Mother and Son,"

the author gave up the emphasis on the individual life, lost his perspective, and Annette's character was submerged in Rolland's violent protests against war. His mysticism destroyed his sense of actuality. He lost contact, temporarily, with humanity. It was probably necessary for his own growth that he should do so, but the great naturalistic novelist was lost. In "The Death of a World," however, he has found himself. He is wiser, older, more bitter, but he is again able to look directly at his world.

The book opens with the signing of the Armistice. The outside world is given over to a kind of sadistic frenzy in which love and hate are mingled. Annette, now forty-five, remains detached. Her son Marc, however, goes into what must be the beginnings of his manhood or his destruction. He and all his young schoolmates have as yet no foothold in a disillusioning and uncertain peace. They have no jobs and they have no philosophies. Badly taught during a time of war, they have no respect either for life or for death. They are aware of their own nakedness and yet have no past with which to clothe themselves. Each must rely on his own integrity. If the individual soul is not strong, it can find no support outside itself. But Marc has inherited some of Annette's strength of character—not all of it, to be sure, but something. And Annette knows that the time has come when her son must make his way alone. She trusts his inheritance and acknowledges his weaknesses. She understands that the vitality and inner peace of her middle years separate her from him. He is blown upon by every wind. She, though in desperate material circumstances, is spiritually more secure than ever before. She leaves him to make her own living; with little help he must make his. So, finally, the novelist indicates what wise and modern motherhood must allow for. The gap between two generations at this time was wider than ever before. The older had no wisdom for the younger. Annette, aware of this, gives over her son to those social forces that must mold or break him.

Marc is left in post-war Paris. His boyhood friends, one by one, take their violent or feeble ways. Their idealism embitters or emboldens them. And the novelist, through the eyes of the twenty-year-old Marc, analyzes and judges the French people as they fall back too easily into their materialism, their false patriotism, their scavenger-like greed. The scene is full of artificial bustle, nothing is being accomplished toward lasting peace or human certainty. The novelist draws his characters with precision, but without rancor. Marc, earning a precarious living, is not unsmirched. But he has strength enough to flee from the self-indulgent Aunt Sylvie and the mesh of luxury and sensuousness she casts round him. Annette, meantime, hating the world with more wisdom than her son, has become the secretary of a newspaper magnate, Timon, whose tremendous uncouth power she turns toward a direct attack on the very commercial powers supporting him. The chapters devoted to the character of Timon as it is altered by Annette's relentless but finer will are magnificent. The novelist's subtle analysis of the interplay of these two passionate wills, of these completely unembarrassed minds, the man's stronger but less disciplined, the woman's of lesser scope, but clearer and completely disciplined, is unforgettable. But it is Marc's book, and it is Marc who, in the end, faces toward communism and Russia. Annette gives her son gladly to Assia, a most extraordinary character, a Russian noblewoman who, after deep anguish, has accepted the new dealism of her country.

Occasionally, even in this last volume, Rolland is too violent. But for the most part he is able to keep his theme, his hatred of capitalism, rightly within the minds of his characters. And what beautifully and precisely drawn characters they are! Greatest of them all is Annette. Her son must in such times be weaker than his mother, but he is not unworthy of his part. His "soul enchanted" is to move, crippled perhaps, toward the next horizon

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for the individual—that horizon which will be visible only when society has again achieved a moral order. Rolland, in this book, is at one and the same time the great modern truth-speaker and the master novelist.

EDA LOU WALTON

Aristocrat's Return

First to Go Back. By Irina Skariatina. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.75.

IT must be said at once that this is a very interesting book, in spite of the fact that it is an extremely superficial one. It could hardly be otherwise, considering the short time the author had at her disposal in which to cover the new Russia. Nevertheless, her story gives us a fresh view of the transformation of Russia into a proletarian state, and she is certainly to be congratulated on the impartiality of her judgments of the new conditions which prevail today in her fatherland. She is completely free of the bitterness exhibited by so many Russian émigrés. She has recognized that historical events cannot be arrested in their course, and that when certain things which one has believed to be immortal perish and crumble into dust, it is useless to hope that they can come to life again. Irina Skariatina is a philosopher in that respect; she knows how to shrug her shoulders and say *Nitchevo* with all the superb arrogance and indifference that in former days characterized the Russian aristocracy.

Her descriptions of her wanderings in the former haunts of royalty, amid the splendors of the Petrograd and Moscow museums, are remarkably well done and exceedingly entertaining, although one could wish that she had not included so many remembrances of the grandeur of her own family. But perhaps one could hardly have expected a more impersonal book, and one can understand the depth of the author's emotions as she came once more face to face with places and things which had been a part of her former brilliant life.

What I like best in these impressions—for one can hardly call them anything else—are the descriptions of this former aristocrat's journey through the transformed country, of the Caucasus and the Ukraine, and the additions made to her remarks by her husband, Victor F. Blakeslee, in which bewilderment is mingled with a true American sense of humor.

CATHERINE RADZIWIŁŁ

The Indian's Tragedy

Broken Arrow. By Robert Gessner. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

MR. GESSNER has dedicated his book to "the many white friends of the Indian who have fought to protect him from their own civilization." The novel seems to indicate, however, that for the most part they have fought in vain.

Levi Horse-Afraid, a seventeen-year-old Sioux boy who had spent his life in the Bad Lands of South Dakota, had "an intuitive knowledge that if he was not to perish he must become like the dominant whites. Through his boyhood eyes he had seen defeat long enough." So he tried to learn the ways of the white man. The white world offered him the chance to perform in fake rodeos and Indian "ceremonies," and the chance to ride his beloved buckskin in "fixed" horse races. When, in heart-break and disillusion, he made his escape back to the stark privation of the Bad Lands, it sent officers of the law after him and brought him back to the prison-like government school, to regulation and drill and humiliation and the crowded, suffocating dormitories. Lily Hernandez, the half-breed girl he loved,

also wanted to "live like white people, somewhere away from the reservation," but when their love affair was discovered the school expelled them both for "immoral sedition." Once more Levi Horse-Afraid made his way back to the Bad Lands. His mother had sobbed when they took him away, "Your school is bad! Our children come back in boxes!" Levi came back alive—to die of galloping tuberculosis. He came back a stranger to the Indian tent—neither an Indian nor a white man—and wandered away from it to find the only peace he could in death. "He was hatless and empty-handed as he tottered westward toward the sunset. Now he was among the brave old warriors. Like them he would die. Like his great grandfather, Young Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, he would sleep in an unmarked grave."

Despite his indignant sympathy with the Indians, Mr. Gessner has told his story objectively and also, perhaps inevitably somewhat externally. He records events in the life of Levi and of other Indians and half-breeds without conveying any deep understanding of their thoughts and feelings about their experiences. We understand in a way, of course, what they suffer from want and frustration and lost liberty, but we are given no intimate or individual revelation. The nearest we come to it is a poignant realization of the numb bewilderment in which Levi gropes his way through the white school world, but we never seem to penetrate beyond the numbness and bewilderment. Perhaps this is because the core of the Indian's tragedy lies in his detribalization and this tragedy is difficult to convey in terms of individual lives; or perhaps it is only because the Indian's secret self still eludes even his most sympathetic white friend.

MARTHA GRUENING

China in Revolt

Chinese Destinies: Sketches of Present-Day China. By Agnes Smedley. The Vanguard Press. \$3.

AS engrossing as the best of fiction, as easily read as the most popular newspaper, yet as profoundly serious as the most learned sociological treatise, this book paints a picture of contemporary China that no intelligent person, irrespective of race or nationality, can afford to ignore. It is not merely a book for experts or for those who have a special interest in China. The inhuman conditions and the struggle against them which the book so vividly sets forth and the social, economic and political problems involved are of fundamental and universal importance and should have a wide appeal.

In short sketches, the drama of the social struggle now in process in China is unfolded. There sits the German business man across a dinner table who openly and shamelessly speaks of the Chinese coolie as "half human." In a wealthy Chinese home where rebellious peasants are privately imprisoned and executed, the well-educated daughter-in-law of the host formally and politely tells the authoress and her friends that the Chinese are "by nature a race inferior to the foreigners." A bandit (not Communist) proudly explains that "the only difference between our bandits and the government generals is that we have not yet got enough guns or enough money," and reveals that the government supplies the bandits with bullets to fight the Red Army and promises them that if they kill the Reds they shall have "all the *hsien* [districts] and all the taxes of West Fukien." A Chinese military officer engaged in the "repression campaign" tells the authoress frankly, "Many of our higher officers now say that the only way for us to exterminate the reds is to kill the last man, woman, and child in Kiangsi. We would have to surround villages and territories and drop poison gas bombs on them. Yes, of course, that would mean killing over twenty million people. . . ."

Heroic life stories of Communist martyrs such as Shan-pei and the five graduates of the National University of Peking contrast with the lives of the "living dead," samples from the waste heap of the revolution, and the pitiful and impotent Kewi-Chu, a weak petty-bourgeois intellectual ensnared in his own emotions. In the Revolt of the Hunan Miners, A Red Army, The Demonstration, and The Fall of Shangpo, powerful social dramas are recorded with a skill and authenticity that are truly remarkable. Of course, the stories cannot be true in the photographic sense. They are sometimes fictionalized. Yet they are fundamentally true, as true to life as the work of a good portrait painter.

This book reveals the powers as well as the potentialities of revolutionary literature. Writers who complain of the lack of significant material have only themselves to blame. Miss Smedley surveys the Chinese scene from the point of view of the oppressed classes whose subjective interest is in harmony with the objective process in history—the rising rebellion and reconstitution of society by the toiling masses. She understands and successfully records one of the world's great social struggles in process. This is the reason why to Miss Smedley China is a source of invaluable and inexhaustible literary treasure, while to numerous other equally talented writers it is nothing more than a storehouse of antique furniture.

CH'AO-TING CHI

Shorter Notices

Wonder Hero. By J. B. Priestley. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Mr. Priestley suffers from the gentle touch, a serious malady endemic among English novelists. Its symptoms are innocent enough, and its effects are never fatal in the sense of leading to complications which might threaten to cut short an author's literary career. Quite the contrary. It is laxative in its action, inducing writing that is easy, regular, and generally undisturbing. But once it gets into the system it is incurable, and though a man may turn out his novel a year as if nothing had happened, it is well-nigh impossible for anything stark or tragic or beautiful to thrive in the boneless whimsicality of his prose. "Wonder Hero" concerns itself with a humble English worker who by the caprice of the long arm of coincidence and of a great London daily is turned into a seven-day newspaper wonder overnight. The plight of the poor fellow in the meshes of the publicity mill makes a plot that is an ideal vehicle for Mr. Priestley's brand of fancy.

The Avatars. A Futurist Fantasy. By Æ (George Russell). The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Æ, the Irish poet and mystic, has been much troubled of late by the encroachment of science and industrialism upon his vision of perfection. Modern men and modern thought are self-destructive; they build perfect mechanisms which destroy the human spirit. "The Avatars," which Æ calls a futurist fantasy, projects a kind of spiritual Utopia. A certain few of the chosen in spirit come together and learn how the deities may again take human form. These seers are, of course, pantheists of Æ's particular variety. In nature they behold the embryos of all joy and all peace. In the high mountains they meet with the gods. Here they see the spiritual mating of a girl who might have been a princess with a boy who is a glorified peasant. One and all have strange dreams and visions. These mortals learn how to throw off the garments of fact and enter into the inner mind which is attuned to the hidden significance of all physical nature. But there is no use attempting to follow Æ's logic. There is no logic in this type of personal

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mysticism. It is better to read "The Avatars" as a study of a particular type of poetic mind. The descriptions of the scenery are very beautiful. The characters are all symbols of the creative intelligence. No one not Irish could have written the tale—the Irish mind senses no borderline between reality and dream. And only Æ could have written this fantasy, the setting and the action of which are in the clouds of inner contemplation.

Strange Victory. By Sara Teasdale. The Macmillan Company. \$1.

Sara Teasdale's particular genius has already been defined. No other American poet has her ability to write the song. Her lyrics are simple in imagery, singable, direct in expressing the poignant emotion. With a limited vocabulary and a very small group of objects for reference (stars, night, hills, seas, birds—all used in the universal and almost never in the exactly defined sense) she projects her personal vision, and at once makes it true for all readers. Miss Teasdale's last book indicates clearly that she knew death was coming. It is a clear portrayal of her thoughts and feelings about her last lonely years. Without denying her personal defeat she affirms her inevitable spiritual victory. There is a strange and humble bravery in her last poems.

And I have taken thought to leave behind me
Nothing to feel the long on-coming frost.

But there is also the purely human regret:

Now without sorrow and without elation
I can lay down my body, nor deplore
How little, with her insufficient ration,
Life has to feed us—but these hands, must they
Go in the same blank, ignominious way,
And fold upon themselves, at last, no more?

Miss Teasdale wrote, always, out of the wisdom of the heart. In one or two of her later books she attempted to write of the world around her, but she was unsuccessful. This last volume is a return to her first conviction, that the only words worth saying are those that all sensitive people feel, words that describe moments of beauty and moments of pain and the fusion of such moments in a brief conviction that life, whatever it may bring, is valuable.

Films

René Clair: Transition

TO those few who have not yet made the acquaintance of René Clair through one or another of his four pictures already shown in this country, "Quatorze Juillet" (Little Carnegie) will certainly provide one of the most satisfying experiences they have ever received from the cinema. Here is wit that does not depend on words or word-play but on the hilarious use of means peculiar to the screen medium, namely, images of sight and sound. Its epigrams, that is to say, reach the mind, not indirectly through the medium of word symbols, but directly through a projection of the things themselves that are being satirized. By tracing the vicissitudes of a single silk hat, for example, Clair can say as much as a Marivaux or a Bourdet in a dialogue of several lines or even in a whole scene. For here also is intelligence—that faculty so universally denied the screen by its detractors—and intelligence of a more refined order than is common in any field of literature or drama at the present time. This is something quite different, it may be said, from the vague interest in ideas or philosophies which currently passes for great intelligence in artists. It is the intelligence of the artist

turned toward mastering and refining his own medium that is most striking in René Clair's work. It is to be recognized not only in his brilliantly ironic montage (Clair is a master of the "contrast" type of montage) but in the unerring way in which he manages the *duration* of his effects. To follow a Clair film after an average American or Russian product is like being whirled through Paris in one of the frantic taxicabs that have made that city famous. His rhythms are so rapid and subtle that no relaxation of mind or physical attention is possible. An example from the new picture would be the scene in which the estranged lovers are instantly united by their simultaneous response to the bad playing of the orchestra. A smile suffices for what might have taken much dialogue. Such rapidity of movement need not always be a virtue, but in Clair's films it is indispensable to the mood and illusion. One moment's slowing down and the whole machine of fantasy would cease operating.

This fantasy world which we are not allowed time to scrutinize closely leads us to that other quality of Clair's work which is so often admired and which is usually described as its sophisticated charm. The charm unquestionably consists in the delicate softness of contour with which he endows his idealized Parisian *quartier*—the roof tops, squares, and even people, which become generalized into something like timeless abstraction. In France there has always existed this strange contradiction between the tradition of *clarté*, the celebrated Latin tradition of keeping the edges of things hard and clean, and the tradition which has believed in blurring them as much as possible for the sake of what Verlaine called the *nuance*. Intellectually, in so far as he is a comic satirist, Clair belongs to the first tradition which is the tradition of Molière; but in so far as he is also a pictorial artist his kinship is much closer with the tradition whose contemporary representatives in painting are Raoul Dufy and Marie Laurencin. The fusion in his comedies of the two traditions is probably what makes people think of them as being at once both sophisticated and charming. But it is precisely this difficulty of making a fast enough adjustment between his cynicism and his tenderness—as in the sequence of the poor forsaken flower girl who rescues the millionaire count during one of his more manic exploits—which is responsible for the ambiguity of mood that is becoming increasingly harder to tolerate in Clair's work. For it is now necessary to report that despite its many technical excellences, his new picture will be found considerably disappointing by those who have been following his development from the beginning.

Alone among Clair's films, "Quatorze Juillet" is without form or organization. It has a story, to be sure, but such a simple story of young love, underworld adventure, and the rest that to retell it would be to make its simplicity seem like simple-mindedness. In "Le Million" Clair offered us farce, pure farce, and it would have been absurd to demand of it anything more than the most superficial sort of amusement. In his next picture, "Nous la Liberté," Clair revealed a consciousness, if not of a social point of view, at least of the necessity of a more crystallized social point of view that he had yet expressed. If it were not for this picture, in which the farce had deepened into satire, although a satire whose object and method were still uncertain and diffused, we should probably not have expected so much from the picture that has followed it. The question is not nearly so simple as to be a question whether or not Clair *ought*, in a general sense, to adopt a particular social or political point of view in his future work. It is a question of whether or not he can continue to extract any further satirical interest, except of the feeblest sort, out of the antics of such characters as the crazy millionaire in "Quatorze Juillet." The insanities of the post-war world in which Clair developed now strike us as being more disgusting than amusing: Dada is dead, long live Dad. When Clair himself discovers this to be a fact, he is going to realize that his intelligence and his art are being wasted in

very old-fashioned sort of game. Nor is it likely that he will be able to satisfy anyone, even himself, by returning to the tenderly sentimental genre study with which he began and to which he returns in his latest film. He cannot turn back after having given evidence of so much ambitiousness. "Quatorze Juillet" can only mark a transition point in the development of the one French director who has shown a distinct talent for development. In his next film, which should be more important, the third stage in that development will have to be announced or his work will cease to be interesting.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

A Joyous Revival

THEATER GUILD revivals have not always been happy, but "The School for Husbands" (Empire Theater) is pure delight—an adaptation made with such wit and performed with such verve that the spectator may not only be disposed to forgive any sins of the past but find himself actually falling in love with that theater of art and artifice from which the original was drawn.

Molière generally resists with distressing success any effort to translate him, and "L'Ecole des Maris" is not even one of his better-known plays. Put any of his verse into the heavy-footed prose of the pedant, and little remains except that substratum of now platitudinous *bon sens* which the compact phraseology and the neat rhyming of the original lifts into epigram. But to translate him with the verve exhibited in this rendering by Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner is to rediscover in English much of the quality which made him unique, to capture again the flavor of an essentially grave spirit obliquely illuminated by the steady light of a comic wisdom which the gaiety of the lines steadily reflects. Molière's verse has all the sententiousness of the classical Alexandrine, but it is clipped just enough to become tripping rather than stately, and is therefore the perfect vehicle for the expression of a temperament to which the dictates of moderation and decorum presented themselves not as part of the pompous official philosophy of a solemn court but as the good-humored common sense of the citizen. That graceful gravity, that lightness of touch which remains, nevertheless, the very reverse of frivolity, is Molière and is, also, the thing which the present version succeeds so often in preserving. Add the charming performance of June Walker as the resolute but essentially respectable and therefore very Molièresque minx; add also the almost inspired performance of Osgood Perkins as the saturnine Sganarelle, and you have both a thoroughly delightful evening and something more besides. To Mr. Perkins, indeed, goes a very large share of credit, for he manages to suggest the three things necessary for the full understanding of the character he is portraying: his Sganarelle is sinister, also ridiculous, and, finally, touched with that pathos inherent in the spectacle of any aging man who reaches out hopelessly toward one of those young girls for whom he cannot help feeling desire.

Having said this much I should like to go further and take mild issue with those of my fellow-critics who enjoyed the performance but are inclined to feel that they were able to do so only because all those concerned in it were merely, they think, making merry with the text of a boresome old play, as dull and as outdated as "The Streets of New York." It is true, to be sure, that the adaptation is very free in spots, and that it is decked out with a number of delightful songs set to old French music but not actually belonging to the play. It is true,

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still further, that the ballet introduced into the second act is taken from a different piece, and true even—a more serious admission—that the lines are sometimes given a turn distinctly more flippant than the author ever intended they should have. But for all this I insist that, taken as a whole, the performance is not only vastly entertaining but, in very large measure, entertaining in the same way and for the very same reasons that Molière's plays were entertaining to his audience. Many of them were, though this one was not, ballet divertissements. However realistic he may have been in spirit, he was not realistic in form, and the artificialities which a modern audience is sometimes inclined to regard as charming naivetes are no naive at all, but, on the contrary, perfectly deliberate.

We have paid a heavy price for the realistic tradition of our theater. In exchange we have got some modern plays with a kind of power which those of no previous theater ever had. But part of the price has been the growth of a sheer inability to accept artifice when artifice is called for, a blindness to the meaning of either the fanciful or the formalized, and a stupid determination to interpret them as merely the gaucheries of an imperfect realism. Yet the truth of the matter is, of course, that one might make a very good case for the contention that literal verisimilitude has never been worth the effort to attain it, that—to take a simple example—a soliloquy directed straight at the audience is a more economical device for conveying a bit of necessary information than any of the cumbersome means since devised for achieving the same purpose while preserving our precious but quite inessential verisimilitude. That, however, is by no means all. A play like "The School for Husbands" has a delightful neatness of pattern and a soul-satisfying finish of utterance quite impossible for any writer in the realistic manner to achieve. There is one kind of pleasure to be derived from hearing people talk more or less as they actually do, but there is another and perhaps more acute pleasure in hearing them express themselves with a fulness, an eloquence, a pointedness, or a wit which is superhuman and, therefore, artificial. It is that pleasure, plus the pleasure of an action whose neat perfection is like that of Mozart's music, which makes some old plays potentially the source of a kind of delight whose very existence we have almost forgotten. It would be much if productions like the present could make us aware of it again. If a modern audience can accept without self-consciousness the frank artificiality of "The Three Little Pigs," why cannot it take Molière without condescension?

Oddly enough, the other chief event of the past week was another revival—an almost equally elaborate production of Johann Strauss's old opera "Die Fledermaus," now given the title "Champagne, Sec" (Morosco Theater). It also is marked by a deliberate artificiality which, this time, verges on burlesque, and it is almost miraculously unflagging in its flow of pleasant melody. The present production has been done with a fine sense of the values involved and should go. I enjoyed it greatly.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Next Week in *The Nation***A German Student Speaks**

By Peter Lieberknecht

Public Ownership at a Profit

By Judson King



The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1933

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IF THE ADMINISTRATION desires to put an end to Henry Ford's anti-social and obstructive individualism, his ruthless labor policies long masked by fictitious publicity, it should not and need not depart from the path of legality. As it is, the campaign against Ford appears like a clear-cut abuse of authority. Nothing either in the recovery act or in the executive order of August 10 regulating the purchase of government supplies ought to be construed as sanctioning the Administration's decision to refuse to accept bids from the Ford Company simply because Ford has not signed a statement saying he will comply with the automobile code. On the contrary, the order of August 10, upon which the decision is apparently based, far from compelling a government contractor to make a public profession of faith in the NRA, merely requires that he "shall comply with all provisions of the applicable approved code of fair competition for the trade or industry or subdivision thereof concerned, or if there be no approved code of fair competition for the trade or industry or subdivision thereof concerned, then the provisions of the President's reemployment agreement promulgated under authority of Section 4a of the foregoing act, or any amendment thereof, without regard to whether the contractor is himself a party to such code or agreement."

Has the NRA or the White House definite proof that Henry Ford is not complying with the provisions of the automobile code? If so, why has not the Administration taken legal action against him as required by the recovery act? If the Administration has no such proof, then certainly it is violating both the spirit and the letter of the President's order.

THE NATION is not seeking to defend Ford's policies or his attitude toward the NRA. It is interested only in the principle involved, and that principle concerns the use to which the Roosevelt Administration puts its authority under the recovery act. If this authority, greater than any President has had before, is abused in the case of Ford, why may it not be abused in situations where other individuals or groups are concerned? Why may it not, for example, be turned against the working class if the workers, accidentally or otherwise, incur the displeasure of a high-placed official in the NRA, as seems to have happened in regard to Ford? That the Administration is deliberately going out of its way to hurt Ford is an open secret in Washington. For example, J. F. Essary, Baltimore *Sun* correspondent, reports that the loss of business to the Ford Company as a result of the government boycott "might be serious," and adds that "Administration officials hope that it will be serious. They make no secret of the fact, or of their purpose to punish the motor magnate." Does one need to emphasize the danger that lies in this attitude? It is high time the Administration stopped to respect the law of which it is itself the author, if it would have others obey that law.

THE ADMINISTRATION has changed its gold policy again, but the present policy is hardly an improvement over that of the week before. As *The Nation* pointed out in its comment of last week, to buy newly mined American gold above the world-market price could have no direct effect on the international quotation of the dollar; its only direct effect is to pay a gratuitous subsidy to American gold producers. It required only a few days to show the truth of this; the paper dollar rose even on days on which the price of domestic gold was advanced. But if the old policy was merely ineffective, the new policy is highly dangerous. Directly, it is true, it is unlikely to have a very pronounced result. For the United States government to buy \$100,000,000 worth of gold from the London market could have no more immediate effect in reducing the value of the dollar than for the government or private traders to import an extra \$100,000,000 worth of rubber or linen or any other commodity. The United States government has, of course, not the slightest need for this gold. We already have not only the lion's share of the world's gold but a far greater amount than we have ever held in the history of the Federal Reserve System, and we are not, as we were until a few months ago, called upon to pay out any given amount of it that might be demanded. When our government purchases gold abroad, international speculators may cooperate with it by selling dollars on the assumption that we expect to devalue further; but those speculators may also buy dollars, and so op-

pose the government, on the assumption that the acquisition of more gold strengthens the American dollar's position. The main result the Administration hopes for could be achieved much more easily by a simple official announcement by our government of the level at which it intended to devalue and of the time when it was prepared to do so. Meanwhile our present policy is certain to give concern if not alarm to the British and French, leading to possible retaliatory measures and a competition in international debasement that could only end in disaster for all concerned.

TWO-THIRDS of 1,139 daily newspapers which were asked if they favored immediate recognition of Soviet Russia replied in the affirmative. The question was put by the Committee on Russian-American Relations of the American Foundation, and it defined "recognition" to mean the "immediate establishment of diplomatic relations, with agreement to enter upon subsequent negotiations for the adjustment of all outstanding claims, and other matters now in dispute." The answers included 718 newspapers which said they favored recognition on these terms, 306 which opposed it, and 29 which favored it with qualifications. The opposition, which was not confined to any section of the country but spread pretty generally north, east, south, and west, offered in general the time-honored objections: Russia must pay its debts first, must guarantee to prevent Communist propaganda in the United States, must recognize the right of private property, and so on. A few which objected did so on the ground that Soviet Russia did not believe in God, a few thought that the trade accruing to this country after recognition would not be worth the possible danger involved, one or two pointed out that British recognition of Russia had been ill advised. The Gallup (New Mexico) *Independent* was opposed to recognition and said: "Our local situation with an unauthorized strike influences our stand." The "sanctity of the family" was mentioned only once—by the Bristol (Connecticut) *Press*. No mention at all was made of the nationalization of women! The Logansport (Indiana) *Press* remarked sarcastically in voting in the negative: "Two Soviet governments should not come in conflict—the commissars might quarrel." The Corvallis (Oregon) *Gazette-Times* said: "We have become so radical here now that it is doubtful if Russia would recognize us."

THE DISARMAMENT CRISIS has disappeared temporarily from the front pages of the newspapers. But the crisis itself remains as lively and menacing as ever. For the moment, at least, the statesmen have retired in favor of the generals and admirals, the munitions makers and chemists. In England the munitions plants have taken on new life. Indeed, this industry is reported to be the busiest in Great Britain today. The great French munitions works have also increased their activity, with much profit incidentally to the Schneider-Creusot interests, which have again cut wages without at the same time reducing prices. The Belgian Cabinet has approved a plan to increase the funds being spent on the frontier defenses. The Swiss National Council has voted an emergency appropriation for the purchase of munitions and other military equipment. Similar measures are being discussed by the Polish and Czechoslovakian governments. Austria has, with the permission of the Allies, enlarged its army by 8,000 men. Even little Den-

mark, which a few months ago was voluntarily disarming itself, is considering reinforcing its southern defenses. Prime Minister Stauning announced that this line would be "defended to the limit." Japan and Russia have likewise been busy in the Far East. Australia and New Zealand have agreed upon a common defense plan, and the former has measurably increased its military budget. The Union of South Africa has suddenly decided to strengthen its military establishment, especially its air force. And here in the United States not only has the Administration rejected out of hand the British plea that the naval building race be halted before it is too late, but an aggressive Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Henry L. Roosevelt, has met the anxieties arising from the Geneva rupture with the statement that the Navy Department is "moving with *war-time speed* to start actual construction on new vessels."

MEANWHILE the scientists and propagandists have also been busy. British newsreels are being used to advocate rearmament. Speeches by the admirals and by such militarists as Lord Lloyd are faithfully reproduced for movie audiences, the newsreel editors explaining that "naval expansion is very much in the news, which it is our business to reflect." The same situation obtains in other countries. In Denmark and elsewhere gas masks are being placed on public sale. However humane this distribution may appear from the standpoint of the defense of noncombatants, the exhibition and sale of these masks is essentially a subtle form of war propaganda. The public mind is thus kept in a constant state of agitation and alarm. Among recent developments in the scientific field may be included the construction by the British of an airplane especially made to destroy submarines. It carries a quick-firing gun of secret design. The British have also developed a new type of 16-inch shell for their dreadnaughts which will pierce 16-inch armor even when striking at angles of 15, 20, or as high as 30 degrees, and explode with devastating effect in the interior of an enemy ship. Louis B. Wilson of the University of Minnesota has announced the perfection of a new army rifle with "a muzzle velocity of 5,000 feet a second as against the present velocity of 2,700 feet. . . . Bullets fired from this gun will shock and destroy three times as much tissue as the old-style bullets."

FORTUNATELY there is some encouraging news on the anti-war side. In addition to the decision of British labor in favor of a general strike in the event of another war, comes word of a by-election at Fulham at the end of October which had the astonishing result of returning a Laborite to Parliament by a majority of 5,000 in a district which had returned only Conservatives for a generation and had elected its last member by a Conservative majority of 15,000. A New York *Times* correspondent cables that "it was as if Vermont had gone Democratic." Now the significance of this election is that it was fought squarely on the issue of peace and war. The Conservative speakers, among them a member of the government, demanded a big navy, a larger army, an increased air force. The Laborites, headed by George Lansbury, took the extreme pacifist point of view—and carried the election in what was supposed to be a hopelessly Conservative and reactionary district. Obviously, if the government has to face many more such disasters it will have to meet an increasing demand for a general election. More

light will be thrown on the situation by the next election, to be held on the day that Parliament reconvenes in November. In that the Labor candidate is a Quaker, who proclaims himself a pacifist and is making his campaign also on the question of peace and war. Here Sir John Simon has intervened, with such results as we shall see. In sixteen of these by-elections, declares the dispatch from which we have quoted above, there has been a decline of the Conservative vote on an average of 10,000 votes to the district. If that does not indicate that the British electorate is beginning to repent of having seated the coalition government, what could?

DISCLOSURE that the Machado administration was graft-ridden and hand in glove with American bankers for mutual benefit can scarcely be described as news. Yet revelation of the details before the Senate Banking and Currency subcommittee gives them authenticity. The Chase National Bank employed Machado's son-in-law at a high salary, although, in the words of one vice-president, "from any business standpoint" he was "perfectly useless," having "neither any ability for banking nor . . . the slightest ability in negotiating." The Chase hired him because "if we did not pay him a salary the President would have to give him an allowance." Moreover, the Chase paid this worthless son-in-law thousands of dollars to buy publicity in the Cuban newspapers favorable to one of its loans. Some acts of Chase officials apparently will not stand daylight. Parts of their correspondence were withheld from the record by Ferdinand Pecora, counsel for the committee, at the request of Winthrop W. Aldrich, president of the Chase Bank, "to prevent possible acts of violence in Cuba." Certainly such performances should no longer startle the public. We can find analogies much closer to home in our own larger city governments. What lends the Cuban exhibits their peculiar interest at this time is the unique relationship of the Cuban republic to ours under the obligations which a generation ago our government forced the Cubans to intrust to us by the Platt Amendment.

THE SECOND ARTICLE of the Platt Amendment—embodied in the permanent treaty between the two countries—restrains the Cuban government from contracting debts beyond its ordinary revenues and by implication fixes on our government responsibility for the execution of those provisions. They were flagrantly violated by Machado. But what is more important, they were violated with the knowledge of the responsible officials in our State Department. While this fiscal obligation was being breached (to the detriment of investors at home), our other, better-known trust under the Platt Amendment, "the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty," was likewise betrayed. Wholesale murder, arbitrary imprisonment, and ruthless suppression were integral parts of the Machado system of control. One vice-president of the Chase, writing with bland cynicism to another, cited as evidence of Machado's complete domination the dictator's assertion that "in the last Congress there were one or two dissenting voices," but in the next Congress there would not be one dissenting voice, adding: "I suppose the two dissenting voices are already in jail." To line his pockets and those of his relatives and associates, and to "meet payments" to the bankers, the President was "even starving government employees." Here we have the fruits of the

Platt Amendment. Is it not time that the United States government made belated amends for this betrayal under its guardianship of both the American good name and of the Cuban people by pledging the early abolition of the permanent treaty? Under our system of government the American people can devise measures to hold their buccaneers in check. But the Cubans, held in vassalage by the Platt Amendment, have been denied, as the bankers themselves boasted, "the chance of revolution." Political revolution has come at last, but Washington has not yet seen fit to recognize the revolutionary government which has functioned for eight weeks.

AS A SUPPLEMENT to the general code for retailers, the President included a special code for drugstores which contains provisions regarding hours that the Pharmacists' Union of Greater New York has declared unacceptable. Stores open for business between eighty and ninety hours a week are permitted a forty-eight-hour working week; stores open more than ninety hours a week are permitted to work their employees fifty-six hours. According to the Pharmacists' Union, the average drugstore is open sixteen hours a day, seven days a week, or 112 hours a week. All help, therefore, would be permitted to work fifty-six hours—with the exception of registered pharmacists, juniors, and apprentices, who come under the head of professional employees and are permitted to work 10 per cent more than that, and more in cases of emergency. This would mean that all persons classified as professional employees might work at least sixty-two hours a week. The union declares that the chain drugstores are urging their non-professional help to become professional. This is done in New York simply by having the employee file an application for an apprentice's certificate, which costs \$1. He then becomes a "professional." Since the minimum wage is \$16, the same amount being the minimum wage for the registered pharmacist, the "professional" is therefore permitted to work sixty-two or more hours a week for the same wage paid the non-professional who works no more than fifty-six hours. The Pharmacists' Union will attempt to enforce a code of its own.

AT THIS WRITING, a week before the New York City election, it appears reasonably certain that a substantial majority of votes will be cast for LaGuardia. How large a proportion of these votes are counted, to what extent the historic Tammany practice of padding, repeating, and intimidating will be successfully pursued, depends on the effectiveness of the Fusion organization on Election Day. Despite the favorable prospect, the importance of having every last Fusion voter come to the polls cannot be too strongly emphasized if, in addition to electing La Guardia, the city is to give him the support in office necessary to substantial achievement. Outside of Manhattan, the same candidates for aldermen appear on both the O'Brien and McKee tickets—conclusive evidence, if evidence were needed, of the essential identity in character of these two Tammany factions. The *Literary Digest* poll, which on its past performances may be accepted as a fairly accurate prognostication, reveals LaGuardia as having slightly under one-half the total vote, a plurality ample to elect him but just insufficient to elect the Fusion aldermen—in four boroughs. A majority of Tammany aldermen can defeat charter revision. It is crucially important, therefore, to have every possible Fusion vote.

How Shall We Meet Nazi Propaganda?

WHATEVER else may be said of Adolf Hitler, he is putting men of conscience and principle to their trumps. Pacifists, faced by the fact that if Hitler is let alone for five years he may burst out of Germany at the head of a far more dangerous army than that of 1914, are impelled to heart-searching to make sure that they still believe in their faith. And now comes the question of Nazi propaganda in the United States. For those who have fought ever since the beginning of the World War for the right of free speech there is no difficulty in saying that the Nazi adherents in the United States are as much entitled to free speech as are Socialists, Communists, atheists, and all the dissenting minorities who have been so rigidly suppressed in many sections of the United States. We heartily indorse Harry Weinberger and Morris L. Ernst in their appearance before Mayor O'Brien of New York City to assert the right of Nazi sympathizers to have their say, although it is true that Mayor O'Brien's decision related to a city-owned structure.

The issue is complicated by the fact that the chief Nazi agitators are aliens. Few people realize that under our laws, and generally those of other countries, an alien is entitled to every right so far as free speech is concerned that inures to a citizen of the country in which he is sojourning. It is of course an outrageous breach of good manners for an alien to criticize or attack the government of the country in which he is living, but unless he violates the law by inciting to violence or crime, he has a legal right to do so. We do not go into our neighbors' houses if we are decent people, and try to break up their families, or denounce them for their way of living if we do not like it. *The Nation* believes that the United States government would be justified if, after the expiration of Herr Spanknöbel's permission to reside in this country, it declined to grant him that courtesy any longer. But as long as he is here, under our laws and our Constitution he is as much entitled to make an ass of himself in public as are those misguided native-born citizens who wish to advocate for the United States a dictatorship like that of Hitler's.

This is one of the principles that cannot be breached. We either have free speech or we haven't. The test is whether our faith in our institutions is strong enough to enable us to resist fascist or Hitlerite or Communist propaganda. If we firmly believe in our American institutions and their democratic spirit, which is something very different from being loyal to any given administration or policy in Washington, we cannot be shaken in that faith by any other doctrine. We have got to match our system against any other system; we have got to have courage to meet any advocate of any other system on the platform; and if we cannot beat him with pure reason, then we must admit that he has something better than we have. If there are Americans who believe that we ought to live under a Hitler and be the merest pawns of a bloody-handed tyrant, let them say so from as many platforms as they please. There is not the slightest reason to fear that they will ever win over the bulk of Americans to their view, whether they take their pattern from Moscow or Rome or Berlin.

But someone will object that these Hitlerites do not play the game according to the rules. They gain their ends by fraud, deceit, trickery, and above all by violence. What happened in the United German Societies in New York, as reported to Mayor O'Brien by Victor Ridder of the *Staats-Zeitung*, is characteristic of the way Hitler has wreaked his will upon Germany. His followers here got hold of the meeting by a trick, used violence, created an uproar, literally threw the other people out, and made themselves masters of the organization. Once in a position like this the Nazis see to it through their strong-armed men, their gangsters in brown uniforms, that nobody on the outside plays the same trick on them. Calvin Hoover, who has written a most admirable book, "Germany Enters the Third Reich," the best book so far on the rise of Hitler, dwells upon this point. He says that an honest and decent man cannot make headway against such brutes as these who stop at nothing, and he writes with deep feeling of the dreadfulness of the terror against which, once Hitler had seized the power and obtained control of the police, no one could even make a protest. Should not democracy, it is asked, protect itself against attacks of this kind by any means possible? The German republic a few years ago took exactly this position of allowing the Hitlerites to have their say, with the result that the republic perished.

On its face that seems plausible and difficult to answer, but the truth is that the leaders of the German republic showed an astonishing weakness. Hitler was an alien. He was caught in 1923 with arms in his hands setting up a rebellion within a country which was granting him hospitality. Surely it was not serving democracy to allow this man, and Ludendorff and Göring and the others who participated in this rebellion, to go at large after spending a few months in a comfortable fortress. Here was an overt act against the state which would have thoroughly justified putting Hitler into a genuine prison and keeping him there, banishing Ludendorff for life, and putting Göring in a safe place from which he could not get out. It was incredible weakness to take any other course when no issue of free speech was involved. Any man who violates the laws of his country or a foreign country does so at his own risk, whether his cause be right or wrong. John Brown had a good cause but adopted the wrong means, and when he lost he did not plead for mercy. He accepted his fate and stood upon the scaffold without a tremor until he paid the price.

We must not confuse weakness in administration of the laws with the principle of free speech. The historic American doctrine holds. The Jews who protested against Mayor O'Brien's action and stated that they did so in the interest of the Jews themselves, since if the Nazis were suppressed there would be a precedent established, were on solid ground. Let New York suppress the Nazis, and other cities will think they have the right to suppress Socialists, or Communists, or farmers who strike with the holiday associations, or anyone else whose views or beliefs the police may not like. Unquestionably the situation demands that we continue to uphold the finest American traditions of free speech and liberty of assembly at all times, no matter what the consequences.

Salary Grabbers

IN asking 2,000 of the largest corporations in the country for information in regard to the payments made to their executives the Federal Trade Commission deserves the widest support of public opinion. Recent revelations of extravagant salaries and bonuses paid to high officials of banks and various other companies even in depression times—during a period when low-paid employees were suffering wage cuts and stockholders were often getting little or nothing—are a scandal which warrants a complete overhauling of the system by which big businesses are frequently exploited and sometimes ruined by little groups of insiders for their own enrichment.

The public has learned lately that for the last five and a half years that Albert H. Wiggin was connected with the Chase National Bank—during part of which time it was losing money—he drew \$1,092,000 in salary and \$275,000 in bonuses. The record of Charles E. Mitchell, until recently chairman of the board of the National City Bank, is even more shocking. Apart from salary he got \$3,500,000 in bonuses for the three years 1927-29. The bonus system in business has become little better than a racket. On the witness stand Mr. Wiggin amiably admitted that his associates always suggested the additional compensation he was to receive. "And I helped to fix theirs," he added.

"You helped to fix theirs, and they helped to fix yours?" suggested Ferdinand Pecora, the examining counsel.

"Yes, we all sat together," said Mr. Wiggin.

The big insurance companies have been no better than the big banks. *The Nation* of April 26, last, printed figures showing that in the black year of 1932 the presidents of five large insurance companies drew annual salaries of from \$100,000 to \$200,000 apiece and four of them had had increases of \$25,000 since 1929. Nor is there reason to suppose that industrial corporations have acted better than banks and insurance companies. Financial experts know that many companies in recent years have been conducted without any intention of paying dividends to their investors. The big stockholders have all assigned offices to themselves and have absorbed the profits in salaries and bonuses. A remarkable chapter in American finance has been revealed in the bankruptcy hearings of the Paramount-Publix Corporation. In the year 1929 Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky each received \$130,000 in salary and \$757,500 in bonuses. In 1930, the first year of the depression, the same salaries were continued and each man got \$228,614 in bonuses. In 1931 the salaries were "reduced" to \$112,616, and \$1,000 apiece was paid to Messrs. Zukor and Lasky "for relinquishing any other claims." Even in 1932, with the company already practically bankrupt, Mr. Zukor drew \$96,031 in salary. Three other executives fared almost as well as Messrs. Zukor and Lasky. The high salaries paid to movie stars is an old scandal, but they are expenses presumably offset by receipts and not on the same footing as the money which went to Paramount-Publix executives. This money came out of profits which ought to have been set aside as reserves or distributed to stockholders. The counsel for some of the latter has correctly characterized the proceedings as a "looting of the company's funds and of the stock-

holders' property." Probably there are many similar cases.

The exorbitant salaries of executives were a throttling tax on American industry even in the days of so-called prosperity. Since then, with low-paid workers dismissed by the thousands or put on starvation wages, and bond-holders and stockholders cheated of their expected returns, these salaries are a major scandal. *The Nation* recently said that there ought to be no cuts in government salaries of less than \$10,000 a year until all higher salaries had been reduced to that amount. In the city of Baltimore, a fairly well-administered municipality, not a single official receives as much as \$10,000. That sum might well be the limit for the executives who so ably mismanage American business.

The Retail Code

NOT because it has been so hotly debated nor because it concerns a million or more retail organizations, but because it establishes the first direct contact between the NRA and the buying public, the recently published retail code should command the interest of every consumer. It is all the more deplorable, therefore, that the chief criticism of it must be that it is ambiguous, in some places to the point of being completely without meaning. General Johnson, indeed, must have recognized this, for he accompanied the code with a statement which supplements several of the vaguest sections and succeeds in clarifying them considerably. The code, however, and not General Johnson's helpful statement, becomes the law of the land, and unless his explanation can be regularly and officially adduced for the purposes of interpretation, the retailers may find themselves entirely at sea.

The sections in the code which have been most eagerly awaited have been those which might deal with price-fixing, either for a maximum or a minimum price, and those dealing with "unfair practices" in competition. For the former it may be said that there is nothing in the code which may be construed as price-fixing in any way. There is, it is true, a limitation upon price increases which forbids a price advance greater than is made necessary by the increased costs incidental to the operation of the NRA, but this is so vague as to be almost valueless. Various expedients for the limitation of price advances have been suggested, the most logical, perhaps, being a heavy tax on the profits of all goods sold at more than 30 per cent above cost. No such limitations appear in the code. Nor is there, generally speaking, a minimum price level established. Under the section dealing with the much-discussed "loss leader" clause, appears a paragraph that General Johnson interprets as meaning that no merchandise may be sold at less than "its invoice cost plus at least a portion of the wages paid to employees in the stores." The article in question, however, says nothing of the kind. It defines "loss leaders" as merchandise "often sold below cost to the merchant for the purpose of attracting trade," and it deems such selling "unfair practice." It even contains several comments, surprisingly editorial in tone, severely condemning such practice. It declares that "the selling price of articles to the consumer *should* include an allowance for actual wages of store labor." What else it should include, or what may be the significance of "should" instead of "must"

is not made clear. General Johnson's explanation is sorely needed, but no one can say just how official it is.

The other point, discussed at length under the head of "unfair practices" before the code was made public, was the question of advertising methods—in brief, fraudulent advertising. First, the code flatly declares that no retailer shall use advertising of any sort which is inaccurate or misleading or intended to deceive. This seems clear as far as it goes. Then, "no retailer shall use advertising which inaccurately lays claim to a policy or continuing practice of generally underselling competitors." The word "inaccurately," which did not appear in the controversy before the code was finally promulgated, sticks out like a sore thumb. Who shall determine what it means, unless it be agreed from the outset that such claims are always unfounded? The offenders, with millions of dollars worth of business annually to their credit, will probably make no such agreement without a struggle. This section, more than any other, indeed, raises the whole question of the enforceability of the code. Properly to weigh the word "inaccurately" in the section in question would mean to review the entire volume of business of a given establishment in all its branches. Obviously no enforcement is possible except by constant watchfulness on the part of one establishment, or a series of establishments not notorious offenders in this particular, over any other which may in the past have been an offender. The resulting private trade war might be as disastrous in the long run as the unfortunate competitive practices which the code seeks to eliminate.

In the matter of hours and wages one clause, at least, is worth noting. Establishments may elect to place themselves under one of three programs for hours, both hours of keeping the store open and of employment, the range being from a minimum of fifty-two hours for keeping the store open, with an accompanying forty-hour week for employees, to a maximum opening of sixty-three hours, with a forty-eight-hour working week. The difference in wages to the employee, however, between the forty and the forty-eight hour week is exactly one dollar! For the forty-hour week, in cities with a population of 500,000 or more, the minimum wage is \$14; for the forty-eight-hour week the minimum wage is \$15. In the metropolitan areas, where the tendency for many years has been toward shorter hours, and where the overhead for lighting and general service would far outdistance the cost of the extra dollar per week for employees, it is unlikely that advantage will be taken of this cheap means of increasing the employee's working time. But in the small stores, even exempting, as the code does, the establishments with fewer than five employees, it is altogether possible that labor will find itself working an extra eight hours a week for an extra dollar in pay.

General Johnson has appointed a Retail Trade Authority which will begin at once the herculean task of administration. It will have plenty of work to do, as will the local boards of complaint that are to be arranged for also. Between now and February 1, when reports of the workings of the code will be gone over and interpreted, it may be that the public will no longer be mulcted and that it will buy more merchandise. But if this happens it will not be so much a result of the retail code as of the general docility and law-abidingness of human nature. If retailers believe that they must behave and if the public is convinced that it must buy, what a pleasant world it will be!

Keeping the Movies Pure

SOMEWHERE in "Don Juan" Byron describes the gratitude which he felt when a boy for those editors of classical texts who eliminated the naughtier passages. This was not, he hastens to add, because he was anxious to be protected, but because the scrupulous editors always collected the deleted lines in a convenient appendix to which he could immediately turn—thus saving himself the trouble of reading the decent parts at all.

For movie-goers the National Council on Freedom from Censorship has performed a similar service by publishing in a ninety-eight-page pamphlet the complete text of all the eliminations ordered by the New York Board of Censors for the fifteen months' period ending March, 1933. The material is arranged in alphabetical order according to the title of the mutilated film, and cinema enthusiasts may thus conveniently find just what they missed in any particular "feature." Others may imitate Byron, save themselves the trouble of going to the movies at all, and luxuriate in a choice collection of more or less indecent bits of dialogue. As for us, we are particularly taken by an order issued in connection with a film called "Cock of the Air," which reads: "Eliminate views of Roger sensually contemplating bed." That is something we should like to have seen. We should, indeed, like to know just how it is done. A man who can ogle a bed must be talented beyond the ordinary.

For more serious students the pamphlet also contains a statistical study of the censors' activity. From this it appears that something like 38 per cent of all the material in "feature" films is eliminated, and that 44 per cent of the eliminations have to do with sex, 29 per cent with violence, 16 per cent with crime, 5 per cent with government, 3 per cent with religion, and the rest with miscellaneous topics. From an examination of the specific eliminations it further appears that most of those involving sex are merely silly, eccentric, and sporadic deletions which have no effect whatever upon the general atmosphere of the film, but that many of those which come nominally under the head of scenes dealing with crime, violence, government, or religion represent unmistakable attempts to control opinion by censoring any speech or action which tends to suggest that public officials cooperate with law-breakers, that prisoners are inhumanly treated, or that the capitalist organization of industry may not be the best one possible for society.

It must be confessed, however, that the general impression produced by a reading of the record of the censors' activity is not of something particularly sinister but of an elaborate, solemn, and organized silliness. Glancing through the pamphlet one comes to the conclusion that the State Board of Censors exists primarily for the purpose of preventing the movie-makers from presenting three things which they are tirelessly determined to present: (a) infants so displayed that the sex is evident, (b) gentlemen who rest their hands upon the posteriors of their lady friends, and (c) incomplete phrases which end when the speaker silently forms his lips in the position necessary for uttering the sportsman's name for a female dog. We do not know how much the activities of the Board of Censors cost the State of New York, but whatever the sum, it is obviously too much.

Issues and Men

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Does a Fine Job

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., has rendered a public service of great value in sponsoring the book called "Toward Liquor Control," by Raymond B. Fosdick and Albert L. Scott, just published by Harper and Brothers, and in supplying the means which made possible the elaborate inquiry upon which the book is based. It is a singular thing that in a nation of 122,000,000 people, with no fewer than fifty separate governments, it should have been left to Mr. Rockefeller's public spirit and generosity to bring together the latest material concerning the various methods of dispensing liquors, drawn not only from American but also from European experience. We have done away with prohibition, or will have a few days after this article appears, and never was a country so utterly unprepared for the next step. One would think that every governmental authority would be profoundly concerned with the situation which will exist the day that prohibition is repealed, but not even the President has moved to deal with it. I believe that a committee of bureau heads has been appointed in Washington, but certainly no important body has been convened to discuss the whole question and outline a policy for the federal government. True, in some States—Connecticut, Delaware, Michigan, and Massachusetts, for example—there are commissions at work taking testimony and calling witnesses, but only one of these commissions has as yet reported definitely. The only thing that stands out clearly is that none is co-operating with any other. In brief, we are headed for chaos.

Hence Mr. Rockefeller's contribution to the subject is of enormous importance. At least it gives the basis for discussion, for it is an authoritative survey of all governmental methods of dealing with liquor. Nobody should be allowed to discuss the problem hereafter unless he has perused this volume, which has wisely been kept in a brief compass and is in no respect to be regarded as a tract. Some of our universities, even in these hard times, might have thought of doing this job, and certainly there are organizations of all kinds which could have financed and sponsored such an undertaking. But it was left to Mr. Rockefeller to keep us from going into the new experiment without any ready-at-hand textbook of the problem. To me it seems one of the finest services that have been rendered to the United States by a private individual in years, and I am the more happy to pay this tribute to Mr. Rockefeller's statesmanship because I have at times had to criticize him severely in connection with the labor policies of some of his companies.

Think what the magnitude of the liquor problem is. We not only have the forty-eight separate States, the Territories, the District of Columbia, and the outlying possessions to consider; we are face to face with the fact that more than half the States will be technically dry after the federal Constitution is altered by the abolition of the Eighteenth Amendment. Fourteen of our States will have to amend their own constitutions before they can be legally wet, and that is not an easy process. Five States only have changed their constitutions since January 1, 1932, while five more have re-

pealed their prohibition statutes, and eight others are reported to be engaged in the latter undertaking. In view of the unanimous character of the voting so far I do not suppose that we shall see any State deciding to retain prohibition within its borders. But if a State like Kansas does try it, after voting to abolish national prohibition, it will have a much harder job to maintain itself as a dry oasis than it had prior to prohibition. The whole temper of the people has changed as a result of the prohibition experiment, and the wholesale connivance at illegal liquor selling, the wholesale corruption of public officials, the creation of a great army of bootleggers eager to continue in business, make it altogether unlikely that it will be possible to keep liquor out of any part of our American territory hereafter.

Obviously, under these circumstances, it would be the part of wisdom for the federal government and the States to work out a uniform system for the entire country, while resolving to drive out the gangster and the bootlegger and all his associates. The chances are that instead of any such wise move there will be any number of systems. Even in New York we have not yet come to any agreement. The legislature has simply turned over to a State board the problem of controlling the sale of liquor without giving any definite instructions as to how the control shall be exercised. From the point of view of the wets this is an extremely bad state of affairs, to say nothing of its threat to public morals. For if we drift back into the swinish condition of the old saloon we shall awake to the fact that the new conditions are just as bad, if not worse, than prohibition. Let no one underestimate the misery caused by the old system, the crimes that were the direct result of the saloons, and the dreadful economic waste. But, I hear it said, the old barroom is not coming back; everybody agrees on that. Yes? Just wander around New York and see the new bars with brass rails dispensing beer today, all ready for the New Deal in liquors.

Hence, I repeat, it is most encouraging to pick up the Rockefeller-inspired book and to find in it a statement of how the Canadian provinces handle the question, of how liquors are dispensed in European countries—among others, in Russia and England, both of which countries are making such splendid strides toward temperance. The book is, in fact, based on field investigations in ten foreign countries and in all the Canadian provinces. Interesting evidence of its fine, broad spirit is found in the following conclusions of Messrs. Fosdick and Scott: "No recommendations which we or anyone else could make carry with them an element of finality. . . . Our legal prescriptions and formulas must be living conceptions, capable of growing as we grow, for law is itself a social phenomenon and has no meaning apart from the uses and necessities from which it springs."

Donald Garrison Villard

The Right to Strike

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, October 30

NEARLY a million American workers have gone out on strike since the New Deal began. Probably as many as 100,000 men are out today, the total rising or falling as old disputes are adjusted and new strikes begin. The number of disputes brought to the attention of the Bureau of Labor Statistics has increased fourfold in the last six months and more than 500 per cent as compared with the average for 1932. While not all these controversies result in strikes or lockouts, a large majority of them do. Even those that are settled peaceably reflect the unrest which is spreading among American workers.

This unrest has taken a violent turn in many communities. It has resulted not only in the usual wholesale arrests of strikers and strike pickets but in the destruction of property: in the coal country mine tipples have been dynamited and bridges and miners' homes blown up, and in Philadelphia motor trucks laden with goods have been set afire. It has also led to numerous riots, from which both workers and police have come away with bruised heads and broken limbs, when no more serious injuries have been inflicted. Indeed, press dispatches show that some hundreds of strikers have been wounded and perhaps a dozen killed in clashes with factory guards, deputy sheriffs, and city police.

It is true that, measured either numerically or in terms of violence, the present wave of strikes seems mild and peaceful compared with similar series of outbreaks in the past. In 1919, for example, there were 2,665 labor disputes, strikes, and lockouts, involving no fewer than 4,160,348 workers—three times as many as had ever before or have since participated in such disputes in any one year. This period, which saw the rise of a militant revolutionary movement and also witnessed the notorious Palmer red raids, was doubtless the most turbulent in recent labor history.

The revolutionary fervor that gripped a section of the working class in 1919 is absent today, and there is no indication of a trend toward extreme violence on the part either of the workers or of the authorities. Yet it is well to remember that the present labor unrest is far from having run its course. And it must also be remembered that there is in the present situation a factor that did not exist in 1919 or in the seventies and eighties of the last century. In the past the workers had always to fight on their own. They had to contend not only with an antagonistic employing class and an apathetic public but with a government that was at least unsympathetic when it was not openly hostile. The attitude of the government has now been changed, or so we may presume from the language of the recovery act and the utterances of Administration officials. Under the New Deal the government is actively supporting the cause of the working class. At least many workers believe this, whether or not it is actually true. Whatever the ultimate effect of the apparent combination between government and labor may be, it is clear that it has introduced a new and uncertain factor. Hence it is difficult, if not quite impossible, to compare the present strike movement with similar movements in the past.

It is probable that the summer and autumn of 1933 would in any case have seen an outbreak of labor troubles. There were portents of a minor upturn in business even before Franklin Roosevelt took office. Such upturns have in the past invariably been accompanied by labor unrest, for it is when economic recovery begins and prices start to climb that the divergence between living costs and wage-income is brought into sharpest focus for the average workingman and his wife. But the number of strikes was undoubtedly increased by the brisk but basically unsound boom in industry that took place from May to August. Production indices soared almost to normal and retail prices started upward, but the employment index was left far behind and the pay-roll totals showed hardly any change at all. That this boom, largely the product of the government's currency policy, was an important factor in stirring up the workers cannot be questioned.

However, other and perhaps more important factors have been at work. For not all the strikes called to date have had higher wages or improved working conditions as their principal objectives. In fact, a majority of the strikes have been started with a view to compelling employers to recognize and deal with labor unions. There have been few strikes and few signs of unrest in the organized industries—for example, in the printing trades, among the railroad workers, and in the building trades. On the other hand, many controversies have arisen in open-shop industries, such as steel and automobiles, and in loosely integrated industries—bituminous mining and the clothing and needle trades, for instance—where internal conditions have been such as to make the organization of labor difficult. Labor unions have been active in these latter industries for many years, but in no case have they been wholly successful. On the contrary, the United Mine Workers, which even at the zenith of its power had been unable to penetrate the important Appalachian or Southern fields, was literally falling to pieces when the recovery act came to its rescue. In the clothing industry such organizations as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers did much better, but even these unions, alert and progressive as they were, had difficulty in keeping up with the shifting of sweatshops across State lines and with the other rapid changes so easily effected in an industry made up of small, mobile units.

It may be noted that most of the strike activity has been confined to industries where progressive or radical unions had been at work or where industrial unionism had gained a foothold. This has been true especially of the clothing and textile industries, in which the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the unions of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, and the Communists have long been active; and also of the bituminous industry, in which the United Mine Workers, the largest industrial union in the country, seems once again to be fairly well established. It has been less true of the steel and automobile industries, which the craft unionists of the A. F. of L. appear to have marked out for themselves. Most of the recent steel strikes have been inspired or openly called by the Communists rather than by the A. F. of L.

unions, while the few automobile strikes that have taken place have been more or less spontaneous. The A. F. of L. has been active in building up its membership, but it has been far behind the progressives and radicals both in its militancy and in its willingness to expand into new fields. There are numerous industries, not included in the list above, which are either entirely unorganized or at best inadequately organized, and in which there have been very few labor disputes. The absence of such controversies does not necessarily mean that the workers are satisfied with conditions in these industries, for the contrary is more likely to be the case; it suggests rather that union organizers have as yet made no serious attempt to enter these industries. Why the A. F. of L. has made no determined effort to organize a field which is practically virgin territory may perhaps be ascribed in part to its refusal to abandon the principle of craft unionism, and in part to the fact, as expressed by J. B. S. Hardman in *The Nation* of December 21, 1932, that for the federation leaders it would mean "going out of well-appointed offices into the field, jeopardizing accumulated resources, sometimes taking a chance with life itself."

To sum up, recognition by employers of established or new unions has been the chief objective of the strike movement as a whole. American labor is again in the midst of one of its periodic struggles to get itself organized. Whether it will be any more successful than it has been in the past remains to be seen. This time, in any event, it appears to have the support of the government. Section 7a of the recovery act, which President Roosevelt has called labor's "new charter of rights," frankly says to the workers in the unorganized industries: Go ahead and form your unions; the government guarantees that they will be protected and recognized. This guaranty is obviously worthless in fact unless it can be enforced, and the workers, facing a hostile employing class, have thus far found no way to enforce it except by resort to strikes.

One concrete result of the wave of strikes has been to arouse apprehensions concerning its effect on the Roosevelt recovery program. Already many voices have been raised to suggest or demand that the right to strike be suppressed in the interest of economic recovery. Ida M. Tarbell has denounced the strikes as antiquated and barbaric. The Paul Block newspapers recently published an editorial declaring that the "hundreds of strikes throughout the country are largely responsible for the retardment of business progress. . . . Business is ready to start upward, and no one, either employer or employee, should be allowed to stand in the way." Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor and formerly chief Washington lobbyist for the A. F. of L., asserted that there is "no doubt that the public sentiment of the country is almost unanimously behind the President. Unnecessary strikes will turn that sentiment against organized labor." Leo Wolman, chairman of the Labor Advisory Board, contended that it is "unnecessary to call strikes to enforce" the labor provisions of the recovery law. "Labor," he said, "cannot afford to endanger the success of the NRA." Senator Wagner, chairman of the National Labor Board, has several times spoken in the same vein. General Hugh Johnson, head of the NRA, went so far in his speech before the A. F. of L. convention as to call the strike a form of "economic sabotage." He openly hinted at government control of the labor unions should the strike movement continue.

There can be no question that any cessation of effort on the part of the workers will impede the Roosevelt program. With this in mind the Administration is hastily setting up extensive machinery for the purpose of intervening in labor disputes. The National Labor Board has been formed in Washington, and this body is organizing district branches in various parts of the country. The use of such machinery is understandable enough in cases where the disputes or strikes are of the usual sort having to do with wages and working conditions. But a large majority of the strikes today are designed to obtain that recognition for labor organizations which the recovery act presumes to guarantee the workers. In other words, no mediation or arbitration is necessary to settle these disputes. All that the Roosevelt Administration need do is to enforce the law of which it is itself the author. Hence it is strange to find even the labor representatives in the Administration speaking in terms of arbitration when discussing the labor disputes that have arisen.

It is likely, however, that the erection of this elaborate mediation machinery is not entirely without meaning. Granted that it was sincerely devised with a view to helping labor, the fact remains that it can be turned against labor. One notes, for example, that the National Labor Board contains what the suspicious-minded might consider an anti-working-class majority. Four of the seven members of the board are employing-class representatives, and if a real clash between the economic interests of capital and labor is brought before the board, this factor may make itself felt, even though at the moment two or three of the employing-class members appear to be sympathetically inclined toward the interests of the workers. In addition, two of the three labor representatives on the board, William Green and John L. Lewis, are notorious reactionaries.

It is still a moot question whether the workers, feeling that there is now a friendly Administration in Washington and that their interests are adequately protected by the recovery act, will now sit back and let the government do their fighting for them, or will instead be encouraged by the Administration's support to redouble their own efforts out in the field. If they choose the former course, as many of them seem to have done, they will probably be doomed to disappointment. For General Johnson and other high Administration officials have repeatedly said that it is not a part of the government's task to help organize labor unions. That the workers will have to do for themselves. If, on the other hand, they choose the latter path, they will encounter other and no less serious obstacles. Employers in general have determined not to extend recognition to the unions without a struggle. Therefore the workers are virtually compelled to fight, that is, to strike, to obtain such recognition. But with the economic crisis actually deepening, despite surface indications to the contrary, the Administration finds itself under increasing pressure to extend its control over all factors affecting its recovery program. One of the most important of these factors is obviously the right of the workers to withhold their labor in order to gain their own ends. If the strike movement continues to spread through the coming winter, we shall probably see the National Labor Board being used not only to settle wage disputes but also, though perhaps not openly, as a device for the suppression of the right to strike.

Profitable Public Ownership

Ontario's Lesson for Muscle Shoals

By JUDSON KING

WHETHER it be sovietism, as former Attorney-General George W. Wickersham and like stewards of the old regime warn, or deliverance from extortion, as the people believe, we are in for a try at public ownership of electric-power plants and systems. It is therefore good business judgment to survey the field, look far into the future, and try to get a thorough understanding of the basic factors which will bring ultimate success to these experiments. This is true whether it is a question of small local plants or of gigantic superpower systems serving scores of cities, towns, and farm districts by a network of high-tension transmission lines from one or two great generating stations, as is contemplated in the Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, and St. Lawrence projects.

These giant power projects are essentially of the same type as the Ontario Hydroelectric system in Canada. While there are more than 2,000 municipal plants in this country, we have had no experience in operating a public *superpower* system. The only one in existence which has grown up under social and economic conditions similar to those to be found in the United States is the Ontario system. Manifestly, therefore, the policies and practices which have led to the success of the Ontario system should receive our careful study. If there be any question that the Hydro is a financial success, let the honest doubters consider the balance sheet of 1932, which reveals a total cash investment of \$382,558,763, with total reserves of \$122,770,103, with all sinking fund, interest, and other bills paid, and with bonds at par—this despite phenomenally low rates and no revenue from taxes. The engineer-manager of the Kitchener Commission informed me this summer that if he paid taxes as, for example, the telephone company does, it would add only 4/10 of 1 mill per kilowatt hour to his rates. Since he has sold current to householders for the past ten years at an average of a little over 1½ cents per kilowatt hour, it is evident that if he did pay taxes it would not bring the rates within long-distance-telephone hearing of our average domestic rate during that period of more than 6 cents. The Hydro has been and is a "self-liquidating" project despite the blue haze of misrepresentation regarding it which now covers the United States and deceives many of our citizens, especially business men and manufacturers.

In Ontario all generation and long-distance transmission are under the control of the Hydroelectric Power Commission of the province. Power is delivered by the commission to the cities at wholesale rates. The cities do the retailing, but under rates and regulations laid down by the commission, which acts as a regulatory body.

The enterprise began operations in October, 1910, with twelve cooperating municipalities served by the commission over high lines from Niagara Falls. Today there are 387 municipalities, large and small, and 172 farm units so served. Historically speaking, then, our governmental projects are at the same stage as the Hydro was in the period from 1903

to 1910, when the struggle for its establishment was at white heat. After this brief sketch of the background, let us examine the principles laid down by Sir Adam Beck, first chairman of the Provincial Power Commission, and his co-workers.

Sir Adam was a hard-headed business man who knew there was no sentimental magic in the words "public ownership" which would automatically bring genuine and lasting success. He held that the engineering and financial structure of a public project must be on as sound a basis as the promoters of any private enterprise could devise. Beck was a very J. Pierpont Morgan in industrial vision and executive capacity, but was afflicted with a passion for public service distinguished from private gain. He saw far ahead and knew what cheap electricity in the homes and factories and on the farms of Ontario would mean.

On the other hand, he did not propose that the Hydroelectric system should be an eleemosynary institution. It was to be self-liquidating with a vengeance and in a fashion unknown to private power executives. No municipality, no farm district, no householder, and no manufacturer was to be subsidized. Each was to receive electric service "at cost," but each municipality and each class of consumers must pay the exact and total cost incurred in serving it. "Cost" was to include all depreciation, sinking-fund, interest, and operating charges, and was to be paid entirely from revenue collected from customers and not at all from taxes. From the beginning this enterprise has stood on its own feet and all that the provincial government or the government of any municipality has ever done has been to guarantee the bonds of the enterprise.

Note especially that from the beginning the members of the Hydro Commission set their faces like flint against the utility being used as a taxing agency. They said to the mayors and city councils: "Hydro will be independent financially and ask nothing from you. But its surplus revenues belong to the light and power consumers. We will not turn over these surpluses to make up deficits in your street-lighting, building, park, fire, or other departments, or to sustain charities. We will not encourage extravagance, waste, and mismanagement in other departments. You must put them on a self-sustaining basis, as we have put ourselves. We will not compel the power consumers to make up deficits caused by real-estate speculators holding land out of use and waiting for a rise in values, by other tax dodgers, or by an unsound system of taxation. This is the surest method of keeping us out of your political squabbles." That policy has never pleased Ontario politicians and to this day they are trying to break into Hydro's surpluses. If you hear of any rows now in progress in Ontario over the Hydro, know that this is one of the fundamental causes, not the question of validity of public ownership.

To put Hydro on such a business-like basis an efficient, uniform system of accounting and cost-finding was neces-

sary. The inadequate, hocus-pocus methods of the private companies were at once discarded and a new system put in force, worked out by the most distinguished auditors and certified accountants of Ontario. Another principle laid down and hammered in until it has become almost a religion with the people of the province is that "Hydro must be kept out of politics." Of course no institution, public or private, can be removed from the sphere of government, and government belongs to the people, or should. But Beck did not propose to run his transmission lines to towns on the basis of political pull or award contracts as "pork" for heavy contributors to the funds of the Conservative Party, to which he belonged, or of any other party, nor did he propose to hire managers, engineers, or other technicians because they were recommended by political heavyweights. Of course the politicians tried their old game with Beck, but they were repulsed with a vengeance, and his reputation for ruthlessness no doubt arises from his action in this matter, as well as from the forthright fashion in which he dealt with financiers, newspapers, and private-utility magnates intent on scuttling his enterprise from within and without.

Another principle of the Hydro was and is dependable service. Therefore it had to have the best engineering and thoroughly sound construction. Hydro was to be built to last, and tawdry equipment is not consistent with long-range economy. Hence Hydro is today a model of technical engineering efficiency, admired and studied by engineers from all over the world.

There is, however, a charming story that when the plans for the great Chippewa Canal, eleven miles long around Niagara Falls, which serves the Queenston plant, were completed and construction was about to begin, certain private interests, determined to block Beck and public ownership, engaged a celebrated American hydraulic engineer to report on the soundness of these plans. After making his examination, this engineer appeared one day in Beck's office and told him that out of courtesy he wished to inform him in advance that he had found the plans unsound from an engineering point of view, and that the enterprise would end in financial failure. Beck replied: "I do not know you or your ability or who hired you to make this report, or what is really up your sleeve. I do know of the ability and integrity of my own engineers. Make your report and be damned! And now please retire from my office." It may be added that the report never appeared.

This illustrates another factor in Hydro's success. It had a leadership which fought and gave no quarter. I know personally and have talked with many of these old battlers. They tell me that they were aware from the start that the private-power men and the bankers would stop at nothing to ditch Hydro and cause it to fail; that they would burrow from within and put traitors at important posts, if possible; that no promise of cooperation or fair dealing would be kept. Hence they refused to enter into any cooperation or any commitments which would tie their hands. The public interest in the success of Hydro and the greed for gain of utility buccaneers could not be coordinated. The camel's nose has been kept out of the tent, and that is another huge factor in Hydro's success, because when the power camels cannot make huge profits on inflated securities in the utility business they get out and go into some other business.

Sir Adam and his coworkers knew that most municipal-

ownership enterprises had been blocked at the start, sometimes for years, by taxpayers' lawsuits, brought at the secret instance of private utilities which had no hope of winning them but wished to delay and bedevil the public enterprise. Meanwhile the private utilities would go on making their profits, a small part of which would pay for the lawsuit. Sir Adam proposed to have none of this sort of racket, as did the legislature of Ontario. The act creating the commission and establishing its broad powers sets the Hydro free of such criminal interference with the public welfare. This is not to say that a man having a just cause can be denied his day in court. There have been a few cases, but very few, for the commission has played fair with the public and, indeed, with the private utilities. But there has been no wholesale flood of lawsuits frustrating the municipalities or the Hydro engineers and managers such as I anticipate will be launched in Alabama and Tennessee in the near future.

Last to be noted here, but not least, is long-range business foresight. The commission foresaw the tremendous demand for current which 2-cent electricity would bring about and the need of building to supply that demand. The commission has always planned five or ten years ahead. Its political and financial enemies have howled objections to these plans when announced, predicting that there was no market for such vast quantities of current, that the enterprise would fail and the province and municipalities be engulfed in debt. That sort of talk is heard even today in Ontario and is one of the arguments the power trust is using to frighten the people of the Muscle Shoals district from establishing their own distributing system and buying power wholesale from the Tennessee Valley Authority.

The fact is that the growth of load, stimulated by constantly falling rates, has been so phenomenal that until recently the commission has had difficulty in keeping pace with it. In 1910 the average Ontario householder, using current from private companies at the rate of 10 cents per kilowatt hour, was consuming only 20 kilowatt hours a month. Today, with current below 2 cents, the average amount used is more than 150 kilowatt hours a month as against the average of 50 in the United States. The commission is planning to meet a future demand which will be much larger than it is now in the homes as well as in industry. An increasing number of manufacturers from the United States are locating in Ontario to get these low power rates.

Limited space precludes the discussion of other factors. If we turn from the financial soundness of these principles to their social benefits the case becomes stronger still. The low income of the average American home forbids the use of enough electricity to drive out unnecessary drudgery unless current can be bought at less than 2 cents per kilowatt hour. Indeed, a Hydro engineer told me this summer that electricity must be sold at 1 cent or less fully to realize home needs. Such prices cannot be had if the public plants are to carry the general tax burden, in whole or in part. While the stories of "taxless towns" may be pleasing and valuable in demonstrating the enormous profits of the power business, the practice is unsound from both a social and a financial point of view. To repeat, power consumers should not be asked to shoulder the burdens of real-estate speculators and other tax dodgers.

[This is the twelfth of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer.]

A German Student Speaks

By PETER LIEBERKNECHT

[The author of this article, a young German twenty-five years old, was for two years a correspondent of the Anglo-American Newspaper Service in Geneva. Having returned to Germany to pursue his studies for a Ph.D. at the University of Munich, he was arrested in March for having recounted in a public cafe the mistreatment of a Jew, Uhlfelder, in Neuhauser Street, of which he was an eyewitness. After being imprisoned for four weeks, he was released without trial under police surveillance. However, by a clever stratagem he managed to cross the frontier into France and is now making a precarious living in Paris.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

HITLER is striving for the material and spiritual regeneration of Germany. I cannot speak with authority of the accomplishments of the Nazi revolution in other fields, but as a student I can testify that the intellectual life of Germany has been set back at least 150 years. As a student, I regret this; as a German, I am ashamed of it. To understand the facts it is necessary to understand the part played by German students in the Nazi movement and to analyze the social and psychological factors which have caused the student body to become the core of the revolution.

Of course the revolution cannot be held entirely responsible for the decline of the German universities, for it is evident that their position as centers of intellectual development has been waning for a decade. This decline, however, was brought emphatically to the attention of the whole world when students became the most active and extreme participants in the revolution of March, 1933. With full confidence in the loyalty of the student body, the storm-troop leaders saw to it that they were the first to be armed, and it was the students who committed those "intellectual" crimes which quite properly terrified the whole world. They showed themselves to be the most violent anti-Semites, expelling Jewish professors and sacking scientific institutions. It was they who searched for and brought to the bonfire the condemned books, and it is the perpetrators of these acts of terrorism whom Hitler himself has characterized as "the future leaders of the nation."

Before the war the monthly income of a German university student ranged between 100 and 300 marks. In 1932, according to the *Asta*, official publication of the students of the University of Munich, currency depreciation and the financial difficulties of all classes of the population had reduced the average monthly income to about 60 marks. Statements from other universities confirm this figure. Naturally, this lessened income affected very deeply the social position of the students, many of whom are the sons of old bourgeois families who lost their fortunes during the inflation, others of poorly paid functionaries or of former officers with small incomes and many children. It was part of the social code of these classes that at least the eldest son should attend a university; in order to live up to this social obligation on their reduced income, the young men were obliged to earn a good part of their living themselves by tutoring,

house-to-house selling, and, during vacation, by working in factories. But along with the decline in income came the general scarcity of work of any kind.

Even more discouraging to the student than present misery, which might be only temporary, was the uncertainty of the future. With unemployment constantly increasing, thousands of lads who would ordinarily have gone from school directly into trade entered the universities simply to pass the time or to learn something which might be of future benefit. This condition was a further handicap to the genuine student who intended to make teaching or research his life work, as it crowded the field at the very time when the number of positions open to college graduates was decreasing. Another source of competition was the great number of girls who in normal times would have married, but, now, since they faced an uncertain future, entered the universities instead, with the idea of eventually being self-supporting. During the past ten years the number of girls in German universities has more than doubled. Because of all these factors, less than 40 per cent of the students who graduated could hope to find positions. The knowledge of this fact was not conducive to serious study. Having only a mild interest in their courses and caring little whether or not they passed their examinations, students let their attention drift to other fields of activity.

From another point of view it may be remarked that even under today's conditions of depression there is room in Germany for the employment of thousands of university graduates. For example, each doctor accredited by the Social Insurance Administration is obliged to attend from 50 to 100 cases daily; it may be assumed that the treatments are not always conscientious. Likewise, the number of public-school teachers has not been increased although, as in the universities, the number of students has greatly increased. Examples in many other professions could be cited.

Picture, then, thousands of young Germans of both sexes who normally would never embark on an intellectual career at loose ends in the universities, with no great interest in their studies, little hope of future employment, and plenty of time to listen to the vague but high-sounding phrases of a demagogue who tells them that once he is in power there will be an end to all their difficulties. Most important of all, he promises to reduce unemployment, particularly among the intellectuals. And how? Simply by expelling the Jews from all the positions they hold, and sending the girls back to the only duties for which, under the old imperial formula, they were fitted—"church, children, and cooking."

Such were the forces which in an incredibly short time transformed the Nazi movement from an expression of local discontent into a resistless tide of nationalism. But while it is the youth of Germany which has given Hitler his most effective support, it may be doubted if that support would have been so quickly and effectively won if there had not existed in the German universities not only a discontented, partially idle student body, but also an old-established and effective organization for uniting them in a common cause. As

everyone knows, the Student "Corps" and the *Burschenschaften* owe their origin to the radical and revolutionary ideas of 1848 and 1849. As with many other old institutions the traditions of their origin were maintained, revered, and extolled, but in practice had fallen into disuse. After 1870 the corps became a center of militaristic and Junker ideals—ideals of exaggerated honor, which manifested itself in the slitting of a fellow-student's face in spite of a dead-letter law against dueling, and of synthetic bravery, which consisted, in true Rabelaisian fashion, of drinking immense quantities of beer.

These false standards, however, only increased the attractiveness of the corps as social organizations, so that their underlying spirit, apart from excesses, was not unlike that prevailing in American fraternities. The alumni, or *Alte Herren*, who occupied judicial positions were naturally loath to condemn a brother in the corps who might be brought before them for an offense against the dueling law; and if an undergraduate was seeking a position, what could be more natural than for him to apply, first of all, to an alumnus of his own corps? Thus there developed a paradoxical situation in which many students never had enough to eat, always had too much to drink, occupied themselves with the most senseless sports, and secured soft positions on graduating.

As the depression deepened, not even the most fraternally minded *Alter Herr* was able to do much better for one of his corps brothers than to find him a temporary job, such as tutoring his children for a week or two. So the students, who had already acquired the habit of depending upon older men well-placed financially, turned inevitably to the Brown Shirt organization. The fighting forces of Hitler, the S. A. and S. S., provided food and shelter and three marks a day for students, adventurous or otherwise, who could find no employment elsewhere, and those of superior capacity readily found remunerative administrative jobs in the Nazi Party. Thus, apart from the unthinking enthusiasm engendered in the youth of Germany by Hitler's rosy promises, a reason for thousands of students following Hitler was that his organizations enabled them to maintain a certain social position or at least to avoid falling into the proletariat.

Yet the reason why the students became the most fervent section of the Nazi Party remains to be explained. I have seen students treat Jews with the utmost ferocity without even attempting to understand what they were doing or why they should consider the Jews as enemies. Actually, this lack of understanding was a direct result of their social misery. Thinking of their hopeless position became unbearable. They came to want any change, and particularly a change which would put them under the orders of someone who would do their thinking for them. Never have Nietzsche's words, "There must still be chaos within," been more true of the inner life of the German people. For, directly contrary to what Hitler maintains, the Germans are not and never have been one race, one blood, one culture. Situated in the center of Europe, Germany has been overrun by migrating races and by invading armies. All have left traces of their blood among the German people. Until as late as the sixteenth century the northeastern part of Germany was populated exclusively by Slavs who were civilized and partly Germanized by German Catholic priests. However, the Germans of that region are not pure Slavs, though many have the same characteristics of thought as the Asiatic peoples of the immense plains of Russia. It is true that during the

Middle Ages Germany was a part of the Holy Roman Empire and was, therefore, inevitably allied with Western civilization. Nevertheless, interior stability and national unity have never been achieved to the same extent as in France, Italy, and Spain, heirs of the Roman tradition. Germany, throughout history, has been the battleground of Eastern and Western culture, and this is why the world has suffered so often from a German instability which seems again about to become a menace to peace.

If the present generation tends to overlook this inherent instability of the German people, it is because after Bismarck established a de facto national unity in 1871, the ambitions of Kaiser Wilhelm II led him to dream that the German people had a mission similar to that of the English. Colonial development, naval building, and world adventure served for a time to unite the German people in a nationalism which during a period of forty years succeeded in calming the internal chaos. This nationalism reached its apotheosis in the World War. After that, since there was no longer a unifying purpose, chaos resumed its sway.

As for the students, they are content for the moment with the mission with which Hitler has provided them. Their intelligence, fostered by university training, makes them terrified of the chaos which they see about them. For centuries German professors, educated in the ideals of Western civilization, have struggled against this chaotic German spirit. They forced themselves to dominate it and to lead it along the path toward a noble end, but if at times they succeeded and, they themselves or their students, created world-renowned works of culture and technique, more often they failed and themselves fell exhausted from the struggle to think independently under a discipline which all but prevented individual thinking. It was inevitable that the spirit of unquestioning submission to discipline resulting from the World War should now lead these same professors and students to submit to the even more stringent discipline of the Nazis.

The *Deutsche Studentenschaft*, official organ of all matriculated German students, issued a manifesto on May 10 last which contains the following sentence: "We insist that the German university become the fortress of Germanism and the battlefield of German thought and power." The same manifesto demands the expulsion of all professors who are not in tune with the new orthodox spirit. Another sign of the new direction given to German learning is the obligatory institution of the new science invented by the Nazis called *Rassenkunde*, or racial science, which in the words of Achim Gerke, racial commissar of the Third Reich, is designed to reestablish the purity of the German race. It is not yet known whether the Nazis will go so far as to establish the fantastic institutions proposed by Dinter, founder of *Rassenkunde*, known as *Hegehöfe*, large breeding farms which will be stocked with twenty girls and three young men, all of absolutely unadulterated race.

Where are the German universities headed? It is impossible to foresee, but if they are to get back to their high level of 1914, new minds as great as Lessing, Kant, Leibnitz, and Hegel will be needed. It will be necessary to start all over again to build the road to intellectual freedom. The German intellectuals who have emigrated to foreign lands must enlist the help of the intelligentsia of the world to enable the German people to find themselves once more.

Books I Have Never Read

A Symposium

[A few weeks ago the Drifter published a list of ten indispensable books which he had never read and suggested that it would be a good idea if literary editors and critics would consent to draw up such lists in place of the more usual "Ten Best Books." Many newspapers commented upon this suggestion and many readers wrote in to say that they felt much better themselves after reading this confession from a professional. We decided, therefore, to ask some of the best-known writers on literary subjects to admit their deficiencies, and we publish below some outstanding replies.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

CARL VAN DOREN

THESE are not the ten best books I have never read but the first ten that came into my mind when I was asked to think about the matter. Various authors: "The Bible"; Dante: "The Divine Comedy"; Ariosto: "Orlando Furioso"; Cervantes: "Don Quixote"; Spenser: "The Faerie Queene"; Goethe: "William Meister"; Carlyle: "The French Revolution"; Landor: "Imaginary Conversations"; Browning: "The Ring and the Book"; Nietzsche: "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

I cannot claim that I know nothing about them. Actually I have read a part—in some cases a large part—of each of the ten books, just as I have, at one time or another, looked into most of the great books of the world. But I have always been too busy, or too impatient, to read any book to the bitter end unless (1) I was being paid to do it, or (2) the book itself compelled me. Readers who for other reasons read more than that seem to me to be people who have nothing better to do.

HARRY HANSEN

The Drifter's comment on unread books makes me think that a list of books read and forgotten would be much more interesting. I remember attending a class in English sixteenth-century poetry with Shaw's "Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant" under my arm; today I have forgotten the poetry, but I remember the plays vividly.

I don't think it really matters, but I have never read the Book of Revelation or Deuteronomy, the works of Erasmus, Fouqué's "Undine," Guizot's "History of Civilization in Europe," Henry Lea's "History of the Inquisition," James Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," Grant's "Personal Memoirs," Livingston's "Missionary Travels in South Africa," or Samuel Butler's "Odyssey."

P.S. And I don't intend to.

BRANCH CABELL

Modesty forbids me to enter a symposium which in any way concerns the topic of reading. For I find that I no longer read, or care to read, anything. I appear to have reached, without being proffered any alternative save only the tranquilizing and dark ministrations of the funeral parlor, that stage in life when reading is not any more a

diversion. My eyes tire very, very easily nowadays, even when perusing the most shocking sentiments; but, above all, I perceive that I have read as many books as I care to read, in any honest sense of that verb, by which I mean the deliberate assimilation of a book from its title-page to its colophon.

It follows that the Drifter's confession has caused me, in the first place, to look back with incredulous wonder on my former exploits, on my forced marches and prolonged sieges, in the way of reading. It has led me to regard, with a proper pride, such prodigies, let us say, as my unfaltering slow conquest of each canto of "The Faerie Queene," of some eight volumes of the Shelburne "Essays," of Chaucer's every, most illiterately spelled line (in addition to the Preliminary Essay, the Memoir, the Introduction, and all the footnotes, by the Reverend W. W. Skeat, M.A.), of Milton's "Collected Works," of one whole novel by Ludwig Lewisohn, and of Adelaide Anne Procter's "Legends and Lyrics"—without my having pusillanimously skipped one word in any of these dreadful productions.

Nor does that harrowing list record one-tenth of one per cent of my self-inflicted discomforts. The Drifter's confession, in the second place, has led me to consider that, as go the world's dreary "literary classics," I seem to have read some part of all books, or in any event of all books existent in English, that had any claims to be called important, howsoever many hundreds of them I never happened to finish. I sigh then, making the customary reference to good Cynara; and I return (more or less) to the subject in hand, with sigh number two.

For I estimate roughly that, as one sole result of all this time-wasting, I today remain upon visiting terms, as it were, with a thousand or so volumes, to which I elect now and again to return, as one seeks out a familiar friend, informally and briefly, reading only a page or two, and then putting aside the book with the frankness permissible between old associates. That contents me, as goes the obsolescent practice of reading. And I have no true desire to hobnob with any other authors, whether living or dead.

ERNEST BOYD

Georg Brandes once said of Walter Scott that he was the kind of author every child has read but no adult can read. In dispensing with "indispensable" books, I should apply that principle to almost all works of fiction. The kind of novel that can really entertain an adult man is not, so far as I am concerned, the kind one reads in one's 'teens. As regards non-fiction, the process of elimination is obviously determined by the extent to which one has the courage of one's prejudices. Here is the list. Publius Vergilius Maro: "The Aeneid"; Giovanni Boccaccio: "The Decameron"; Edmund Spenser: "The Faerie Queene"; John Milton: "Paradise Lost"; John Bunyan: "The Pilgrim's Progress"; Alexandre Dumas: "The Three Musketeers"; Victor Hugo: "Les Misérables"; Charles Dickens: "David Copperfield";

Walt Whitman: "Leaves of Grass"; and Mark Twain: "Huckleberry Finn."

H. L. MENCKEN

My chief apology must be, not for having left too many gaps in my reading, but for having read too much. I have been hard at it since I was ten years old, and for every good book that I have got through I have probably read a hundred bad ones. A few weeks ago I actually read "Pilgrim's Progress" for the second time—an unhappy experience, for it is dreadful nonsense, and, despite the ardors of the pedagogues, mainly badly written. Shortly afterward I had a second bout with Plato's "Apology of Socrates," and came away more convinced than ever that Socrates deserved to die, if not as a corrupter of youth then as a bad lawyer, and that Plato knew it. I have actually read "Paradise Lost," and, what is more, "Paradise Regained." If Milton had written a "Paradise Lost Again" I'd probably have read it too.

Fortunately, I tackled Dante when I was too young to fathom anything save Gustave Doré's illustrations, and God has preserved me from going back to him since. The same circumstance rescued me from George Eliot, who existed in a horrible set of tall, black volumes at home. Later on, for some reason that I can't give, I found "The Brothers Karamazov" impossible, and so I have read no Dostoevski since, though men I venerate say he had the gift. Jane Austen and the Brontës also await the leisure of senility, and so does "The Cloister and the Hearth" and all of Trollope save "Phineas Finn" and another that I forget. I refuse flatly to read "The Faerie Queene," despite the seductions of William Lyon Phelps. Scott sickened me after "Ivanhoe" and I have not been back. Of Cooper I have read nothing save "The American Democrat." I have never read "Mme Bovary," or "Mlle de Maupin," or "Paul and Virginia," or Goethe's "Faust" (I tried twice, once in English and once in German, and had to give up both times).

BURTON RASCOE

When I began my tenure as literary editor of the New York *Tribune* (now the *Herald Tribune*) in 1922, I thought it only fair to my readers to acquaint them with my limitations, my tastes and prejudices in literature and the other arts, in order that my readers would know "just how far they wish to go with me, how much they may take for truth and valid judgment and how much for personal shortcomings, deficiencies, and ignorance." In that act of laying my cards on the table, I gave a list of authors I had not read or had read only in part, as well as a list of authors I particularly cared for.

Among many books I have not read are Westermarck's "Human Marriage," Frazer's "Golden Bough" (except in the abridged edition), the last three volumes of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," any of Thackeray except "Vanity Fair," Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables," any of Melville except "Moby Dick" and "Pierre," Zola's "La Terre," any of Trollope, any of Bulwer Lytton, any of Bacon except two or three essays.

I could amplify this list enormously. It is never necessary to read all of any one author to learn the quality of his mind and see what he has to give. Yet there are writers, like Lucian and Robert Burton, for example, that I not only read thoroughly over and over again, regretting that there

is not more of them to read, but find new delights in each rereading.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

1. Nine-tenths of Sir Walter Scott
2. The plays of Lope de Vega
3. Edgeworth in toto
4. Three-fourths of Macaulay
5. Romain Rolland
6. Three-fourths of Charles Lamb
7. One-half of Chaucer
8. One-half of Thackeray
9. Three-fourths of William Dean Howells
10. Nine-tenths of Pushkin

ELLEN GLASGOW

It is better, I think, to know a few books intimately than to boast of a casual acquaintance with the multitude. Yet my way, I confess, has been the enjoyment of the many. I seem to have read almost everything, and forgotten much, from all that has been translated of the "Upanishads" and the "Mahabharata" to the whole of Jowett's "Plato" (except the "Laws" and a part of one other volume) and the whole of Thomas Taylor's "Plotinus," and so on, obeying the downward curve of unreason, through Spinoza and Schopenhauer and the world of poets, to as much of Defoe as I could find, all of Richardson and Fielding, one novel by Mrs. Radcliffe, and ninety volumes of Anthony Trollope. This is the briefest of outlines. All it proves—for my ignorance is still vast—is that I could never have as many books as I need for my contentment. Since I have never read as a duty, I think of books not as an indispensable part of culture but as an indispensable part of living.

For me, at least, the classics are not dry and dusty. Those I enjoyed as a child, I still enjoy, though not in the same measure. Moreover, I am incapable of the tedious diligence with which Arnold Bennett (he was only twenty-nine!) assembled his masterpieces, as if he were piling stones on a monument to futility. I have read a part of the work of every author he names, though far indeed from the whole of Chaucer, Bacon, Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Johnson, and Carlyle. Of Susan Ferrier, I have read only "Marriage"; of Leigh Hunt, only the essays and the "Autobiography." But I have read many of the other authors completely and more than once. Gibbon I have read twice from cover to cover, and sighed for more. "The Ring and the Book" I have read twice. "War and Peace" I have read twice. To be sure, two of the books on the Drifter's list have escaped me. I have read neither "The Song of Roland" nor the "Novum Organum" as a whole. On the other hand, I have read both "The Symposium" and "Jude the Obscure" many times.

There follows a list of books, once popular or well thought of, which I have not read and cannot, even in the direct necessity, be persuaded to read. Aristophanes: "The Frogs"; Taylor: "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying"; Pope: "The Dunciad"; Rousseau: "Emile"; George Sand: all the novels after reading "Indiana"; Ruskin: "Sesame and Lilies" and "The Crown of Wild Olive"; Ward: "Robert Elsmere"; Wells: "Mr. Britling Sees It Through"; Horn and Lewis: "Trader Horn"; Hemingway: "Death in the Afternoon."

Relief That Does Not Relieve

By MICHAEL B. SCHELER

THE newspapers often print laudatory accounts of the work of the Home Relief Bureau in New York City, accounts filled with staggering figures of the money spent for rent, electricity, gas, and above all food for the city's hundreds of thousands of destitute families. But rarely is a word printed in our cosmopolitan press about the inefficiency, negligence, and unpardonable delays of the bureau in rendering relief. Here is a typical case, which came to the writer's personal attention and for whose authenticity he is able to vouch.

Mr. S had had no steady employment for two years. He had picked up odd jobs, canvassing for printing firms or selling one item or another from house to house or office to office, and managed somehow to scrape up enough money to exist with his wife and four children, the eldest of whom was twelve. For months the family lived on an inadequate diet which had serious effects on the health of Mr. S. He became much debilitated and during the early part of this year contracted influenza. He was confined in bed nearly three weeks. The disease left him in an extremely weakened condition, and the physician warned him not to undertake any exertion for at least two months. Mr. S still hesitated to apply for relief, but his wife overcame her sense of pride and one morning called at the local relief bureau. After four hours of waiting in line she reached the desk of the clerk who distributed the necessary application blanks. She took the blank home, answered all the questions carefully, and returned it to the bureau the same afternoon. She explained to the clerk her desperate condition and begged him to rush her case through. The clerk appeared to be sympathetic and wrote "urgent" on her application. He assured her that an investigator would come to see her in a day or two without fail. In the meantime, while Mr. S had been ill, his rent had fallen two months in arrears. The landlord threatened him with eviction and a few days later made good his threat by sending Mr. S a dispossession notice. Mr. S promptly took the notice to the office of the relief bureau.

A week passed and no investigator appeared. Still another week went by. By this time Mr. S had received a letter from a marshal in which he was informed that he must vacate his apartment within four days or be evicted. Already enfeebled by influenza, he was on the verge of a nervous collapse. He finally suggested to Mrs. S that she apply to some Democratic club in the neighborhood and try to enlist the aid of some politician who would perhaps consent to intercede for them with the "higher-ups" at the relief bureau. But Mrs. S, being socialistically inclined, had her doubts about the "aid" of politicians. Instead, she decided to stop at the local branch of the Socialist Party, get hold of the secretary, and present her case to him.

On the evening she called at the Socialist Party branch, a regular meeting was in progress. She called the chairman of the meeting to one side and related her experience to him. He promised to take immediate action. The same evening a committee of the local called at Mr. S's home, got all the facts, and informed Mr. and Mrs. S that they happened to

be on intimate terms with the assistant superintendent of the local relief bureau, a middle-aged woman who held socialistic views herself and of whom they spoke very highly. They assured Mr. S that they would write this woman at once and that relief would undoubtedly follow.

Two days later an investigator of the relief bureau came to see Mr. S and spent an hour in taking down "facts" once more. He appeared to be very sympathetic and assured Mr. and Mrs. S that he would approve their application and that relief would be granted at once. In the course of the conversation the investigator told Mr. and Mrs. S that the relief bureau did not advance cash to landlords in payment of rent; instead, the bureau issued rent tickets to landlords who agreed to accept them. The landlords then send these tickets to the main office of the Emergency Relief Bureau and receive checks in return after a lapse of two or three weeks. The investigator then suggested that Mr. S ascertain whether his landlord was willing to accept the bureau's ticket. Mr. S went to the landlord, who lived in the same house, and the landlord promptly came up. When the investigator inquired whether he would agree to have his rent paid with a relief ticket, he bluntly answered no. He said that Mr. S already owed him rent for two months, that he had had to spend four dollars for a dispossession notice, and that he could not afford to wait indefinitely for the bureau's check. He was tired of the bureau's methods, and he would rather take in a non-relief tenant. He therefore advised Mr. S to look for another apartment and find a landlord who would accept the bureau's ticket in lieu of the first month's rent. The investigator pleaded with the landlord, but he was adamant.

The next problem was to find another apartment. Mrs. S, and Mr. S also, though he was very weak, began the search for a charitable landlord who would agree to accept a rent ticket. For days both tramped the streets and climbed hundreds of staircases, but their efforts proved fruitless. Every landlord indignantly refused to consider the "ticket proposition." "We have enough old tenants on the ticket basis. No new trouble for us!" "The city wants its taxes on time, all right. Why does it not meet its rent-ticket obligations on time? No tickets for me!" "My dear lady, you know how the city pays on these tickets? Well, let me tell you: once in two months, and often we have to wait longer for our money. Do you expect me to take you in on this basis? Let my apartment stay vacant better!" Such were the answers which Mr. and Mrs. S received.

Mrs. S went to the bureau and presented her new problem. And the answer was in effect: "You must find a landlord. We cannot find one for you. If you find yourself in the street, you cannot blame us for it." "But could you not help me find a landlord or force the old landlord to accept your ticket?" Mrs. S pleaded with them. "No. We cannot dictate terms to any landlord and it is your business to find a new landlord. There are thousands of landlords who accept tickets. Go out and find one." Again Mr. and Mrs. S resumed their thankless task of finding the fabulous

landlord. A week was consumed in the search, but again their efforts proved fruitless, although they visited the most dilapidated shacks, the poorest slums.

One morning the final notice arrived from the marshal. No more extensions would be granted and the landlord would not consider relief money. "You will be evicted Thursday at 10 a.m." Mrs. S took this letter to the bureau and pleaded for cash for the first month's rent, so that her family could move into a new apartment. "We cannot change our policy for you," came the reply. One clerk volunteered to "help" her, and gave her a few addresses where, he was sure, she would find a landlord who would take her ticket. The addresses proved to be empty hopes. Some of the landlords did have tenants whose rent the bureau paid, but they were old tenants, and the landlords would consider no new ones on the same basis.

The dreaded morning came. A marshal, accompanied by a powerfully built policeman and several expressmen, arrived and ordered the furniture out. No pleas, no tears on the part of Mrs. S helped. Within thirty minutes all the family's earthly possessions were on the sidewalk. The marshal told Mrs. S "confidentially" that now she could positively get cash from the bureau. Braced by this information, Mrs. S ran to the bureau and explained her plight. But again she was told: "Get busy at once and find a landlord today." "But I am in the street," Mrs. S sobbed, "with no roof to shelter my poor, innocent children. How dare you advise me to find a landlord today when I failed to find one in four weeks? Could you not even now advance me cash so that I could move into an apartment today and give my children a home again?" "We are sorry, Madam, but we cannot change our rules for you," said the office chief.

And Mr. and Mrs. S were homeless for five days. Some comrades of the Socialist Party local volunteered to take in a child each. Another comrade, a teacher of the local Workmen's Circle (Arbeiter Ring), offered his classrooms for night shelter to Mr. and Mrs. S and their two-year-old girl. A portable bed was secured, someone offered a few pillows and two blankets, and thus a bedroom was improvised. A friendly candy-store proprietor offered his back room and a gas range to Mr. S and his family for use during the day. A shoemaker, too, offered his meager facilities. And as a result of the untiring efforts of a few women comrades, a sufficient sum was collected to pay the first month's rent of a new apartment.

Once in possession of cash, Mr. S found no trouble in finding an apartment. But the very evening Mr. S moved into his new home, the new landlord came to him and said: "I know all about you, Mr. S. I know where you come from. However, as long as you are not a Communist and as long as you pay your rent, you may stay in my house!" Mr. S learned to his consternation that by means of an underground system landlords keep one another informed of the "character" of their new tenants. Mr. S had become an "outlaw" in the landlords' world.

Another problem soon cropped up. The gas and electricity in the new apartment were shut off. Mrs. S took her electric-light and gas bills to the office of the bureau. She emphasized that gas was vitally essential as she had no coal range on which to warm milk for her baby. She was promised that the gas and electricity would be turned on in two days. A week passed. Several more visits were made

to the bureau before the investigator called at Mr. S's home and gave him tickets to cover the last month's gas and electricity bills. Mr. S promptly walked over to the gas company's office, where he was informed to his dismay that the gas would not be turned on unless he paid for one additional month of the bill which was in arrears or induced the bureau to pay it. He was given the same information at the local office of the electric company. Mrs. S once more called at the office of the bureau and wanted to know how long her family was to be tortured. "We are sorry, Madam," she was told, "we do not pay arrears on gas and electricity bills. You will have to raise the money yourself." "But," Mrs. S protested, "we returned four coal tickets to you, we raised the money for our rent. Can you not at least pay our gas and electricity bills in full?" "We have our rules, Madam, and you are not going to change them. Go to the City Hall," another "chief" told her brusquely. Once more Mrs. S had to appeal for help to a comrade in the neighborhood. As a result the gas and electricity were turned on, two weeks after her family moved into the new apartment.

Such is the "relief" that is being handed out to thousands of new applicants. Something should be done to make the Home Relief Bureau a more effective instrument for the relief of the army of the unemployed.

In the Driftway

A LETTER comes to the Drifter from William Gepert, who signs himself also "Great-Grandfather Bill" and has a department for young folks in the White Plains (New York) *Daily Reporter*. "Great-Grandfather Bill" writes from Finney Farm, Croton-on-Hudson, on note paper which bears a ravishing picture in four colors at the top of the page. The picture is of one of those farms one dreams about—not the modern sort, hard up, harried, and covered with mortgages. Finney Farm—so the picture suggests, anyhow—is fat, fruitful, and prosperous. There is a noble two-story house, with red chimneys and blue windows, set in front of a green and black background of trees. Next to the house stands a spacious barn. Four contented cows flank the right of the picture, while at the left a column of white hens—maybe they are sheep—advance in orderly single file upon the barn. No sheriffs or bill collectors are anywhere to be seen. Altogether, unless the artist deceives us, it is a farm which to live on would tempt one to give up being President, or even being the Drifter. Perhaps there is a mistake about the address. Maybe Finney Farm is situated not at Croton-on-Hudson but the Other Side of Paradise.

* * * * *

BUT "Great-Grandfather Bill" does not write of Finney Farm, much as one might like to hear from him about it. He has something else on his mind. He says:

Notice you do not like spinach. Why not form an anti-spinach club? . . . I can remember back to my early days when it was thought spinach was good for the materialistic stomach, along with sassafras as a tea in the spring, with whiskey and garlic as sedatives for the belly ache. Am now approaching my eightieth birthday, and have distinct

remembrances not only of my distaste for these awful dispensations but shaken belief in how God could be so mean to us little ones that could not resent all debasements of taste as infringing upon rights bestowed on us by the Constitution guaranteeing us to be legally equal in all respects, regardless of relationship, size, or age. Even now, though admonitions be changed from the big to the little, I resent the spinach belief as I do the political speeches of the day—they are all spinach.

EVERYBODY, of course, lives under a code these days. Even preachers, although excepted by the recovery act, are codifying themselves just the same. *Zion's Herald* prints a "code for the churches" in which there is a paragraph laying down "hours of work for the minister" as follows:

A Christian minister should spend five hours every morning in quiet prayer and study, and at least two hours every afternoon in vital pastoral work. The only exceptions to this rule should be Sundays, and Mondays or Saturdays. The minister should scrupulously observe these hours, and laymen must understand that there is to be no interference with the program except in cases of extreme urgency.

Almost thou persuadest the Drifter to be a parson. Think of it! Five hours every morning "in quiet prayer and study!" If the Drifter could have even half of that, he would be willing to continue in this vale of tears somewhat indefinitely and leave heaven for the more exacting.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Was This Telegram Answered?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Here is a copy of a telegram sent to President Roosevelt by the Women's Auxiliary of the Progressive Miners of America. The NRA has put Lewis on his feet again but it's not going to feed the miners.

Springfield, Ill., September 16

HON. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

We voice the cry of hungry children whose mothers by thousands are organized into powerful Auxiliary, Progressive Miners of America. We women vigorously condemn coal code for failure to provide way out of misery of unemployment. We brand as hollow mockery government decree of eight-hour day secured by our men through bloodshed thirty-five years ago. We protest promised investigation and conference next January, giving mine owners opportunity to stock low-cost coal to sell at inflation prices. We denounce a crime against our already impoverished families inevitable sharing of work and poverty under eight-hour day in overdeveloped and highly mechanized industry that should have been placed on six-hour basis demanded years ago by miners.

We denounce Peabody praise of code with prediction of returning peace and full dinner pail in Illinois strike zones, when this infamous Insull corporation and beneficiary of Lewis's union starves little children whose fathers' dinner pails have rusted while American Federation of Labor strike-breakers take jobs under protection of Governor Horner's troops. Through same streets now

patrolled by militia, mothers of these children see hogs hauled away to be burned by governmental decree and their families hungering for meat. Is this the New Deal for the coal miners?

With our men, we women face tear gas, machine-guns, and bayonets in terrific struggle for bread and freedom from enslavement of Lewis union. Violence and death have been inflicted upon us, with nine of our men and one of our women murdered. We are cooks, not economists, but we women know that six-hour day with increased wage is step that must be taken to enable our men to provide food for us to cook. Hunger in our kitchens and hatred of Lewis rule have put us women on the march. Neither Mediation Board nor Green and Lewis proclamations can stop revolt of desperate mothers who refuse to see their children starve.

We women solemnly warn the federal government there can be no peace in turbulent coal fields so long as hunger stalks these mining towns and hatred goads more and more miners into open rebellion against repudiated leadership of Lewis.

ILLINOIS WOMEN'S AUXILIARY
PROGRESSIVE MINERS OF AMERICA

Belleville, Ill., September 22

AGNES BURNS WIECK

Another Word on Child Labor

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It seems to me that Mr. Villard's jubilation over the abolition of child labor through the establishment of codes by the federal government is greater than the facts warrant. Those of us who have favored the abolition of child labor have tried to bring it about by raising the compulsory school age. An end to labor by children in industry was not urged to keep the children in idleness but to give them additional education. But we are now taking children out of the factories without making any provision for additional educational facilities for them. On the contrary, we are getting rid of child labor at a time when the schools are under attack and the school expenditures have been so severely cut that in some localities adequate facilities are not even being provided for children under fourteen.

Furthermore, the children are being taken out of the mills in the greatest numbers in just those places, such as the textile regions of the South, where educational facilities were weakest to start with and have suffered most from the recent cuts in expenditures.

Cambridge, Mass., October 1

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

Steel Tells All!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Under the title, President Swings to Right, the "Windows of Washington" columnist in *Steel* for October 16 observes:

It is encouraging for business that the President appears to be veering toward "the right," and the underground gossip has it that this swing will become more pronounced since the American Federation of Labor re-elected William Green president and returned home. The "brain trust" is merely a snappy phrase of yesterday, and the bright young men who composed it rarely come around to the White House any more. The President now exposes his mind to such conservatives—comparatively speaking—as Secretary Woodin, Budget Director Douglas, and Professor O. M. W. Sprague, noted financial authority attached to the Treasury.

Henry Bruere, grounded in the conservatism of life insurance and the presidency of the largest savings bank

in New York, has become the President's official eyes and ears and a sort of domestic Colonel House to check up on the R. F. C., NRA, P. W. A., and other initialed mechanisms devised to combat the depression.

Secretary Cummings has emerged from his obscurity to allay fears raised at the American Bankers' Association convention when an aid observed that if the Constitution conflicted with the NRA or the plans of the recovery program, the Constitution would have to flex. Mr. Cummings has been at some pains to stand by the Constitution and the aid has been returned to private life.

Pittsburg, October 19

FRANK H. RAMSAY

Unemployed—1933 Model

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

My subscription expires September 9, 1933, and as it will be impossible for me to renew I am notifying you, as I haven't had a shift for a long time and things are getting worse. Since this NRA craze has started, they are laying off people in the catering lines instead of putting on more. Every morning I go out "gutter sniping." A year ago there were perhaps four of us making the rounds. Now there are at least forty persons who go from one rubbish can to another. You can see them with all sorts of vehicles—baby buggies, wheelbarrows, kids' express carts. Down at the commission houses they just swarm and scramble for vegetables and fruit. The most pitiful sight is when it starts to get dark and there are few lingerers around the commission row. Then you see men and women who would be ashamed to do it in daylight, slinking around like coyotes, going through the leavings, literally going through slop cans. They don't seem to be as hardened as we are and their clothes are better looking. Instead of carrying a sack as we do, they have handbags and seem to be shocked when they see some one observing them.

I, being a cook and fortunate to have a janitor job of \$15 a month, can manage to get by better. I got a room for \$8 a month. I fitted it up with furniture made of drygoods boxes; have a one-dollar electric stove and manage to cook on that; but there are four more, all kitchen men, who share what I have. We look like kings to the flop-house patrons. We don't go hungry but if the Russians live worse than we do I feel sorry for them.

And just think of the California climate. That should be enough for anyone. Had I come here a beggar I'd not say a word, but I too was prosperous when I came here some years ago—paid up in my fraternal lodge, belonged to several different workers' clubs, and so on. But now all I can get out of them is duns. The churches don't seem to be much better. Their doors are locked at night. As proof, an item in the paper last week stated that someone crawled through a window and rifled the joint. So you see it will be out of the question for me to raise the price for a renewal. Please cut me off when my time is up as I owe more now than I'll ever be able to pay.

San Diego, August 25

JOHN HAUSS

The Advertisement Once More

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Clarifying the Straus-Untermeyer situation was excellent. But why did the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the *American* refuse to print the Untermeyer advertisement, and why did *The Nation* decline to print at least such reasons for that refusal as were given by the papers in question?

New York, October 23

J. H. TOMPKINS

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

[The *Times* stated that Mr. Untermeyer's advertisement contained the statement, "No self-respecting man or woman of any race or creed will, in my judgment, buy German-made goods or patronize a store where they are sold," and explained that it could not very well run this, a virtual request to people not to trade at Macy's, when at the same time it was continuing to run Macy's advertising. The *Times* further suggested that the advertisement might be libelous. The *Herald Tribune* said that it was not the custom of the paper to allow one advertiser to attack another. The *American* declared that it was the opinion of its attorney that the advertisement was libelous. *The Nation* had no doubts whatever that the advertisement was not libelous, and did not hesitate to print it. Readers are entitled to form their own conclusions as to the relative importance of the various motives of the three morning dailies in not running Mr. Untermeyer's advertisement.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Contributors to This Issue

JUDSON KING is the director of the National Popular Government League.

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GERTRUDE DIAMANT contributes reviews to various periodicals.

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

will speak on

"The Recognition of Russia"

Books, Art, Drama

Night by Day

By DWIGHT DURLING

Strange effigy in weightless element
Is one who stalks about you, walks beneath,
Turning with earth upon the wheel of time,
Gargoyle among the shadows. Who is he:
Mummer in dumb show, masked tragedian
Buskined, or satyr-dancer in derision
Of that phantasmal fortitude you walk in?
With two dimensions for a theater,
Behold the moody Moor in pantomime
Soliloquizing, robed in travesty,
Or Milton's demon gelded of that brain,
Prone as the snake of Eden under the sun
And thin with mindless lust of mockery.
Was Adam, unfallen, hero to his shadow?

He measures strides with yours, unsleeping lies
Beside you (guardian genius!) in the night:
The moon looks in at the lattice and he is there.
Twin brother of one womb and private fiend,
Is this the shape of Dissolution walking,
The incubus of specters, drinking time,
Mute in his cowl of darkness, and mankind's
Eternal Usher? What but he remains
Even until the end—and yet beyond,
Beyond the hour you follow him underground
And out of the alien light (with him) forever?

A Far Eastern Homer

All Men Are Brothers (Shui Hu Chuan). Translated from the Chinese by Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company. Two Volumes. \$6.50.

TO call this magnificent romance Homeric is not to say very much about it. It is in prose, for instance; it is perhaps twice as long as the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" combined; and it teems with events of a sort which Homer did not consider suitable to his two-stringed lyre. Nevertheless, the comparison is unavoidable in view of the Chinese author's brilliance and grandeur; and needs only to be supplemented by further comparisons between Lo Kuan Chung—if that is the name of the man who gave "Shui Hu Chuan" its present form—and Rabelais, Cervantes, Fielding, and Dumas, not to speak of the unknown authors of the "Song of Roland" and the Robin Hood cycle. Even then the book would not be described, for it is surely one of the great books of the world, and hence is to be understood first of all in its own terms. It is, I take it, a thoroughly Chinese masterpiece; it recognizes no other universe than that one which seemed to be falling to pieces about seven hundred years ago, toward the end of the Sung dynasty.

It has thirty-six major and seventy-two minor heroes, these being chieftains (in two grades) of a great bandit army which in the thirteenth century occupied a mountain lair in Shantung called Liang Shan P'o. So far as the version goes which Mrs. Buck has selected for translation, this lair remains impregnable by virtue of the many winding waterways that encompass it to the confusion of every imperial army dispatched in its direction.

Other versions go on to tell how the robbers finally were conquered and the government made safe. But Mrs. Buck is too sensitive to the excitements of revolution to permit so dreary an anticlimax. Her version ends where it should end—with the bandits at the height of their power and glory, and with a happy China thinkably in the offing. Who would not be for such a revolution, the objective of which is a new government dominated by magnanimous and fascinating heroes like the Opportune Rain Sung Chiang, the Great Intelligence Wu Yung, the Little Whirlwind Ch'ai Chin, and He Whom No Obstacle Can Stay Mu Hung? Who would confess himself a lover of law and order while such men are outside the pale?

The issue is simple and clear. These bandits are the only good men in China, which otherwise is ruled by a corrupt caste whose members "cheat and oppress good people." Officials are "evil and covetous" always—the worst of them, Commander Kao, having "a very small, narrow heart, and he forgets even a great mercy done him, and he remembers every little fault a man may have." What we see, then, is a gradually lengthening procession of heroes bound for the mountain lair. From every Chinese city they come, exiled for crimes of which they have been unjustly—or justly—accused. When it is justly, then the crime was one of passion—an extortioner beheaded, a seducer of young girls beaten to death, an adulterous wife disemboweled. Such sinners are as much on the side of righteousness as are those blameless men like Sung Chiang, the hero of all the heroes, who is merely the victim of intrigue. From here and there they come, singly or in pairs, their paths sometimes crossing at a wine shop, their destination always the mountain fastness where good men are certain of recognition.

There could be no nobler setting for a narrative than this—first all China, and then one mountain top in it where a climax may be wrought. The author seems to have been equally devoted to the two aspects of his scene, and with abundant reason. For the cities and highways of China give him all the material a man could want wherewith to display the variety and reality of a people. Every kind of person seems to be here—soldiers, innkeepers, magistrates, beggars, priests, prostitutes, tradesmen, millionaires, servants, gaolers, prisoners, executioners, peasants, children, old women, doctors, boatmen, fishermen, thieves, fakirs, and saints. Every kind of dwelling is entered, from the palace of a governor to the little curtained house of one who sells rice cakes. And every conceivable happening takes place. Nor is anything extraneous. For everything that happens leads to the lair. There the heroes go, and there in the last quarter of the book the climax is achieved; there is waged the series of wars whereby the robber chiefs make known their inviolability. Thus the author can concentrate upon the second aspect of his scene, giving himself now to the lofty themes of battle and heaven-high boasts and hecatombs after victory. It is as if Zola had become Homer.

A comparison has been suggested with the cycle of Robin Hood, and naturally enough in view of the scruples our heroes have against robbing any but the rich and evil. But the reader must be warned not to expect a merry tale of outlaws in a greenwood. "All Men Are Brothers" is a bloody book; innumerable deaths by violence occur, and many of them are not easy to justify by an appeal to Sung Chiang's principles of Righteousness and Loyalty. There is the killing, for instance, of a four-year-old boy so that his guardian, Chu T'ung, will have to flee and join the chieftains. The Black Whirlwind Li K'uei, himself a chieftain, poisons the child and splits its head open so that justice may go on prevailing at Liang Shan P'o. Robin Hood had no such lieutenant as Li K'uei—nor had Agamemnon, though he had Ajax. It is Li K'uei, for instance, who, after the villainous official Huang Wen Ping's household of

"forty or fifty people" has been exterminated, is extended the privilege of slicing the live flesh from Huang Wen Ping and broiling it and eating it. "Only then did Li K'uei open the breast and take out the heart and liver, and he took those and made a broth of them for the chieftains to drink when they were drunken." Which reminds me to say that there is a vast quantity of drinking in the book, much of it Gargantuan. Everything is here, in fact, in ultimate degree.

Mrs. Buck's English can scarcely be overpraised. She has performed her gigantic labor with felicity, intelligence, and a never-flagging power, and has added to English literature one of its classic translations.

MARK VAN DOREN

Marvels, a History, and a Character

The Journey of the Flame. Written down by Antonio de Fierro Blanco. Englished by Walter de Steiguer. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

DON JUAN OBRIGON was the son of a red-haired Irish king named O'Brien (transiently a common sailor) and of a Spanish girl who lived in a village on the Gulf in Lower California. About thirty years ago, on his one-hundredth birthday—or his one-hundred-and-fourth—he was persuaded to tell an assembled company the story of his youth. This was set down by one who heard it, verified in many details, and somewhat enlarged by the addition of familiar circumstances and legends of the time, though Don Juan, as speaker, remains to the fore. It has now been translated, and will magnetize as many kinds of readers as there were years in Don Juan's dangerous, stormy life.

The book will be seized on of course by any devoted Californian, any ardent native or near-native of the Southwest. Students of Mexican and Indian lore will probably fight for first claim to it, for it contains a deep mine of legends, folk-figures, proverbs, closely woven traditions—enough of these to keep a well-trained folklorist in work for a generation, perhaps for a lifetime, tracing alliances with other lore, following leads to other Mexican and Indian legends. "The Journey of the Flame" will also become provender for historians, since it gives a substantial account of the Spanish missions in the Californias as these appeared about 1810, with talk of the time about Ugarte and Salvatierra, about the unregenerate Indians and Father Serra, whose halo here seems a little awry.

Though only a boy of eleven when he started on the long journey that was to end at Yerba Buena on San Francisco Bay, Juan Colorado was a valued member of the entourage of Don Firmin Sanhudo, viceroy of the King of Spain, who had come to view the missions and to decide whether Spain should hold her American colonies. It was said of the Sanhudos that all the twelve apostles were their cousins or related to them by marriage and that Satan was their half-brother—some said, their left-handed son; so the journey was not lacking in adventure. The Sanhudos went northward by mule train, surrounded by a guard of Mayas, at a time when whaling vessels traded for dried fruit at the missions, when "whales so crowded the bays that it seemed possible to step from one to the other for miles," when turtles, sea otter, seals, cowfish, porpoises crowded the low islands in the lagoons, when pearl fishing was at its height in Juan's beloved Vermilion Sea—the Gulf of California—and a canny boy could fill one pocket with pearls from a leathern bucket in a stone-carved Indian cave. Remembering the bow-string of the Indian guide behind him, he refrained from filling both pockets. There was the gigantic *Almirante* of the pearl fishers to talk to; the caravan was attacked on the journey

by Indians; and young Juan with his charge, the boy Inocente of the Sanhudos, was abroad on many a dangerous side-adventure. Juan fought with two knives, and had done a fair amount of blood-letting before the journey began.

Always there were stories—of the Wizard Gopher, of the manta that folded pearl fishers between its wings, the burro-shells that were equally avid, the *ojón*, a fish that demanded courtesy from sailors. None of these tales lost anything by Juan's telling, one would guess; but he was equally accomplished in swift, realistic observation. He could distinguish between the hoof-prints of all the mules in the caravan. "All life is passed upon the earth, and for such as I, all life's actions are recorded on it," he said, not boasting. He was full of cutting conclusions. "Of right and wrong I am not judge, having been born poor." "Honesty to a friend but courtesy to an enemy, until God opens a way for our knives." Skeptical to the inner core, he was full of strange devotions, as to the saint, Sturgo Nacumbin, whose last resting place he sought in the desert under a cruel sun, through thickets of rattlesnakes. He was passionately attached to his native village, and wrote of it with humor and tenderness. His lifelong ardor was for Doña Ysabel de la Cerda Sanhudo, who had been first to trust him.

At times Juan's observations are so salty as to lie on the tongue like brine; his narrative makes most delectable reading none the less. He was called the Flame because of his red hair and qualities allied with it, and he created a closely packed, strange, highly colored story; its final quality lies in its distinguished style—colloquial but as finely edged as the *machete* with the great pearl in the handle which he gave at last to Doña Isabel, "because the two best in this world should not be parted." With all its rich cargo for students this rare autobiography should be firmly appropriated by mere readers.

CONSTANCE ROURKE

The Limitations of Theology

The Limitations of Science. By J. W. N. Sullivan. The Viking Press. \$2.75.

READERS of Mr. Sullivan who know his extraordinary talents for popularizing science will regret that in this book he subserves his brilliant exposition of the major aspects of the physical and biological sciences to a commonplace apology for certain theological dogmas. This interjection of religious interpretation is the more unfortunate since without it his book might have offered an effective disclosure of the fact that modern science does not impugn the reality of the non-cognitive phases of experience. Science is what we know of reality; it is not what we experience.

But for Mr. Sullivan science, as knowledge of reality, is inadequate, first, because of certain methodological limitations, and, second, because its content is superficial. The chief value of science is therefore aesthetic. "Toward most of the results of science we are indifferent. Their charm lies in the fact that they illustrate a harmony, but the results, in themselves, are matters of indifference." With what little seriousness Mr. Sullivan takes this view of science as an intellectual arabesque is best shown by his earnest concern to prove that his "religious interpretations" are reconcilable with science. Such an attempt at reconciliation would be utterly pointless did he not recognize that science gives us not merely a harmonious pattern of ideas but also a knowledge of the world we live in. Unaware of these implicit contradictions, he attempts to prove that "there is no essential distinction between the sciences and the arts" by the amazingly trivial arguments that both art and science strive to discover harmonies, and that owing to the lack of training, intelligence, and sensibility in large masses of people, science is

no more capable of achieving universal agreement than art is of gaining universal appreciation!

In considering Mr. Sullivan's discussion of the inadequacies of science as a knowledge of reality, we must bear in mind that the limitations of science or of any enterprise must be relative to the function which that enterprise is designed to perform. Now the function of science is twofold: it must increase information and it must organize that information into deductive systems. To say that science is limited may therefore mean either that there is a knowledge which is forever unattainable by science or that some of the knowledge discoverable by science is so unique that it cannot be logically connected with the general body of science. The first type of limitation implies some non-scientific method of acquiring knowledge. But instead of explicitly discussing this method, Mr. Sullivan tells us that the new outlook of science "leaves us more free to attach the traditional significance to our aesthetic, religious, or compendiously mystic experiences. It does not actively reinforce any particular religious interpretation of the universe, but it cuts the ground from under those arguments which were held to prove that any such interpretation is necessarily illusory." In support of this conclusion Mr. Sullivan notes that science can give us only a knowledge of the structure of things, and that the objects and principles of science do not constitute all of reality; therefore there must be a knowledge which is not scientific.

We would gladly ignore this elementary logical fallacy if we could find some illumination of the problem in the account of this non-scientific knowledge which the new scientific outlook is supposed to make possible. But all we can learn is that it is possible to have not only a knowledge of the structure but also a "knowledge of the nature" of things, by which—as far as one can gather from an obscure statement—Mr. Sullivan means the perception and enjoyment of qualities. The mystery of how these perceptions serve as the foundation for knowledge in the form of religious interpretations is deeply buried in such remarks as that "our religious impulses cannot be satisfied with anything less than a belief that life has a transcendental significance. And it is precisely this belief that the old philosophy of science made impossible." From various passages in the book one infers that this "transcendental significance" is intimately associated with creation, divine purpose, and free will, but the only argument advanced to prove that these theological doctrines are knowledge of reality and not pure myths is the flimsy fact that they are logically consistent with modern science.

The second type of limitation of science mentioned above might arise from the absence of that universal connectedness of phenomena whose assumption has been one of the most fruitful postulates of science since Newton. In this connection Mr. Sullivan cites Heisenberg's principle that the determination of both the position and velocity of an electron is impossible. It is not quite correct to conclude from this—as Mr. Sullivan does—that causality in the case of individual electrons is meaningless. Heisenberg himself has pointed out that this conclusion follows only if we retain the space and time description of phenomena. Still, it is evident that our concepts of physical laws or physical existence must here undergo radical revision. Whatever form this revision will ultimately take, there can be no justification for the confusion of the objective indeterminacy of electronic motion with subjective intuitions of freedom, as when Mr. Sullivan writes, "It will make it easier to believe that our intuition of free will is not an illusion." The best that theology can hope for is that science might discover that the will is the indeterminate motion of individual electrons capable of causing macrocosmic effects. It is difficult to see what theology would gain by this, or what "inspirational appeal" Mr. Sullivan can find in the theory that the phenomenon we call volition has no determinate cause but is simply the haphazard and arbitrary movement of chance electrons.

WILLIAM GRUBB

Every Man His Own Novelist

It Was the Nightingale. By Ford Madox Ford. J. P. Lippincott Company. \$3.

IN a further instalment of his autobiography Ford Madox Ford carries on the narrative of "Return to Yesterday" from the time when he left the British army early in 1919 to the cataclysm of 1929. His method is unlike that of most autobiographers. "I have tried then to write a novel drawing my material from my own literary age." He tells a good deal about the people whom he had to deal with during this decade of his adventures, and he throws in a good many commentarial asides, but he is the hero of his novel. Being that, he has permitted himself liberties with his career, at least as others have observed it. Certain of the persons most closely associated with him are not even mentioned. Because he writes as much as a novelist as an autobiographer, he can perhaps not be consulted too confidently by those students of the age who may want to find in his book solid items of information. His value lies in the agreeable light he casts on the men and women he has chosen to include and the amusing stories he has skilfully told about them. Although his book will be read, it will have to be read as collateral to systematic literary histories of the decade.

Minute accuracy in the circumstances can hardly be called for. If Mr. Ford puts Loew's Theater at the corner of Sheridan Square and Sixth Avenue; if he talks about Reading Ridge, Connecticut; if he appears to remember meeting Ben Hecht, already a renowned writer, in London in 1919; if he misquotes Shakespeare on his title-page: these minor slips are no great matter. As Mr. Ford says: "The first thing you have to consider when writing a novel is your story, then your story—and then your story!" It is more important to make the whole narrative lifelike than to bother too pedantically about details. Mr. Ford must be consulted for general bearings rather than for specific points, even in his authentic record of the rise and fall of the *transatlantic review*.

What distinguishes Mr. Ford from most living writers is his devotion to art and in particular to the art of literature. "I took as the basis of all my conversations two axioms: the first was that the artist—the man who added to the thought and emotions of mankind, and he alone—had any divine right to existence. The rest of humanity was merely the stuff to fill graveyards. . . . I said that my second axiom was that it was only by its arts that a nation could be saved—even commercially." "I believed that humanity can only be brought to ameliorate itself if life as it is is presented in terms of an art. And the business of Art is not to elevate humanity but to render." Mr. Ford does not often go to the bases of his doctrine. He assumes that art works in accordance with its own laws and that life adapts itself to art when life is wise or not when life is foolish. But with his doctrine firmly held, whatever its rationale, he has never faltered for a moment.

Art has been his religion, his philosophy, his patriotism, his love, and his friendship. "I never had much sense of nationality. Wherever there were creative thinkers was my country." "I live in France where the Arts are held in great honor and as often as I can I go to the United States where the greatest curiosity as to the Arts is displayed." Nor has Mr. Ford been self-centered in his devotion to the arts, particularly of literature. He has lived without envy and has greeted with almost incredible hospitality every form of talent as soon as it has revealed itself. There is even the possibility that he may be remembered longer for his services as editor of the *English Review* and of the *transatlantic review* than for any of his original work. And it is equally possible that if Mr. Ford could be aware of this he would face the prospect without distress or

chagrin. He has loved literature so much that he can rejoice in its prosperity, whatever his own part in it.

CARL VAN DOREN

Middle Western Exquisite

John Hay: From Poetry to Politics. By Tyler Dennett. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$5.

IN 1886, when he was forty-eight years old, John Hay shook the dust of Cleveland from his feet and moved to Washington—to live, he assumed, in private elegance for the rest of his life. The next eleven years did slip by indifferently: he watched the world go by from behind the high windows of the Romanesque chateau Richardson had built for him on Lafayette Square; spun out the long hours chatting with his neighbor Henry Adams, who gave the rolling stone of Hay's mind an even smoother polish, so that it came to reflect more and more his, Adams's, image; because he was bored, fled to England only too often to seek out the company of those rising Tories Joseph Chamberlain, George Curzon, and Arthur Balfour. Through these eleven years, which marked a critical period in the development of capitalism both in the United States and abroad, Hay moved like a ghost, apparently learning and seeing nothing and leaving no impress; yet these were the years of preparation at whose conclusion he emerged as the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and seventeen months later as Secretary of State of the United States. It is one of the most puzzling minor records in the whole of recent American history.

The earlier years of John Hay had been equally strange. One generation removed from pioneering stock, Hay had been the son of an impecunious Middle Western village doctor and had been able to go East to attend Brown College only through the generosity of an uncle. He had come back to the rough Illinois river town of his boyhood—the Illinois of Lincoln and Douglas and the acrimonious slavery debate—that incongruous thing, an exquisite: his head stuffed with poetry and the pale moonings of lesser New England transcendentalists. But John Hay had had luck as well as a pleasant face and charming manner, so that Lincoln had taken him to Washington in 1861 presumably in the capacity of a secretary but actually to act as a sort of buffer between the Lincoln household and the unknown terrors of the Washington social world.

The Civil War period had been very much of a lark for Hay; he had come through it with a colonelcy, a host of smart friends, cultivated tastes—but no occupation or prospects. For the next nine years he wandered unhappily between two continents. He tried to return to his uncle's roof and a possible career in Illinois politics: wisely his uncle saw that there was no room for him in that rough-and-tumble world. He scrambled for the crumbs that dropped from the State Department table: there were only legation secretaryships at Paris, Vienna, or Madrid for a nobody without powerful, local political backing. He wrote editorials for the *New York Tribune*, a volume of travel sketches, a book of ballads, some short stories and articles; literature was a sterner taskmistress than this clever man, no longer young, was willing to serve. His sensibilities were too fine for the stuffings at the trough of high bourgeois enterprise: he did not have the capacity for self-deception of the professional politician, nor was he capable of the self-discipline of the authentic artist. In 1874, frustrated at every turn, Hay married the daughter of Amasa Stone, a Middle Western railroad builder and capitalist, and settled down in Cleveland to watch his father-in-law's investments.

In 1883 Hay paid off that debt by publishing anonymously his novel "The Bread-Winners," as mean and unwarranted an attack on organized labor as is to be found anywhere in modern

letters; in 1886 he justified his wife's confidence in him by beginning the serial publication of his and Nicolay's monumental biography of Abraham Lincoln. Then empty, undignified, corroding idleness for eleven years. In 1896, possibly impelled by the desire to give his daughters a real social season in a foreign capital, Hay went after an ambassadorship by helping McKinley out of the financial hole he found himself in and by contributing generously to the Republican Presidential campaign chest. He got the London embassy as his reward. Why McKinley made Hay Secretary of State heaven only knows, except possibly that the small-town Ohioan was impressed by Hay's worldliness and his smooth oratory.

Mr. Dennett, who has recounted the story of these preparatory years of John Hay with a sensitiveness rare in American political biographical writing, would have us believe that in the seven years of Hay's secretaryship this soft amateur at living at last found himself and performed yeoman deeds in the interests of American affairs overseas. His long stewardship, Mr. Dennett holds, was one succession of triumphs, and even when Roosevelt shouldered Hay out of the limelight, American foreign policies had already been so well defined that it "remained for the Roosevelt Administration only to apply the accepted principles" as laid down before by Hay. These judgments are so astounding that one can attribute them only to the author's own service in the State Department and his loyalty to the traditions of the diplomatic craft. Hay as Secretary of State was no bigger than Hay the defeated poet and vindictive novel writer hiding behind the skirts of anonymity: what successes he scored were won easily—and the one great mistake he made will yet involve the world in a sanguinary war.

Hay's victories—the securing of an unbroken Alaskan coastline, of the right by treaty for the United States to build and defend the Panama Canal, of England's recognition of American primacy in the Caribbean—were no victories at all in the sense that they were wrested from a stubborn foe. England, encountering suspicion and hostility everywhere and already feeling the challenge of German imperialist rivalry, made these free offerings in an effort to gain at least popular American sympathy for English imperial aspirations.

It will be the Open Door circular of September 6, 1899, however, which will always remain the great monument to Hay's ignorance of world affairs and the economic society in which he lived. Too long did he hide himself behind the curtains of his Washington house. Believing that the Powers had in mind the physical partition of the Manchu Empire and that it was only their intention to exclude American traders from the Chinese ports and the interior cities—in short, failing to see that the spheres of influence were not mercantilistic but imperialistic devices—Hay demanded, and in effect obtained, the preservation of the territorial integrity of China and equal commercial rights for American nationals in that country. Had he been aware of the real significance of the presence of the Powers—that they were seeking outlets for surplus capital instead of trading monopolies—the capitalistic advance into the Far East, except by common action, might have been checked then and there and Japan's growth nipped in the bud. Today the United States and Japan stand at the crossroads because the Japanese, thanks to the early start Hay himself gave them, dominate China, while American bankers and industrialists must yet obtain a foothold in the only real market left to imperialism.

Mr. Dennett's claim that Hay blazed the trail for all of Roosevelt's further adventures in *Realpolitik* is an idle one. Surely Hay did not contribute a single thought to the shaping of the Roosevelt corollary of the Monroe Doctrine which established our hegemony over Latin America, or to the intervention in the Russo-Japanese War, which was done to prevent Russia's defeat and maintain the balance of power in the Pacific.

Hay, in his belated maturity and by his sudden elevation

to a high post, had an unexampled opportunity to do the class he represented ■ great service and prolong its life ■ little while longer: but because he was unprepared for this, as he had been for most of life's encounters, his career must remain—to this reviewer, at any rate—one of the lesser tragedies of America's Gilded Age.

LOUIS M. HACKER

Attitudes Toward Confusion

The Woods Colt. By Thames Williamson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

From an Ozark Holler. By Vance Randolph. The Vanguard Press. \$2.

Dark Moon of March. By Emmett Gowen. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.

Requiem. By A. E. Fisher. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

Cash Item. By Catherine Brody. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

WRITING in the *Hound and Horn*, Donald Davidson defines the regional movement as "a correction of too much Leviathanism in the arts," a flight from the confusion of urban life into the particular and humanistic. The five books here considered range themselves around this focal point of flight from confusion or a coming to grips with it. The three regional novels, "The Woods Colt," "From an Ozark Holler," and "Dark Moon of March," are dialect stories of the Southern mountains, written in ■ spirit of allegiance to a locality and its traditions. "Cash Item" and "Requiem," on the other hand, run head on into the confusion of urban life.

The regional novels are disappointing. In the figure of Clint Morgan, who runs afoul of his community and becomes an outcast, Thames Williamson has the makings of a modern hero; but he has told his story too objectively, and the reader never becomes involved in the long tale of Clint's misfortunes. The literal rendering of dialect—and in this novel even the narrator speaks the dialect—is to be questioned. Quaintness is the curse that must be exorcised here; and perhaps an adaptation of the Ozark speech, an understatement that conveys its informing rhythm and poetry, might represent it more accurately to us than direct transcription. In spite of its tragic theme, "The Woods Colt" reads like ■ mountain idyl. "Dark Moon of March" contains more comment on the part of the author and more characterization; but this story too is veiled in an idyllic glow, while the thumb-nail sketches of Ozark mountain folk in Vance Randolph's novel tend back toward the local-colorism of the seventies. These Southern stories represent only the negative side of the regional movement, in that they deal with dialect and folk-ways as ends in themselves. One wonders whether these writers can continue to set forth pictures of a life that is static and idyllic, that offers no challenge to the constructive powers of the writer, or whether they will have to refresh their original impulse by making the discovery that confusion is latent even within their own traditions.

Of the two novels that come to grips with confusion, "Requiem" is the more powerful. This story of one week in the life of an American family epitomizes all the conflicts that are disintegrating middle-class life under the depression. Except for the oldest son, who has the stoicism necessary to survival, each character experiences a martyrdom: the mother grimly holding on to her ideals of middle-class respectability; the father who leaves home because he is useless surplus there, and comes to a lonely death in the country; the daughter who discovers the difference between the movie versions of romance and her own shoddy affair with the local barber. The heroism of Al, the son, is a mixture of sang-froid and a realistic understanding of things. Unemotional, without middle-class illusions, but with

a sort of tactile sense of the immediate justice of a situation, he brings a certain amount of order into the wreckage of family life; and the implication of creating such a hero is that survival is not possible while the ideals of the past hamper those who are struggling through the present transition. Throughout the story irony is created by juxtaposing a glorified picture of American life, as set forth by the radio and the newspapers, with the reality of what is happening. The radio pours forth its saccharine banalities as accompaniment to the family dissensions; and even in their moments of tragedy this American family is so newspaper ridden that the headlines, insane and irrelevant, furnish a constant chorus to their emotions. Mr. Fisher uses the trick effectively, and reveals a strong talent. "Cash Item," more sentimental in treatment, emphasizes the importance of money in our scheme of society through the story of two young lovers who work in a bank and become involved in an embezzlement.

GERTRUDE DIAMANT

Art

Orozco at Dartmouth College

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE is learning a valuable lesson in applied aesthetics. The huge mural fresco which Orozco has been painting on the walls of Dartmouth's new Baker Library during the past year has sent freshets of healthy controversy rippling over this piece of collegiate soil. "Should a mural be two- or three-dimensional? decorative or integral?" "How does a mural differ in formal construction from an easel painting?" From the first seminal dabs of color, Orozco's work has been followed with the keenest interest. Especially among the students the mural has struck a rich, responsive chord. It is saying something to their feelings which their understanding is challenged to decipher, something vital, human, perhaps prophetic.

Wholly apart, however, from its usefulness as a pedagogical instrument, Orozco's mural exists as a work of art—one which we are inclined to regard, judging from the completed portions, as the most important contemporary document of its kind; as important for what it says as for the way it says it. Though it seeks to identify itself with Dartmouth College through certain incidental phrases in its thematic vocabulary, it speaks no local language. By the largeness of its theme, "the evolution of civilized man in America," by the selection of representational episodes, and by the plastic emphasis which these episodes are given in the body of the mural, Orozco secures the widest possible social relevance for his work.

Orozco is aware that a mural, to maintain its ideological validity for the generations to come, must deal with timeless, not temporal, aspects of human society. In other words, a muralist's technical equipment, essential as this may be, will not take him very far unless he has a broad social vision, the ability to relate man to mankind. To pictorialize human events from the point of view of a reporter for a tabloid newspaper, as Benton has done, is journalism, not art. No mural conceived in these transient terms is worth its keep. A painter may take a sour or a sanguine view of human affairs; but if he decides to make human material a conceptual component of his art, he must expect to be condemned if the fabric of his thinking is puerile. Orozco succeeds where Benton fails because he creates an aesthetic as well as a social cosmos from the chaos of our twentieth-century world.

Orozco's Dartmouth mural is divided, both thematically and architecturally, into two parts: the first, consisting of nine panels, two separate, the others integrated on a single long wall,

interprets the contribution of the Central American red man to American civilization through the Toltecs and the more militant Aztecs who absorbed them; the second part is devoted to the white man's contribution to the New World from conquistadorian times to the present. These two giant segments, each about 1,500 square feet in area, are firmly welded into a pictorial unit by an effective dramatic pattern. By contrasting the two elemental forces—the one blind, the other reasoning—that operate within all human societies, each seeking to dominate and displace the other, Orozco crystallizes the universal struggle-drama of civilization, a conflict waged among all races of men, red, yellow, black, or white.

Structurally, the mural has been handled with the most amazing virtuosity. We must remember that the muralist, unlike the poet or the musical composer, is not free to choose the forms in which he works; he has them thrust upon him. The size and shape of the surfaces to be painted, the dimensions of the spatial area the walls inclose—these are ineluctable facts. How the muralist resolves them reveals his ability, or inability, to think architecturally. Orozco echoes, wherever possible, the dominant proportions of the interior architecture: the verticality of the two separate panels of the first part is accentuated in the Migration Panel by the naked phalanx bodies of marching Aztecs; in the second, or Human Sacrifice Panel, by its sharply defined triangular construction. Where the dominant lines are horizontal, as in the long wall, Orozco emphasizes them by giving an immense width to the frontal plane, as, for example, in the double panel in which Quetzalcoatl, culture hero and mythical Moses of the Toltecs, rises like an apparition above the pyramids of Teotihuacan.

The second part is still in the making and will be for several months to come. This much, however, can and should be said of the completed unit: formally, as a work of art, and humanly, as a social critique, there is nothing comparable to it. By making concrete our experience as men and as nations of men in the most direct and forceful of creative idioms, Orozco's mural serves to make us constructively critical of the healthy or maleficent aspects of our constantly accruing heritage. Orozco has gone a long way toward resurrecting the mural from the degraded role it has played since the Renaissance.

E. M. BENSON

Films

Mae West and the Classic Tradition

ONE of the charges raised against this column is that it is too little concerned with the actor and the actor's art as it is manifested on the screen. Surely, it is urged, the profiles of the Barrymores, the enigmatic *langueurs* of the Garbos, the lush vitalities of the Dresslers and the Wallace Beerys constitute one of the major appeals of the new medium. Some would even go farther and declare that these constitute the only appeal that such an unfledged art can make to intelligent people. For these people the film is a vehicle for the exploitation of personality and little else; its pretensions to being a mature and complex art are implicitly dismissed as absurd. What they seem to admire and look for on the screen is something most frequently referred to as *gusto*—crude, animal *gusto*, which is all too likely a reflection on themselves and their friends. For it is undoubtedly "personality," in the grosser, more physical sense, that explains much of the popularity of such players as the late Louis Wolheim, the late Ernest Tor-

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McCANN

rence, Emil Jannings, and Charles Laughton. Going to the movies becomes a cheap substitute for a trip to Harlem or an after-dinner party at the prize ring. In a word, it becomes another form of vitality-slumming. Now it must be observed, first of all, that such an attitude is hardly distinguishable from the attitude that dominates the lowest order of film-goers. For this reason alone this column has refrained as much as possible from discussion of actors and their personalities: the "fan" magazines, devoted to the soul-states, the diet, and the moral hygiene of the stars, do this much more entertainingly. But there is another and more important reason for reticence on these matters. A picture in which the acting provides the sole interest can only be considered, as far as this column is concerned, a bad picture. In this conviction it is in agreement with pretty nearly everyone who takes the screen with any degree of seriousness—especially with directors like Eisenstein, Pabst, and Clair, who reduce, or tend to reduce, the hegemony of this one element among the many elements that constitute the complex art of the cinema. Perhaps one can have too little to say about acting, but the trouble at present seems to be that one says too much; and if one emphasizes other elements to its neglect it is only in the hope of establishing a better balance.

These remarks are to a large extent suggested by Miss Mae West's latest raree-show, "I'm No Angel," now in its third week at the Paramount. As a piece of cinema this entertainment has even less interest than Miss West's first starring vehicle. But that it has interest and a great deal of interest, although of an oblique and rather intellectual nature, cannot be denied. It is another astonishing example of the phenomenon of personality in the theater. From the moment that Miss West issues from her tent as Nira, the hula-hula dancer, to the fantastic courtroom scenes at the end, we are completely subjugated by personality. Miss West's acting style is at once both traditional and burlesque. Unfortunately, there is a certain confusion possible here because one means both that Miss West's style is in the tradition of American burlesque, or "burleycue," and that it is a burlesque of that tradition. Whatever one may think of that tradition, it must be granted that Miss West has brought it to its classic culmination. One may use such a word as classic because of the extreme objectivity with which Miss West both recognizes and employs her materials. So perfectly does she now sum up in her own person—her speech, gestures, and carriage—the main elements of her tradition that she no longer requires a story or even a backdrop. She would be effective on a bare concert stage. The second point that one wishes to make about Miss West's acting is intended to be also something like an explanation of her vogue among people who must find some excuse for enjoying her crudeness, vulgarity, and irrepressible gusto. The reason that these people can appreciate her with such safety is to be found in her own special care to make them feel that this is after all something just put on, a broad joke, a burlesque of burlesque. By a tone of voice or an expression of the eyes, Miss West makes everything seem all right. And by thus making possible an intellectual defense for its perhaps unconscious response to her very real and great energies she enables her audience to save its face.

"The Wandering Jew" (Cameo) is the first of the many anti-Hitler pictures that we are promised this season. Admirably acted by Jacob Ben-Ami in the role of a Jewish artist in Germany who is made to feel the age-old persecutions of the race, the film as a whole suffers from being too hastily put together for the purposes of immediate propaganda.

WILLIAM TROY

Next week: *Walter Pach* will discuss the most important art openings of the fall.

Drama

Three Good Plays

MANY years ago I heard my predecessor in this department introduced to an audience as "the man who keeps the readers of *The Nation* in a state of depression concerning the theater." The remark contained just that grain of truth requisite for wit, and there have been times when it seemed to me that I was, in this respect at least, carrying on our tradition in adequate fashion. Recently I have been positively embarrassed by the steady stream of eulogy which has flowed from my typewriter, and I have longed for something of which I could disapprove with satisfying thoroughness. I hardly hope that my readers will believe the general level of theatrical entertainment this season to be as high as it actually is, and I feel, therefore, called upon to defend myself against the possible charge that I suffer from an insidious form of creeping benevolence. The simple truth is, however, that never in my nine years of professional theatergoing have I known a time when so large a proportion of the plays furnished, at the very least, an interesting and entertaining evening. To make matters worse I am now obliged to report three more productions—"Let 'em Eat Cake," "Her Master's Voice," and "The Green Bay Tree"—of which the first two are highly diverting and the third so absorbing as to take its place alongside "Men in White" as a play too good to be missed by anyone who cares for what the contemporary drama has to offer.

This last, directed by Jed Harris and presented by him at the Cort Theater, is the work of an Englishman named Mor-daunt Shairp whose talent is individual enough to make his name worth remembering. Primarily a brilliant psychological study of a somewhat abnormal character, it has more than enough of action and movement to satisfy those who demand a good deal of both, but it is chiefly remarkable for its success in drawing an unfamiliar portrait with a fulness, a delicacy, and a power which one seldom finds outside the pages of a first-rate modern novel. Moreover, the subject of this portrait—an extremely cultivated hedonist who is at once relentless and effeminate—is a type of which two striking things may be said: first, that it has seldom, if ever, been adequately portrayed on the stage; and, second, that anyone moderately acquainted in the world will nevertheless recognize here the full development of certain traits and tendencies which he has observed for himself without ever having realized those implications and interrelations now made clear in an astonishingly well-integrated portrait.

Of how many characters which one meets in new novels or plays can it be said, as of this Mr. Dulcimer it can, that we are given the sense of new insight into an unfamiliar corner of human nature? From the very moment he steps upon the stage to give directions for the decoration of his dining-room he captures the attention, and never for an instant does he cease to be the center of a fascinated interest. Something—perhaps a good deal—must be credited to the vivid playing of James Dale, but his performance is made possible only by a text which manages with extraordinary skill to define the character of a man whose various weaknesses and vices are so built up into a consistent whole that their sum total comes to equal a kind of greatness. One is reminded remotely of Proust's M. Charlus, with his somewhat similar combination of cruelty, cultivation, and perversity. Whatever this Dulcimer was, he was that consciously and with intention. He knew himself and to that self he was true. One begins by smiling at the ritualistic solemnity with which he arranges the flowers, but one ends a little ter-

□ LECTURES □

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH SAYS

Appears on Page 550

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □

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rified by the iron will of a man who has so mastered himself and others that he has created a trivial, luxurious world precisely suited to his own abnormal but exacting needs. Of such stuff, of such an egotism plus such perversely delicate sensibilities, are Neros made. And whatever of horror or revulsion the spectator may feel as the character is unfolded, he cannot choose but hear. On the other side I feel bound to add that I think the play should have ended when the young protégé of Dulcimer recognizes his inability to break away from the influence of the older man. The death of the central character is not inherently unconvincing but simply not involved in the otherwise logical inevitability of events, and I do not see that anything is gained by the attempt to make doubly clear the already evident fact that his heir is hopelessly enslaved. This, however, is a minor point. The important fact is that "The Green Bay Tree" is not only an absorbing play but one which gives the spectator a renewed respect for the drama as a vehicle for profound and absorbing psychological portraiture.

It must be over a decade ago that Clare Kummer was very well known as the author of a series of gentle but slightly delirious farce-comedies, among which were "A Successful Calamity" and "Rollo's Wild Oat." One does not usually remember mere bits of fluff quite so long as that, and one infers that they must have been marked by a distinct individuality of their own. Now Miss Kummer has suddenly broken a long silence with "Her Master's Voice" (Plymouth Theater), a farce marked by exactly the same comic obliquity of vision, the same fresh but gentle wit which made her earlier pieces unique. She is—dangerous word—whimsical without being sentimental and shrewd without being cynical. Anyone, therefore, who desires an evening of amusement almost miraculously unmarred by a single cliché could hardly do better than to see Roland Young, Laura Hope Crews, and Frances Fuller disporting themselves charmingly in "Her Master's Voice."

As for "Let 'em Eat Cake" (Imperial Theater), several hundred people are probably at this moment debating whether or not it is as good as or better than its predecessor, "Of Thee I Sing." I shall not take sides but content myself with reporting that these further adventures of Wintergreen and Throttlebottom are vastly amusing during many moments even if they are also occasionally dull. The music seems to me better than in the previous instalment of this epic and the general smartness beyond criticism. I must, however, add that the purely perfunctory and farcical ending of the whole is a bit disappointing. Obviously the authors wanted to avoid either the suspicion of propaganda or the impression that their satire was as savagely nihilistic as, at moments, it seems. They have, however, allowed themselves to go so far in some of the scenes, and so

clearly implied so deep a scorn for conservative and radical alike, that the trifling conclusion seems almost an evasion of the issues they themselves have raised.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Three and One" (Longacre Theater) is a French farce which revolves about the delicately posed and hilariously resolved problem of whether an extremely delectable young lady will choose the Poetic, the Practical, or the frankly Physical among three young men—the variously sired sons of a famous dancer who has found three men in her life of whom she wanted to "keep a copy." Lilian Bond is more than adequate as the desirable young lady, and the piece is well acted throughout.

M. M.

□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

AH, WILDERNESS. Guild Theater. Delightful sentimental comedy of Youth, written by Eugene O'Neill, although it doesn't seem to have been.

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THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS. Empire Theater. Molière made gay and delightful through a very sprightly translation.

THREE AND ONE. Longacre Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

THUNDER ON THE LEFT. Maxine Elliot Theater. To be reviewed next week.

□ LECTURES □

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE VOTERS of New York City have elected Fiorello H. LaGuardia and the majority of the candidates on the Fusion ticket. The landslide was sufficient to give the victors 13 out of 16 votes in the Board of Estimate—control, in short, of the City's finances. LaGuardia came in with a margin of lower than a quarter of a million. This is distinctly a popular victory, an uprising of the "forgotten" men and women who for years have despaired of making headway against the entrenched Tammany boodlers and so have stayed away from recent elections. The victory is all the more remarkable because of the interjection of the Recovery ticket headed by Joseph V. McKee, blessed by the national Administration through the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, James A. Farley, and buttressed by the bankers. This inexcusable interference not merely in a local contest but in the effort of the people of New York to rid themselves of the corruption which has brought the nation's metropolis to the verge of bankruptcy, while soundly rebuked, had, nevertheless, disastrous consequences. It resulted in the retention of Tammany control of the Board of Aldermen and in the loss of the important office of District Attorney of New York County. Consequently there will be no prosecution of Tammany corruptionists

for four years, and the effort of honest leadership to clean house will be seriously impaired. It is undeniable that the Administration has in New York betrayed the progressivism which its New Deal supposedly embodies. The President cannot escape the just censure of progressives throughout the country. He can make amends only by relegating into political oblivion his man Farley, whose activities throughout the land are discrediting Mr. Roosevelt's leadership and impairing confidence in the Administration.

PHILADELPHIA voters likewise rose en masse and by means of a fusion ticket ousted the Vare machine, whose hold on the city had perhaps been stronger even than that of Tammany in New York, and whose fraudulent election tactics were sufficient to keep Pennsylvania in the Republican column in the last national election. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, a Socialist landslide resulted in the election of a Socialist mayor, Jasper P. McLevy, and thirteen Socialist aldermen out of sixteen, which gives this party complete control of the city. On the other hand, municipal-ownership projects for electric-light plants were defeated in five important cities, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Salt Lake City, Akron, and Youngstown. Camden, New Jersey, however, gave its official permission to construct a publicly owned plant. Prohibition received its expected *coup de grace* when Utah, Pennsylvania, and Ohio provided the votes needed for repeal. The record of unanimity for the twenty-first amendment was, however, broken with the probability at this writing that the two Carolinas would remain dry. What the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina will probably have to be revised.

THE REJECTION by President Roosevelt of the proposal of the governors of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and the two Dakotas to fix prices on six leading agricultural products seems to mark a definite break between the Administration and at least an important block of farmers in the Middle West. While the Administration's refusal to jeopardize the recovery program, by introducing a new and probably unworkable scheme, is sound, it is none the less unfortunate that the very group which the whole Roosevelt plan was primarily intended to help should be the first openly to declare a lack of faith in it. Although we also have grave doubts of the ultimate success of the program, it is a question if the Midwestern farmers have yet given it a fair chance. While the Department of Agriculture's index price of farm products had fallen to 70 on October 15 as compared with 76 in July and 72 in August, it is not true—according to government figures—that the advantage of rising prices for what the farmer sells has been more than swallowed up by the higher costs of what he buys. The exchange value of farm products in terms of commodities farmers buy was 60 on October 15, compared with 53 on the same date last year and 49, the low point, last February. Nevertheless, psychology is more powerful than statistics. The President's action will add impetus to the farm strike and violence is more to be expected than ever.

SECRETARY HULL has sounded a pleasing and auspicious note by declaring that the United States would take as its underlying policy to the Seventh Pan-American Conference President Roosevelt's "good neighbor" declaration in his inaugural address. But what is of paramount importance in our dealings with Latin America, now thrust into the forefront of public attention through the departure on November 11 of the United States delegation for Montevideo, is to square actions with words. Previous Pan-American conferences have increasingly made notorious the contrast between our high-sounding official verbiage and a lack of corroborative policy—a disparity which every Latin American recognizes, to the detriment of real friendship and understanding. That such disparity persists was strikingly revealed at the meeting of the governing board of the Pan-American Union, where Secretary Hull made his address. There Dantès Bellegarde, Haiti's Minister to the United States, in taking leave of his colleagues, adverted to another declaration of President Roosevelt's, which presumably will influence the American attitude at Montevideo, namely, his definition of an aggressor nation as one which sends troops beyond its own frontiers. He attacked the financial aggression of the United States in Haiti, referring to the executive agreement signed on August 7 by the Haitian Secretary of State and the United States Minister, Norman Armour. This agreement imposes on Haiti during the life of the National City Bank loan, forced on the Haitians against their will in 1922, a rigid financial control exercised in behalf of the bond-holders in the United States. The agreement forbids Haiti during this period—presumably some fifteen years—to modify its taxes or its tariffs without the consent of American officials.

THIS AGREEMENT, negotiated by underlings in the State Department in the early summer during Secretary Hull's absence in London, contains the identical financial provisions of a treaty which a year ago the Hoover Administration sought to frighten the Haitians into signing by picturing to them the dire consequences which might come to Haiti should Franklin D. Roosevelt become President. Although the executives of both countries had signed the treaty, the Haitian Congress rejected it by unanimous vote in September, 1932. It might therefore have been reasonably expected that the Roosevelt Administration would not seek again to impose financial control so contrary in spirit to the principles and professions of the New Deal Administration. The explanation is that this agreement was negotiated by men whose "cultural lag" is an outstanding characteristic, without other than the perfunctory sanction of the President and the Secretary of State, who at the time were occupied with weightier matters. But now that the question has been actually thrust into the public eye, it is highly desirable that the United States express of its own accord willingness to reopen the question. The Haitian Congress is not now in session, and does not meet until April. But why should the United States jeopardize the good-will of twenty Latin American nations by waiting until the Haitian Congress again makes manifest the national sentiment in Haiti? Why should the United States impose on a neighbor nation a collection agency for private investors at that nation's expense? That this policy was pursued by the regimes of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover is an added reason for reversing it.

THE LATEST bright idea of the United States Civil Service Commission, illustrated by regulations just issued to cover the conduct of examinations for certain vacancies in clerical work, is to make forty years the maximum age limit for candidates. In response to protests from members of both houses of Congress and from many other sources, protests which have gone directly to President Roosevelt, the President announced that he had turned the matter over to Secretary of Labor Perkins, who would be authorized to study the matter. Miss Perkins declares herself out of sympathy with the forty-year age limitation and describes it as "shortsighted." Harry B. Mitchell, president of the Civil Service Commission, in answer to attacks from all sides on his new policy, asserted that it did not mean that "people are through at forty; it merely means that people are beginning at not over forty." The Washington Board of Trade, through its president, Claude W. Owen, gave out a statement severely criticizing the policy. Mr. Owen said: "To place the stamp of the United States government's approval upon the hypothesis that a man of forty is too old is to make it a laughing stock and a promulgator of a cruel theory that, if used as an example, would terrorize the future of every . . . wage-earner . . . not fortunate enough to own his own business." The practice, of course, is one that has been more or less prevalent in industry for a good while. But to have the Civil Service supporting the theory is a blow to every worker of whatever sort.

FOR YEARS automobile and accessories factories in Detroit, Pontiac, Flint, and Saginaw, Michigan, have operated as open shops. The minute subdivision of labor and chain production, combined with relatively high wages, kept automobile workers wholly unorganized. A year ago at the Briggs Manufacturing Company plants, where Ford bodies are made on contract, all workers struck against intolerable conditions and low wages. A partial success attended this strike and gave some unfavorable publicity to conditions. With the success of the Briggs strike, encouragement because of the NRA, and intolerable conditions to spur them on, an organization of tool-and-die makers and machinists lately took form under the name of the Mechanics' Educational Society. The society claims 22,000 members. In former years these workers received as much as \$1.75 per hour and worked under conditions satisfactory to highly skilled men. Of late the employers have endeavored to impose upon them a working system resulting in periodical speed-ups to eighty and ninety hours per week at wages as low as thirty-five cents per hour, alternating with long periods of unemployment. It is the pride of this labor union that it charges no initiation fee and that the single financial requirement for membership is the payment of twenty-five cents per month. It is not unnatural that the American Federation of Labor has given the union no assistance.

THE OFFICERS of the union complain that they are not represented and that automobile factory laborers are not represented on any of the boards organized under the NRA. They insist that these boards are packed with known anti-labor employers and A. F. of L. representatives equally antagonistic to mass organization of automobile workers. The officers of the union insist that the picketing of shops has been peaceful and say that resistance to their demands

centers in the shops of Henry Ford, General Motors, and the Murray Body Company. They say that at the plant of the Koestlin Tool and Die Company in Detroit on October 30, 3,000 strikers assembled to encourage their pickets to persuade non-union workers to refrain from entering the shop. As one of the pickets peacefully walked about the plant a large steel nut was thrown from the inside through a window, hitting a striker, Joseph Mayor, on the head. This man, who is married and has had no work for six months, has since been under the care of physicians. Incensed and provoked by this wanton and nearly murderous assault upon a peaceful picket, the crowd damaged the plant. The union complains that this incident was made to appear by the press as a wanton assault by the strikers, whereas the provocation came from the plant itself. The union hopes that through the labor boards of the NRA, or directly, it will be able to obtain recognition and its full demands in regard to wages and hours.

VICE-CHANCELLOR John J. Fallon of the New Jersey judiciary has joined the group of several judges who have failed to read the National Industrial Recovery Act with enough care to know that there is nothing in it which in any way limits the right of workers to strike or to picket. He has mistaken the legitimate efforts of the NRA to settle labor controversies, and in some cases to provide means of arbitration in industrial codes, for a legal superseding of the right to strike and picket. In enjoining the American Federation of Silk Workers against picketing a factory in Bayonne, the judge said, as quoted in the press, that the recovery act empowered employees to bargain collectively but did not "warrant interference by persons other than employees of an employer." If the judge actually read the law which he purports to quote, he must have noticed that the statute says specifically that employees shall have the privilege of bargaining through representatives "of their own choosing." The judge went on with a tirade of obsolescent nonsense against "intermeddlers" and "agitators." It is a pity the "learned judge" never had to earn his living as a day laborer. Even so, he might guess that factory employees elect and pay regular salaries to "intermeddlers" and "agitators" because the employees themselves haven't the time or training to fight their own battles and would lose their jobs if they tried to. The NRA has a hard enough task to apply what is in the recovery act and the codes, as they are, without having the issue further complicated by judges who either can't or don't read.

AS A PLEASANT EXCEPTION to the wails of distress heard on every side, the Consumers' Cooperative Services, a chain of nine cafeterias operating in New York City, announces that after thirteen years in business it is able to maintain the President's blanket code for hours and wages, which calls for a forty-hour week for all employees and a minimum wage of \$15, and at the same time to earn 6 per cent on its money. Mary Arnold, general manager of the organization, declares that the board of directors will petition the NRA to include in the permanent code for the industry provisions to increase the present minimum hourly wage by 40 per cent. "Since April, 1923," says Miss Arnold, "with the exception of ten weeks early this year, we have maintained a maximum forty-eight-hour week for all of our employees. During this period the minimum weekly

cash wage has never been less than \$18 with meals in addition. For part of this time, the minimum was as high as \$20 a week."

A DISTASTE FOR NOISE is one of the last virtues acquired by a child on the way to adulthood or a society on the way to civilization. Some children and some societies never acquire it. Up to recently Americans, like the children they were, rather liked noise. It was the usual accompaniment of machinery—and therefore of progress. The more hullabaloo, the greater proof of an advancing nation. Early automobiles were noisy, and drivers purposely made them noisier by driving without mufflers in order to attract the attention of their friends and enemies. It is only in recent years that noiselessness has become an asset in a motor car. So with typewriters and many other machines. For thirty years New Yorkers have tolerated subway trains with a roar, rattle, and rumpus sufficient to drive hundreds of travelers into insane asylums. Doubtless they have driven hundreds of travelers into insane asylums, though direct evidence is lacking. At last the Interborough Rapid Transit Company announces a method by which cars can be sound-proofed at the slight cost of \$150 apiece. If successful after trial, the method will be applied to all cars. The day when objection to noise rated one as a crank or a fussbox is past. We are coming to realize that noise injures health and by distracting attention dissipates energy and interferes with work. We shall never have—nor would we want—a noiseless world any more than we shall have a painless, a strifeless, or a deathless one, but we can try like the dickens in that direction for a long time to come without fear of overdoing.

THE QUESTION often raised of whether Samuel Insull "got away" with any considerable fortune seems to us presumptively answered by the decision of the Greek Supreme Court, which for the second time has refused the extradition sought by the United States. One recalls the technique of the utility magnate with the former chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission, as indeed with receptive public officials everywhere who had something that he wanted. In rendering the verdict the presiding justice praised the defendant's achievements as a builder, and indicated his hope that Mr. Insull might bestow upon his second adopted land services corresponding to those rendered in the United States. Based on past performances the Greek capital may therefore soon be blessed with a utility structure somewhat as follows: First will be formed the Athens Gas and Electric Company to supply the Athenian householder. The common stock of this operating company will be held by the Acropolis Arc Light Company, a holding and operating company likewise supplying illumination to the municipality. Its common stock will be held by the Lacedaemon Light and Power Company, which in turn will be controlled by the Hellas Heat, Light, and Power Company. Above this will in due course be placed the Peloponnesus Power and Light Company. At the pinnacle of the pyramid will be Ilion-Insull Securities, an investment trust which, together with Olympus Offerings, Inc., a finance corporation, will acquire, hold, and trade in the securities of the lesser companies below. Retribution has traditionally been the central theme in Greek drama, and Nemesis may be shaping the plot of the tragi-comedy that began to unfold when Greek met Insull.

The Audacious Swope Plan

GERARD SWOPE of the General Electric Company has revamped his previous scheme for a big-business dictatorship of the country. He would have the NRA surrender its functions and its power to a super-organization of manufacturers and merchants. Never has a more far-reaching plan for big-business control of our economic life been proposed.

The Swope plan of "industrial self-government" was first advanced in September, 1931. It proposed in the main that industry be allowed to work out its own problems through the organization of industrial or trade associations. These associations were to straighten out the many difficulties from free competition, which obviously would have meant the apportionment of markets and the establishment of other monopolistic practices. But several obstacles stood in the way. Commenting on the Swope plan in the *New York Herald Tribune* of September 17, 1931, Mark Sullivan said:

Mr. Swope starts with the principle that insurance of continuity of employment is a matter for industry itself to provide, and not the government. So far that is identical with old-fashioned Democratic doctrine and old-fashioned American doctrine. Immediately, however, Mr. Swope says that business, in order to insure continuity of employment, must have immunity from the Sherman anti-trust law. He does not say this in so many words; but he, as well as the lawyers who advised him in the preparation of the plan, understood perfectly that the plan involves scrapping, or at least modifying, the anti-trust law. Some lawyers believe also, although others do not, that the plan would require modification of the Constitution.

In brief, Gerard Swope was proposing that big business be freed of all the restraints and control which had been imposed upon it by Congress and the Constitution.

By a remarkable coincidence the National Industrial Recovery Act provides for the formation of industrial associations of precisely the sort Mr. Swope must have had in mind. More than that, it exempts from the Sherman and Clayton acts companies that join in such associations and abide by their rules, that is, by their respective "codes of fair competition." It is also a moot question whether the Constitution has not in fact been stretched a bit to cover this legislation. To this extent the original Swope plan appears to have been almost fully realized. Indeed, it is doubtful that without the help of the recovery act industry would ever have brought itself to its present state of organization or have adopted rules of "fair competition."

At first glance it may appear inexplicable that big business should now want the NRA set aside. Apart from the dispute over recognition of independent labor unions, big business seems for the most part to have had its own way with the NRA. This is revealed by close analysis of the major codes. Actually, of course, this is only half the story. To begin with, the first Swope plan did not envisage the sort of relationship between workers and employers set up by the recovery act. It would, instead, have had employers deal with the workers on a company-union basis. Secondly, the

exemption from the anti-trust laws which big business gained under the NRA has been offset by the licensing power granted to the President and by the right of the government through the NRA and other agencies to intervene in business affairs. Lastly, and most importantly, the NRA was created by act of Congress. What Congress has given, it can also take away, or at any rate modify in response to public pressure. This apparently is not what Mr. Swope had bargained for.

It is no accident, therefore, to find him now urging that the power to interpret and enforce the recovery act be taken out of the hands of the government and given to a select council of private manufacturers and merchants. He would keep the trade associations and "codes of fair competition," but turn the administrative job over to a "National Chamber of Commerce and Industry." The governors of this chamber would elect a panel of members to "sit in Washington and act as a board of appeals on any questions that may arise in the interpretation and enforcement of the national code provisions, and will endeavor to see that such interpretations are consistent." Thus, the recovery administration would no longer be accountable to Congress, but only to a national organization dominated by the strongest business interests. True, the plan provides for the appointment by the President of an undetermined number of public representatives to sit with the board of appeals. But what would such public representation amount to? In the final analysis the power of enforcement cannot be divided. If the government representatives were to be clothed with real power, then there would be no point in transferring this authority from the NRA. Conversely, if the real power were to lie with the business men on Mr. Swope's board of appeals, the Presidential appointees would be mere window-dressing.

Mr. Swope would remove the last vestige of social control over business and let business run itself. The consequences of such a step would be too horrible to contemplate. We cannot simply set aside business as such and tell the business men to go ahead and run their own affairs to suit themselves. Our social and business interests are inextricably interwoven; the welfare of the one depends and must depend upon the control and administration of the other. Thus, if we turn control of the national economy over to big business without imposing any genuine social checks, it would mean placing our political, social, and cultural interests as well at its mercy. We should then have a big-business dictatorship of the country in the truest and worst sense of the term.

We are exceedingly happy to note that President Roosevelt has taken a firm stand against the Swope plan. *The Nation* has had occasion in the past to make specific criticism of the NRA. But as between the NRA and the Swope scheme there can be no hesitation. Under the former there will always remain some hope that the public through Congress can exert some influence over the existing Rooseveltian "partnership" between government and business. Under the latter there would be virtually no public or social control.

The Swope plan must be spiked at once lest its proponents take advantage of the present discontent to force it upon an unsuspecting country.

The Securities Act: An Official View

IN view of the vast amount of space given by the press of New York City to the laments of Wall Street against the Securities Act of 1933, it might be expected that when an authoritative interpretation of the act was finally offered by one instrumental in the drafting of the legislation and now charged with its administration the press would be equally zealous in opening its columns to the clarification long clamored for by the financiers. But the address delivered before the fall meeting of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants at the Waldorf-Astoria on October 30, by James M. Landis, newly appointed member of the Federal Trade Commission, was strangely minimized or ignored by the newspapers of New York City, despite the fact that the same Dr. Landis, then professor at the Harvard Law School, was one of the drafters of the act which was passed last spring.

The *New York Times* could find only two brief paragraphs for Dr. Landis's remarks. This was a tiny story on an inside page of its financial section under the carry-over of its column-and-a-half dispatch from Hot Springs, headed "Security Act Held Bar to Recovery," recounting the fervid pleas of the gentlemen assembled at the convention of the Investment Bankers' Association for relaxation of this legislation. The *Herald Tribune* was somewhat more liberal in its treatment of Dr. Landis, granting him a five-paragraph secondary story on its financial page not far from its leader story of more than one column on the lamentations at Hot Springs. The *World-Telegram* devoted the last two paragraphs of its Hot Springs story to a summary of Dr. Landis's speech, although it failed to call attention to his remarks by any mention in the headline. The *Evening Post* could spare no space at all for what Dr. Landis had to say, nor could the *Sun*. The *American* had a five-paragraph story on its financial page, while its account of the doings at Hot Springs ran a column and a half. The *Wall Street Journal* alone gave a full account of the address.

One would hate to suspect that consideration for financial advertising could have had any influence in this virtually unanimous decision to overlook the importance of this first comprehensive and authoritative interpretation of a law which has brought so many cries of anguish from Wall Street. It may have been that the press was impelled by a sense of delicacy in playing down the authoritative view which would have conflicted so widely with the carefully planned propaganda unleashed by the Investment Bankers' Association. In fact, Dr. Landis's clear analysis of some of the most controversial provisions of the act could not fail to prove embarrassing to the gentlemen who have striven so frantically to bring about its modification through alarmist prophecies of its devastating effect on the capital market.

In his address Dr. Landis answered first the frequent charge that the securities act represents hasty, ill-considered legislation, drafted at a time of public hysteria. He pointed out that the drafters of the act drew on the long experience of Great Britain with a similar problem, culminating in the English Companies Act, that the extensive State legislation on securities regulation was available as a guide, and that Con-

gress itself had dealt on previous occasions with similar bills which had failed of enactment. "In other words," he said, "the securities act embodied little that was novel in conception, nor did it emanate from a Congress that for the first time had been called upon to consider the problem of securities regulation."

Dr. Landis dwelt in particular detail on the question of the civil liability imposed by the act for misstatements or omissions of material facts on the issuer, the directors and officials, the experts, and the underwriters. This is the principal point on which the opponents of the act have based their claim that responsible corporations would find it impossible to market their securities in the future. He called attention to the fact that all liability under the much-disputed Section 11 arises from statements required to be included in the registration statement, thus contradicting the contention that failure to state any minute fact might provide grounds for civil suits.

To a Wall Street which has been carefully unable to define "material," Dr. Landis explained that "facts become material for the purpose of omissions and misstatements when, as a consequence of such omissions and misstatements, non-existent values are attributed to a security." In answer to the charge that the potential liability imposed on signers of the registration statements is so vast as to prevent any responsible persons from undertaking such a role, he gave the reasonable reply that while, in theory, each signer can be held to a liability equal to the total offering price of an issue, in actual practice "no such large liability exists." He pointed out that "the value of a carefully floated issue can hardly be assumed to reach zero," that "every purchaser would be hardly likely to bring suit," that "the issue of liability would be retrievable in every suit," and that "each person liable has a right of contribution against every other person liable."

Dr. Landis also gave attention to the continuing conditions necessitating regulation by the act and to the nature of the efforts now being made to bring about its modification. In the latter connection he paid tribute to the activities of many of his fellow-lawyers, stating: "... the opinion of the bar reflects too accurately the condition of the capital market. Were it booming, were the bond market boiling, were the bankers eager to handle issues, the tendency of the bar, I suspect, would be to minimize the liabilities of the securities act." And as for Wall Street's reform, he said: "... my good friends tell me of a reformed investment profession. . . . But the evidence of even a sudden conversion is lacking, wholly irrespective of its permanency. Examination of some of the security issues . . . that hurriedly preceded the effective date of the securities act indicates that little change from earlier methods has taken place. Nor can anyone who has watched carefully the amendments that have been made to registration statements now on file with the commission, and seen the reluctance that accompanied the recital of certain very relevant but unpleasant facts in these same registration statements—sometimes only upon the threat of stop-order proceedings—hold much of a brief for minimizing civil liability."

Portrait of a Banker

BUSINESS is business" is an old adage, as honored in American tradition as that similar dictum, "I'm not in business for my health." Both sayings are intended indirectly to convey the truth that in the normal course of business one man's profit is another man's loss. Business under the profit system is covertly recognized, even if not openly acknowledged, as a kind of warfare—conducted with comparable losses and an equivalent ruthlessness. But as in war there have developed among men of a similar sort some more or less accepted ethics, so certain rules have evolved in business. Those which gain general recognition over a considerable stretch of time are apt to be enacted as laws, and so—unlike the ethics of war—acquire a power of enforcement behind them. But there remains a periphery of unlegalized ethics in business. Like the ethics of war, they are common denominators of mutual convenience and advantage. As in war, they usually are broken whenever in a pinch one party or the other finds its convenience and advantage no longer served, but they are not without value while they last. At the least they give one an indication of where and how the other fellow may or may not strike.

In the recent past this unlegalized code of ethics was especially strong and extensive in banking. Bankers held themselves, and were held by the public, to a stricter code than that in general business. The portrait of the old-time banker was that of a shrewd, hard man who would exact the highest interest he could get and foreclose on a defaulting debtor without mercy. But he was personally honest, able, and scrupulous in regarding himself as virtually a trustee for his depositors and stockholders. Since the Coolidge era the portrait of the old-time banker has been painted over, and a new likeness has been depicted on the canvas which many persons find shocking. It is hard to say whether the new portrait shocks most because of its revelations of incompetence or its attestations of dishonesty. Also it would be rash to say that the banker is revealed as more incapable or crooked than other business men. The fact seems to be merely that we have found out more about him. But one assertion may be made with certainty: the banker has lost the fiduciary capacity in which he once served depositors and stockholders. He is no longer a trustee of any but his own interests. As Boss Croker once admitted of himself, he is working for his own pocket all the time.

The portrait of the new banker has been painted with vigor and clarity by the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency at its recent sessions in Washington, and its best model to date has been Albert H. Wiggin, formerly head of the Chase National Bank. The portrait of J. Pierpont Morgan showed an inept successor to previous power and that of Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank depicted a glorified office boy. But Mr. Wiggin is a man who knew banking as it was practiced in the Coolidge era and practiced it to the upbuilding of his bank. At the same time it appears now that he practiced it even more to the upbuilding of his own fortune. He is standing disproof of the theory that high pay consecrates an executive to disinterested service of a business and raises him above the temptation to maneuver for his own financial interest. Although Mr. Wiggin

received \$1,367,000 in salary and bonuses from his bank for the last five and a half years of his service, he was busy all that time exploiting his position in his own and his family's interest. He organized six family corporations (three of them in Canada with a view to saving income taxes). Although it is against the law for an officer of a national bank to borrow from it, one of Mr. Wiggin's family corporations received loans from the Chase in 1928 and 1929 totaling \$11,820,000. Most notable of all, perhaps, Mr. Wiggin had his weather eye peeled in 1929, and a month before the crash in stocks he sold 42,506 of his bank's shares short for himself and his family, netting a tidy profit of \$4,000,000.

In his income-tax returns Mr. Wiggin followed the common practice of paying as little as possible without running afoul of the law, but he made considerable payments notwithstanding. Whereas Mr. Morgan and his partners paid no income taxes in 1931 and 1932, the Wiggin family made payments for the five-year period 1928-32 amounting to \$4,624,905. This may indicate, though, only that the Wiggin family was more successful, not more scrupulous, than the Morgans.

Keeping up with the Wiggins is a dizzying job. Perhaps it is a futile one. But the portrait of a banker which the Senate committee has painted with the head of the house of Wiggin as a model should convince almost anybody that whatever evil may lurk in government banks and banking, it could not well approach the scandals which have developed under private control.

The Reichstag Trial

THE alarming farce known as the Reichstag trial continues to drag itself through the newspapers. Beginning on September 21 with the "confession" of Marinus van der Lubbe, the young Dutchman who was allegedly found running away from the burning building—or rather beginning with his mere confirmation in monosyllables of a confession obtained by the police while he was being held for trial—the testimony has gone on for six weeks without anything more definite coming to light than was evident on the first day. Then Van der Lubbe, when asked by the presiding judge if he had set the Reichstag fires, answered "Yes!" in a loud, clear voice, although he refused to elaborate his reply. Since then the prosecution has vainly attempted, by the testimony of scores of witnesses, to connect Van der Lubbe with the four other defendants—Ernst Torgler, floor leader of the Communist Party, and three Bulgarian Communists. The state has aimed to show that the Dutchman's act of arson was part of a Communist plot, but the plot has stubbornly refused to be disclosed. Torgler, who voluntarily gave himself up when he first heard that Communists were thought to have been instrumental in starting the fire, has throughout the trial steadfastly and with extreme dignity not unmixed with scorn for his persecutors maintained his entire innocence and ignorance of the affair. The three Bulgarians, knowing little German, have followed the proceedings with difficulty, but at least one of them, Georgi Dimitrov, has by his sarcasm and his pointed and loud-voiced criticism of the court, kept matters in such a turmoil that he has been ejected half a dozen times from the proceedings, thus providing the

world with the delightful spectacle of a man accused of a major crime who is not permitted to be present at the legal proceedings which may result in his death.

In short, if the lives of five men did not hang in the balance, the whole affair would make a splendid comic opera. The defendants, in the first place, have never been fully apprised of the charges for which they are standing trial. Whether it is the simple act of burning the government buildings or treason against the state or being party to a Communist plot—each of these appears from time to time and is superseded by another. When it became evident that Torgler's alibi on the night of the fire was unassailable, then it was declared that there was to be no attempt to connect him with the actual setting of the fire, but merely with instigating it. The barrier of language is a very serious one. Torgler is the only one of the five defendants who is familiar with German. Van der Lubbe speaks it and understands it only with difficulty, the three Bulgarians even less, and protests have been made from time to time by foreign correspondents over the inadequacy of the translations offered them by official translators. The defendants were not permitted to choose their own counsel but were forced to accept counsel appointed by the state. Persons who are so foolhardy as to present themselves as witnesses for the defense are running the risk of being included in a general accusation of treason, and many of them have undoubtedly fled the country. Finally, there is no attempt to reconcile conflicting testimony.

Arthur Garfield Hays, as the representative of the international jurists' commission which took testimony before the trial and wished to urge the innocence of the accused, was present at the proceedings until the end of October. Mr. Hays has declared that "no impartial person can fail to come to the conclusion that Torgler, Dimitrov, Popov, and Tanev had nothing whatever to do with the fire directly or indirectly." And he added: "These four defendants are innocent. I believe they will be acquitted." One can only hope that Mr. Hays is right, but there are reasons for doubt. The character of the testimony that is admitted is not encouraging. In the beginning of the trial Torgler's lawyer, Dr. Alfons Sack, attempted while he was on the witness stand to question Judge Vogt, who made the preliminary investigation in the case. According to the report in the *New York Times*, "Judge Vogt drew himself up to his full height and said: 'I am a German judge. I am a member of the Supreme Court and, besides, my name is Vogt. I have never done anything contrary to the honor of a German judge.'" And later on in the proceedings the presiding judge, after an attempt had been made to challenge one of the prosecution witnesses, solemnly averred: "It is unheard of that any suspicion should be cast on the veracity of officials!" More truly alarming is the picture presented by Van der Lubbe himself, a man crushed to the point of inarticulate idiocy by the weight of something—who can say what?—which makes him speechless most of the time and leads him to answer questions directed at him with a muttered monosyllable or with a laugh. The force that is annihilating Van der Lubbe hangs over the whole trial like an ominous cloud. It may be that he alone will pay the penalty and the others will escape to prove the benevolent justice of the Nazis. But one has only to follow the trial in detail to feel how far removed the present regime in Germany is from the ordinary practices of the rest of the world that are familiar to us.

Statesman's Logic

A REALLY brilliant non sequitur is one of the most charming productions of the human mind and by no means to be confused with such minor products of unreason as the undistributed middle or the definition which does not define. Muddled thinking of the sort which suggests nothing more than an intellect somewhat below par is merely depressing after the fashion of all mediocrity, but when a vigorously incompetent mind triumphantly produces a masterpiece of illogicality it has the beauty of art.

Take the masterpiece produced by Mayor O'Brien of New York and preserved for posterity in the *New Yorker's* admirable portrait of this statesman. Speaking to a company of journalists, and determined as ever to exhibit his sympathy with whatever race or profession happened to be engaging his attention at the moment, he declared, "I have always thought that I would like to be a newspaperman myself, *because I love the classics and I love good literature.*" To criticize that one must adopt the methods of the impressionists. What could constitute a more perfect expression of the Mayor's habitual mode of thinking? Would it not, if deliberately evolved, be a supreme example of irony? Does it not almost suggest greatness of the same sort as that which all succeeding generations have recognized in the confession "*Credo quia impossibile est*"?

Until last week we had, indeed, regarded Mr. O'Brien's words as the finest flower in an anthology of non sequiturs which we have been patiently formulating, but now we feel that it must yield first place to a masterpiece just achieved (again in New York) by Dr. Julius Richter, professor of theology and foreign missions in the University of Berlin and at present a visitor to the United States for the purposes of interpreting the new Fatherland to us and of reporting to the German people his impressions of our attitude toward them. He was speaking before the Federal Council of Churches of Christ, and since certain other speakers had expressed themselves forcibly concerning the persecution of the Jews, he was more than a little conciliatory. He was not, he said, a Nazi. He deplored the anti-Semitic wave as an unfortunate by-product of a burning national enthusiasm and assured his hearers that it was only a passing phase. But when the sacred name of Hitler was mentioned, he confessed his reliance upon the "wisdom and soundness" of that great leader. It was, moreover, at this point that the triumph of his logic was reached. We can rely upon Hitler not to let "such things" go on *because*, he said, Herr Hitler "doesn't drink, doesn't smoke, and leads an exact moral life."

Surely this is Lewis Carroll come to life again. The logic is the logic of the White Queen, and meditating upon it our brain reeled. In a vision we saw again the desolate seashore where the mock turtle once sighed and where the carpenter "wept to see such quantities of sand." From the distance came the music of the lobster quadrille, and our Mayor, looking something like an oyster, was dancing gaily with Dr. Richter. "Adolf Hitler," sang the latter, "will not persecute the Jews because he loves the classics and he loves good literature." "I," shouted the other gaily, "have always wanted to be a newspaperman because I don't drink, I don't smoke, and I lead an exact moral life."

Issues and Men

Litvinov and Recognition

"**M**AXIM LITVINOV lacks Chicherin's formal diplomatic background and training; but he possesses a naturally keen mind, quick to seize a point in negotiation and slow to relinquish it." Thus writes William Henry Chamberlin in his book "Soviet Russia" of the man who has just landed in America to negotiate with Franklin Roosevelt for the recognition of the Soviet Government. He is a Jew, and he took part in the revolution with Lenin. He is, Mr. Chamberlin adds, "a portly, paterfamilias type of man, who, with his lively English wife, usually presides at the entertainments which the Foreign Commissariat gives in the ornate 'Sugar King's palace' directly facing the Kremlin. . . ." He is an effective speaker, or was when I heard him at the World Economic Conference in London last summer. He has sarcasm and wit, and he has used that sarcasm repeatedly with telling effect in the negotiations of the Disarmament Commission at Geneva.

There, in London, and elsewhere Litvinov has shone because he was able to make concrete and sincere proposals for disarmament and for economic rehabilitation. Had the Allies really meant business in the matter of disarmament, they must have seized upon the radical proposals made by Litvinov for general disarmament; had they done so, Hitler would not be in the strategic position he now occupies. In London Litvinov's offer of a billion dollars' worth of business from Russia to prime the various capitalistic machines, provided that proper terms were granted, was the only substantial contribution made at that abortive conference. If he succeeds on his present mission, the United States will get the bulk of that business, provided that the necessary arrangements are made for the credits for which Russia must ask. He was the only man who came back from the London conference with some real bacon, for he took the opportunity while the conference was wasting time to go over to Paris and carry on some important negotiations with the French government to improve mutual trade relations. He also negotiated non-aggression treaties with a string of border states from Afghanistan to Esthonia, induced Great Britain to abandon its embargo on Russian imports in return for the release of the two convicted British engineers, and borrowed \$4,000,000 from the United States with which to buy American cotton. As *The Nation* said at the time: "He is the 'Boy Who Made Good' of the conference." More than that, he laid the foundations for the subsequent non-aggression treaty with Poland which is one of the wonders of the world.

The thing that has amazed me about the public reception of the President's announcement of his readiness to negotiate with Russia for resumption of relations is that there has been no terrific outburst of protest from the Daughters of the Revolution, the Sons of the Revolution, Ham Fish, or Ralph M. Easley. I thought that they would be holding mass-meetings at Carnegie Hall and making the heavens ring with denunciations of the proposal to take the bloody hands of the Russian Communists, the would-be destroyers of the sacred Christian religion and, what is worse, of the still more

sacred right of private property. But there hasn't been a peep from them. The truth is that these people are in a hole because they belong professionally to the "stand-by-the-President-and-the-government" crowd. They are always for upholding the authority in Washington and ready to hang dissenters every day of the week. Now, if they oppose Russian recognition, they will be in the position of assailing the President in this grave crisis in our history. They will be "rocking the boat," something that no respectable S. A. R. or D. A. R. or stock-gambling bank president ever does.

Of course I do not mean to imply that the ever-vigilant Ralph Easley is asleep. Dear, no. That high-minded and liberal-spirited person has just sent out to the newspapers on behalf of a society with a short name—"The American Section of the International Committee to Combat the World Menace of Communism"—a pamphlet called "Communism in Germany" which, as its subtitle tells us, contains "the truth about the Communist conspiracy on the eve of the national revolution." In other words, this is a pro-Hitler pamphlet, by one Adolf Ehrt, intended to justify the Nazi revolution on the ground that it alone saved Germany from going Bolshevik. If this action does not entitle Mr. Easley to the historic German decoration of the Red Eagle, Third Class—if the Hitlerites have revived the medal which once hung so proudly on the breast of Nicholas Murray Butler—I do not know what could. And his associates on this committee? Why, they too are among our most progressive and public-spirited citizens, all old, dear friends: our modest, but not forgotten, Archibald E. Stevenson of the New York Committee to Investigate Seditious Activities; Harry A. Jung of the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation; Elon Huntington Hooker, chairman of the American Defense Society; and then our favorite New York Congressman, Ham Fish, Jr. These men will some day be heading us into the fascist camp and will justify their attempt to wreck the American republic on the ground that they had to do it to save us from these horrible Litvinovs and Stalins. Heaven bless their souls, they will never learn that the real dangers to America are the Albert Wiggins, the Charlie Mitchells, and their ilk, plus the Samuel Insulls and more of that stripe, to say nothing of the tariff barons and other ruthless exploiters of the American people.

Well, the world goes on and Litvinov is here to negotiate with the President, to the special chagrin of Ralph Easley's new ally, Adolf Hitler. To my mind there can be only one just criticism of Franklin Roosevelt in this connection, and that is that he did not recognize Russia on March 10, last. How amusing it would be if this new Russian business turned out to be just what was needed to prime and start up the great American industrial engine!

Donald Garrison Villard

U. S. A. and U. S. S. R.

By LOUIS FISCHER

WHEN Germany announced her exodus from the League of Nations, the shares of European armament companies rose several points. When President Roosevelt addressed President Kalinin on the advantage of normal relations between the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R., armament shares dropped several points. The stock exchange is at least a good seismograph. There is no doubt that the establishment of official contacts between America and Russia will somewhat arrest the earth's mad rush toward the next war to make the world safe for—what will it be this time? For this reason, and for many other reasons, it is all the more regrettable that the White House chose the longer and unnecessary road to recognition through negotiations. A government that is sixteen years old, that is eminently stable, that maintains relations with most of the nations of Europe and Asia, that has contributed heavily to international peace, and that has bought about \$700,000,000 of American goods should not have to discuss the terms of its recognition by Washington. The fact that former administrations did not have enough statesmanship to recognize Russia need not compel a real statesman to complicate the process. The Soviet government, I believe, takes the view that it does not object to negotiations but finds them superfluous. Recognition is usually automatic and unconditional. Never before has Moscow engaged in official negotiations regarding recognition. This position was upheld successfully with Great Britain, Italy, France, and Japan. Of course, a few technical preliminaries of recognition can be arranged in brief conversations. Thus in October, 1924, Christian G. Rakovsky, then Soviet Ambassador in London, quietly met with the French Minister, de Monzie, at Dover, England, to settle the details of recognition by France. They approved each other's notes announcing the assumption of relations and agreed on future ambassadors. Negotiations began only after recognition. This is the proper and logical procedure. For recognition creates an atmosphere conducive to mutual understanding.

One naturally assumes, therefore, that President Roosevelt has not summoned Maxim Maximovitch Litvinov to Washington just to go through the routine of recognition or even for the purpose of making it impossible for himself not to recognize. It could be argued that Franklin D. Roosevelt sent his introductory message to Kalinin and invited a Soviet plenipotentiary to the White House in order to make a difficult situation easy: if attacked because he had recognized, he could reply that his note to the Kremlin was not recognition; and if he recognized later, he could say that it was impossible to withhold recognition after the Foreign Minister of a great Power had come to the capital of the United States in response to a message which set forth the benefits of normal relations. But recognition is far more popular with the business man and the average American than its loud professional opponents like to think, and the postponement of the definite act is merely an unexpected opportunity for these false patriots to stage the final scene of their anti-recognition racket.

It is conceivable, therefore, that Litvinov will not make

the trip from Moscow to Washington only for the sake of working out a formula on mutual non-interference in internal affairs and on debts. This is too simple a matter. Litvinov is a big statesman, and Roosevelt, in his dispatch to Kalinin, stressed the fact that he wanted to negotiate personally with Moscow's representative. But even if all this excitement is necessary in order to "sell" the idea to the American public—which I seriously doubt—it can be made the occasion of something more than an exercise in English style which should last forty-five minutes and could have been delegated to lesser men.

Litvinov brings with him the authority to negotiate not only about the dead issues of the past, but about the rich future of Soviet-American relations. The world is now in a period of peaceful capitalist-Communist coexistence which can last till the next big international war. Nothing threatens American capitalism except its own failure. There is no foreign menace. If President Roosevelt grasps this fundamental truth, and then proceeds with realism and imagination, his conversations with Litvinov may acquire tremendous historical significance.

While petty politicians and fretful spinsters in Tennessee and Connecticut were worrying about Communist propaganda and wondering whether recognition might not mean the loss of their bank accounts, the Soviet Union was emerging as an economically powerful, keen, progressive, go-getting nation. The sleepy, indolent, culturally backward Czarist regime is as dead as Babylon. For dynamic urge to national greatness, for the vision of its builders, for its untold reserves of human energy, the U. S. S. R. has an equal only in America. And now, for the first time and after sixteen years of futile separation (what good did non-recognition bring anybody?), these two world giants meet in the shape of Franklin D. Roosevelt and of Maxim M. Litvinov, who speaks for Stalin. Will this eventful meeting result only in a barren communique about claims, counter-claims, and non-interference? Or will the foundation be laid for close commercial-political collaboration which must benefit both countries and bolster up the badly shaken structure of international peace?

I am under no illusions about the possibility of furthering the cause of peace by means of holy phrases or long-winded assemblies. If the Geneva Disarmament Conference was not conceived with a view to misleading the millions who do not wish to be killed by poison gas, flames, bacteria bombs, shells fired through the stratosphere, torpedoes dropped from aeroplanes, or similar devices of modern civilization, its proceedings at least gave them the false impression that something was being done toward arms limitation. It thus silenced the cannon fodder of the future, and helped the cannon-makers to work in peace. After eight years of disarmament conferences, the world has more armaments. Geneva was a soporific. Dangerous war areas multiply. The Far East is one of the worst of these. In Tokio a terrific battle is in progress between the civil authorities who want to try the alternative of amicable settlement and the military whose aim is to fight America or Russia, and, on the other

hand, between the navy which dreams of a glorious test of strength with the United States fleet and the army which yearns for laurels that grow in Siberia. Under such circumstances, a Soviet-American understanding becomes a mighty lever for peace. No one suggests a military alliance, or even an anti-Japanese policy. But the mere knowledge that Russia and America are on speaking terms and that they might consult in an emergency would perhaps bring some of the madmen of Tokio to their senses. To the Nazis, the Roosevelt message to Moscow, which may have been predated to avoid the impression that it had connection with Germany's departure from Geneva (the message was dated October 10 but published October 21), was a rude shock. For six days after Hitler had used the radio to justify his rebuff to the world and at the same time to offer his services as capitalism's gendarme against "spiritually revolutionary, expansionist-Asiatic" Russia, America, the citadel of capitalism, stretched out three fingers to red Moscow.

The U. S. S. R. is half of Europe and bulks large in Asia. On both continents a Russian-American rapprochement will serve notice on the lovers of war to check their wild plans. Soviet economic progress and the recent improvement of foreign political ties with France, Poland, and Rumania give Soviet Russia much more weight in Eurasian affairs than the Czar had. And Moscow will use this influence against war. No matter what the circumstances, the Soviet Union is most unlikely to participate in any world war unless its territory is invaded.

I come now to the question of trade. Nothing is gained by exaggerating the potentialities of Russian-American business. Talk about five-billion-dollar purchases is unreal. But certain things are very real. In the first place, Hitler's open hostility to the Soviet government, his expansionist designs in the East, and Germany's inability to grant sizable long-term credits will, in the event of recognition by the United States, mean that the orders which previously went to Germany—and the Soviet government bought most of the machines for the first Five-Year Plan from German factories—will now go to American firms. Any number of Russian industrial problems—long-distance transmission of electricity, for instance, or transcontinental transportation—are paralleled only in the United States, and innumerable types of equipment which have to be manufactured specially for Russia in Germany are used in America and can be bought from warehouse stocks. Only American industrialists can boast that they have, or had, the pioneering spirit and the vision for large-scale accomplishments which now move the Russians. Americans understand the Soviet Union better than do the citizens of any other country. This understanding, coupled with the financial facilities of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, could become the basis of intimate commercial cooperation.

I believe the Soviet government needs, and can buy in 1934, American goods worth at least \$100,000,000. Most of this will be mechanical equipment for the reconstruction of the railway system, other machines, cotton, cattle, copper, and Cuban sugar. To a certain extent President Roosevelt has it in his power to determine the character of the second Five-Year Plan. If the Soviet Union receives no large credits, the plan will concentrate on enterprises such as canals, the mechanization of agriculture, road building, and the development of light consumers' industries—on activities, in other words made possible by the first plan. If it receives

credits, it will probably erect another large automobile plant, several gigantic hydroelectric power stations, more steel mills, as well as many factories for the production of consumers' goods. People incapable of thinking will immediately enter an objection: Why should we help industrialize a foreign country? Will it not then cease to buy from us? The answer is a decided no. Industrial nations are always the best customers. England is a big importer and so is the United States. The more a country develops, the more it needs and the more it can pay for. The Soviet Union is no exception. America cannot stop Soviet industrialization; she can only somewhat slacken its pace or facilitate it.

Experience has convinced most persons—and if experience has not, my arguments will not either—that the Soviet government pays its bills loyally, willingly, and punctually. It is estimated that, apart from its exports, the U. S. S. R. has an annual fund of some \$120,000,000 from which to meet its foreign obligations. This sum comprises gold production amounting to about \$60,000,000 a year, transfers from foreign relatives to the amount of \$20,000,000, and "internal exports," or sales to the population for gold and foreign currency, of \$40,000,000. At any rate, Moscow has a plan, and it will not buy unless it knows it can pay. The longer the credits and the better the terms, the more Russia will purchase.

The Roosevelt-Litvinov conversations, therefore, are an opportunity. The President can approach them in many ways, but they will yield best results if he sees the situation in its broader aspects and wider political perspectives. It is wiser to write history than to extract a few small concessions. But should Mr. Roosevelt prefer to bargain, he will find Litvinov a shrewd and stubborn negotiator. And the commissar is too clever to content himself, as Ramsay MacDonald and Herriot did last spring in Washington, with an official communique which hides failure and only makes a first-page story for White House correspondents. Litvinov hates correspondents. Incidentally, it is to be hoped that Litvinov's American sojourn may teach him, among other things, to respect the power of, like, and even understand the members of the fourth estate.

If Roosevelt's pourparlers with Litvinov move on a high plane of future policy, the President will probably survey the results of his recovery program in relation to foreign trade. Whatever have been the effects of the NRA, public-works construction, and agricultural reforms, they do not seem to warrant economic nationalism as an exclusive policy. The indications are that Washington is already thinking of Latin American trade, and is therefore especially sensitive to the reaction of Cuban events on the forthcoming Montevideo conference. Washington might also think seriously of Soviet trade. The Soviet Union is larger, richer, more populous, and since it has had its revolution, safer than Latin America. It cannot be repeated too often, accordingly, that in respect to American economic conditions, to America's position on the Pacific, and to the cause of international peace, Soviet-American relations are of tremendous moment.

I have the temerity, in conclusion, to offer a word of advice. On the assumption that the Roosevelt-Litvinov meeting leads to recognition, it is important to remember that much will depend on the caliber of the ambassadors appointed. Moscow and Washington are far from each other, and while the cables erase distance, the frequent per-

sonal contact between envoy and his chief executive which is so valuable in diplomacy must necessarily be absent. Moscow, moreover, is famous for its petty irritations and relative discomfort. A big man will rise above them. Small men have been known to change their attitudes under the influence of

them. The Soviet government is certain to send to Washington a man of great ability, charm, and culture.

[An article by Mr. Fischer entitled *The Russian Revolution Goes On*, written on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, will appear next week.]

The Cooperatives and the NRA

By JAMES PETER WARBASSE

THE fact that labor was recognized and that a machinery for protecting labor's interests was set up in the NRA indicates that the situation last March was considered desperate. And for the consumers to have been given representation in the administration of the NRA is a circumstance that should make us fear for the security of our institutions. It is doubtful that in any previous economic crisis in this country things have been so bad that it was felt necessary in rehabilitation measures to give consideration to the public as consumers.

The existing economic system demands that the consumers shall constitute the sea in which business may fish and take out all that it can. To make the consumers the main object of consideration would mean the destruction of the prevalent form of business; and the people of this country are in no state of organization, information, or even intelligence to face such an event. Still ■ Consumers' Advisory Board was established in the NRA. The consumers were provided with a mechanism to protect their interests, if not to take aggressive steps in their behalf. The need of giving them consideration is pressing, because neglect of the consumers was a contributory cause of the collapse of 1929, and it is that neglect that still helps to maintain the depression. Some consideration, therefore, had to be given them in the rehabilitation movement.

The representatives of the consumers have had to stand aside while industry and labor got all they could out of the codes. But the consumers must ultimately have their turn, a turn which even the Retail Code has given them only in the vaguest and most inadequate way. What are the things that might be considered to be for the good of the consumers by a body devoted to their interests? The following have been presented to the Consumers' Board as the "long term," fundamental matters of most concern to the general public:

1. Statistical research into costs at each stage of the industrial process, placing in the hands of the consumers the information upon which an understanding of profits might be based.

2. The amount of profit that may be taken in the progress of ■ commodity from the point of production of raw material through its various stages to the consumer.

3. The overhead costs, expressed in salaries of officials, payments to subsidiaries, and stock-purchasing privileges, which are factors of concern both to the consumers and to labor.

4. Efficiency methods in the interest of economy and lower prices.

5. The elimination of middlemen and unnecessary handling.

6. Unemployment insurance, provided by the industry,

to take care of the unemployed whom industry now turns out on the streets to become a burden upon the consumers.

7. Knowledge concerning unhealthful factors in foods, cosmetics, and other commodities, now beyond the control of the Food and Drug Act.

8. Spurious materials, fraud, and the whole question of quality. The services of such institutions ■ the research laboratories of cooperative societies, the Bureau of Standards, and Consumers' Research might be expanded for wider consumers' protection.

9. The organization of the consumers to procure better access to the things they want. Education in consumers' co-operation and promotion in this field are carried on by several agencies of the federal government. Among these are the Editorial and Research Division of the Department of Labor and the Cooperative Division of the Farm Credit Administration. This education is most effectively promoted by the consumers' cooperative societies through methods of their own devising and the object lessons supplied by their successful operation.

10. The use of existing cooperative consumers' societies ■ nuclei around which to crystallize the interests of consumers. This is an immediate opportunity. There are some 4,500 of these societies in the United States, and many more consumers' supply organizations that could be made cooperative. These societies are more successful than is profit business in the same fields. Their failures have been fewer, their losses less, and the number of employees dismissed smaller, in proportion to capital and number of people involved, than in corresponding profit business. So striking are these differences throughout the world that cooperation stands out in the present crisis ■ a unique method of business.

In the United States, cooperative societies are engaged in the following services to their members: retail-store distribution, wholesaling, processing and distribution of petroleum products, banking and credit, housing, coal supply, processing and distribution of milk, supply of feed and farm necessities, restaurants, boarding houses, fire insurance, liability insurance, auditing and accounting, electric supply, telephone service, medical service, undertaking, printing and publishing, education and schools, recreation and entertainment, music and drama, laboratory testing, life insurance.

The circumstance that, with rare exceptions, teachers and experts in economics in this country have not seen fit to inform themselves upon these facts, much less upon the meaning and philosophy of cooperation, seems not to militate against its progress. Possibly academic students and reformers refrain from interest in consumers' cooperation because it is a method of business actually in operation. It is not ■ theory. If a man goes into it, he not only hazards his capital

but he must lay his hands to a concrete job. There are easier things to do than these.

Quite oblivious of the widespread existence of cooperative societies, a political movement is now on foot to organize the consumers. The mayors of municipalities are to head consumers' groups. Something new is to be started. There may be here or there a mayor who is not a candidate for re-election. Such a public official might promote such a project in a mild way, but in doing it he would not last long. Any mayor who attempted to organize the consumers of his municipality to protect their interests would have about his ears the chamber of commerce, the merchants' association, the board of trade, the public utilities, and other groups that control his political destiny. This notion of inviting the local political machinery to damage its masters is a fatuous product of a trying period.

Another provision of the NRA concerns the conservation of natural resources. This means making the natural resources of the country more useful to more people for a longer time. In this connection there is a fine opportunity for consumers' organizations in the field of electric supply. At Muscle Shoals the government is producing electricity and selling it to the Alabama Power Company for two mills a kilowatt hour, under an old contract made during the Hoover regime. The company sells it to its customers at eight cents a kilowatt hour. An agency in the interest of the consumers might show the people of the Tennessee Valley countryside how to organize themselves into consumers' cooperative electricity-distributing societies. The administration has such a project under consideration. These cooperatives might buy electricity from the government at less than a cent a kilowatt hour and distribute it to their members at retail. Cooperative societies in Minnesota and Wisconsin are doing this with advantage to their members. The 350 cooperative consumers' societies in Switzerland, which not only distribute but manufacture their electricity, are perhaps too far away for us to imitate.

A governmental board, established for the defense of the consumer, is in a position to show consumers how they may organize in cooperative groups to protect their interests. This is a practical and legitimate service. It is in direct line with the President's purposes in the promotion of the recovery act. The President announced four main industrial aims. Consumers' cooperative societies are in the best position of any form of business to comply with the requirements of the NRA. They are promoting the four aims of the recovery program as follows:

1. *The elimination of unfair competitive practices.* This is the natural result of a system that is not in quest of competitive profits, that is established to serve its members, and whose businesses are federated into a single national organization.

2. *The reduction and relief of unemployment.* This object is already being attained by the business method of cooperative societies, which in the United States today have more employees than in 1928.

3. *The improvement of the standards of labor.* This might well be intrusted to a system of business which in its history of ninety years has always been sympathetic to labor and desires that its employees should be organized in unions of their own.

4. *The rehabilitation of industry.* This is promoted by

the kind of industry that is itself in the least need of rehabilitation. We may take as examples the two largest groups of cooperative consumers in the United States—the 2,100 cooperative banks and the 1,500 cooperative oil societies. Of these during the past four years only a fraction of 1 per cent have failed. The money losses of these concerns amount to so little as to be inconsiderable. Steady growth and expansion have characterized their business during this period. They have produced saving and not losses. The 500,000 members of cooperative credit unions have successfully conserved their \$45,000,000 of assets. None of the 1,800 cooperative banking societies organized by the National Credit Union Extension Bureau have been closed by a State banking department. The chief losses they have suffered have been losses of funds which they had deposited in capitalist banks. The \$15,000,000 invested by cooperative consumers in the oil business is returning to the consumer members a yield on their investment that surpasses the fondest hopes of capitalistic speculation. Still this yield is not an earning but a saving which accrues from the cooperative method of business.

Provisions written in many codes do violence to the cooperative societies. Some of these provisions have been introduced for that specific purpose. It was a significant act on the part of the President when, on October 23, he signed a special executive order exempting all "bona fide and legitimate cooperative organizations" from restrictions upon the payment of savings rebates or patronage returns which might be contained in any code. This executive order has a far-reaching power to protect consumers' cooperative societies from the codes written by the industries.

The consumer has been discovered by the NRA. The next thing needed is that the great body of consumers themselves shall discover those consumers who are organized in cooperative societies, and who have learned how to unite with their neighbors to carry on business for their mutual benefit. The NRA is in a position to seize upon these discoveries and turn them to the common good.

Moonlight over Juniper

By WILLARD MAAS

Flame sings in the juniper
and the blackness of water speaks to the wood.

The flying bird cries of his heart
when the green sky falls
and the stone lifts coolness to the night.

The moon shall whisper to the stone—
the snake offers a hymn.

We cry from our hearts
as the bird is crying
of the flame in the juniper
the burning in the throat of the water,
and the soft words of the moon.

Call back the last song from the rim of the world
when the bent grass is quick with speaking
and the wood is loud with flame.

Help the Poor Gas Companies!

By THOMAS LAWRENCE

THE Reconstruction Finance Corporation, as Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mills so often told us, was set up originally to preserve our credit structure, but it has been given many other responsibilities and been used for other purposes. One of these came officially to light through an item in the corporation's report for June showing a \$2,200,000 loan to the American Mortgage Company of El Paso, Texas. The American Mortgage Company is a dummy corporation through which interests controlling the El Paso Natural Gas Company and its subsidiary, the Western Gas Company, have obtained that amount of Other People's Money from the R. F. C. to extend Western Gas Company's natural-gas pipe line about 220 miles northwestward from Bisbee, Arizona, to Tucson and Phoenix. Now that its Morgan and Kuhn-Loeb shows are over, the Committee on Banking and Currency might turn Mr. Pecora loose on the R. F. C. A Senate resolution adopted May 4 gives it power to do so. If it does, the loan to the American Mortgage Company is a case admirably suited to Mr. Pecora's inquisitorial talents, and by investigating it the Senate will get a pretty good idea of just how highly it is esteemed by one R. F. C. director. The Senate voted 52 to 19 on June 21, 1932, that no federal money should be advanced to build this extension of the Western Gas Company's pipe line, and a year later the R. F. C. voted to do that very thing!

In 1928, when the pipe-line building craze was at its height, the El Paso Natural Gas Company was organized to construct, own, and operate a line from the Lea County gas field in southeastern New Mexico to El Paso. It was financed with Other People's Money. According to Moody 27 per cent of the 96,589 shares of outstanding common stock are owned or controlled by the United Gas Corporation, an Electric Bond and Share subsidiary, and substantial amounts are held by Messrs. Paul Kayser, president, H. G. Frost, vice-president, and White, Weld and Company, who got the Other People's Money by selling them bonds and debentures. The Engineers Public Service Company, a Stone and Webster subsidiary, had an option expiring this year to buy 100,000 unissued shares of common stock at \$22.50 and other options, which must be concurrently exercised, to purchase the holdings of Messrs. Kayser and Frost and of White, Weld and Company for \$75 per share. No information is available as to whether they paid anything for their stock or received it, as was customary in 1928, for "promotional" services, but on October 28 the *New York Times* announced that the Engineers Public Service Company's option had been renewed until 1938. Through a subsidiary, fuel gas is distributed to several heavy industries around El Paso, and the local gas company buys it for distribution to about 13,000 customers. The line went into operation in June, 1929. It has a capacity of 55,000,000 cubic feet daily, which is quite an optimistic lot of gas. Too optimistic, as it turned out.

When the promoters found they could not sell anything like the line's excess capacity in El Paso they organized the Western Gas Company as a subsidiary in May, 1929, to build and operate a line westward to Douglas and Bisbee,

where the Phelps Dodge Corporation has large copper mines and smelters, with a spur south to Cananea, Mexico, where the Cananea Consolidated Copper Company, an Anaconda subsidiary, has a plant. Like his parent, this child was financed with Other People's Money, but differently. The issuance of \$5,800,000 of bonds due January 1, 1934, and of 10,000 shares of common stock was authorized. The parent company got the stock, and material men and contractors took bonds for building the line. From their bankers they could borrow Other People's Money on their bonds. (The contractors, the Engineers Public Service Company, took \$3,500,000 worth and borrowed \$1,100,000 from the Chase National Bank.) The copper companies, to encourage the establishment of the new member of the family, took some of the bonds and also endowed him with long-term contracts for fuel gas. The Arizona Edison Company presented him with a contract to buy natural gas which would be sold in place of artificial gas to the 5,600 customers in Douglas and Bisbee. His fond parent enriched him with a contract to buy for \$200,000 yearly the excess capacity of the parent company.

It was 1929 and everything was rosy. The El Paso company had found outlets for the over-optimistic capacity of its line. The copper companies soon would burn vast quantities of cheap natural gas. The Engineers Public Service Company had a nice contract. The A. O. Smith Corporation had some work for its famous automatic factory in Milwaukee making the pipe. The Republic Steel and the Cooper Bessemer corporations were to furnish material. Other People's Money had done it. But it all blew up. The new line was not finished until June 8, 1931. By then the copper plants were closed down. The heavy industries in El Paso were not doing anything. Too much dependence had been placed on industrial consumption. More steady, stolid domestic consumers were needed. The only way to get them was to run the line on up to Tucson, where the local artificial-gas company had 6,000 customers, and on to Phoenix, where the local company had 12,500 customers.

And then Mr. Hoover's scheme to put millions of men to work through R. F. C. loans on self-liquidating construction projects was brought out. Senator Hayden of Arizona offered an amendment authorizing loans to pipe-line companies. Although written in general language, every Senator knew he offered it to allow the Western Gas Company to get \$2,000,000 to build this extension. Senator La Follette said: ". . . it is proposed to loan money out of the Treasury to a corporation which built a pipe line to take care of certain large industrial consumers, such as copper companies. Now the copper companies are shut down and those who invested their money are anxious to extend the line to the two cities mentioned, where they may sell for domestic consumption. I want to know whether the Senate proposes to adopt that policy?" The amendment was defeated 52 to 19. That was on June 21, 1932, and on June 19, 1933, the Western Gas Company got the loan.

If the Committee on Banking and Currency investigates this success story it will find, as is so often the case, that

success was due to something besides pluck and perseverance. For instance, when the Senate vetoed this loan:

1. Jesse H. Jones, Houston promoter and president of Jesse H. Jones and Company, was a director of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Now he is chairman. More than that, he is in charge of lending money to help finance the NRA and to thaw out the frozen assets of closed banks so depositors can get some of their money to spend, not to mention the buying of gold. A very responsible position in short!

2. Paul Kayser, Houston lawyer, personal attorney for Jesse H. Jones and vice-president of Jesse H. Jones and Company, was president of the El Paso and Western gas companies and was a member of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation's El Paso loan-agency advisory committee which passes on applications for loans submitted through that office.

3. The American Mortgage Company was an inconsequential and almost defunct loan company doing business around El Paso. A month earlier it had pawned all its assets, half a dozen small real-estate mortgages, with the R. F. C. for a \$6,000 loan. S. N. Schwabe, its owner, was hoping against hope that somebody would come along who wanted to take the thing off his hands.

4. The directors of the Western Gas Company in 1929 had authorized the issuance of \$5,800,000 of bonds due January 1, 1934, to pay for its existing line, but only \$5,533,000 were outstanding and the balance of \$267,000 could be issued if expedient.

The committee should investigate this loan, if for no other reason than to give Mr. Jones a chance to explain how he has preserved our credit structure by extracting \$2,200,000 from the federal Treasury to finance this new pipe line to help the El Paso Natural Gas Company and the Western Gas Company pull out of a mess of their promoters' over-optimistic making, when 27 per cent of the common stock of the first company is owned by an Electric Bond and Share subsidiary and when a Stone and Webster subsidiary has options to purchase 100,000 shares of unissued common stock at \$22.50 per share plus Mr. Kayser's holdings at \$75, and when the same Stone and Webster subsidiary and other large corporations are heavily interested in the Western Gas Company through bond ownership. The committee also ought to delve into the way the American Mortgage Company was picked up and recapitalized. In that connection it ought to inquire about the unissued \$267,000 of Western Gas Company bonds. It may find that these bonds were issued to the American Mortgage Company and that a part of the R. F. C.'s loan is to be used by the gas company to buy them back, thus financing the mortgage company with Other People's Money from the federal Treasury.

A balance sheet of the American Mortgage Company dated September 19 last is as follows:

Cash in banks	\$229,618	Notes payable	\$ 8,075
Bills receivable	13,425	Stock	500,000
Bonds:		Surplus	9,150
Principal \$267,000			
Accrued interest	3,382		
	270,382		
Real estate	3,000		
Furniture and fixtures	800		
	\$517,225		\$517,225

Although dated September 19, this balance must have been struck on September 17, for the interest on \$267,000 of 6 per cent bonds from July 1 to September 16 is \$3,382, the amount of accrued interest carried as an asset.

On September 17, after the new officers and directors had taken control, they received from the Western Gas Company an application for a loan of \$3,500,000 to be secured by a pledge of \$7,733,000 of the gas company's bonds bearing 5½ per cent interest, maturing in five years, and secured in turn by a mortgage on the Western's existing line and the new extension. To enable the gas company to issue these bonds the holders of \$5,773,000 of 6 per cent bonds maturing January 1, 1934, were to exchange them for American Mortgage Company debentures secured by a second pledge of the \$7,733,000 of new bonds. The gas company was to pay the mortgage company \$38,653 if it obtained the money.

On September 17 the American Mortgage Company applied to the R. F. C. for a loan of \$3,500,000, to be secured by a pledge of \$7,773,000 of Western Gas Company five-year 5½ per cent bonds, and stated:

Applicant is organized under the laws of Texas for the purpose of "loaning and accumulating money." It is now and has been for the past ten years actively engaged in the mortgage-loan business in El Paso. Its original capital stock was \$35,000 and that has been increased in the past few days to \$500,000. Applicant's business will be enlarged and it will continue to do a general mortgage business in the future as it has in the past, but in very much greater volume. Every dollar of the proceeds of the loan, with the exception of approximately \$400,000, will be expended for capital goods and labor and the payment of bank loans as follows:

For labor, pipe, and other materials	\$2,000,000
To repay loan to Chase National Bank	1,100,000
To repay miscellaneous creditors	400,000

The specific reason for requesting the \$1,500,000 more than is required for construction is that such is necessary in order to obtain subordination of the present \$5,773,000 of first-mortgage bonds now against the property of the Western Gas Company. This \$1,500,000 will be applied substantially pro rata upon the present outstanding bonds and the holders of these bonds will accept debentures of the mortgage company secured by a second pledge of the \$7,733,000 of bonds pledged to the corporation.

This statement was subsequently amplified by a communication showing that the \$5,773,000 of bonds were in the following hands:

Engineers Public Service Company	\$3,500,000
Phelps Dodge Corporation	850,000
A. O. Smith Corporation	773,000
Bechtel Kaiser Company	160,000
Cooper Bessemer Corporation	150,000
Republic Steel Company	50,000
American Mortgage Company	200,000
Miscellaneous	50,000

Moody's and Poor's manuals show that on June 1, 1932, only \$5,533,000 of the bonds were outstanding. The communication listing the above bond-holders also revealed that the \$1,100,000 bank loan to be paid off was owed by the Engineers Public Service Company, which had put up its bonds as collateral, and which of course had to pay the loan off in order to get its bonds back to surrender for the mortgage company's debentures. The \$2,200,000 loan finally au-

thorized by the R. F. C. does not include anything apparently to repay this bank loan, and the Engineers Company must have found some other way to get its bonds back. In the course of receiving the R. F. C. loan, \$500,000 of Western Gas Company bonds were retired.

The subsequent communication listing the bond-holders did not state what miscellaneous creditors were to be repaid \$400,000. It seems more than likely that the R. F. C. has allowed \$200,000 for that purpose, since the pipe line is to cost only \$2,000,000; and it is a fair guess, I believe, that it is to go to the American Mortgage Company, for I can see

no sense in the mortgage company exchanging these bonds, which must be in before the old mortgage can be released and the new bonds issued, for its own debentures. The balance sheet shows the mortgage company owning \$267,000 of these bonds while the list of holders shows it to be the owner of only \$200,000 worth. I do not know the explanation of this discrepancy, or whether there is any explanation.

This is a small loan, but with its implications it is one of the shadiest deals the R. F. C. has gone into. Perhaps exposing it will induce the Banking and Currency Committee to make a general investigation of the R. F. C.

The Musician and the Depression

By I. A. HIRSCHMANN

HE was there when I went into the restaurant. When I came out again he was still there, standing at the curb, fiddling the "Meditation" from Thais, fiddling it half-heartedly but with understanding, and with his tone pitched determinedly against the noises of the street. A decent-looking young man of thirty-four or five, sober, self-respecting, yet a tragic spectacle. A trained musician playing in the street. It is the last resort, and not unusual. There are hundreds of these street musicians strolling about the cities, shivering in winter, playing for pennies as best they can with numb fingers and running noses. Good players, indifferent players, poor players, but with some training, all of them.

I spoke to this man at the curb outside the restaurant. He had, he said quietly, once played in theater orchestras. Good ones. Help for him? There did not seem to be any. Except in himself, in what he was now doing. The unions? They meant well, of course, but they could not take care of him personally. They were swamped with too many like him. The various orchestras being recruited by musicians' emergency funds? One had to be very good to interest those, as pensioner or player. Last winter, for example, the Madison Square Garden concert masters had heard 3,000 to choose their 175 players. Anyway, one had to have a friend, said this curb fiddler. And he shrugged, let it trail off, gravely took what I offered him, thanked me with dignity, turned back to his fiddling. Not much hope for him in this depressed world.

Not much hope for him or for others who belong in the lower brackets of musical performers, among the working musicians as against the artists. Players of this man's stamp belong to unions. In Greater New York alone the local union of the American Federation of Music has an enrolment of more than 15,000. And 12,000 of these are unemployed. The American Federation of Music itself reports an easy two-thirds of its national membership unemployed; reports it with a glibness and a shrug of the shoulders that concede that nothing much can be done about it.

Even before this general slump, musicians were having their own unemployment and famine as a result of the coming of the talkies, the growth of radio. Thousands were being turned into the streets, displaced by single orchestras in Hollywood studios or in broadcasting cubicles. Yet many young persons still saw music as a high-paying profession,

trained themselves for it, went into it hopefully—particularly into jazz music. There was none to warn them. Today an average musical performer is not only a drug on the market but an absolute dead weight.

In general, the violinist, pianist, or cellist trained for orchestral work is not fit for other occupations. He is not an artist in the higher sense, but a more or less skilled artisan in his own narrowed field. Music is his business, his trade. Take it away from him and he is technologically unemployed. Musicians, as a rule, are not easily adaptable. Temperamentally, long association with specialized art unfits them for other kinds of work. Two-thirds of them, rank and file, march misfit and workless today. One I happened on is working gamely but inefficiently as a house painter. Another is canvassing as an insurance agent.

But these, successful in alien fields or partially so, fending for themselves, are the exceptions. The others are, lamely, being aided. In New York City the union local with its 15,000 members and 12,000 unemployed has tried various methods of aid. In the last three years it has managed to distribute some \$150,000 in outright relief among its indigent members—admirable as a stopgap measure, but no proof against the future. On February 4, 1931, at the beginning of the real fear and panic, this local decided to tax all members earning over \$50 a week 5 per cent of their earnings. This tax was repealed in May of that year as unsatisfactory. Since then it has been found better to tax all earners, regardless of earning capacity, 1 per cent of their weekly wage. But very little comes of it. The obscure cellist, the obscurer pianist may go to some private home, play a solo, collect a fee, and no one is the wiser.

Throughout the American Federation of Music such makeshift, if sincere, measures are under way. Some locals attempt the direct-taxation method; others organize functions for members' relief and employment. None of these efforts appear to be very effective, or to go very far. More adequate, perhaps, are the private relief funds, working independent of the unions—the Musicians' Emergency Fund in New York, for example, with its \$380,000 for relief and its \$120,000 worth of made musical work in these last two years. These sums may loom large. They are in fact large until matched against the overwhelming demands made on them. Supplementing this type of fund and the unions are the efforts of well-meaning music lovers, substan-

tial people who have for the past several years organized concerts, drafted the free services of famed artists and conductors, given employment to some one or two hundred musicians during a series.

Overhead costs of a benefit are, of necessity, heavy, as they were for the Damrosch Madison Square Garden concerts of the Musicians' Emergency Fund, when expensive acoustical apparatus was wired over the arena. Printed matter runs up. There are always tags of expense to eat up charitable surpluses. So that after the actual performers have been paid (at a minimum of from \$15 to \$20 for an evening's performance and two or three rehearsals), there is comparatively little residue for outside relief. Even that little runs into snags. Benefit concerts breed clashing personalities. Sponsor disagrees with sponsor; organizers become jealous of power; factions form. In the end, the concerts, if successful at all, are not so successful financially as they might be with more harmonious effort.

Hovering above these affairs, at once despotic and benevolent, is the watchfulness of the unions. In the past summer a series of concerts was undertaken in Westchester, New York, for the unemployed musicians. These were a kind of "pop" concert with the musicians employed receiving a minimum of \$15 a week, a maximum of \$35, and a promise of more to come with success. The players commuted, expenses paid, daily from New York, rehearsed, played, returned late at night to their homes. A tiring routine, but a livelihood. The concerts were a growing success, gaining in popularity until, in August, the New York union local abruptly crashed in and demanded a fifty-dollar minimum weekly wage. The concert sponsors, unable or unwilling to turn to private endowment as the union suggested, terminated the concerts. The musicians, who had at least been eating, were sent back to join the great mass of unemployed. But the union, jealous of the headway it had made so painfully through the years, felt that it could not renounce its principles for the sake of these few individuals.

Nor is it only those of the rank and file who are being sacrificed these days. Artists also are playing lambs for slaughter, largely at the hands of the grand priests of radio. Well-known, even famous artists are being induced by the large chains to sing for as little as \$5 for fifteen-minute periods on the air, in the false hope that some commercial sponsor may hear them, like them, sign them on. The five-dollar farce is dispensed with at times, and the desperate and deluded artist sings for nothing more than glory. Unfortunately, there are no unions to do battle for these.

Suggested remedies for this situation are abundant, a few suggestions invariably are. Two, the most promising, have to do with taxation. Alfred Wallenstein, the cellist, advances, with wide support, the idea of an educational tax—a few cents set aside for music in each dollar levied for education. Even small communities might, in this way, support local bands and orchestras, even operas. They might cultivate the taste of school children who will be the future lovers and supporters of music. A small and direct musical tax of this sort has, as a matter of fact, already been tried. In Milan Toscanini successfully fathered such a tax. Theaters, motion-picture houses, certain Milanese stores exact of each patron a small levy that goes to the support of the famed La Scala opera. That, however, according to certain American musical pedagogues, is in Italy, where it is as natu-

ral for every child and every adult to know and sing his Verdi as to learn his alphabet. America, they say, is a horse of an entirely different color.

This writer, for one, has no patience with such a superficial contention, or with the equally superficial opinion that America, being essentially an unmusical nation, is not ready for a greater musical culture. Regardless of nationality or race, man by instinct is a musical animal. The development of that instinct is entirely dependent upon environment, opportunity, and education. It is an outmoded fallacy to speak of one nation or another as lacking the musical instinct. America, though it must be admitted to be musically impatient and immature, is by no means completely unawakened.

As a case in point, the writer received his baptism of symphonic music in Baltimore, where a civic orchestra composed of the best musicians from the Peabody Institute and the local theaters gave special performances for high-school students prior to the regular monthly public performances. An appreciable sum was included in the city's budget each year for the support of the orchestra. Even today, when budgets are pared to the bone, the popularity of that orchestra is such that a citizens' committee, drafted to overhaul budgetary facts, has found it essential to retain the orchestral item at the sacrifice of others.

The second suggestion for helping musicians by taxation is based on the theory that our musical profession today suffers not only from the general depression but from constant weakening by radio. This is sound enough. Many persons undoubtedly turn on their radios rather than go out to concerts or dance places. It is proposed, therefore, to effect a permanent cure by levying a government tax on radio, a tax similar to the English tax of ten shillings a year on each receiving set in the kingdom. But here again is the snag of nationality. Place a radio tax in local-government hands in these United States, and you are likely to get political complications. Graft and politics seeping into the great national broadcasting systems might well make them even duller and more lurid than they are today.

There can be no practical remedy for the situation, no really effective relief by taxation or any other means, without acknowledgment of the fact that today the profession of music is full to overflowing, with room only at the proverbial top. In the lower brackets, among the near great, among the mediocre soloists, the orchestral and band performers, there are too many performers. Some are, of course, falling by the depression wayside. Others, misfit or unfit, should be reconditioned to other professions and happier fields. The writer, however, most vigorously takes issue with those who would limit and discourage the study of music as a profession. Rather, the emphasis should be placed on stimulating a wider, stronger musical consciousness among a people already alive to music's solacing influence. We must cease to paint glowing pictures, to raise false hopes, to fill our orchestras with frustrated Carnegie Hall stars. But music itself must not be starved out. Through the schools, the colleges, and the civic agencies a greater appreciation and need should be developed so that the demand for music will keep step with the supply. Then there will be no oversupply of genuine musicians. Then, as has actually happened in Newark, New Jersey, normal school children will be heard applauding a picture of Beethoven more wildly than one of Jack Dempsey.

In the Driftway

CHILDREN'S Book Week, which the publishers undertake with such light hearts, must arouse alarming thoughts in the mind of the conscientious modern parent. Children's Week, indeed! It is the Future Inhabitants of a World in Crisis Week, and parents will be held strictly responsible. It is an irony that the modern pedagogue with his wise counsel to prepare the child for the world he is to occupy should have fallen upon one of those times in history when the future is as mysterious as it is foreboding. "War in ten years." "Increasing economic distress—fascism, followed by violent revolution from the left." So the prophecies run. Which of all possible worlds shall the child be prepared for? If Johnny, according to Laski and Strachey, will be shot at twenty-five for having an idea of his own, what books should he be allowed to read now? If on the other hand, according to Wells, the human race may have the sense, when Johnny is thirty, to begin building Utopia, how can parents make sure that Johnny will be sufficiently original and independent to be of any use to his world?

WHEN parents of today were children, stability and permanence, incredible as it now seems, were taken for granted. One could project several careers for one's child with the reasonable certainty that he would find it possible to make a living not too unpleasantly in one or the other of them. Now an endowment policy payable when the first-born will, theoretically, enter college seems rather a waste of premiums, and the most convincing predictions confirm that view. One thing seems certain: the child will suffer in so far as the example of his parents influences him. If he is brought up on liberal principles, he will be shot either by the fascists or the Communists. If his parents are fascists, he may thrive while the black shirts are in power but the revolution will finish him. If they are Communists, he will probably not live to see the day of communism's advent, and if he does he will very likely be despised as an old-fashioned deviationist by the particular group in power. If they are open-minded, anything may happen. It is only within recent weeks that the Soviets, after sixteen years, have decided to allow the children of the former bourgeoisie to take part in the life of their country, so strong, in the opinion of the Communist rulers, is the bourgeois virus. In Germany the "red" virus is considered to be active even to the second generation. The liberal parent may reply that he would rather see his child dead than taking part in either variety of dictated existence. But his child will probably not agree with him, and it is the child and not himself who must live in the world of a generation hence.

WHEN nothing is certain, a Drifter's advice is as good as anyone else's. The world seems again to be approaching one of those violent eras in which one must take sides or die, physically or otherwise. Today's children seem destined to live in a new variety of heroic age in which action, cooperative action, will seem the most desirable conduct for the individual. One to whom the contemplative or merely

lazy life seems the highest good will find this prospect depressing, but it has never been established, except among contemplators, that the rosy glow of action is less admirable than the pale cast of thought, and the extrovert is notoriously happier than the introvert. To train the child to expect a life of action would seem the only service today's parent can perform.

* * * * *

IT is a conclusion which shocks even its mild utterer. But there are compensations. A man conditioned for action is automatically freed of most of the fear of action that animates thoughtful men. There is still another even more comforting thought. In whatever world the child finds himself, it is certain, human nature being what it is, that he will prefer being alive to being dead or unborn; and it is even more certain that, even if he thinks, he will consider his world, no matter how bad it is, vastly superior to that in which his poor deluded parents happened to exist.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Can Life Insurance Be Made Safe?"

IN its issue of September 20, 1933, *The Nation* printed an article under the title quoted above, by James P. Sullivan and David D. Stansbury. It was evidently a highly controversial subject, for ever since the article appeared letters have been coming to *Nation* editors arguing this point or that. Most of these letters have been sent to Mr. Sullivan for reply; every one of them, including Mr. Sullivan's answer, was too long to quote in full. In general it was felt that it was better to quote excerpts from several, and the quotations were chosen either as they expressed some idea which several letters expressed or described an attitude which seemed to be representative of the feelings of many of the correspondents. With the publication of the correspondence which follows, *The Nation* must consider the subject closed.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The article on life-insurance companies which appeared in *The Nation* of September 20 is based upon the contention that premiums are too high and that they should be reduced. This criticism of regular life-insurance premiums will not stand when applied to the great majority of policies. It is a fact which should be obvious to anyone that the experience of the life-insurance business for more than 100 years and the skilled attention of thousands of actuaries and executives who have devoted their exclusive attention to the business must necessarily have resulted in the exclusion of all unnecessary expense, and by the beneficent force of competition must have given to the public the desired service at lowest possible cost. . . .

The article referred to creates an entirely false impression as to what has actually taken place with life insurance during the present business depression. As a matter of fact, the life-insurance companies have come through the depression with flying colors and have earned and received the commendation of the business world for this achievement. During the depression the facilities of banking and services of building and loan associations were so limited that an enormous burden was shifted thereby upon life-insurance companies. These companies were

called upon to make unprecedented loans denied elsewhere; all of this constituted a triple burden. It was then that for the protection of policy-holders the moratorium was instituted, and accommodation was made with great care and solicitude for the interest of policy-holders with the special need of accommodation. It is not necessary to quote figures in order to give an idea of the magnitude of the business. This is known to everyone, and the very fact that this business has steadily increased is an indication of the immense patronage given to it by the skilled investor as well as by the general public.

There is no business in the world founded upon a more scientific basis than that of life insurance. . . . At the end of each year the profits, or more accurately the savings, made during the previous year are based on excess interest earnings, favorable mortality experience, and savings in expenses. The dividends thus secured from these three sources are used in accordance with the pleasure of the policy-holder either to reduce the next premium, to purchase additional insurance, or otherwise. Nearly all the larger companies are mutual, and it is a fact which should be applauded by all that here is an institution which serves the public at actual cost, there being no stockholders to absorb any of the profits or to exert any influence detrimental to the best interests of the policy-holders.

The criticism of the initial expense in securing business is not well founded. Except in the case of some of the newer companies, commissions paid to agents are as low as the experience of many decades and the pressure of wholesome competition can provide. Is it reasonable to suppose that this could possibly be otherwise? . . .

As to irregularities in the business, the very fact that the States wherein the companies are located make periodical examinations of the companies' books, records, and assets, while every State in which the company does business also has placed before it every year a detailed statement of every single item of the business, of itself gives a guaranty of stability that is not to be found to the same degree in any other big business. . . .

As to salaries paid executives, these are, generally speaking, fixed by the law of supply and demand. In one instance that I know of the new president of one of the larger companies left a salary of \$50,000 paid by a trust company for a reduced salary of \$25,000 in order to assume what he considered the higher duties of an executive of a semi-philanthropic institution, and of course it might be well if this attitude were more general.

Wichita, Kan., October 26

HENRY WARE ALLEN

Few of the letters had the wholly uncritical tone of the above, but many expressed in somewhat less sweeping terms the same complete confidence in the integrity and soundness of the insurance business. The following paragraph, quoted from a letter of Ralph W. Mack, special agent for the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee, has a sterner note:

I regard the article *Can Life Insurance Be Made Safe?* as misleading and unfair. The very wording of the title with the question mark carries an implication that is unwarranted and contrary to the facts with respect to most life-insurance companies. The article stresses the advantage of term insurance on a constantly advancing rate and is neither sound nor wholesome. My opinion is that term insurance, sold generally, is a vicious form of life insurance that will ultimately prove a disservice rather than a service to most insurers. The presentation by Messrs. Sullivan and Stansbury impressed me either as being motivated by selfish considerations and a desire for self-exploitation, or as the outpouring of half-baked theorists directed against the institution of legal-reserve life insurance, which is based on safe and scientific principles.

The question of the merits of term life insurance, mentioned at one point in their article by Messrs. Sullivan and Stansbury, appeared in the letters more often than any other. H. W.

Flitcraft, of the Flitcraft Life Insurance Works, Oak Park, Illinois, took the subject up in some detail:

We shall next show what would happen if Mr. Sullivan's advocacy of term insurance were taken seriously. Figures are taken from the American Experience Table of Mortality. The effect would be to make level-premium life insurance impossible. A man aged 20 would pay \$7.57 per \$1,000 of insurance the first year he had his policy, \$7.62 the next, and so on. When he reached age 35 he would have to pay \$8.68; age 45, \$10.83; age 55, \$18.03; age 65, \$38.95; age 75, \$91.62; age 85, \$228.69; age 95, \$970.87. The result of his "actuarially sound" plan would therefore be about as follows: A man would take out a policy for a year or two at a very low cost, but as he became older and less able to meet the premiums, the cost of his insurance would sky-rocket. This simple fact is the thing that drove the assessment companies into failure. Even if we grant his conclusion that life-insurance companies are thoroughly unsound, no informed person will indorse the "remedy" proposed.

Mr. Flitcraft touches another point in his letter:

To take another example, he mentions salaries and dividends. Here he errs considerably, for both have been generally reduced. Many mutual companies cut their dividend schedules 25 per cent or 50 per cent, although some changed to a figure only about 5 or 10 per cent below their previous records. One company, which has changed its schedule only during the last few weeks, states that, even at present market prices, its bonds alone would provide cash for all the company's obligations to every policy-holder if everyone were to ask for his cash value at the same time. Several other companies have made similar statements, and so you can see that the companies are not at all in the condition he describes.

Finally, to show that Mr. Allen, quoted above, was not alone even in the extent of his enthusiasm for the conduct of the life-insurance business, Sidney L. Wolkenberg, of the Union Central Life Insurance Company of New York City, writes a letter desiring the opportunity of an interview with the editors of *The Nation* in which he would like to prove "that life insurance from an actuarial and mathematical point of view is today one of the most perfect things created by the mind of man, and that to alter it from its present structure would be to destroy its existence."

The Editors of *The Nation* particularly requested Mr. Sullivan in his reply to take up in detail the question of term insurance. He did so in the following paragraphs.

First, I do not at all advocate "term insurance on a constantly advancing rate" for all buyers and under all conditions. My article does not say that; my article states that it is only by the use of such a plan that the busted and near-busted life-insurance banks of the country can be reorganized on an honest basis, so as to preserve for their policy-holders the life-insurance benefits of their policies. "The rider should provide for conversion back to higher-premium form at will by the insured, except that after such reconversion the policy shall be without demand-banking privileges of any kind." That sentence in our article clearly shows that I have in mind the idea that there are some instances in which the term policy will not be suitable and the insured will, for one reason or another, desire to get back on the higher-premium form.

Second; yes, that means that a given policy taken out at the age of twenty-one, or any other age, would have its premiums regularly increasing with advancing age. Now that bald statement, without amplification, might scare the uninitiate; the old bogey of "increasing rates in old age" has been the most powerful help of all to these agents and companies in their campaign to sell high-premium, high-commission, high-profits policies to the non-understanding public. Just to show you how these rates increase from

age to age I will give you the rates at which the companies buy from each other on the type of policy which my article refers to. While there are rate increases for every year, I give only the rate for every fifth year.

Age	Annual Premium per \$1,000	Age	Annual Premium per \$1,000
21.....	\$7.59	61.....	\$27.90
26.....	7.86	65.....	38.77
31.....	8.22	70.....	59.90
36.....	8.78	75.....	91.18
41.....	9.67	80.....	139.58
46.....	11.17	85.....	227.59
51.....	14.05	90.....	439.17
56.....	19.21	95.....	966.18

Now take a young man, age twenty-one, who secures such a policy (this is an academic case today, as there is no place where he could be fortunate enough to get it; the companies will sell this type back and forth between themselves, but not to the public). He could, if he wanted to do so, buy an ordinary life policy, which the other side advocates, at a level annual premium of \$14.48. Now by looking at the table you will see that the term rate does not reach so high as \$14.48 until he is fifty-two years old. He has thirty-one years in which to die and pay less, each year, for the \$1,000 cash to his beneficiary. But suppose he does not die; apparently the ordinary life, at \$14.48 per thousand per year is thereafter cheaper than the term; but it is only apparently so.

First, because he does not, at age fifty-two, on that ordinary life policy, get \$1,000 of life insurance but only \$660 of life insurance. True his widow will get \$1,000 if he dies; but when she gets it, it will be only \$660 life insurance; the other \$340 will be his savings accumulated out of the high premiums of the previous thirty-one years. Thus the company is on the risk for only \$660; and the cost of that much insurance at age fifty-two is not \$14.87; it is 66 per cent of \$14.87 or \$9.81. So, continuing to pay the same old ordinary life premium of \$14.48, he is still paying far more than the cost of the insurance he is getting at age fifty-two. (Whereas, on the term plan, paying \$14.87 at age fifty-two, he is still getting all the insurance that he pays for, namely \$1,000.) The second reason—for the mere appearance of cheapness of the ordinary life at age fifty-two—is this: when he reaches that age he has on deposit with the company his savings in the amount of \$340; so that the company, which is then on the risk for only \$660, has two sources of income from the policy, namely, the premium which he pays and the interest which it is able to earn on his \$340.

Let us say that he could make 3.5 per cent on his money; or that the company makes 3.5 per cent on his money. On that basis the company receives two items of income on account of his policy that year: (1) the premium of \$14.48 from him, (2) the interest of \$11.90 from someone else, making a total of \$26.28.

Now in the process of the policy it credits his savings account with \$16 of that money (to increase the cash value, so that it will have \$1,000 in cash to give to him if he is alive at age ninety-six). After so crediting it has \$10.38 left. What does it do with that? It keeps it as the cost to him of the \$660 of insurance service, risk-coverage, pure protection, which it is then giving him. But by looking at the table of term rates above we find that on that plan he could have \$660 of life insurance at age fifty-two for only \$9.81.

Mr. Sullivan closes his letter with two paragraphs that are extremely pertinent to the correspondence quoted above.

It is very interesting to note that, though the article has been on the newsstands now for over a month and every life-insurance director, officer, and agent of any standing has read it at least once, we do not have a single one of them, not an executive, actuary, or sales manager, coming into the open to controvert any one of the very

serious charges which I made against them and their business methods. . . .

Perhaps you have noticed that on October 14 the Illinois Commissioner, forced by the Attorney-General, applied for a receiver for the State Life of Illinois; on October 17, forced by the same person, he applied for and got a receiver for the National Life of United States of America, the largest Illinois company; and there are well-founded rumors that other receiverships will follow shortly. The Attorney-General of Illinois . . . was one of the first men to receive a copy of our article.

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER is the Moscow correspondent of *The Nation* and author of "Machines and Men in Russia."

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THOMAS LAWRENCE is the pseudonym of a Washington newspaperman.

I. A. HIRSCHMANN is a business man and musician. In the broadcasts of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra he was the first to supply annotations in the intermission.

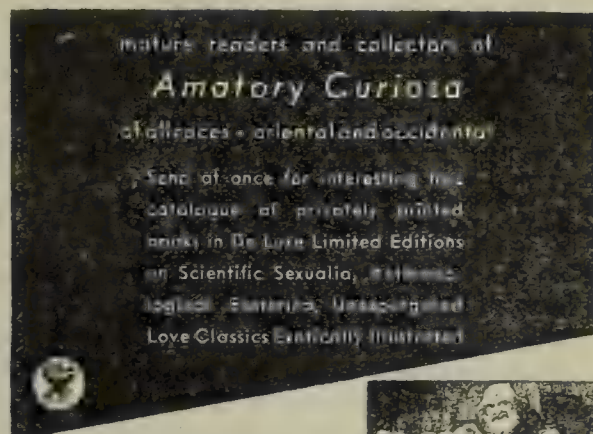
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MASTERPIECES
ON
THE
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RELATIONS
OF
MANKIND

Books, Art, Drama

Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

Why should we care what this absurd child does,
follow him idly, with lazy eyes, watch the doll
laid in the grass and covered with leaves—
fingers tenderly lacing the dead leaves—
pathetic solicitude of the foolish for the unknowing?
why should we stand here and watch this travesty
we, the wise and old, the hardened, the disillusioned
from our window of bright despair looking downward
at the little contemptible street of human affairs—
and the child there, unconscious, tender, preoccupied,
bending in the dust above his beloved fragment?

Or the old men and women going up and down:
those with tired feet, or bent hands; those who see
dimly before them as indeed dimly behind them:
who greet one another stupidly and kindly:
is this not too to be dreadfully despised,
that thus we stand, secretly, behind curtains,
pitying the children, who were ourselves,
and the old, who will be ourselves—
pitying and despising, who will ourselves be pitied and de-
spised:
but feeling, in memory and foresight, ■ kind of power?

But what else can we do, we who wait here between
one wall and another, one clock and another
who can neither play happily in the dust, or lie still?
too late for the one, too soon for the other,
what can we do but hide behind curtains, and spy?
Spying joyfully on the two blessings, beginning and end.

Mr. Hemingway's Opium

Winner Take Nothing. By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

IT is among Mr. Hemingway's admirers that the suspicion is being most strongly created that the champion is losing, if he has not already lost, his hold. In the current *Contempo*, for example, Henry Hart administers ■ sharp castigation to those ungrateful people who were the first to applaud him when he was in his prime. Briefly stated, Mr. Hart's thesis is that the generation into whose veins Hemingway poured such ■ badly needed flow of rich red blood should be the last to revile him now that his task is done. Despite his eloquent recapitulation of the champion's past glories, however, Mr. Hart only succeeds in delivering what is really ■ politely modulated funeral oration. Similarly, in ■ review of the newest Hemingway volume, Horace Gregory lauds the author of "In Our Time" and "The Sun Also Rises" for his services to his generation, of which he is still represented as the principal spokesman, without anywhere making clear whether those services ever did, or do now, include an intellectually satisfactory statement of its position. The reason in both cases for this manifest attempt to let the champion down as easily as possible is not very hard to discover. Whatever have been Hemingway's limitations of

mind and sensibility, he has stood out for his generation in America as preeminently the type of pure artist, concentrated on experience and on its disciplined expression in literature. His very limitations have seemed at times to be his greatest virtues. At any rate they have saved him from saga-making, from vatic exuberances, and from the mechanical illustration of politico-economic ideologies. To turn against this writer, therefore, seems almost tantamount to turning against art itself or against the artist's role in culture or society. It is to take sides with the Philistines—by whatever name they may now call themselves.

Now some such reservations must be understood when one reports that Mr. Hemingway's latest collection of stories includes what is actually the poorest and least interesting writing he has ever placed on public view. One cannot but regret, for instance, that a specimen like *One Reader Writes* should ever have been exposed to that view. As for most of the stories in the volume, their dulness may be traced either to a lack of growth or to growth along what is for Hemingway a new and unfortunate direction. There is, first of all, a recurrence of all the old nostalgias—the nostalgia for Europe (*Wine of Wyoming*), for the church (*The Gambler*, *the Nun*, and *the Radio*), for adolescence (*Fathers and Sons*), and for death (*A Clean, Well-Lighted Place*). There is also the monotonous repetition of the subjects attached to these themes—eating and drinking, travel, sport, coition. In one story the cafe waiter sums it all up in the now celebrated prayer: "Our nada who art in nada, nada be thy name thy kingdom nada thy will be nada in nada as it is in nada. . . ."

The new direction mentioned is an increasing fondness for subjects and characters which are usually distinguished by the label "special." Ignoring the preoccupation with death, which in the reprinted *Natural History of the Dead* almost amounts to an enthusiastic *delectatio morbosa*, there are enough other indications that Hemingway is in danger of becoming as *fin de siècle* as his contemporary, William Faulkner. At its worst this tendency results in such delicacies as *Mother of a Queen*, which deals with a homosexual bullfighter who permits his mother's bones to be thrown on a dump heap, and *God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen*, which deals with a sex-crazed adolescent who commits self-mutilation. As it happens, the real objection to this kind of subject matter has quite recently been expressed once and for all by Mr. Hemingway's own literary godmother: "She [Gertrude Stein] says she dislikes the abnormal, it is so obvious."

The *Gambler* story is from every point of view the most successful in the book: *Sister Cecilia* and the Mexican *Cayetano* are both admirably realized characterizations, the narrative is dense, and there is one remarkable passage of serious reflection. Examining the statement that religion is the opium of the people, the convalescent Mr. Frazer decides that economics, patriotism, sexual intercourse, the radio, gambling, and ambition, each in its way, are also opiums of the people. The real, the actual opium of the people, he concludes, is bread. "Revolution, Mr. Frazer thought, is no opium. Revolution is a catharsis; an ecstasy which can only be prolonged by tyranny. The opiums are for before and after. He was thinking well, a little too well."

Too well? One wonders whether Mr. Hemingway can produce any more interesting volumes so long as he stops off as abruptly as this, turning to play the radio so loud that it can no longer be heard. Fiction is an opium as long as it contents itself with playing over the surface of things. Action, too, is an opium if it is thought of simply as a catharsis and not as an expression. Unless Mr. Hemingway realizes within the next few years that fiction based on action as catharsis is becoming less and less potent as an opium, he will not be able to hold the championship much longer.

WILLIAM TROY

The Stripped but Permanent Few

Pastures and Other Poems. By Lizette Woodworth Reese. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.50.

MISS REESE is a "stripped" romantic, I suppose, if we must define her philosophy. But she is very like this, her own stanza:

A rich fragility was theirs,
Warm poverty of hue,
The little that is more than much,
The stripped, but permanent few.

"Pastures and Other Poems" is going to throw its modern readers into a deep nostalgia for the simple, the just, the rightly beautiful. They will turn temporarily from the intricate poets of the city, the rhetoricians, to these old verities which Miss Reese so beautifully expresses. In a world where truth is temporal these verities seem terribly poignant, almost lost to us save for their shadow on our memory.

One of the finest of our minor poets—and most poets today are minor—Miss Reese has been too little appreciated. Over and over again with exquisite simplicity and sincerity she achieves the perfect brief lyric. With a single image drawn from nature closely observed, she says more about human life than many a more ornate or difficult poet may say. Her art is so precise, so quiet, so unpretentious that it is difficult to discuss. The critic blurs her work by trying to define it.

Humble words, the simplest in our vocabulary, simple images of objects familiar to every country dweller, the restrained quatrain form, or the fine sonnet—these are the elements of Miss Reese's poetry. Her faith is personal, unorthodox, the certainty that God is to be found if we seek him. But her mind takes into account without flinching all the conflicting facts in life. She accepts the impermanence of beauty as beauty's real significance. She accepts sorrow and death. She is never sentimental or blind. Miss Reese looks steadily and long at whatever she sees as beautiful and she sets down exactly what is there but in the pattern of art. She interprets humble things as eternal. The lad driving home his father's cows at dusk becomes, for the housewives seeing him while they set the supper tables, a lasting picture:

Long as they lived they saw
A picture old and fine;
They saw the golden lad;
They saw the golden kine.

The asters "clumped in gapings of a fence" mean:

Yet not from Apriling are these;
Wars know they, grate of spears;
Their settled looks are raised upon
A dynasty of tears.

There are very few poets today who have kept so acute an awareness of nature along with so accurate a knowledge of the humble heart. Nature with no sensual or romantic embroiderings is understood by Miss Reese to epitomize the perfection toward which man aspires. Nothing man himself invents seems so sure a symbol of beauty and permanence as does the thorn tree or the rose. The choosing of the simplest image described by the simplest adjective is a kind of genius with this poet. The reader is left marveling that such ordinary words can become so magical. Miss Reese has something of the early romantic poets' skill in keeping a perfect realism fused with a gentle romanticism and humanitarianism. Hers is the intensity of the quiet, thoughtful mind. And her art is entirely her own. Never once in all the years she has been writing has she been influenced away from doing the type of poem she could do best. With a long life behind her and the wisdom of that life behind her words she sets down very directly what she knows and feels.

Her communication is so perfect, because of the homely language beautifully employed, that there is no barrier between her and even her most modern reader. Such a modern reader might be under the influence of Eliot or the new English communist-intellectual school and still feel deeply the message that Miss Reese conveys.

EDA LOU WALTON

A Divided Personality

Martin Luther: God's Angry Man. By Abram Lipsky. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$3.

MARTIN LUTHER had terror and religion in his bones. Savage beatings, the Black Death which snatched away brothers and friends, churches, monasteries, monks and friars and processions, so plentiful in his home town of Erfurt that it was known as "little Rome," were the formative influences of his childhood. And he was a creature of strong passions, harried by all the impulses of the body, toward women, wine, food, and anger, anger perhaps most of all, for his anger was full of fear and pride, humility and the growing intoxication of power, the hatred of any authority above his own, until it became the great creative principle of his life. He loved his anger because, as he said, "When I am angry I can pray well and preach well."

Like most human beings, when he started on his great career he had no idea where he was going. He was not consciously going anywhere, escaping only from the sinful and joyful bewilderment of life into an Augustinian monastery. It is one of the many excellences of Mr. Lipsky's book that in it we see the extraordinary life of Luther unfold in the ordinary manner, with the inevitable logic of character and events. Luther's life, seen in a long perspective, is rich material both for the psychologist and the teller of tales. It is both the inner struggle of a divided personality toward integration and a highly colored romance of stupendous adventure, charged with action, tragedy, irony, and humor, against the huge backdrop of medieval Europe in the tense years when feudalism was beginning to crack. In this book both aspects are skilfully interwoven without any sensationalism other than that implicit in the story, which is thrown into relief by the soberness of the narrative. Not only the main figure but all the subsidiary figures—priests, popes, nuns, emperors, and electors—who fought for and against Luther in the course of fighting their own battles are very real people whose doings fill us with emotions similar to those with which we view the tragic or comic antics of our own contemporaries. We cannot, indeed, fail to draw comparisons between the Germany of Luther and that of Hitler, and between the two men, psychopaths both, book burners and Jew haters, mystics, bigots, nationalists, revolutionary reactionaries, pitched into power by the convulsions of a disintegrating civilization.

Luther was already lecturing at Wittenberg when he took the journey to Rome which precipitated him into opposition to the Catholic church. But even before this his lectures were heretical. In justification by faith, the mystic union with God sought by Paul and Augustine and later by Luther and Wesley, the author sees the essence of all mysticism, the identification or integration of modern psychology. The state is a fact, though the process is a mystery and takes very different forms. But Luther, who here seems the protagonist of individualism, of the individual conscience in relation to its God, was politically reactionary. He bitterly opposed the Peasants' Revolt, and the Anabaptists found him arrayed against them on the side of kings and nobles. For Luther needed the rulers and they at times needed him in the complex struggle which necessitated frequently shifting alignments. This explains much of the apparent contradiction in Luther and the others. A man of pow-

erful vitality yet plagued by strange ailments, superstitious, brave, noble, abject, and cruel, he was involved in a destiny too great for him, the welter of world events hurrying to a tremendous conclusion. For even without Luther, the Reformation was coming. But had he been more or less it might have come differently.

This book follows naturally from the author's former studies, "Man the Puppet" and "John Wesley." It is the first approach to Luther as a human being without either Catholic or Protestant predisposition on the part of the author, an absorbing story in which we see revealed the constants of religious mysticism and bigotry in their individual and historical aspects.

CLARA G. STILLMAN

Man as Institution

Institutional Behavior. By Floyd Henry Allport. The University of North Carolina Press. \$3.50.

THE problem of the individual and the institutions of which he is a part, or which are part of him, to be more exact, is one of the basic contemporary questions. Any attempt to shed light on it presupposes a searching analysis of institutional versus individual behavior, so that one may chart with some degree of certainty where collective reactions leave off and where the "individual," if there is such a residue, begins. As Professor Allport points out, a really comprehensive study of this subject has never before been attempted. But his awareness of the nature, scope, and object of such an investigation makes his own inadequate treatment of it all the more disappointing. Where he has given us reason to expect scientific evaluation, he himself has been content with a very pedestrian kind of journalism. Instead of marshaling all the valuable data on the subject which modern psychology and anthropology have accumulated, he indulges in leisurely chats on such miscellaneous matters as civic responsibility, the American family, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and the evils of nationalism and war. Characteristic of much of the discussion is this delivery on war:

If every soldier killed in the World War had to be killed singly and personally, as man to man, . . . instead of with mass methods, military organization, and long-range guns . . . , would that conflict have been the colossal tragedy that it was?

A ringing enough statement for a mass-meeting perhaps, but of dubious psychological relevance and profundity and shedding no more light on the fundamental problem of the book than does his exhaustive citation of the Sacco-Vanzetti case as an instance of the pathological cruelty of institutional behavior. As if a neighborly lynching party, relatively a much more personal entity than the State of Massachusetts, were any the kinder for it.

Throughout the book Professor Allport keeps monotonously reiterating that institutions are not "real" biologic organisms like human beings, as if that fact impugned their validity and importance, as if it were not rather a moot psychological question whether man and all that is characteristically human is not primarily an institutional artifact—a question, indeed, which should have been the chief object of Professor Allport's inquiry. Only in his concluding chapter does he begin to come to grips with the subject. After conceding the importance of institutionalized society in the past he remarks:

The fact that such institutional cooperation has solved many of our problems in the past does not prove that it may not one day survive its usefulness . . . that we may not be today facing such a point of diminishing returns. Having built a vast machine composed not only of physical materials but of human habits, shall we not pause to observe toward what end this structure is operating?

This is the heart of the question and Professor Allport has posed it with a clarity that is definitive. But in making the individual his criterion and point of reference, he has forgotten that his individual is a comparatively modern development, factitiously evolved from the natural anonymity of a biologic organism, largely as a result of a lot of things that come under the heading of Institutional Behavior.

ALTER BRODY

Real Books for Real Children

NEARLY all the books which have become children's classics are books which older people like to read—not because of implications above the heads of younger readers nor because they evoke childish memories, but because, like all great books, they were written selfishly, to please or satisfy their authors, not their readers. The "Morte d'Arthur," the "Arabian Nights," the cycle of Robin Hood, all the legends and fairy-tales of the world were not told because people wanted to hear them but because their tellers had to tell them. "Gulliver's Travels" is the angry voice of Swift; Edward Lear's "Nonsense Rhymes" must have been fun to write; Stevenson must have found deep enchantment in "Treasure Island," Booth Tarkington profound mirth in "Penrod"; and "Alice," "The Wind in the Willows," Wanda Gág's "Millions of Cats," E. Nesbit's "The Bastable Children" surely gave their creators very great delight. More books have been written specifically for children in the past decade than ever before. Among those written or published each season are many good books, but parents, and even laymen like the writer, to say nothing of the many editors, publishers, and teachers of real intelligence and imagination who are doing their best to find good books, wonder why there are not more. Or rather, why so many books are written that are merely mediocre.

The recent and tremendous interest in children aroused by child psychology is partly responsible for the increasing number of books and writers for children. But this new study, frequently misunderstood or misinterpreted in its newness, has made many writers for children inclined to be too conscious of their audience, of the great gap between writer and reader, and of the whole enormous truth which has to be left untold or glossed over. Many of them have been afraid of expressing their own feelings or satisfying their own tastes, and so have tended to write under a strain and a censorship which made it difficult for them to be whole-hearted or spontaneous. A science ultimately intended to drive out fear from the hearts of children has in many cases seemed to drive some of it temporarily into the minds of parents and teachers and writers. Trying so hard to identify themselves with the children for whom they wrote, they have frequently been neither truthful nor interesting.

Younger children do not suffer so much from this unselfish writing. Their books can be purely imaginative. Their writers do not need to face the dangerous problems of reality. Here is a fertile pasture, alive with talking beasts and birds and insects, where writers can gambol and sport at will.

But occasionally, in too playful hands, even this paradise becomes emasculated, falling into a quaint and arid harmlessness. For young children, imagination is reality, quick, shimmering, sudden, and fruitful. Not aroused, it is lost; aroused and unfed, it dwindles or becomes distorted. If the emotions of anger and fear and love and hatred and hunger and shame and grief which a child experiences are circumscribed and fleeting, surely they are purer and sharper and more sensitive than they can ever be once they have schooled themselves to be less easily awakened. Fortunately the conspiracy of elders to withhold intensity from such quivering senses succeeds less and less often.

What psychology has had to say about the primitive nature of children is doing good work. Such reminding clichés as "little animals" or "young savages" have had their effect, at any rate on writers for younger children. Even a missionary is quick to realize that the ravening hunger of a savage is not to be appeased with bread and milk, nor yet satisfied with humming-birds' tongues. Something at once more solid and more piquant is needed. Such meat is still to be found in Andersen and Grimm; it has been provided recently by the work of Arthur Ransome, of Edgar and Ingrid Parin-d'Aulaire, of Peggy Bacon and of Rachel Field, among a number of others.

This hunger, once aroused, does not decrease with the increasing years. It merely changes its hunting grounds, seeking satisfaction more and more in the world of actuality. But many writers of books for older girls and boys are still a little afraid of actuality. When it rears its ugly head they are tempted to talk about something else: about heroic youths who, after a conquest of their baser selves, at the zero hour either get the scoop the star reporter couldn't get, or, in grimmer warfare, save the battalion from complete annihilation; about boys of ancient Greece or Rome or Egypt or some other far place; about girls who enthusiastically save and scrimp to go to college, and then, losing all through some catastrophe, have it returned to them sevenfold by some forgotten relative; or, in a more advanced and realistic vein, about girls who come to the great city to earn their living, and finding a dragon or a fairy-godmother in each employer, have their struggles, but inevitably "win through" in the end. Children like such stories because they are as smooth, comfortable, and soothing as custard. They are a refuge which has the virtue of seeming like life without being lifelike.

They are still being written and they still have their place, since the pleasure they give is great and their only harm their harmlessness. But why are not more novels being written for older children dealing with the real things children have to face—the problem of fear, or shyness, or restlessness, or disappointment? For some reason the questions of older children all too frequently go on being begged in the stories written for them. There is need for more truth and more fire on the part of their writers.

HARRIET COLBY

Books for the Children of 1933

By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

ALPHABET BOOKS

- Beast, Bird and Fish.* Animal Alphabet by Elizabeth Morrow. Music by René d'Harnoncourt. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50. A joyous triumvirate of colored illustrations, excellent versification, and melodies which most successfully complete both.
- The A. B. C. Bunny.* By Wanda Gág. Coward-McCann. \$2. In its narrative a dangerous rival for Peter Rabbit, in its illustrations and lettering exceptionally distinguished.
- Ill Around the Alphabet.* By Lena Towsley. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1. Photographs electric with the grace and activity of children, with captions exactly suited to their subjects.

ANIMAL PICTURE BOOKS

- The Story About Ping.* By Marjorie Flack and Kurt Wiese. Viking Press. \$1. Although even in America a duck might be inclined to procrastinate, Ping's fine Chinese setting contributes fully half to the interest of his story.
- Paston and Joséphine.* By Georges Duplaix. Oxford University Press. \$2. Two little pigs rollick in droll adventures. The colored illustrations present an endearing combination of caricature and realism.

The Happy Hen. By Helen and Alf Evers. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1. Striking illustrations in red, black, and white of animals and human beings on a farm are fitting accompaniments for this amusing story of a hen which declined to enjoy poor health.

Michael and Patsy on the Golf Links. By Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan. Doubleday, Doran and Company. 75 cents. A game on the end-papers, to be played with dice, adds to the interest of a story and illustrations concerning a Sealyham who has already made a niche for himself in childish affections.

Whiffy McMann. By Berta and Elmer Hader. Oxford University Press. 75 cents. This seven-inch-square book, telling the story of a little white kitten which enlisted the services of a fire department in its rescue from a tree-top has a daintiness and a clear-cut quality difficult to define and most appealing.

Butterwick Farm. By Clifford Webb. Frederick Warne and Company. \$2. The search for a lost doll among the animals of an English farm is conducted with realism and beauty through especially satisfying text and illustrations.

NONSENSE BOOKS AND SIMPLE NARRATIVES FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Junket Is Nice. By Dorothy Kunhardt. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1. The very notion that junket is nice is sufficiently nonsensical to have provoked the most hilarious imagination and non-sequitur reasoning of the season.

Nonsense Songs. By Edward Lear. Set to Music by Dudley Glass. Frederick Warne and Company. \$1.50. Classic Lear verses and illustrations, with music to give added and welcome emphasis.

The Story of Babar, the Little Elephant. By Jean de Brunhoff. English Version and Illustrations by Merle Haas. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$3. Why is this not classified with animal stories? Because of a sophistication which does not jar, and a drollery both in wording and illustration which requires a special niche.

Get-a-Way and Hány János. By Maud and Miska Petersham. Viking Press. \$2. The land of new toys for old affords a theme for some of the finest illustrations of the year.

One Day with Manu. Told and Pictured by Armstrong Perry. John C. Winston Company. \$2. The lure of an island in the Pacific and a small boy's enviable existence there are here set forth beyond contradiction in colorful narrative and glorious illustrations.

Cat's-Cradles for His Majesty. By Margaret and Mary Baker. Duffield-Green. \$2. It is difficult to say which contributes most to the enchanting quality of this book—the silhouettes or the delicious nonsense of its out-of-jobs trio.

Ola and Blakken. By Ingrid and Edgar Parin-d'Aulaire. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$1.75. The vanquishing of a wicked troll by a small boy affords the theme for another "Ola" saga, with the usual fine illustrations.

FANTASY AND NARRATIVES FOR SOMEWHAT OLDER CHILDREN

The Big Tree of Bunlahy. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Jack Yeats. The Macmillan Company. \$2.25. Instinct with Irish beauty and fantasy, these stories are told with even more than usual of the Colum charm.

Seldom and the Golden Cheese. By Joseph Schrank. Illustrated by Gustav Tenggren. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2. This fairy-tale's originality and philosophy, derived from its theme of a bit of gold the gradual growth of which finally destroys its owners, is one of the best-developed and most inspiring which has come to my attention.

The Rusted Knight. By Richard von Volkmann. Silhouettes by Marie Landsberger. Bruce Humphries. \$2. A collection of unusual and brilliantly imaginative fairy-tales, tinged with sadness but not morbid, with many silhouettes of artistic value.

The Hurdy-Gurdy Man. By Margery Williams Bianco. Illustrated by Robert Lawson. Oxford University Press. 75 cents. This book presents a problem when it comes to a choice between its delicate illustrations and the sunny fantasy, so lightly and tellingly spun.

The Little White Goat. Written and Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75. The miracle worked by May Eye and a little white goat with a golden bell brings forth an exquisite tale implicit with a special comprehension of children and animals which is apparent in both narrative and illustration.

Dark Circle of Branches. By Laura Adams Armer. Illustrated by Sidney Armer. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50. A crippled Indian boy and his uncle, the medicine man, are the subjects of a story instinct with the poetry and beauty of the Navajos.

Turquoise Boy and White Shell Girl. By Eda Lou Walton. Illustrated by L. Valentine. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$1.75. The confidence of the Indian mother in the tribal methods of child-training is here shown in refreshing contrast to the dependence of white mothers on "schools" and "systems." Navajo customs and ideals are presented.

My Boys. By Gustav Af Geyerstam. Translated from the Swedish by Alfhild Huebsch. Illustrated by Helen Sewell. Viking Press. \$2. Summer doings of two most realistic and engaging Swedish boys, told with humorous insight and fine discrimination.

The Seven Crowns. By Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.75. A little Danish girl and her daily life spring into reality in this disarmingly simple tale.

Where Is Adelaide? By Eliza Orne White. Illustrated by Helen Sewell. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75. In the constant flutter of Adelaide's disappearances is a story alive with understanding of children and unerringly ministering to their delight.

Just Across the Street. Told and Illustrated by Rachel Field. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50. The rescue of an Indian cigar-store princess from desecrating hands is the theme of a story which gaily vitalizes a downtown city block and its childish inhabitants.

Roddy and Scuttle. By Eleanor Helme and Nance Paul. Illustrated by Charles Ambrose. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.50. A story of a small boy and his dog, with delightful English atmosphere and drawings reminiscent of E. H. Shepard.

The Handsome Donkey. By Mary Gould Davis. Illustrated by Emma Brock. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.75. Humor and gaiety radiate from this tale of the heroism of a donkey who seemed conceited, and the skepticism of a dachshund.

INFORMATIONAL BOOKS WHOSE TITLES GIVE THE GIST OF THEIR CONTENTS—FOR CHILDREN FROM SIX TO TWELVE

100,000 Whys. By M. Ilin. Translated from the Russian by Beatrice Kinkead. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.50.

The Story Book of Things We Use. By Maud and Miska Petersham. John C. Winston Company. \$2.50.

The Train Book. A Photographic Picture-Book with a Story. By William Clayton Pryor. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.

Fire-Fighters. By John J. Flaherty. Illustrated by Photographs. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$1.50.

America Travels. By Alice Dalgliesh. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

The Magic-City—John and Jane at the World's Fair. By Dorothy Aldis. Minton, Balch and Company. \$1.25.

Exploring the Earth and Its Life in a Natural History Museum. By James Lindsay McCreery. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.75.

Strange Fishes and Their Strange Neighbors. By Paul W. Kearny. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$1.25.

The Second Picture Book of Animals. Photographs Chosen from "Das Tier." The Macmillan Company. \$2.

The Book About Animals. With Color Plates and Numerous Illustrations. Frederick Warne and Company. \$2.

INFORMATIONAL BOOKS AND FICTION FOR THE "TEEN AGE"

A Book of Americans. By Rosemary Carr and Stephen Vincent Benét. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2. Sparkling biographies in verse, vibrant, penetrating, and most stimulating.

The Pictured Story of English Literature. By J. W. Cunliffe. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$5. Concentrated literary biographies notable for terseness and comprehensiveness.

Invincible Louisa. By Cornelia Meigs. Little, Brown and Company. \$2. A beautiful and scholarly biography of Louisa Alcott.

All the Ways of Building. A New Story of Architecture. By L. Lamprey. Illustrated by Helene Carter. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50. Interesting and clear approach to a hitherto rather inaccessible subject.

The Story of Russia. By Birger Richard Headstrom. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$3.50. A much-needed readable history of Russia.

Thomas Jefferson. By Gene Lisitzky. Viking Press. \$2.50. The kind of biography which graphically and authentically recreates a man and his epoch.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, The Minute Man of 1933. By Belle Moses. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$1.75. Enthusiastic but not fulsome, emphasizing Roosevelt's courage and optimism.

Jack's House. Told and Illustrated by Lincoln Fay Robinson. Viking Press. \$2. An unusually penetrating story of a boy from his seventh through his seventeenth year, showing the throes but not necessarily the woes of adolescence.

College on Horseback. By Esther Greenacre Hall. Harrison, Smith and Robert Haas. \$2. Interesting and thoroughly up-to-date story of a girl's struggle to earn her way through college. Plenty of humor.

Prairie Anchorage. By Marjorie Medary. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2. The growing pains of a country where woman is beginning to insist she is a person afford one of the most interesting angles of a many-faceted story concerning a Canadian pioneering family going West in the fifties.

The Enchanted Jungle. By Isadore Lhevinne. Coward-McCann. \$2.50. A courageous and interesting young man braves Ecuador jungles in his search for the themes of primitive music.

Jane Hope. By Elizabeth Janet Gray. Viking Press. \$2. The scene is Chapel Hill just before the outbreak of the Civil War. The girl characters are unusually fine and appealing.

Swords of Steel. By Elsie Singmaster. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2. Told from the point of view of a boy who grows up during the Civil War, of which the reverberations boom thrillingly from various points in the Gettysburg section.

Lone Rider. By Hildegard Hawthorne. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2. The Pony Express and Kit Carson figure in a dashing and exciting story.

The Forgotten Daughter. By Caroline Dale Snedeker. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2. Two Greek slaves successfully combat the horrors of their situation, in the days when Cornelia was proudly exhibiting her "jewels."

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The Wind in the Willows. By Kenneth Grahame. Illustrated by E. H. Shepard. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.

Aesop's Fables. Illustrations by Boris Artzybasheff. Viking Press. \$2.

Pip Van Winkle. Illustrated by Victor Pérard. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.

The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. By Frank Stockton. Illustrated by George Richards. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$2.50.

Aircraft. By Augustus Post. Oxford University Press. \$1.50.

The Odyssey. Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

Goblin Market. By Christina Rossetti. Illustrations by Arthur Rackham. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

Shorter Notices

Rockwell Kentiana: Few Words and Many Pictures. By Rockwell Kent. Bibliography and Check-List of Prints by Carl Zigrosser. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

Rockwell Kent is his own best, and if you are not taken in by him, worst spokesman. His writings on art and closely related subjects—of which this sumptuously illustrated book contains a representative selection—are claptrap of a very distinguished order. Although it is possible that Kent may not be aware of it, they are extremely clever rationalizations of his deficiencies as an artist. Here is a fair sample culled from an article called Adam and Eva: "We must approach the bewilderment of art with unbewildered minds, caring not at all whether it be great or little, modern or ancient, true or false, but only how that most direct and simple picture-speech may move us." Broadly paraphrased this means: "If my art gives you pleasure, do not look it in the mouth. Your heart, dear patron, should be large enough to admit the weak and the strong, the stunted and the full-grown." It is an appeal, spurious but appetizing, for Rockwell Kent's highly decorative art. Carl Zigrosser's check-list of prints may be helpful to collectors. The format and typography are admirable. We wish as much could be said for Kent's art and his writings on art.

M. Stanley. By A. J. A. Symons. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

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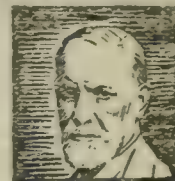
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IT would be hard to recall another month in the history of New York when the city put forth such an effort as is represented by four exhibitions of painting and sculpture to be held during November. Coming together, their quality and importance demonstrate the growth of appreciation here, for all the courage of the men who have gone to the expense of these shows would come to naught if public interest had not moved on to a point where some return for the effort, either in cash or in reputation, was assured. It is heartening that in times like these people are giving enough attention to art to justify the high level of these exhibitions. But even if there exists a better sense of values among art lovers, credit must still be given to the dealers: after the leanest years within their memory they return to their work with an energy and a faith that well deserve admiration.

Take for example the Delacroix exhibition, at the Marie Harriman Gallery. For the first time in the seventy years since the death of the greatest painter of the nineteenth century, as he is considered by many of the most competent judges, New York is now given a one-man show of his work. Perhaps we are henceforth to escape the reproach contained in that old rule of the auction rooms, a pretty reliable one, that whenever a canvas by Delacroix came up for sale here, it was bought by Europeans, to be sent out of the country. There was so little understanding of the master here that we let go the works by him which earlier buyers, following the fashion of their day, had brought from abroad. Time has spoken with its usual authority on the poverty of most of the paintings in those old collections, while it has given to the pictures they contain by Corot and Delacroix the rank of classics. It is only by chance that we have retained as many as we have; or does their presence here indicate some appreciation of the fact that the classics are not simply the most famous works but the most exciting ones?

That was the point to which, many years ago, Ambroise Vollard's instinct brought him, and the fact may well contain the explanation of his immense success as a dealer. One of his maxims is that pictures cannot be sold, they must sell themselves. Accordingly he set out to have only such works as would gain in value with the passing of time. He was interested in modern art—not so much because it would rise in price immeasurably faster than the older things, but because he saw his period as a very great one and wanted to have a share in it. Personal acquaintance with its best artists gave him invaluable counsel on what was essential in the modern period, but again one must recognize the justness of the man's own intuitions as one reviews the quantity of masterwork by Cézanne, Redon, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Degas, Renoir, Derain, Picasso, and others that he bought and stored away for the time when people should realize their worth. Today, well along in years, he shows a small part of the collections he has owned; and it makes clear why that house to which he retired on closing his gallery has been one of the most eagerly visited in Paris. Some of its contents, including a Cézanne of the first importance, are now on view at the Knoedler Gallery.

M. Vollard was an early admirer of Rouault, and indeed one reason for the difficulty of knowing this extraordinary painter was that his dealer wanted to delay showing his pictures till they should receive more appreciation. That time seems to have arrived, to judge from the attitude of visitors to the Rouault exhibition at the Pierre Matisse Gallery. What once seemed crudeness now appears as strength, lofty and even

gentle; what once seemed blackness is seen, on closer acquaintance, to come from a color sense as splendid as that of the ancient workers in enamel and in stained glass. Such painting, from a man still in middle life, gives one a sense of the importance of our period.

Testimony on this point perhaps even more conclusive is furnished by the Brancusi exhibition at the Brummer Gallery, to open November 15. With Rouault one thinks of those old-time artists I have named, and of Daumier. But if our contemporary is too powerful to permit the thought that he is trying to repeat the achievement of the past, he is still traditional—in the best sense of the word. Brancusi represents, at its best, the drive of our period toward new creation and at the same time toward definitiveness. If a parallel for this phase of his work is sought, it must be among such ancient races as the Egyptians, the Chinese, and the Mexicans, who through centuries of evolution arrived at the forms through which we define perfection. Like those men of long ago, Brancusi has passed from the copying of nature to the self-dependence of art, and he has done so with the same type of feeling—one that may fairly be described as religious; similarly, one sees in his art that obliviousness to the passing of time which caused whole families of ancient workmen to wear down the surfaces of a hard stone till exactly the right masses, the right curves had been achieved, often after the labor of more than a single lifetime. In such a spirit Brancusi has gone on, year after year, perfecting the forms which, in his youth, he divined in heads, birds, and other objects, but which only incessant comparison and toil could bring to their full expressiveness.

The fact that Marcel Duchamp is once more coming to America to take charge of the exhibition of his friend's work is not alone a measure of Brancusi's significance; it is perhaps even more an indication of the way in which the world of art, still rich in its modern freedom, is determined upon a resumption of the best line of its past.

WALTER PACH

Drama

"Backward, Turn Backward"

THUNDER ON THE LEFT" (Maxine Elliott Theater) is dramatized from the novel of the same name by Christopher Morley. The many admirers of that fantasy will doubtless know what it is all about and some of them at least may find the dramatic version a source of delight, but I must confess my own unfitness for the task of elucidating it. In the first place, I have only a vague general idea of what is supposed to happen to the child hero whose wish to be an adult for one day is gratified and who then returns in disgust to the infantile state. In the second place, I am temperamentally incapable of appreciating the Peter Pan motif for the simple reason that I have never been able to see the difference between the "boy who never grew up" and a case of what psychologists call arrested development. It is therefore not enough for me to say that I think "Thunder on the Left" a bad play. I must discount my own opinion by adding, in the immortal words of a famous clown, "Even if that was good I wouldn't like it."

Children are often delightful creatures, but to most people, I think, a considerable part of their charm lies just in the fact that their souls are proportioned to their bodies and that the promise of maturity is evident in both. To me at least it seems that only a sickly fancy could possibly wish to withhold for an indefinite period the fulfilment of that promise, or could fail to realize that what we admire as innocence is only an ignorance which seems appropriate. Transfer it, as Mr. Morley does, to

the body of a man and it becomes, like any other abnormality, monstrous and repulsive. His man with the soul of a child is not, as he was intended to be, a creature of airy charm. As soon as we actually see him, as soon as the conception is rendered concrete, we realize that he is merely a phenomenon for which we have familiar and ugly names. He is, that is to say, merely, a eunuch and a moron.

Most of the works of J. M. Barrie embody in some form or other what a Freudian would call a fantasy of regression. They are, in other words, imaginary escapes from the world of adult complexity into the sheltered universe of the child. But Barrie generally tends to disguise a fact which Mr. Morley's story emphasizes—the fact, that is, that the most characteristic feature of this infantile world is its sexlessness and that the boy who never grew up is primarily a boy to whom the adult world is incomprehensible because he does not feel the force of its most powerful urge. In so far as such fantasies are fundamentally insincere they are merely sentimental. In so far as they are products of a deep though perhaps wordless conviction, they are genuinely pathological, for the will to immaturity is neither healthy nor common. Most men and most women are glad to have grown up and most of them would have answered Dr. Johnson did Boswell's silly question about the passion of love. If it is unfortunate, then so too is the whole business of living.

As for the other two plays of the week, each gives the impression that it ought to have been better than it is. "Eight Hells" (Hudson Theater) is a tale of mutiny on the high seas which is blessed with an excellent situation and achieves a considerable degree of excitement, but which plods heavily along and finally leaves behind only a impression of stolid, uninspired competence. "Under Glass" (Ambassador Theater) is both better and worse in the sense that a talented amateurishness is always both better and worse than routine professionalism. It has some very bright lines and at moments works its characters into highly ludicrous situations, but it is marred by some of the most heavy-footed exposition and some of the most fatuous *litter dicta* which ever tripped up an otherwise sprightly farce. The two authors have probably realized by now how unnecessary both are.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Jean Cocteau's Film

BOTH films viewed this week are definitely dated—but for quite different reasons. Jean Cocteau's "Le Sang d'un Poète" (Fifth Avenue Playhouse), which is about three years old, very clearly marks the end of something—a period, possibly even an epoch. "Three Thieves" (Acme), produced in the U. S. S. R. seven or eight years ago, illustrates an abandoned direction, a stage not continued, in the development of what is usually considered the most strictly contemporary tradition of the screen. In both cases our interest is too historical to permit of a sufficiently pure response: we are too much aware of what we are witnessing is either over-ripe or not ripe enough. Yet both productions have very real intrinsic merits.

"Le Sang d'un Poète" is another exhibition of Cocteau's extraordinary and indefatigable virtuosity. If there are certain artists who impress by their ability to concentrate the most diverse materials of experience within the confines of a single chosen form, there are others who entertain and bewilder by their genius for distributing a narrower experience over a wide variety of forms. Cocteau, who has this second kind of genius, has not been content to run the whole gamut of literary forms

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from parody to tragedy. The need of his peculiar genius has driven him into the allied fields of music, painting, acting, the dance, and even philosophical discourse. What has actually provided the chief appeal of his work for so many people is the feeling that it creates of assisting at a collision—the collision of a personality already familiar to us with the conventions of a form with which it has never before been associated. Cocteau's cinema, like his verse, his drawings, and his "opera," can only be fully enjoyed if one takes pleasure in seeing what happens when a certain kind of personality tries to express itself in a new and unaccustomed medium. And it should theoretically be possible to receive this pleasure whether or not one happens to admire the particular personality in question. But even if one is unable to make such a temporary acceptance, there still remains much that can be both admired and enjoyed in Cocteau's work. The fact cannot be denied that this discipline of the symbolists and intimate of Picasso does possess wit, fancy and a highly developed sense of plastic line. All these things entering into his film, achieve at times an astonishing and truly beautiful fusion. The photography and direction, for example, are uniformly brilliant—something that cannot be said of any of the other *surréaliste* products shown in this country. Always the maximum of plastic beauty is extracted both from individual objects and from their arrangement in cinematic patterns (Many of the groupings of statuary and human figures are as good as the best Chiricos.) But this is possibly to suggest too free a play of the "plastic fallacy," for Cocteau also experiments richly with new effects of movement—the clogged, dreamlike course of the hero down the hallway, images progressing and receding in the third dimension, the crisscrossing of planes in the snowball battle. The lighting of this last episode—which is both pictorially and emotionally (if one can make such a distinction) the most unforgettable in the picture—is a miracle to which Hollywood would do well to pay homage. And the synchronization of Georges Auric's music—which is, incidentally, superior to any he has so far composed for the screen—is perfectly managed throughout. All this is to emphasize those aspects of Cocteau's film which might interest those for whom his poetry, his tortuously modern symbolism, will seem too absurd or difficult to be quite palatable. It is not possible here to compete for the prize which the Fifth Avenue is offering for the best solution of the Cocteau "riddle." Indeed, it is to be doubted whether such a contest can produce anything but more riddles to explain what Cocteau means can only lead to equally inexplicable abstractions. The meaning of all of Cocteau's productions lies in his personality, and a proper analysis of that personality would entail a pretty full account of what has happened to European culture in general and to the French tradition in particular in the last seventy years. Let us not trouble too much about "meanings": this is a poet's picture, and it will have meaning enough if its many separate elements of beauty are properly recognized and enjoyed.

"Three Thieves" belongs to that forgotten period of the Russian cinema when directors were still devoted to annihilating the bourgeoisie. Its purpose is to illustrate that stealing has quite the same human motive behind it whether the thief is a common pickpocket, a suave international crook, or a respectable banker. As satire it is crudely oversimplified to point its moral and its photography and direction reveal its age.

WILLIAM TROY



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NEITHER the American people nor those of Cuba are holding up recognition of the Grau government; it is the obstinacy or pique of a single individual—Sumner Welles, our Ambassador. Despite unprecedented difficulties the Grau regime has lasted more than two months, and apparently has not put down a serious rebellion. Does the United States want to have the Grau regime overthrown? Probably it will not succeed in doing this if it waits long enough and withholds its recognition, for failure to recognize the government will mean ultimately inability on its part to work out a constructive program. To the criticism that the Grau administration is not sufficiently "representative," it may be replied that it is as much so as the Cespedes government which Sumner Welles helped to install with his blessing. It is no legitimate function of the United States to pass judgment on the character of a Cuban government, but if Grau falls, Cuba is likely to have either another despotism—on the order of that of Machado—or a far more radical regime than now exists. Would Mr. Roosevelt prefer either of these alternatives? It is tragic that the United States should so completely fail in its opportunities in Cuba—a failure due not to lack of good intentions but to lack of understanding. It is paradoxical to preen ourselves on non-intervention when

actually our attitude is intervention. While we are grateful to the Washington Administration for not sending in marines, its policy is likely to produce anarchy and so compel the very action it seeks to avoid. The demand of Senator King of Utah that Ambassador Welles be replaced ought to be heeded.

THE RAPPROCHEMENT between the United States and the Soviet Union and the decision of the Roosevelt Administration to remove the battle fleet from Pacific waters next summer have already had some effect on the political situation in the Far East. For one thing, Japanese liberals appear to have found fresh courage. Since the resignation of Baron Shidehara from the Foreign Ministry two years ago they have been discreetly silent, fearing that criticism of the army program would invite reprisals such as befell Baron Takuma Dan, the industrialist, and Premier Suyoshi Inukai, who, far from being a liberal, was an intensely patriotic conservative. Now the liberals are speaking out again, though still cautiously. The Japanese government likewise seems to have adopted a less bellicose attitude, especially in its relations with the Soviet Union. Even the acknowledged leader of the militarists, General Sadao Araki, the War Minister, has come forward with a proposal for a Far Eastern peace conference to which the leading Powers, including the United States, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and France, would be invited. It is possible, since he includes Manchukuo among the "Powers" to be invited, that he believes this is one way of obtaining recognition of that puppet government. Yet the Araki proposal represents a change in the attitude of the militarists, for these nationalists have hitherto warmly contended that Asiatic problems were solely a matter of Asiatic concern and should be solved without help or interference from the Western Powers.

NATURALLY the Japanese change of heart, if it is indeed genuine, has not gone very far. The militarists and ultra-patriots compelled the court at Yokosuka to impose relatively light prison sentences on the assassins of Premier Inukai on November 9, although the prosecutor had asked that the men be put to death. And on November 8 the War Office announced that instead of reducing the army forces in Manchuria, as had been contemplated, it was increasing their strength by adding 10,000 men for "railway guard service." It is apparent that real reforms cannot be expected from the militarists. On the other hand, if either the militarists or liberals are disposed to interpret President Roosevelt's transfer of the battle fleet as an indication of a basic change in American policy they will be disappointed. Twice within the last few weeks American representatives at Geneva have made it clear that the United States regards Manchuria as being illegally occupied by Japanese military forces. The first time came when Stuart Fuller, speaking for the State Department at a public session of the Advisory Opium Commission, denounced Manchukuo's "state opium monopoly." Some days later the State Department formally notified the League of Nations that it could under no circumstances approve of Manchukuo's adherence to the Kellogg Pact or any

other multilateral treaty to which it is a party. There can be no question that the United States wants to remain on friendly terms with Japan, but it will not buy Japanese friendship at the expense of the peace treaties or by repudiating the Stimson doctrine of non-recognition of the Japanese conquest of Manchuria.

GREAT BRITAIN'S WITHDRAWAL from the tariff truce was not entirely unexpected. Italy also seems practically to have withdrawn its adherence. The armistice in the international trade war was arranged with a view to giving the world a breathing spell during which, or so it was hoped, the London Economic Conference could do something to end the economic war. But the London conference failed and hostilities were resumed. The Netherlands, the Irish Free State, Sweden, and Switzerland withdrew from the truce. It was not their action, however, that prompted Walter Runciman, president of the Board of Trade, to announce that the British government was following suit. It would be safer to attribute this decision to the Roosevelt currency and gold policy. The Runciman announcement was made immediately after the dollar had dropped below the old gold-standard parity with the pound sterling. British manufacturers saw their home market being flooded with cheap American goods. They insisted upon increased protection against such imports. In view of this situation and because American reservations make the tariff truce virtually meaningless so far as the United States is concerned, it is rather ironical to find Secretary of State Hull announcing that this country will continue to abide by the truce. Yet, hopeless though the case appears to be, we feel that we must commend Mr. Hull for the stand he has taken. The Secretary of State is fighting for an idea. He understands that, barring a revolutionary reconstruction of the world's economic system, the task of solving our trade problems is bound to be slow and painful. It must obviously begin with a truce that will halt the present trend toward ever higher trade barriers. To abandon this fight is to surrender to the forces that have been slowly paralyzing world trade.

OUR READERS will be interested in the appointment of Ernest Gruening, one of *The Nation's* Board of Editors, as the adviser to the American delegation to the Pan-American Conference to be held in Montevideo in December. Previous conferences have been of little value in the achievement of their ostensible purpose—the development of an understanding relationship between the United States and the countries of Latin America. Too often, in fact, the tactics of the delegates from the United States have served only to intensify the fears and resentments of nations already acutely aware of our dominating economic and political power. These fears have been met by vague expressions of good-will coupled with a cynical evasion of the real problems at issue. It is to be hoped that the appointment of Mr. Gruening as adviser to the delegation now on its way to Uruguay is to be taken as evidence that the Administration seriously intends to depart from the tactics of its predecessors and express in the concrete terms so long advocated by *The Nation* a policy of friendly cooperation. In another issue we plan to discuss in detail the work that the coming conference should undertake and the constructive results that it might accomplish in various ways.

EVIDENTLY in response to protests from all over the country, the United States Civil Service Commission has decided to amend its recently adopted rule fixing the maximum age of applicants for typists and stenographers at forty. It has extended the age limit to fifty-three. According to the official announcement of the change, it was made "in view of the present unemployment situation." This, of course, is almost as nonsensical as was the former rule. Not because many persons are out of work, but because forty is not an age accompanied by such senility as to make typewriting and stenography—or any other branch of intellectual work—impossible, the rule should stay amended. Baseball players and prize fighters may be through at forty. But the human brain, such as it is, is of more durable material. An age to bar persons over forty from any occupations except those requiring the utmost of brute force or youthful quickness is entirely indefensible.

NINE MONTHS AGO, with a new and more enlightened regime impending in Washington, the electric utilities of America assumed the garb of repentant sinner. They announced the abandonment of their political and propagandist activities and solemnly proclaimed their purpose to attend strictly to the electric business. The far-flung propaganda in schools and colleges, the subsidizing of professors, the rewriting and substitution of textbooks, the hiring of clubwomen as ghost writers, the domination of legislatures and public-service commissions—all this was to be more. And to emphasize the metamorphosis, the National Electric Light Association was formally extinguished, while from its ashes, phoenix-like, the Edison Electric Institute purified and sanctified, arose. At the time *The Nation* noting that the old officials (minus the Insulls, who were unavoidably absent) were directing the policies of the new organization, ventured to lift a skeptical eyelid. Alas, too soon are our suspicions confirmed! The leading editorial in recent *Electrical World* urges the utilities to "take political action" and utility officials to "make politics their major concern." This sounds like a return to the old form. But it is a newer and better form. "This does not mean," declares the power-industry organ, "potshotting at agitators, at racial politicians, placing definite facts in pamphlets for public distribution, an advertising campaign, or a lobbying contest with legislative bodies—these are incomplete, incorrect, and amateurish. It means a complete and thoughtfully prepared political program . . . in each community served, as well as in the State and national political forums. It means a strong organization based upon political competency; it means definite political action in the political arena."

EVERY USER of the highways must be concerned with the increasing appearance there of enormous vans which roar or groan along to the danger and inconvenience of ordinary vehicles. These huge power plants on wheels of a length, breadth, and weight wholly unfitted to move with ordinary traffic. They occupy the entire roadway in making a sharp turn and grind to pieces pavements which were never intended for such tonnage. Probably they would have been curbed long ago but for the difficulty in getting interdicted action. We are glad to note, therefore, that representatives of seventeen States met recently in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania at the invitation of the State legislature. They decided to

seventeen States were too many to act together at this time. Subsequent meetings of smaller groups of States are to be arranged, but it was unanimously resolved that the interest of taxpayers and private non-commercial motorists must be recognized as paramount in determining the dimensions and weights of motor vehicles. In aligning the railways with the users of ordinary cars at the conference, J. J. Pelley, president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, said that 97 per cent of the users of the highways were small vehicles. Trucks and buses contributed only 12 per cent of the vehicle fees and gasoline taxes, while wider and heavier highways for their accommodation cost 30 to 50 per cent of the total expenditures. Difference of opinion developed chiefly in regard to the length of trucks and truck-trailers. Some States allow as much as eighty-five feet. The American Association of State Highway Officials has voted for a maximum length of forty-five feet for truck and trailer. Even that is too liberal.

WHAT BIRTH-CONTROL legislation, as it exists, is entirely class legislation would be plain to almost anyone, even if it were not to be the main contention of the American Conference on Birth Control and National Recovery, to be held in Washington in January. The poor—who need it most—are unable to get information in regard to contraception, contraceptive materials are not available for them, and at a time when family limitation is imperative in many cases, owing to the scarcity of income, they are less able than in more normal times to buy the materials which most any drugstore sells. The conference will urge the adoption of appropriate legislation for the widespread dissemination of birth-control information as a part of the national-recovery program. At the same time it will protest against the general infraction of the law by the sale of products which make contraceptive claims that are often entirely unfounded. Margaret Sanger, commenting on the purpose of the national conference, said: "We are striving to mobilize public sentiment in favor of the bill now pending in Congress which would amend the present postal laws and thus would make it possible for hospitals and other medical agencies to give contraceptive service to the poor." It hardly seems necessary to add that this is a desirable objective, but the powerful opposition which has to date kept such laws off the statute books makes it necessary to exert all possible pressure in their favor.

GOVERNMENT BY INITIAL, as the Drifter calls it, has achieved one important victory. The C. C. C. (Civilian Conservation Corps) has made great headway in halting the insidious march of soil erosion which has been troubling us—in bad years as well as good—of a billion and a half tons of dirt and 54,000,000,000 pounds of phosphoric acid, nitrogen, and potash. According to the Forest Service, 13 emergency conservation work camps were established this year in badly eroded areas. When farmers were first approached for contracts to permit the erection of erosion-control dams on their land, their response was slow. Now they are beginning to learn the practical benefits of heading off gullies that eat into rich fields and carry their best soil to the nearest valley. The C. C. C. has planted millions of seedling trees in various Middle Western States to act as soil binders and to give employment to land so worn down by years of erosion that it can no longer grow any crop but

trees. In Indiana alone 22,000,000 black-locust seedlings have been set out. The Forest Service, as usual, is doing a necessary job expertly. And its educational effect upon the farmer is not its least important one. He is learning, for instance, that the alternation of sudden floods and severe drought is not an inevitable cycle but the result of preventable erosion. It may not seem to him worth while at the moment to save his soil, but he may find a use for it when the Forest Service or some other efficient authority has discovered a way of stopping the "inevitable" business cycle, and the vast areas laid waste by the erosions of our leading bankers have been planted with a thick growth of government trees.

WHAT the well-dressed Soviet envoy wears has been a matter of utmost interest to reporters recounting the visit of Maxim Litvinov to Washington. The *Baltimore Sun* reports that when he got off the boat in New York "his suit was finely tailored—of blue." According to the *New York Herald Tribune*, at the same moment Mr. Litvinov was wearing a "black fedora hat, double-breasted blue overcoat, and striped trousers." And by the time he had arrived at Washington and was arrayed for his call at the White House, the *New York Times* reporter described him as dressed in a "broad-brimmed black hat and black overcoat, with a white muffler knotted under his chin." It is, of course, possible that the Soviet envoy changed his clothes several times between the hour when the *Berengaria* docked and the hour of his meeting with President Roosevelt. Or perhaps the newspapers neglected to send their fashion reporters to cover the story and the news men proved themselves amateurs at sartorial observation. One can forgive them all when it is realized that whatever Mr. Litvinov wore was of secondary importance to what the Secretary of State should wear in making his acquaintance after so many years. Was it a formal occasion, demanding formal attire? Would it be quite the best of taste to greet a champion of the proletariat in a topper? Or was it merely preliminary to a formal occasion, when an ordinary—although doubtless finely tailored—business suit and a fedora would be more in keeping? These were the questions which shook the State Department to its foundations. Secretary Hull manfully solved the problem by choosing the business suit and the soft hat, thus probably putting the over-dressed Mr. Litvinov to shame if striped trousers is really what he wore. One will draw a long breath of relief after Russia is officially, fully, and completely recognized, and all occasions become automatically formal.

THE END OF PROHIBITION. *Time: December, 1919. Place: Any saloon. Dramatis Personae: Bartender, Customer, and Drinkers.*

BARTENDER, [confidentially, as he wraps up a quart of excellent Scotch]: You won't be able to buy this after January 19. You'd better lay in a supply.

Time: November, 1933. Place: Any speakeasy, cordial shoppe, blind pig, night club, restaurant, or hotel. Dramatis Personae: Bartender (or Bootlegger), Customer, and Drinkers.

BARTENDER, [confidentially, as he wraps up a quart of raw alcohol]: You won't be able to buy this after December 6. You'd better lay in a supply.

Justice to Russia

On January 4, 1919, The Nation published under the above title the editorial printed below. Since the date when this editorial first appeared five Presidents have sat in the White House. Russia has emerged from years of civil war, starvation, foreign invasion, and economic ruin with one of the stablest governments on the continent of Europe and a record of endurance and capacity for recovery that is the envy of the world. Long ago every great nation except the United States recognized the Soviet Government and has since dealt with it. The Nation reprints its editorial of fifteen years ago as a fitting commentary on present events.

FROM the start the unfriendly intent behind Allied intervention in Russia was revealed by the frank though futile opposition of President Wilson. His objections gave the situation away; he admitted it to be a bad business before he became a partner in it, and his final surrender served only to emphasize the helplessness of benevolent intentions before the cynical determination of the controlling forces among the Allies. The excuses offered from time to time by the governments engaged in crushing what the Germans had left of the Russian Revolution were dishonest and hypocritical, but they served their purpose for the time being. They quieted the protests of timid liberals. They stilled the natural objections of those who pointed out that our armies had been enlisted to fight Germany, not to carry on military operations against Russian workingmen. But the propaganda of lies and suppression of facts was indeed a house built upon the sands.

Even to persons who had no way of knowing the flimsy stuff of which the building was made, the course of the Allies in Russia must sometimes have seemed perplexing. The newspapers talked of German arms and German gold, and autocratic rule in Russia, and disorder and terror, and the Czecho-Slovaks, but every man with sympathy and imagination must have seen something more. He must have seen a great people struggling with the hardest problems a nation has ever faced, struggling to build out of disorder and corruption a new untried society, struggling to demobilize without suffering and upheaval fourteen million war-sick men, and to create fresh forces to defend the new-born revolution, struggling against German domination and intrigue and Czarist plots, struggling most fiercely of all against the horror of starvation—struggling, yet holding its head high and shouting its faith to an indifferent world. He must have seen with wonder the spectacle of the “great democracies of the West” picking up their weapons and trying to destroy that young faith with arms and lies and starvation.

He should have seen something of this. But if he failed to see before, surely he must see now; for the whole structure of falsehoods and excuses has collapsed. The “unstable” Soviet Government has lasted a year and a month in the face of all its trials and its enemies. The need of an Eastern front against Germany disappeared with the signing of the armistice. The duty of chasing the Germans out of Russia disappeared at the same time, and the German troops were actually invited to stay in the invaded parts of Russia to help the Allies in “preserving order.” The Czecho-Slovaks are dis-

covered to have been offered by the Bolshevik Government free passage through Russia if they would return home in peace. Arms and materials of war are no longer in danger of falling into the hands of an imperial Germany. The most hostile critics of bolshevism are now loudest in their assertions of its complete hold upon the people of Russia. And as for the disorder and chaos and terror which have formed the most recent and widely advertised Allied excuse, the *New Statesman*, always bitter in its opposition to the Bolshevik Government, is reported as saying in its latest issue: “Order is more thoroughly established in Russia now than at any time since the fall of Czardom. Food distribution is better organized than at any time during the whole war. Factories are rapidly starting up again as fast as raw material can be obtained. . . . Terror has ceased. It has been greatly exaggerated.”

New voices are being raised in every country demanding the facts about Russia, demanding the reasons for intervention, demanding action by the Peace Conference. It looks as though Allied statesmen would be forced to listen, at least and to answer. The latest reports from Paris indicate that the Allies do not intend for the present to undertake intervention on a large scale, but are to keep their troops in Russia to give “moral support” to those “orderly” governments that are or may be in existence, and send forces into the Ukraine to relieve the departing Germans. This is the moment when the question is up for decision, when every word counts. Will the cry of the people be loud enough to carry through the padded walls of the palace at Versailles? The men who will gather there are commonly called statesmen; but they are also politicians, and politicians will always listen to the voice of the people if it is loud enough and speaks in no uncertain terms. Not as political partisans or “intellectuals” or “liberals,” but as honest men of decent impulses, we Americans must tell the government that represents us the only course that seems to us to accord with the principles of self-determination which it has proclaimed.

We ask the withdrawal, as rapidly as physical conditions permit, of all American troops from Vladivostok and northern and southern Russia, and meanwhile the complete cessation of hostilities. We ask that the plans announced for a military expedition into the Ukraine be abandoned. We ask the recognition of the Soviet Government and, as the immediate consequence of such action, negotiations leading to the establishment of commercial relations with Russia. We ask that the diplomatic and other accredited agents of the Soviet Government be received and that Boris Bakhmeteff, the so-called Russian Ambassador, be deprived of the diplomatic and financial privileges now accorded him. We ask that all unfriendly propaganda carried on by the Government of the United States or any of its branches immediately cease. We ask that the Government of the United States bring pressure upon the Allies to abandon their present policy in Russia and secure, under threat if need be of complete dissociation from their plans, the withdrawal of all Allied troops. We ask that representatives of the Soviet Government be admitted to the Peace Conference. We ask the prompt dispatch, and cooperation with the Soviet Government, of food and cloth-

g and necessary industrial and agricultural machinery for le or free distribution. We ask these things for the Russian revolution and the starving people of Russia; but even more e ask them in order that the United States may for its own ke share in righting an intolerable wrong, that no man in is war shall have died for empty words and worthless arases, and that from this time forth the world may be made rever safe for hopeful experiments and new adventures in mocracy.

Liquor's New Problems

WITH the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, the "noble experiment" has passed into history. The problem of legalized liquor control now confronts the people of America anew. It will be one of the first subjects of legislation by the Congress which convenes in January. Yet for this momentous change in our national *mores* little preparation has been made other among the prohibition or anti-prohibition forces.

Fortunately, however, the penetrating study initiated under the auspices of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., by a group of social scientists is at hand to serve as an admirable guide and approach to the problems now imminent through the impending return of legal liquor sales. The results of this study are embodied in a volume just published under the authorship of Raymond B. Fosdick and Albert L. Scott.* This volume ought to be placed immediately in the hands of all who will participate in liquor-control legislation.

In its historical approach, the report points out that there is no "solution" of the liquor problem if by solution is meant some system or scheme which would be a short cut to a cure. It emphasizes the patent truth that no wave of the legislative wand can accomplish what the saints and sages have failed to achieve since the beginnings of ordered society. The attempt to control the use of intoxicating beverages by law is centuries old; almost every variety of statute has been tried in recent times. Thus, in a century, the people of one State, Massachusetts, have successively experimented with a stringent license, qualified prohibition, the so-called "Maine law" of prohibition, high license with local option, a return to modified prohibition, low license, again high license with local option, and finally prohibition. The authors express the reasonable view that indifference or a laissez faire attitude on the part of the public and governing authorities will mean the inevitable return of evils of which the younger generation may perhaps now be unaware, but which stand out vividly in the memory of those of middle age or older. It is scarcely an exaggeration, they assert, to say that the liquor business as organized in the pre-prohibition days "stood for everything that decency was opposed to, and fought everything that decency desired." Among those abuses the saloon, in particular, must not be allowed to return. Equally important is the necessity of eradicating the peculiar consequences of prohibition—bootlegging, racketeering, gangsterism, the breakdown of governmental machinery.

Foremost of the report's recommendations is that the profit motive must be taken out of the liquor trade. Not

only is this stressed as an axiom in the body of the book, but John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the study's sponsor, emphasizes it in his foreword. His position, perhaps the outstanding pillar of the profit system, lends peculiar cogency to his view "that only after the profit motive is eliminated is there any hope of controlling the liquor traffic in the interest of a decent society. To approach the problem from any other angle is only to tinker with it and to insure failure. This point cannot be too heavily stressed."

In pursuance of this objective, the authors of the report incline strongly to the "authority plan"—State management of the distribution and sale of the heavier alcoholic beverages—which means simply elimination of the private retail liquor business. The State, they believe, should be the largest political entity to be considered from a legislative standpoint, except that manufacturing taxes should be exclusively federal. In urging the elimination of profit from the sale of liquor, the report makes a complete distinction between fermented and distilled liquors, between beer and light wine on the one hand and beverages of higher alcoholic content on the other. It is deemed indispensable to furthering temperance that 3.2 beer be considered as non-intoxicating, and that its sale be allowed by every agency that desires to dispense it, with permits so low in price as in no wise to interfere with consumption. Only somewhat slighter restrictions should govern the sale of light wines.

As for the heavier liquors, Messrs. Fosdick and Scott believe that the legislative program should be designed first and foremost to drive out the bootlegger, the racketeer, and the corrupt official by making taxes so low that the illicit liquor trade will be starved out. The objective of taxation should be primarily, they properly declare, neither revenue nor punishment but social regulation. After a preliminary period to be tested by experience, the price of beverages of high alcoholic content should be steadily increased through progressive taxation, with the object of limiting consumption. But this increase should not take place until the underground trade is virtually stamped out. Apart from import duties to be correlated with manufacturers' taxes levied by the federal government and reallocated in part to the liquor-selling States, it is recommended that all taxes be levied by the States. There should be no local levies. Nor should political entities yield to the temptation to load on to the liquor trade governmental deficits, which would defeat the essential objective of keeping prices low for a time and thereby driving the moonshiner, the bootlegger, and the whole system of corruption out of existence.

Finally, the study points out that the success with which the liquor problem is dealt with depends on the education of public opinion, and that legislation should be related to the existing attitude of the communities as and when it is modified by education and experience. "If the new system is not rooted in what the people of each State sincerely desire . . . it makes no difference how logical and complete it may appear as a statute—it cannot succeed."

The Nation believes that this intelligent and rational approach to the problem of alcohol consumption provides a challenge to the intelligence of our American society. We are starting again with a virtually clean slate. Have we the sense to benefit from past experience? Have we the courage to remove the profit from the sale of liquor? Have we the wisdom to keep the traffic free from its historic abuses?

* "Toward Liquor Control." By Raymond B. Fosdick and Albert L. Scott. With a Foreword by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

Our Courts on Trial

IN three trials set for early hearing the quality of American justice is to be tested, especially in regard to its capacity to triumph over race or class prejudice. We have in mind the case against George Crawford, colored, accused in Virginia of the murder of Mrs. Agnes Boeing Ilsley in 1932; the trial of the Negro young men indicted in Scottsboro, Alabama, for the rape of two white girls in 1931; and the proceedings against Athos Terzani, charged with the murder of Anthony Fierro in New York City last July.

Virginia and Alabama have reacted in opposite ways to national public opinion in regard to their administration of justice. Crawford's case was lifted into national prominence by the refusal of Judge Lowell of the federal bench in Massachusetts to send the accused man back to Virginia for trial on the ground that Negroes were denied representation on the grand jury which found the indictment. When the Supreme Court reversed this ruling, there was fear that Crawford might be railroaded to death by irate Virginians. But Virginia appears to have responded to national apprehension about her justice by an intelligent and humane effort to give Crawford equality before the law and to prosecute him in such a way that the outside world cannot do other than credit Virginians with fair play. It was first thought possible that the indictment proceedings might be reopened and a new grand jury assembled which would include Negroes. This has been denied by Judge McLemore, but—what is more important—it has been decided that Negroes shall be included in the panel for the trial jury before which Crawford is to be brought on December 12.

Unfortunately we cannot say as much in regard to the seven Negroes (originally nine) under accusation in Alabama. Instead of acting in a way to allay outside apprehension about the fairness of Alabama justice, the judicial officers and at least a large number of the people in general seem bent upon giving their State a bad name. Negroes have been lynched and terrorized; white attorneys trying to defend members of the race have been intimidated. After Judge Horton's annihilating criticism of the State's case, when he set aside the second verdict of guilty against Heywood Patterson, prosecution of all the defendants should in ordinary fairness have been dropped. But a new trial has been set for November 27 at Decatur. This will probably take place, although four men acting for the defense, but posing as salesmen, have interviewed more than 500 residents of Morgan County and signed affidavits which declare the existence of wide prejudice and a desire to destroy the Scottsboro prisoners by any means.

The prosecution of Terzani is not itself a manifestation of race prejudice, although it grew out of the attempt to spread Hitlerism in America. Terzani's comrade, Fierro, was killed in a riot at a meeting in New York of the discredited Khaki Shirts of Philadelphia. Terzani, an acknowledged radical, seems to have been picked as a victim to shield the actual culprit. "General" Smith of the Khaki Shirts is quoted by the *Philadelphia Record* as boasting: "We killed one radical and sent nineteen others to a hospital." Terzani deserves the best possible defense at his trial on December 12.

John Jay Chapman

WE shall not have good government in the United States till the people get over their personal dishonesty; but when we do get it, it will last without effort." We have taken this sentence from the writing of John Jay Chapman, whose death has just been recorded. More than thirty-six years ago he wrote, with his singularly frank and unsparing pen, that "the downfall of the old social system and the redistribution of every force in the community is inevitable." A leader in the good-government movement of the eighteen-nineties, Mr. Chapman was quick to see through the shams of the society in which he lived. He recognized that the real objective was not Tammany but the dishonest respectables who stood behind the bosses.

In his essay on "Society," Mr. Chapman portrayed himself as being in his club next to an important man whose corporation had just given a large sum to a political organization and near a lawyer who had just received a large fee from the city "for work which would not have brought him more than one-fifth of the amount if done for a private client," and a doctor who "knows what all these men are and how they make their money; yet he dines at their houses and gets business from them." It was plain why Mr. Chapman was not considered a very desirable person in the heyday of his political activity, especially when he published a little newspaper called the *Political Nursery* in which he told the plain, unvarnished truth about the powers that were at the time, including that great reformer, Theodore Roosevelt. But the years lapsed; his pen wandered off to other things and was silent for years at a time. One who should have been a great reform leader, because he united in his person culture—in the best sense—brilliance, amazing courage, and plain speaking to a degree, passed early out of the picture.

He was "too erratic" people said—that is, he was a respecter of persons. "His judgments were often wrong"—because they were unconventional. "It was not possible to agree with some of his contentions"—because they went to the heart of things in a most uncomfortable manner. "He would do such odd things"; yes, he once even went to Coatesville, Pennsylvania, just after it had been dishonored and disgraced by an especially brutal lynching, in order to voice his protest and utter a prayer; and he did that though he had but two auditors—one an old colored woman—just as Abraham Lincoln once had to deliver a weighty address to only two persons in Springfield, Illinois. Surely paladins of this type are not so frequent in American life that they can be well spared. It was partly ill-health that took him back to his study. When the war came—to bring him a dreadful personal loss and the most acute suffering of his life in the death of a beloved and most promising son—all the long pent-up feelings burst forth. For him, sincerely and truly the Germans were the enemies of all, whose defeat was essential to the safety of everything that mankind held dear.

But nothing quite explains the failure of the promise of Chapman's youth. Was it that his comfort and his future were always assured? Wealth has much to plead guilty to; does it ever sin worse than when it silences a gifted pen, a brilliant mind, a noble soul, born without fear and enshrined in a physique intended by nature to stand out among all men?

Issues and Men

An Open Letter the President Might Have Sent

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

November 22, 1933

DEAR FARMER COMPATRIOTS: Although within a week I am to take train to Des Moines in order to motor through Iowa, Kansas, Wisconsin, and Indiana to see for myself exactly what your conditions are and to discuss the situation with as many of you as possible, personally, at your county seats, I send you this letter now that you may understand exactly how I feel about your extraordinarily difficult, bitter, and trying situation. I want you to know that my Administration has been considering your problems from all possible angles, and that it has already put into motion various relief measures of which you have heard. Their good effect you should begin to feel almost immediately. I deeply regret that I could not see eye to eye with the five governors who recently called upon me with the request that the government fix prices for all foodstuffs. That may seem to some like a simple and easy way out of the situation. It is nothing of the kind. It would be extraordinarily difficult, not impossible. It would further disrupt the ordinary processes of trade by putting the farmers' business upon an entirely arbitrary basis, and even that would not work unless every one of you came into the scheme. Do you believe that that would be possible?

One important thing I am going to do, however, without loss of time. I am calling Congress in special session on December 16 to declare a nation-wide moratorium on all farm mortgages for the period of one year. That will enormously restore your confidence and courage, I am sure. It means that for that breathing spell you will not have to pay interest, and that your homes will not be foreclosed. That this action will jeopardize many institutions which are dependent upon farm-mortgage interest for their support, I cannot deny. We shall have to take care of these so far as possible through an emergency appropriation from Congress, or the existing funds of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. But this immediate nation-wide relief you are thoroughly entitled to.

Next let me make an honest confession. When we instituted the NRA, I told the country that I was not certain about the working of some phases of it, but that I would be the first to lead in retracing our steps if necessary. I now see we have made a great mistake in not giving as much time and effort to the restoration of our foreign trade as I have to other phases of our recovery program. I am going to retrace my steps now, or rather I am going to set them in this hardly tried path. Secretary Hull has valiantly been trying to bring out reciprocal tariff agreements with various countries, but he finds that the negotiations for commercial agreements with Argentina, Brazil, and various other countries have not got ahead for the reason that we have no fixed commercial or tariff policies. Our tariffs have been the football of politics, dictated by sectional interests, and too often purchased outright by the privileged beneficiaries of these duties. When

Congress meets I shall personally go before it and demand an immediate lateral reduction of tariffs. I know that I shall be opposed, but if necessary I shall campaign over the radio and on the stump to make my fellow-countrymen realize that this is one of the most vital steps that could possibly be taken to restore not only the prosperity of the farmer and of our country but of the whole world. Every nation is now surrounded by high tariffs, constantly changing, not only because they are constantly raised and lowered, but because they are daily affected by the changing values of the existing currencies of the world, so that nowhere can a merchant feel certain of the medium of exchange of his own country or of that with which he seeks to do business. This gravely hinders the recovery of the whole world.

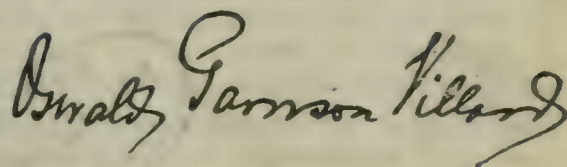
You have been told in the past—I have myself sinned in that direction—that you should be brought into the charmed tariff circle, that additional tariffs should be put on for you and that others should be raised. I see that I have been wrong, and that what you need most of all now is not more tariffs, but fewer; that the cost of everything you buy—your clothing, your tableware, your shirts, your farm machinery, and all the rest—has been raised by the tariffs. I am going to lower them and reduce your costs, and that, I believe, will work quicker benefits for you than anything I could do in the way of stabilizing prices by government price-fixing. If Congress acts promptly, we shall see a great increase in our import and export trade during the year of your moratorium. For, believe me, we cannot sell our surpluses above our own needs to other nations which need them so badly unless we ourselves buy from them. There is no other way of carrying on international trade.

One final word. Bad, almost terrifying, as your situation is, remember that violence will get you nowhere. You have the right to refuse to sell if you please, but when you try by force to keep others from selling and to prevent the children of our cities and their parents from getting food, you are taking an unsocial step which it is my sworn duty to resist if I have to call out every regular soldier and every national guardsman in the country. Let me warn you, too, against listening to the advice of those who think that inflation is the road to success. That would spell ruin for us all, and *I shall never yield* to the pressure for it. I shall cite examples of what has happened when inflation has been resorted to here and abroad, when we meet personally next week.

Your servant and friend,

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

This letter is respectfully submitted to the President of the United States by his friend,



The Burning of the German Reichstag

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

ON January 30, 1933, after the fall of the Schleicher Government, Adolf Hitler, leader of the National Socialist Party (Nazis), became Chancellor of Germany. The German National Party controlled the government, the Reichswehr, and the offices of greatest economic importance.

On February 24 a search of the Karl Liebknecht House, Communist headquarters in Berlin, by a newly appointed police commissioner, Von Levetzow, a National Socialist, "revealed" incriminating documents found in "newly discovered cellars and catacombs under the premises," and this in spite of the fact that former Commissioner Melcher had searched these headquarters on various occasions without result. These documents—never made public—are said to show that the Communists threatened an immediate revolution, the signal for which was to be the burning of the German Reichstag. Strangely enough, no extra guard was placed at the building.

At about 9:10 p.m. on February 27 a fire broke out in the Reichstag, seriously damaging the building, chiefly through the complete gutting of the Plenary Session Chamber. Some 1,500 men were immediately arrested in Berlin alone, including the chief members of the Communist and the Social Democratic parties. Many of the arrests were made by the S. A.—Brown Shirt troopers—under the direction of Count Helldorf. When asked in court how he was able immediately to attribute the fire to the Communists and the Social Democrats, who were at first likewise charged, Helldorf's answer was: "I knew the fire to be the work of law-breakers. These people, enemies of the government, are law-breakers. Therefore I knew they were responsible for the fire."

On March 6 the German elections were held. The Communist Party was outlawed. As a result the Nazis, alone and without association with the National Party, had a majority in the Reichstag. It was thus apparent that regardless of who set fire to the Reichstag the Nazis were the beneficiaries.

Government communiques stated that Marinus van der Lubbe, who was found in the Reichstag after the fire, bore a Dutch passport and a Communist membership card; that Ernst Torgler, leader of the Communist fraction in the Reichstag, had left the building after the fire had broken out; that it must have taken at least ten men to have placed the incendiary material, and that at least seven were engaged in the arson. Torgler was not immediately apprehended. Hearing that his name was mentioned in connection with the fire, he went to the police the next day to demand an explanation. He was taken into custody. A few weeks later three Bulgarians, dining together in one of the Bargernhof restaurants, were noted as suspicious characters. They were arrested and immediately charged with complicity in the fire.

The interest of the world became centered in the case. It was taken for granted that the prisoners would not receive a fair trial. Many witnesses for the defense were political refugees in foreign countries. It seemed impossible to obtain legal representation for the defendants. Foreign law-

yers were denied them. A commission of inquiry was set up in London comprised of the following: D. N. Pritt, K. C. of England (who acted as chairman), Madame Dr. Bakker-Nort of Holland, Gaston Bergery of France, George Branting of Sweden, Vald Hvidt of Denmark, Moro-Giafferi of France, Pierre Vermeulen of Belgium, and myself. There has been criticism that any commission should have the presumption to inquire in advance into the facts of a law case in a foreign country. Naturally, we had no authority or power. We could not subpoena witnesses; there was no opportunity for cross-examination by lawyers prepared to present a special point of view. Some of us felt, however, that the procedure set rather a valuable precedent. None of the members of the commission were either Communists or Nazis; all were lawyers. None had any reason to consider the case from any but an objective point of view. There was a vast body of evidence obtainable from German refugees which would not be available to a German court. We did not presume to come to any final conclusion but merely to base our findings on evidence that was submitted to us.

As a matter of fact that evidence had considerable probative force. Witnesses appeared not only from the Communist Party but from the Social Democratic Party—opponents of the Communists. They were able to testify as to the guarding of the Reichstag, the means of obtaining ingress and egress to the building, and general political conditions in Germany. A subcommittee took evidence in Holland in order to get all data available concerning Van der Lubbe. In fact, as against the evidence of sixteen witnesses who appeared before the subcommittee, the German court later received the evidence of a police commissioner, Heisig, who merely reported the result of his investigations in Holland.

We had evidence of Torgler's activities both on the day of the fire and prior thereto. One of the witnesses, Koenen, Communist deputy, who had left the Reichstag with Torgler on the night of the fire, testified that he, Torgler, and a woman secretary of the Communist Party left the building at about 8:25, walking at a slow pace because the secretary had inflammation in the veins of her leg. This contrasted with the official statement that Torgler had hurried from the premises after the outbreak of the fire. We had evidence from Torgler's lawyer to the effect that he had gone with Torgler to the police, whereas the official press statement intimated that Torgler had tried to flee. Torgler's son testified to the normal life at home and that his father had made no preparations to escape. Another Communist deputy, Kuhne, testified that Torgler had spent the night with him. He gave evidence as to the vain searches at the Karl Liebknecht House until the occasion of February 24, when the lucky find of incriminating documents was made.

Evidence was submitted as to Dimitrov's alibi. It was proved conclusively that Dimitrov was in Munich for several days prior to and throughout the day of the fire. There was evidence that Tanev arrived in Berlin from Moscow just three days before the fire and that both he and Popov, close friends of Dimitrov, had remained with Dimitrov in Ber-

until March 9, when they all were arrested on suspicion.

Evidence was submitted from the official reports to the effect that a vast amount of inflammable material was found in the Reichstag. More than one witness testified that during the week prior to the fire there was general talk of some provocative act which would give an excuse for the arrest of Communists.

For five days, from morning till night, in public sessions and in private hearings, from witnesses whose names were revealed and from others whom we were obliged to protect by keeping their names secret, from refugees living outside of Germany and from some who came incognito from Germany, we obtained facts which laid the foundation for certain tentative conclusions. It was clear that Van der Lubbe, who had set the fire, was not a member of the Communist Party; that the Communist Party was in no way involved; and that Torgler, Dimitrov, Popov, and Tanev were innocent.

The next question was whether Van der Lubbe could have committed the crime alone, and we concluded that this was impossible. In view of the guarding of the Reichstag, the difficulty of obtaining entrance, and the difficulty of escape, we concluded that it was likely that an underground tunnel between the Reichstag building and the house of resident Göring was the means of ingress and egress. This led to the further conclusion that there was grave reason to suspect that the Reichstag was set on fire by or on behalf of leading personalities of the National Socialist Party."

Following the report of the commission, which was made public on the night of September 20, I went to Leipzig to attend the trial. In August I had visited there and had had talk with Dr. Paul Teichert, who had been appointed attorney for the three Bulgarians. I had a power of attorney from the defendants. I had asked Teichert if it would be possible for me to join him as counsel for the defense, whether he would consult with me, whether I might see the prisoners, whether the court would accept evidence taken outside of Germany, whether I would be permitted to see the official indictment which contained the statements of all witnesses against the defendants. I finally requested, if nothing could be arranged, that I be permitted to attend the trial. Teichert seemed interested in little else than my passport, so I petitioned the court along the above lines. Permission was given for my attendance at the trial.

In Leipzig I found other foreign lawyers interested in the defense—Grigorov and Detchev of Bulgaria, Villard of France, and Leo Gallagher of Los Angeles. During the course of the trial other foreign lawyers appeared, but they left after a day or two. And after some weeks Leo Gallagher was barred from court and Grigorov, Detchev, and Villard were arrested, held in jail, and finally expelled from Germany. The cause was a rather tactless letter they wrote to the court suggesting that the defendants had been framed by the police department.

In the proceedings I was less than a lawyer, but more than an observer. On occasion Communists, who were fearful of the defense lawyers, would bring evidence to me. I was able to suggest certain lines of inquiry and examination. There were questions of getting evidence outside of Germany. There were protests to be made to the court as well as to the prosecution in connection with matters that arose in the course of the trial. Many incidents seemed curious to me, but that may have been because of my lack of knowledge of

German legal procedure. Hearsay evidence is admitted; self-serving declarations are accepted; cross-examination, as we know it, hardly exists. Witnesses are examined by the judge, who has before him the testimony taken by the court of investigation, and this in itself puts a judge in the position of an inquisitor.

The court was always solicitous to protect the witnesses from criticism and it was absolutely insistent that the court and police officials, who had made the preliminary investigation, should not be insulted by reflections upon their impartiality in handling the case. Dimitrov was often barred from the court as punishment for his irrepressible insistence on making statements or asking questions which the court barred. The court was anxious to give the impression that it handled the case objectively. Predispositions and prejudices can be learned only from the verdict. I left before the "political" phase of the trial, when Göring and Goebbels, ostensibly called to answer the charges that they were implicated, seem to have turned the court into a public Nazi forum and to have brazenly demanded the heads of the defendants.

Van der Lubbe was the first witness to be called before the bench. He had to be lifted from his chair. He was a pathetic, abject figure, absolutely passive and as expressionless as a dumb ox. He would sit with his head almost resting on his knees. During the day he would grow greener and paler and at times I did not think he would last the night. He seemed utterly oblivious to what was going on. A psychiatrist testified that Van der Lubbe was sane, but his testimony that Van der Lubbe was employing communistic tactics seemed to discredit his medical opinion.

Dimitrov was next called before the judges. From the beginning he has been the stormy petrel of the case. The man is not only brave but reckless. Whenever during the course of the trial he got to his feet, he would by the force of his personality place the court, the German audience, and the Nazis on the defensive. At the first question of the court Dimitrov insisted upon making a statement. The court said it was not the time. Dimitrov answered that he had been waiting for months to declare his innocence. The court tried to stop him, but Dimitrov, apparently smarting under a sense of injustice, shouted: "You must excuse me if I am not calm. For five months, day and night, I was kept in chains! The whole case has been framed! I am an accidental defendant. I am an innocent man!" Dimitrov insisted upon stating then and there that he had not been in Berlin within days of the fire; that he had never met Torgler or Van der Lubbe; that all his activities in Germany had been in behalf of the Bulgarian Communist Party. The court asked if he had been traveling under a false passport and had failed to report to the police, to which Dimitrov answered, "Naturally." The court asked if he had been involved in the bombing of the Sofia cathedral. Dimitrov answered that he had left Bulgaria years before that time. The court said: "You were sentenced to death in connection with that affair." Dimitrov replied that he had read that in various foreign papers but that it did not interest him, and added, "This was a provocative act in order to put the blame on the Communists"; and then loudly and with great emphasis, "Those things sometimes happen in Germany." So Dimitrov began, and throughout he showed the same moral force and courage. Nothing, not even exclusion from the

court, could stop him. On his next appearance he was as fiery as ever. While from the point of view of the defense it would have been helpful to prove that Van der Lubbe committed the crime alone, Dimitrov insisted that he must have had accomplices, and when the experts so testified, Dimitrov rose from his chair between two police officers and shouted: "That is what I say! We now have Faust; who is the Mephistopheles?"

Torgler, the only German defendant, contrasted very neatly with Dimitrov. He is calm, quiet, and persuasive. He likewise insisted on starting his story by declaring his innocence. He had learned socialism from his mother, had always been a Socialist, had served in the war, was wounded and gassed. On his return he went back to the tailor shop where he had worked for years and later was sent to the Reichstag.

Popov, another of the Bulgarians, is distinctly of a student type. He is composed and restrained, but persuasively definite. On the night of the fire he and Tanev had had dinner and had then gone to a motion-picture theater. He remembered the occasion because he had returned to the theater for his gloves which he had left behind. It was pointed out to him that on his arrest he had not given the same explanation of his movements, to which he replied: "That does not surprise me. It is not strange that I did not remember at first. The day was like any other day to me."

Tanev, the third of the Bulgarians, is a shoemaker, quiet and dignified in his demeanor but with neither the intelligence of Popov nor the force and vigor of Dimitrov. He had reached Berlin just three days before the fire. He was likewise an exile from Bulgaria but had come to Berlin in the expectation of a political amnesty in his own country.

Weeks passed before any evidence appeared which would even tend to connect the defendants, other than Van der Lubbe, with the fire. Van der Lubbe stated that he had climbed through a window of the Reichstag with "coal and cinder" fire materials; that he had found himself in the restaurant; that he had set some fires there; that having run out of "coal and cinder" he had used his shirt as a torch; he had burned curtains, then a tablecloth he had found in a chest, then towels he had found on a washstand. He must have rushed through the building like a crazy man—from the restaurant to the main hall, back to the restaurant, then to the basement, through the kitchens, to the washroom, then upstairs again to the Plenary Hall, where finally the big fire developed. Finally he was caught, sweaty, begrimed, dirty, coatless, and shirtless, but indifferent. Steadfastly he insisted that he had no accomplices.

In court his answers were mostly monosyllabic, often contradictory. The evidence was taken through reading his statements in the earlier interrogations. After weeks of this sort of thing one began to think that it was true that he had done the act alone, particularly since he had tried to set three fires the preceding Saturday night, one of them in a welfare office against which he had a personal grievance. Experts later testified that more than one must have been concerned in the act. The official reports had referred to a large number of persons and to a vast quantity of inflammable material. The evidence, however, showed that there was very little, if any, inflammable material in the Reichstag, although two witnesses said they saw a torch and that there was a streak of gasoline which appeared on the carpet at one place. Fi-

nally one of the experts testified that the fire must have been set through the use of some self-inflammable material. In his opinion Van der Lubbe was a decoy and had had nothing whatever to do with the main fire in the Plenary Hall.

Evidence was introduced to show the careful guarding of the Reichstag. While apparently this was intended to lead to the conclusion that the Nazis were not concerned in the fire, yet it likewise exculpated the defendants. Considerable testimony was given concerning the underground passage between the Reichstag and the palace of Minister Göring, and Nazi witnesses were called to deny their own complicity. All of this was done to disprove allegations made to the contrary in the "Brown Book" and to answer the tentative conclusions of the London commission. The court was not only trying the defendants but permitting the Nazis to defend themselves from the attacks made upon them.

After four weeks came the only evidence which would at all connect the defendants other than Van der Lubbe with the fire. In an Anglo-Saxon court this would have been presented within a few days of the beginning of the trial. There were alleged identifications, exclusively by Nazis, who claimed to have seen Torgler with Van der Lubbe and with Popov. The statements of these witnesses are self-contradictory and on their face preposterous. Two of them claimed to have seen Van der Lubbe with Torgler in the Reichstag on the afternoon of the fire. Others claimed to have seen Popov with Torgler, and witnesses fixed the time of their observations so that Popov must have spent most of the afternoon in the Reichstag. If Torgler contemplated a serious crime, it seems strange that he should have so exhibited his associates in a public corridor and so openly provided evidence. He might as well have called in the movies! Moreover, the witnesses gave different descriptions of Popov's clothing and could not describe Van der Lubbe's clothes at all, although his ragged and ill-fitting garments were, according to other witnesses, the significant features that attracted attention. The witnesses identified Van der Lubbe by his face and posture, which they observed at the police station, but they did not remember his clothes! The explanation may well be that these were destroyed in the fire and they had thus had no opportunity to refresh their recollection. Nor has anyone explained how a man of Van der Lubbe's appearance could have entered the Reichstag during the day, unobserved by guards and employees, and why, if he was working inside, he should have left and entered from the outside.

A witness claimed to have seen Popov running from a door in the Reichstag which the evidence showed was locked. This witness was at first unable to describe Popov or his clothes to the police. Later, after seeing Popov, he identified the man but described garments which Popov did not possess and which were so different from those seen by others earlier in the day that one would be obliged to conclude that Popov made kaleidoscopic changes from a large wardrobe.

Two other witnesses testified to the surprising fact that Torgler, a German deputy, carried brief cases on the day of the fire and from this would have the court conclude that he was carrying fire materials or chemicals.

A witness testified that on the day of the fire or within a few days thereof he observed Van der Lubbe in front of the Communist quarters in the Reichstag carrying a box on his shoulders, and that Tanev was "keeping him company." The difference in size attracted the attention of the witness—

and Tanev did not have "German eyes." This witness stated that he had seen Tanev go to the Communist rooms on many occasions. Apparently he did not know that Tanev had arrived in Berlin just three days before the fire.

Another witness claimed to have seen Dimitrov with Van der Lubbe. Dimitrov wanted to know if this witness had agreed to fit his evidence with the one who on another occasion claimed to have seen Tanev with Van der Lubbe. The answer of the witness was, "I am a German officer." Dimitrov insisted that that did not interest him, but the court refused to permit further questions.

All of this alleged evidence of identification is too preposterous to be seriously considered. It is of the same character as the testimony of one witness who regarded it as a suspicious circumstance that Koenen, a Communist deputy, had arrived at the Reichstag on the day of the fire with his coat collar turned up—this was in winter—and who saw Dimitrov, who concededly was in Munich on February 27, the day of the fire, leave the Reichstag on that afternoon with two other persons and heard Dimitrov mutter: "The Reichstag will blow up in twenty minutes."

Probably the question of Van der Lubbe's accomplices will always remain a mystery. The inference is inescapable that others were concerned with him. But there is no direct evidence of the fact, or of the persons. It is almost inconceivable that the accomplices can have been Communists. Certainly they cannot have been the Communists charged with the crime. It is clear that none of the Communists had known Van der Lubbe, nor had the Bulgarians known Torgler. Although the Communists favored revolutionary mass

action, they had always been opposed to terroristic acts. Nor had the Communists anything to gain from the fire. In fact, it was almost certain to result in the destruction of their party—and it did. The suggestion that the fire was intended as a signal for revolution becomes ludicrous in view of the evidence, wrung from the Nazis, that there was no sign of disorder on the night in question.

As against the Nazis, the following is to be considered: Not only was the fire distinctly to their benefit but they immediately took advantage of it. If, as they claimed, they found documents in the Communist Karl Liebknecht House which indicated that the Communists planned a revolution which was to start with the burning of the Reichstag, why then did they not guard the building? There was little doubt that at the time of the fire there was considerable talk of a possible provocative act. Finally, the Nazis would certainly have had the only opportunity for ingress and egress through the underground passage.

On the evidence as it at present exists, it would be monstrous for the court to hold that the four Communist defendants were guilty of complicity in the burning of the Reichstag. It must be remembered, however, that the crime charged is high treason, and it may be that, even if the defendants are not connected with the arson, they will be found guilty because they are regarded as dangerous to the state. There is talk of "intellectual responsibility" for the fire. When a court wishes to convict a defendant, it needs only an excuse. The verdict will answer the question of the world as to whether a civilized institution like a court of justice still exists in Nazi Germany.

The Farmers in Revolt

By B. H. HIBBARD

Madison, Wisconsin, November 9

WHAT would the city people do if we stopped sending them food?" is a question which has been heard not infrequently in farm gatherings during the past dozen years. Until very recently no one took these remarks seriously. Farmers have not been on a strike, in any large sense, in centuries. True enough, they have developed a remarkable movement through such organizations as the Grange, the Alliance, and the Farmers' Union. These have made demands, have controlled legislatures, and have frightened Congress, but not until 1932 did they go as far as to lay siege to the cities, the centers of wealth and population, and demand a surrender on peril of starvation. In many States now, variously reported as from six to sixteen, the farmers are in a fighting mood. Their leaders in one breath counsel moderation and "peaceful picketing." In another breath they threaten vigorous measures. There is not so often the open declaration of militant programs to be carried out with the exercise of the required force, as there is the exercise of force without a declaration of intent to kill or destroy. In other words, the situation is in the mob stage, and results cannot be predicted or controlled.

The rank and file are not disciplined. Two days after the leaders issue a proclamation to the effect that only orderly and peaceful means will be used, it is reported that army

rifles have been seized, ammunition stolen, and dynamite appropriated. Some of the dynamite, with cap and fuse, is found tied to a stock car. Dairy plants are shattered by bombs. A woman with a six-shooter holds a mob of pickets at bay until officers arrive and convoy a load of milk to market. Trains have been stopped and live stock turned loose in the streets; railroad bridges have been burned, trucks overturned. The attempt to keep the struggle on the plane of moral suasion has been, and can be, only partially successful. Blood is up. Patience is at low ebb.

Looking back over the years, we see that the farmer has been docile. He has been a conformist. Iowa was always safe for the dominant party, and Arkansas was equally safe for the minority party during three-quarters of a century. North Dakota wasn't quite so safe, but it usually happened that she voted right, and besides, her electoral-college strength is negligible. Except when his conformity was shaken by erratic rainfall with its attendant crop failures, the farmer has caused little worry to the party usually in power. It has always been an easy matter to refer in party platforms to the prosperity of our farmer class, and especially since 1890 to offer more import-tariff protection on export products. These promises were put into vigorous language by Mr. Hoover in 1928 when he declared that the tariff "is and must remain the chief cornerstone of farm relief." Earlier, in a

speech before a farmer gathering, Mr. Coolidge had declared that the farmer had every reason to be gratified because substantially everything he produced was amply protected, while the goods he bought were on the free list.

The New Deal Administration has taken the farmer seriously. The unrest had started before the election, and the incoming Congress and President were impressed with the necessity of keeping the promises made to agriculture during the campaign. However, even the genial, optimistic occupant of the White House, together with his advisers, was not too anxious to undertake the twelve labors of Hercules all at once. It is reported, and moreover believed, that the Administration would have much preferred trying out the price-raising allotment plan in connection with wheat and cotton, leaving the corn-hog and dairy management for later efforts. But no. Too many people were unwilling to be put off. They too had voted for prosperity to come through government, and come it must.

The President acted with unprecedented speed. Before a day, a business day, had passed, the banks were taken in hand to save them from being wrecked by their creditors. Congress was convened at once. The Agricultural Adjustment Act was passed in May. By the same document the federal refinancing of farm mortgages was provided for. Powers such as Congress had never, at least in time of peace, turned over to another branch of government were put into the President's hands. He might inflate the currency, while the Congressmen were at home! Prices had to rise; they have to rise; but in the minds of the striking farmers the only increases of importance have been those pertaining to their purchases, not their sales. According to the most reliable index, the dairy farmer gained a bit in the way of income in July. This was an item in the pre-inflation inflation. This gave him a seventy-one-cent dollar. Four months later he finds his dairy feeds distinctly up in price, while the products he sells have either fallen to lower levels or at best made less than the usual seasonal gains.

Since last spring the farmer has had time to think things over. He realizes that he needs more income now than twenty years ago. He is much more heavily in debt; hence more must go into interest payment, even without reducing the principal. His taxes are still double the figure of those earlier years. What is more, he has been living on a higher plane: driving a car, in some instances living in a house with running water and a furnace. And speaking of running water, a farmer asked a plumber a few days ago for a price on a repair item, some \$15. Said the plumber: "Sorry you didn't think of that a few weeks ago. On account of the NRA these items have doubled in price." Higher prices will start business up again, you know. But not in this case. The farmer doesn't buy. He curses. No, the farmer does not want pre-war prices. He wants cost of production. This may be a vague concept in the mind of the economist but to the farmer who produces at a loss it is vivid.

It appears that the farmer is striking against the consumer. More literally, he is striking against the city. Yet this is only in appearance. The farmer knows that the consumers as a class are poor; that most of them cannot pay much more than they are now paying. However, he sees red when he reads of the prosperity of the milk distributors. He can't understand why the distributors' margin should be wider now than during the period of high prices, say from

1917 to 1920. Are wages not lower? Are not building costs down? But at any rate the middleman's margin is up, and the farmer is the goat. He sells milk at three to five cents a quart for city trade, and a day later the consumers pay nine to twelve cents for it.

The farmer is not striking against the consumer intentionally. He is striking against the vague commercial system which gives the milk distributors the basis of dividends, the packers the basis of prosperity, and the aristocrats of the labor world a dollar or two an hour. As one farmer put it: "How can I ever buy a bathtub when I earn five cents an hour and the manufacturers and plumbers twenty to forty times as much?" In general, the strike is not against the consumer, not even against the middleman. In fact, the strike isn't a strike. It is a political demonstration. The farmer blames the government, and not without reason, for the plight he is in. Therefore, he looks to the government as the one power able to give aid commensurate with the needs of the occasion. His faith in the Brain Trust is not great. Just why an economist—and the farmer does not rate trained economists as high as he rates many of the self-made, self-styled economists—why an economist who has had little touch with agriculture at any time should all at once spring into prominence as a main, or the main, adviser to the President on all agricultural matters, he cannot understand. He can understand the language of the men who now presume to know the way out of the valley of despair in which farmers have been groping for years. These leaders are vocal, vituperative, vitriolic. It is idle to question their sincerity. They are men of action. They use, or coin, the catch-phrases of the moment. They shout to the crowd to come on. They tell their followers that no great cause was ever won by obeying the Constitution or conforming to established laws. Their demands are concrete and comprehensive. They want cost of production for the future, immunity from loss of property for debts already contracted and due. They want farm loans on long time at something like 1½ per cent interest. A mere mention of the "Frazier bill" will bring prolonged applause. The farmer believes that since the government has been able in the past to borrow much money at 2 or 3 per cent, it may as well use this credit, even at a small loss, to help redeem the farms and homes now doomed to foreclosure. The effort and accomplishments of the Farm Credit Administration do not satisfy the needs of those deep in debt. The "normal value" of farms as set by the appraisers is below the figure needed to save all too many debtor farmers.

The wheat, cotton, and tobacco farmers are quiet, awaiting or already in receipt of the checks in payment for abstinence. But when it is remembered that a quarter of the farm income for the whole country comes from the dairy, and that nearly another quarter comes from other live stock and its products, it is easy to see that the farm program is far from complete while the dairy problems are not in hand and the hog program is viewed as doubtful.

The government is very properly nervous, and is making desperate efforts to mollify, if not to satisfy, the turbulent Middle West. Offering to lend fifty cents on corn in the crib looks like fixing a fifty-cent price on corn—five times the figure of a year ago. Raising the price of milk to the consumer in certain big cities by a cent a quart and ordering an increase of the full amount to the farmer will deter him from striking in the vicinity of such cities unless indeed there

should arise a protest from the consumer, a consummation not entire impossible. But it is the farmer, not the consumer, we are now considering. The farmer refuses to understand why he should be asked to pay—for the most part he isn't buying—\$196 for a grain binder such as he bought in 1917 for \$120, even though the same binder has been reduced 15 per cent within a few years. He can't see why the price of shoes should have increased 10 or 20 per cent within three months when hides are so cheap that he can't take them off dead animals at five cents an hour and make anything doing it. He can't understand why flour has more than doubled in value recently. He does understand clearly that while a short potato crop last year sold at a low price, a shorter crop this year brings more than twice as much money. Thus he will, for the first time in history, agree to a program of reduction of output when it is presented to him in concrete form. He will make trouble, much more than has been made yet, unless

the plans of the government respecting some of our main agricultural products assume more definite and tangible shape than they have yet assumed. The majority of the farmers of the Middle West are not only not striking; they do not want to strike. They feel deeply, however, that the NRA is not, as General Johnson asserts, the Siamese twin to the AAA. To the farmer the NRA is the antidote for the AAA. Probably the farmers, both strikers and non-strikers, see, as do many others, the folly of our attempt to arrive at prosperity through destruction. We need some positive philosophy in place of our present faith in not doing and in undoing. We need some genius to show us how to get some of our surpluses to the places of dearth. That would start the round of operations again better than for all of us to strive to get back to empty bins and empty shelves, to match the empty stomachs and lives of our millions of unemployed. The farmers have too much milk, the consumers too little.

Now That Election Is Over

By JOSEPH McGOLDRICK

THE victory in New York City is not the old-fashioned reform triumph. The new Fusion is not a silk-stocking, black-broadcloth affair. The Chamber of Commerce, which had been active in the councils of all earlier Fusion movements, was silent and most of its members supported the McKee ticket. So also did Wall Street. It is not a secret that Harvey Gibson took the lead in bringing Mr. McKee into the picture—although Joe did not make up his mind until the persuasions of Bosses Flynn and Farley were added. Although the ghost of Dr. Parkhurst was abroad in the campaign, the evangelical note was a distinctly minor one. Even the Good Government group was secondary in importance to socially minded liberals in Candidate La Guardia's counsels. And the candidate himself was, of course, not a "goo-goo" but a resourceful, two-fisted champion of something more than dollars-and-cents honesty and lecorum in government.

The victory that has been won is not, of course, complete. It is unfortunate that the District Attorney's office of Manhattan remains in Tammany hands, although the District Attorney elect is a man of honesty and character. To carry out the program against racketeering it would be desirable to have more cooperation between the police and the District Attorney's office, and a more zealous prosecutor would have been a great asset to the new government. The loss of all the county places is not an irreparable loss because it may stimulate the demand for reorganization of county government, which has long been a hog-wallow of politics. In fact, the Republican State legislature may have less difficulty in being convinced of this than it would have been if there had been several Republicans newly elected to county offices.

The failure to capture the Board of Aldermen is a more serious handicap. It is true that for twenty years this body has ignored the powers which it possesses, but no one can doubt that they will now be resurrected to plague the Fusion government. Fortunately these powers are somewhat limited, but the members would be able to override the Mayor's veto on cuts which they might make in the budget. They

have nothing to do with bus franchises, subway problems, or city planning. They would naturally resist any effort to abolish themselves, and to do this it may be necessary to secure from the State legislature permission to have a movement for a new charter initiated by petition. This the State legislature can do by amending the home-rule law. Such an amendment could be passed by majority vote and, in fact, a bill for this purpose passed the Assembly in the closing hours of last spring's session, only to fail by a single vote in the State Senate. There is real hope of getting such a bill early in the next legislative session. Even if the bill requires 35,000 signatures, the very effort to get them would be of immense propaganda value. Amendment of the charter directly by the legislature will be virtually impossible since it would require a two-thirds' vote. Amendment by local law would require the consent of the Board of Aldermen. The reorganization of the county government would be more difficult, for it would require a constitutional amendment to be passed by a two-thirds' vote at two legislative sessions.

The local and the State legislatures will test the reality of the conflict within Democratic ranks. It will be interesting to see whether those assemblymen and aldermen who ran on both the O'Brien and McKee tickets will fall in line with the Democratic regulars. Although the public was quite right in discounting the McKee movement as a movement to drive out bossism, the residue of that hypocritical effort may be a protracted struggle within the new New York City organization. The Manhattan Tammany leaders will not readily yield to the Flynn-Farley yoke. They may be forced to if Flynn and Farley can work out an alliance with Brooklyn. It is likely to be a bitter struggle and may operate to divide the opposition to the LaGuardia administration.

More immediate in importance than charter revision will be the question of finances. New York City's affairs have been badly managed for sixteen years and particularly so in the last three. The city administration has refused to face the need for a balanced city budget. In fact, much that it has done to reduce the budget has operated to throw it fur-

ther out of balance, particularly such specious economies as the reduction of sinking-fund appropriations on the theory of sinking-fund surpluses. As a result of this bungling the city has now outstanding almost \$500,000,000 in short-term obligations. Of this \$200,000,000 is in corporate-stock notes awaiting refunding. The notes bear interest at 6 per cent (the maximum the city may pay) and are selling below par. Another \$200,000,000 of short-term indebtedness represents revenue bills issued against delinquent taxes. These are to be cared for through the reserve requirements worked out in the agreement with the banks. During the campaign Mayor O'Brien and his supporters boasted that the city's financial problem was solved. The agreement with the bankers subsequently written into statute by the extraordinary session of the legislature requires that the city tax levy be not increased and that the city budget provide from the tax levy a \$25,000,000 reserve against tax delinquency. The obvious purpose was to require a \$25,000,000 reduction in the budget. This has yet to be undertaken. The Board of Aldermen have, under the charter, until November 30 to accomplish this reduction. If they fail, the banks may balk at the re-financing which the city will require on December 11.

The new Fusion government is properly reluctant to assume any responsibility for this budget reduction. In the first place, Tammany has brought about the trouble and should take the onus of it, and, secondly, the new Fusion officers have no legal status in relation to the budget or the city's finances until January 1. On the other hand, the budget is being made by Tammany for the government that will take office on January 1 and that government cannot be wholly indifferent to the manner in which the budget is prepared. Tammany is in a position to wield the ax of economy so as to spare its own friends and make difficulties aplenty for the new regime.

To these problems we should add the no less difficult problem of patronage. Candidate LaGuardia promised that he would conduct his administration "out of politics." But there are over 2,000 non-civil-service jobs in the city departments. The holders of these are almost to a man political, and many of them are outrageously unfit. The fact that their loyalties are for the Tammany organization which appointed them rather than for the city which pays them should alone warrant their speedy dismissal. They are of negative value to the service. Many of these places can and must be abolished. How, then, shall the others be filled? The "pur-

ists" of the Fusion movement would have them filled exclusively on the basis of merit. The "realists" and most Republicans would like to build up the organizations which fought for the Fusion victory. This implies reward for past contributions of service or money and the implied promise to continue those contributions. This might mean appointment on the exclusive basis of utility to the organization (the Tammany test), or it might mean the appointment to each place of the person in Fusion or Republican ranks best fitted to hold it, or it might mean that, other things being equal, service to Fusion should entitle the server to serve his city. The writer can neither promise nor predict which policy or blend of these policies will be followed. There is no question that many have flocked to the Fusion banner in the quest of jobs and in the assumption or hope that protestations of non-political appointment were not meant or would be evaded or forgotten. They will be disappointed and disgruntled if they are not given jobs. Can the organization hold together without patronage? Most experienced observers say no. Could a Fusion government be reelected without a patronage cemented organization? Again they say no. Can good government, not merely the Chamber of Commerce or the Citizens' Union type of good government but socially motivated good government, be made attractive to the electorate of a machine-habituated city?

Fusion has expressly promised to abide by the bankers' agreement, and, in fact, will have no alternative since the legislature has made this mandatory. Although the political waste in the city budget is enormous, it should not be forgotten that a very large part of this is in the county government and the courts, which will be beyond the new Board of Estimate's control. Fortunately Fusion has an ample majority in the Board of Estimate, and it is even more fortunate in the high character, ability, and training of the men whom it has elected.

Fusion government is a difficult adventure. It begins in the association of many men and women of widely differing points of view, whose one common purpose is to drive out corrupt and colossally incompetent government. But the persons who form a Fusion differ greatly in their interests and their emphases. It is twenty years since a Fusion government was elected in New York City, but that is not so long a period as to prevent many of those who labored in the present movement from remembering and trying to profit by the lessons of the past.

The Soviet Revolution Goes On

By LOUIS FISCHER

IN July, six months after the National Socialists came to power in Germany, Adolf Hitler declared that "the revolution is at an end." Sixteen years after the Bolshevik upheaval, however, the revolution not only is not ended, but continues to uncover new sources of energy, enthusiasm, and economic success. The tempo of Soviet events is as rapid and dynamic as ever, and progress is undeniable. Moscow's domestic policy is more radical now than at any time between 1917 and 1929. The Socialist features of the regime strike deeper root and cover wider areas as each year

passes. There is no desire to turn back toward anything resembling capitalism, and conditions in the capitalist world are enough to kill any suspicion in a Bolshevik's mind that it would be wise to do so. After sixteen years the revolution goes marching on, head high, confident of ultimate triumph, registering new victories every day. No mystic spirit explains this striking phenomenon. The Communists know consciously, many Soviet citizens know consciously, and millions of others sense subconsciously that a new world is being created which will make their life better and happier. The

see the beginnings. They begin to feel the improvement. They cannot doubt that every official effort, however misguided, however poorly executed, however costly, is nevertheless conceived with a view to the advantage of the masses. This makes them loyal to the state, patient of error, and optimistic, and such an attitude in turn reinforces the morale of the party, places at its disposal fresh human reserves, and gives it a mandate to push the process of social reconstruction. Those Americans who are stirred by the knowledge that Washington, at last, is trying to do something for them will understand how it is that 160,000,000 Soviet citizens have had the same kind of exhilaration, with much more justice perhaps, ever since large-scale industrialization and agrarian collectivization started in 1929. After sixteen years of revolution and five years of its second and more intense cycle, neither the *élan* of the revolution nor the faith in the revolution is exhausted.

Whereas the vitality of bolshevism does not diminish as time goes on, the Soviets are fortunately sloughing off many of their early freakish notions, which represented a queer mixture of misplaced radicalism and immaturity and were manifestations of—to translate an expressive Russian word—"childish leftism." Thus a collar and tie are no longer bourgeois—though a cane still is; a gramophone has ceased to be decadent; and the anathema has been lifted from jazz and fairy tales. A lot of silly "modernistic-communistic" schemes have been booted out of the educational system. Teachers have more authority, students must not torment their professors, and the brigade or group method whereby pupils studied and did laboratory experiments collectively and were therefore ignorant individually has been abolished. Simultaneously, entrance and graduation examinations as well as marks have been reintroduced, and the time a pupil may devote to political activities is now strictly limited. For years parental control was weakened by the implications of Soviet education; children learned to be self-reliant young anarchists who belonged to the street when they were not in school. Now a newspaper says critically: "Mama is studying how to run the government, but she doesn't know that one of the most important elements of the state is lying at home in the baby's crib." Parents are urged to exercise more authority over their offspring.

An equally sharp detour back to common sense is signaled by A. Soltz, who is as moderate in politics as he is rigid in sex matters. Soltz, a highly placed member of the all-important Central Control Committee, suggests that the sins of fathers should no longer be visited even upon the next generation. Soviet practice has always insisted on punishing young men and women of eighteen or twenty, real products of the revolution, for having been born into a family that was formerly kulak, mercantile, or otherwise capitalistic. Grown-up children have felt compelled to disown and denounce their bourgeois parents in the press or at meetings and even to change their surnames in the hope of escaping the odium of non-proletarian origin. Yet Soltz now declares that "nobody is to blame for his origin, and we do not choose our parents." This great truth was known before September 8 when Soltz's article appeared in the *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, but to his readers its enunciation must have been a startling proclamation of a new policy. Soltz urges that the youth of suppressed classes be admitted not only to factories but even to the universities if, as is likely, they sympathize with bol-

shevism. Origin is not everything, Soltz warns, and it is not enough to be a worker's son in order to get first place.

The "leftist" notions and policies have been abandoned because they failed to produce results, or because they produced harmful results, or because they were too silly to live on forever. The strengthening of Stalin's position and of the revolution generally, moreover, has stimulated a spirit of tolerance. And then, too, some of these "childish-radical" innovations—university study brigades, for instance—date back to the 1929-30 period in which many Bolsheviks, dizzy with the success of collectivization and industrialization, thought they could enter the Communist millennium by one scratch of the pen. That phase, with its penchant for radical forms and utopian equalization, is today a memory. Years must pass before all of life and economics can be put on a truly communistic basis.

How, if that is the case, can the present stage of the Bolshevik Revolution be characterized? Is it socialism, state socialism, socialistic communism, state capitalism, capitalistic socialism, or what? In agriculture, where people and technique are comparatively backward, some real communes exist, but nothing is heard any more of the urban industrial communes that sprang up in the brief communistic springtime of 1930. The city factory is owned and operated by the state. Transport is a government monopoly. Trade is an important state prerogative. Government control in the *kolhozi* is growing. The state's activities broaden.

The Soviet state exercises many of the functions which capitalists exercise in bourgeois countries, but since the ownership of the means of production is not vested in any individuals or any groups of individuals, since it is not vested in anybody and therefore is vested in everybody, in society, I think it would be correct to call the Soviet economic system state socialism in order to distinguish it from government ownership of telegraphs and railroads or government participation in banking and industry in capitalist lands, where such arrangements usually serve an economic order which is intrinsically and chiefly private-capitalistic. Moreover, when the state which controls all economic enterprises is itself not controlled by capitalists—for capitalists are totally without influence and fast disappearing in the U. S. S. R.—it is at least misleading to regard the Soviet system as state capitalism. Soviet state socialism, however, includes a slight trace of communism, a considerable if diminishing number of purely private producers, and village collectives which combine common ownership and common cultivation with certain private-property features.

A government which owns and operates a country's industries and transport facilities and owns or strictly controls its agriculture must be an omnipotent government, especially when the national economy is virile, progressive, and growing; and the Soviet Union's economy is all of these. The last year has witnessed truly remarkable industrial progress. The Cheliabinsk factory which manufactures sixty-horse-power caterpillar tractors has started production and is experiencing few if any of the "children's diseases" which plagued similar Soviet giants in the past. In the Ural Mountains region a chain of plants whose dimensions and modernity make even the American specialist gape is nearing completion. Literally every day the newspapers report the beginning of commercial production in newly constructed industrial units. During the next four months new turbines developing 570,000 kilo-

watts will begin operating in district stations. The opening of a new railway spur several hundred kilometers long is a regular occurrence. Now that the White Sea-Baltic canal has been finished, more intensive activity has started on the canal which will bring the Volga River to Moscow. Neither the imagination nor the energy of the Bolsheviks, apparently, knows any normal bounds. And this is an off year, so to speak—a year between grandiose plans. In 1934 the second Five-Year Plan will probably begin astounding the world with the audacity of its conception. There can no longer be any doubt that within the fourth decade of this century the U. S. S. R. will make a serious bid to become the greatest Power on the face of the earth, comparable only with the United States.

Now that the devastating effects of last year's poor harvest are quickly being erased by an excellent crop, agrarian collectivization may be judged as an established institution standing by the side of Soviet industrialization as the second mighty pillar of the Russian economic system. Collectivization has made Stalin's place in world history a secure and large one. Where others wavered in times of strain, his hand held firm till the victorious end. It is to be noted not simply that the 1933 agricultural yield was good, but that it was good because of the collectives, because of Bolshevik policy, and despite psychological and physical handicaps. Lenin and Trotzky never dreamed that Russian agriculture could be revolutionized so quickly—and, incidentally, they might never have dared to revolutionize it at so tremendous an expense. The process is not yet complete. But its course is charted and the most threatening reefs are passed.

The economic functions of the Soviet state and the successes of its collectivization and industrialization program make it all-powerful. The tendency of the last two or three years toward executive decentralization—many trusts and state farms have been broken up—was not accompanied by any decentralization of authority. Stalin has said: "The attrition of the state will come not by weakening the government's power but by strengthening it to the very limit"; and he has certainly been doing so. The heavy hand of large and small government office-holders, therefore, weighs upon every phase and act of life, robbing people of initiative and instilling into them a fear of failure and of responsibility which persists even though arrests of engineers, technicians, and intellectuals generally, which were a daily feature in 1931, have now practically ceased. The end of that economic terror is a welcome development, but more than a negative change is required if the country is to be relieved of the bureaucratic octopus, with its red tape and pedantry. The horizon of a bureaucrat consists of a piece of official stationery and a rubber stamp. These make him a narrow-minded autocrat to whom obedience to a paragraph is infinitely more important than any human consideration. He does not want to do more than he must. His chief concern is to play safe and keep his job. The party's Central Committee seeks to cope with this situation by ordering frequent and detailed reforms in Odessa, Zlatoust, Stalino, and other places. But such tactics merely aggravate the difficulty, for the Kremlin should fix a general, inclusive policy, and then leave the local authorities some freedom of action instead of directing every tiny move of every distant provincial administrator. It is truly remarkable, and yet a fact, that such bureaucracy and excessive centralization cannot kill some

state employees' zeal to achieve. The desire to please Moscow's farsighted eye, however, stimulates a race for paper results and for records that can be reported to the "center" which still continues, though it has been officially recognized as harmful and punishable. Moscow's insistence on plan-fulfilment come what may leads to reduced quality, longer hours for officials, and lower individual productivity. It diminishes respect for Soviet laws and regulations and seems to constitute a mandate to justify any means by reference to the good and glorious end.

The Bolsheviks, of course, have never apologized for compulsion. "Great problems in the lives of nations," Lenin wrote, "are solved only by force." And a much lesser Communist said to me recently: "You know the Russian. You can't do anything with him unless you hit him with an oaken club." Maybe. Maybe the Russians have to be forced to improve their own lot, especially since the way lies through sacrifices. There is an element of force in all education. But a good pedagogue succeeds by persuasion and kindness where the threat of punishment fails. The Soviet nation has learned enough lessons since the revolution and absorbed enough fresh culture to react favorably to a better political pedagogy. More democracy is inevitable. It is long overdue. And as to bureaucracy, which is the alternative to democracy, if it conforms to Stalin's formula about the state, it has been strengthened to such a limit that it already is a perfect candidate for attrition. To expect rapid changes in this field, however, would be naive. The opening wedge to a much-needed reform of the government apparatus might be the abolition of the spoils system for Communists and the introduction of a civil-service system under which government officials would be appointed on the basis of quality and not of adherence to the party. The substitution of a Communist for a loyal and able non-Bolshevik specialist which goes on all the time has ruined many a Soviet enterprise. A hint of this evil was contained in the railway-reorganization decree published on July 3 over the signatures of Stalin and Premier Molotov. The decree also contained a vague mention of qualification examinations. But the subject was treated so casually and received little subsequent attention that it is obvious that the party either does not realize its importance or does not yet dare to tackle the problem of bureaucracy. But the stronger the state, the stronger the bureaucracy which feeds on it and grows with it like a parasite, and the more need there is of checks from within and control from below—of democracy, in other words.

Issues like bureaucracy must now engage the attention of the Kremlin. Economic matters are still a great concern. The standard of living must be lifted, distribution must be regulated, productivity raised, and so on and so on. But economic affairs have been more or less regularized. They run in a groove. Soviet economics, unlike those of many other countries, are neither in a state of drift nor at a stage of experimentation. There is a plan and there is progress. Much remains to be done, however, in social relations, in ethics, in culture and education, and in the relation of the individual to the state. If the Bolshevik revolution were ossified, if the Soviet government were suffering from arteriosclerosis, these tasks would be beyond it. But the revolution is young. The revolution is not ended. The recent elimination of many freakish practices testifies to a plasticity which augurs well for further evolution.

Jolts for the NRA

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, November 11

RETURNING to the capital after an absence of six weeks, I find an air of uneasiness which was not discernible when I departed. Friends of the Administration are obviously worried about the future, and nothing has contributed more to their anxiety than the gold-buying plan. The whole enterprise is wrapped in an atmosphere of mystery and uncertainty which comports strangely with the candor and directness which surrounded the launching of other measures. Whether it will achieve the objective of raising commodity prices, whether such rises can be maintained if they are achieved, whether increased costs of living will nullify any beneficial effects, whether the government is inviting retaliatory measures by other nations—these questions are on every tongue, but it is a task to find a judicious man who professes to know the answers. Among some of the President's most loyal and intelligent associates the fear is manifest that he has departed from an otherwise consistent and well-integrated program to embark on a doubtful and perilous adventure. Waiving every question of the soundness of his ultimate aims, the fact remains that any policy which produces and prolongs suspense on such a scale can hardly fail to have a blighting effect on recovery. If Mr. Roosevelt had elected to fortify and expand the industrial and agricultural recovery programs; if he had undertaken relief on a still vaster scale under the able direction of Harry Hopkins; if he had abandoned all thoughts of price-fixing for a system of taxation that would effectively restrain profiteering, the odds are that his feet would be on firmer ground today. As the case stands, we must rely on his willingness to scrap the plan if and when its futility is apparent, hoping that trial by fire will not leave too many blisters on the shins of the innocent.

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ANOTHER cause for concern is the rising tide of hostility to the NRA and the AAA. Seasonal lags have heretofore constituted a regular phase of industrial production, and General Johnson is not to blame because the present one arrived on schedule. By the same token, long before Henry Wallace was heard of, God in His infinite wisdom allotted certain periods of growth to pigs, steers, and edible grains. However, man's natural tendency is to attribute his trouble to the first object that meets his eye, and just now that object chances to be the Blue Eagle. Neither the Secretary nor the General is to be envied for his position. If factory wages and hours continue to improve, the farmers will redouble their cries against increased living costs. If they do not continue to improve, unemployment and suffering in the cities will provide new sources of unrest. What is most needed is patience on the part of those whose patience—if not endurance—was pretty well exhausted before last March. It is not pleasant to record that this painful situation has been gravely aggravated by the attitude of a substantial section of the press—and from motives that no amount of argument can make respectable. Incited by such paladins of liberty as

Bertie McCormick and Lish Hanson, the papers have raised a hue and cry against Johnson, in whom they profess to see a diabolical ambition to curtail the "freedom of the press." To contend that the Bill of Rights was repealed by the Recovery Act is surely preposterous; and it is even sillier to argue that those rights, once withdrawn by Congress, could be restored by a provision in a code, yet that is exactly the ground taken by the publishers. Much of this irrational clamor arises from unwarranted suspicion and lack of elemental knowledge, but not all. Nobody could charge McCormick with possessing a suspicious nature. When Jake Lingle, a \$65-a-week reporter, began showing up at the *Tribune* office in a chauffeur-driven limousine, it never occurred to his employer that something might be wrong. Not until the unfortunate reporter was assassinated in the heart of the Loop did McCormick begin to suspect that he might have been the recipient of emoluments from the underworld characters with whom he was known to be on intimate terms. It is therefore necessary to conclude that the publisher's seeming agitation derives from some other source, and I deem it significant that all this synthetic furor over "freedom of the press" has served to obscure the issues that were raised when representatives of the publishers' association refused to provide in their proposed code for the abolition of child labor, regulation of unfair trade practices, and collective bargaining with certain classes of employees. It is equally significant that organizations representing the element which is genuinely concerned with freedom of the press—that is, the editorial workers—are quite satisfied that it is not threatened. When it is, we may reasonably hope to see it defended by qualified champions. Jim Beck may be a "great constitutional lawyer" to the publishers, but to us who know him he is still Bill Vare's tame Congressman from the rotten boroughs of Philadelphia.

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SELDOM does a day pass without organized labor missing another opportunity to strengthen its position under the NRA. An unaccountable tendency to confuse the right to strike with an obligation to do so has increased the difficulties and multiplied the embarrassment of administrators disposed to be friendly. Some of the strikes have been amply justified, and have actually assisted the NRA in bringing employers to terms. On the other hand, strikes have been called, and insurgent unions proclaimed, on no basis except that there was not enough work to go around. Perhaps the greatest mistake of all was made when the majority in the A. F. of L. convention elected to stand on the hidebound leadership and obsolete policies personified by Green and Tobin. By rejecting the principle of vertical organization in favor of the existing arrangement of overlapping and conflicting trade unions, the A. F. of L. effectively postponed the organization of the automobile industry and others, and alienated the friendly counsel and wise guidance of friends in the NRA. John Lewis and George Berry put up a gallant fight for the more enlightened course, but confronted with the blind conservatism of labor politicians and beset in the rear by the poisoned

darts of so-called liberals, they failed. Labor will have abundant cause to rue that day. Every new secession in its own ranks, every new jurisdictional dispute, will be a weapon in the hands of the enemy. The passage of a year may mean the triumph of the policies advocated by Lewis, Berry, and Sidney Hillman; otherwise it can only mean a lost year of unequalled opportunity.

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JIM FARLEY is back from the wars, licking his wounds, and Mr. Roosevelt is left to meditate on the folly of subordinating his own political judgment to that of a henchman who was unable to see beyond the dream of a seat of power in the Tammany wigwam. Whether he will take the lesson to heart sufficiently in the future to rely only on his own unexcelled acumen, is a matter for debate. He has been amply warned. Reviewing the facts, it is difficult to conjure up a worse exhibition of political stupidity than Farley's ill-starred, ill-timed, and ill-judged adventure with McKee. For all their natural handicaps, Curry and O'Brien shone in comparison with the Warwick of the Post Office. He committed all the known strategical blunders, and invented new ones for the book. He chose to risk Roosevelt's prestige in a situation where it was not involved, and managed to emerge from it with a maximum of discredit for himself and his chief. He could have combed New York without finding a man whose professions of principle and record of performance were more closely akin to the spirit of the New Deal than Fiorello LaGuardia's. Not a scintilla of threat to the Administration was implied in the Major's candidacy. The ineffable Farley deliberately converted a powerful ally into a formidable antagonist. Let no one suppose that the performance escaped the notice of Democratic Congressmen. If Jim makes the further mistake of essaying to crack the whip during the approaching session, he will learn precisely what the hillbillies of the South and West think of his prowess as a politician. And he will have to listen and like it.

Haiti's "New Deal"

By HUBERT HERRING

Port-au-Prince, Haiti, November 5

EN route to the Seventh Pan-American Conference at Montevideo, my airplane stops at Port-au-Prince. Here the burning topic of discussion is the executive agreement signed on August 7 by Albert Blanchet, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Haiti, and Norman Armour, the American Minister. When it was executed, our State Department, for the second time in less than a year, drew a long breath and pronounced the Haitian question settled. Radio broadcasts from the State Department indicated that this settlement was proof that the New Deal had shown itself also in Latin American relations. But all Haitians with whom I talked felt quite otherwise. They included senators, deputies, men long conspicuous in the public life of the republic. They did not hesitate to declare the executive agreement a betrayal of Haiti's hopes and legitimate aspirations. They asserted that the Haitian people had been tricked.

The new arrangement, they say, differs in no material respect from the treaty which the Haitian Congress rejected

without a single dissenting voice some fourteen months ago. That treaty provided in effect that the military occupation should expire with the treaty of 1916, and that at about that time, 1936 or a little earlier, the higher ranks in the Garde, the national constabulary so long officered by marines, should be filled by Haitians. So far, so good. That much every Haitian expected and welcomed. The United States had no mandate to stay beyond May 1, 1936. But what was the amazement of the Haitians to find that while the marines went out, the bankers stayed in! The treaty provided for a rigid financial control of Haiti for the life of the National City Bank loan, final amortization of which is not due till 1952. For that period, according to this new treaty, American officials would collect the customs and internal revenues, making the service of the loan the first charge and their own expenses of salaries and supervision the next. Haiti and its interests, its schools, its government salaries, its national life—these all came after. During the life of the loan the treaty provided that American officials appointed by the President of the United States should have control of the budget—which must be balanced. (There was some humor in this insistence by the Hoover Administration upon a balanced budget.) Moreover, Haiti could not modify its taxes or tariff duties without the permission of the American financial control. Indignation reached a new high pitch in Haiti. The Congress met. It studied the project, and without a single dissenting voice both houses rejected the treaty. Congress then adjourned, not to meet again until April, 1933.

Conceive of the stupefaction of the Haitian public when it learned that on August 7 last what was essentially the same treaty had been negotiated again! Only this time it was called an "executive agreement," with the tacit assumption that it need not go to the Senate of either country for approval. There were some slight modifications, but the financial clauses are virtually identical with those of the rejected treaty. They provide that a fiscal representative, who doubtless will be the same one now in control of Haitian finances, with employees and assistants not to exceed eighteen, shall have control of the customs service. Again the service on the loan is the first charge. Again the expenses of the American collectors become the second charge. Again Haitian affairs come last. Again the government of Haiti is forbidden to reduce its tariff or modify its taxes without the consent of the fiscal representative.

Intelligent Haitians are up in arms against this humiliating agreement. They demand an explanation for the subterfuge under which it was signed as an "executive agreement" instead of being submitted as a treaty to the senates of Haiti and the United States. They assert bitterly that after the long record of force and fraud by which the will of bankers and concessionaires has been imposed on Haiti through the military power of the United States, this concluding trickery is shameful beyond belief. They say, in short, that it means little to them to have the marines get out if the financiers are to stay in.

To the writer, it is amazing to see the Administration that has repeatedly denounced the money changers playing the game of the National City Bank and its bond-holders in this helpless country. At home the United States Senate, presumably with the consent of the Administration, is disclosing how the bankers have mulcted the American people. New legislation is designed to prevent more of the same kind

of looting. But in Haiti nothing is changed. The chicanery of the past is solemnly reenacted. That, say the Haitians, is all the New Deal amounts to.

In the Driftway

IN his scrapbook the Drifter is making a careful collection of Little Paradises which he hears about from time to time. In this way, when the time comes for him to retire from drifting and settle down to a life of leisure (Chorus: "What do you call your life now, hey?"), he will be able to make the sort of reasoned and informed choice that will mark him as a member of the intelligentsia or non-ruling class. The following letter, written on the letterhead of the City of Charleston, Office of Port Development, and giving every evidence of officialdom and authenticity, is hereby pasted into the scrapbook forthwith:

DEAR SIR: As a writer looking for conditions conducive to good fiction or articles on Americana, you will be more than satisfied with what Charleston has to offer. The climate in winter is superior to that of southern Mediterranean resorts and food, rentals, and entertainment costs are surprisingly low. A moderate income will enable you to live comfortably and enjoy considerably more hunting, golfing, fishing, and social privileges than in other sections of this country.

It has been enthusiastically stated by nationally and internationally known writers that the city is an ever-present source of inspiration. . . . The Plantation Era, now coming forward as a leading fictional background, was

more highly developed here than elsewhere in the old South, and today plantations are being conducted as in former years, many of them by wealthy and interested Northerners . . . New York is reached in a few hours by plane, and steamers and trains maintain excellent schedules.

THERE are, of course, one or two objections to this particular Utopia as a suitable place for the Drifter's declining years. For one thing he is not a writer of fiction, and hence could hardly benefit by the inspiring plantation life, conducted at present by enthusiastic Northerners, as a subject for his art. Moreover, he has never hunted, does not play golf, and would rather die than spend more than ten minutes in conjunction with any sort of fishing apparatus he ever saw. These limitations on his part might very well bar him from the social privileges mentioned in the Charleston letter. Nevertheless, there are other attractions in Charleston, in addition to these advices from the Port Development, which make it well worth considering as a Drifter's Retreat. For one thing the houses are mostly surrounded with high brick walls over which no prying eye can see or inquisitive leg can climb. And once you attain to the privacy of such a wall, keeping the world out, you may then practice on what is, for the Drifter, Charleston's chief delight—the joggling board on the side porch of all properly equipped Charleston houses. A joggling board, in case his readers do not know it, is something like a see-saw, only better. On it you joggle. And since no one can see over your wall, presumably you can joggle by the hour without interruption. If there is any more healthful exercise for an aged Drifter, a middle-aged Drifter has never heard of it.

THE DRIFTER

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Books for a Workers' School

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

A workers' school is being established in a ten-room building which has just been opened in Columbus, Ohio, as the labor center for the unemployed. The National Unemployed League, the Ohio Unemployed League, and the office of the Franklin County League are all to be situated in this building, at 214 East Rich Street.

Along with field activities, such as relief strikes, eviction fights, demonstrations, adjusting of grievances, and many other problems, the unemployed are asking for educational classes from the labor point of view. The school will provide classes in eco-

nomics, history, sociology, labor history, trade unionism, economic geography, current events, English and public speaking, Marxism, labor dramatics, a training class for song leaders, a leisure-time class in art especially for children of the unemployed, and a workshop for maps, charts, and posters to be made by the students in an effort to promote visual education.

Local friends and sympathizers are donating chairs, desks, and other furnishings. But books, newspapers, and magazines are difficult to get. We ask your readers to help us in this enterprise by contributing any books your readers may have to build up a workers' library, or by donating whatever they can toward a book fund. Labor papers and magazines will be greatly appreciated by the unemployed, who cannot buy these things. A typewriter would be of great assistance also.

Columbus, Ohio, November 1

ARNOLD JOHNSON

Director Organization, Ohio Unemployed League
National Secretary, National Unemployed League

JOURNEY of the FLAME

By Fierro Blanco

From the Book

"We fear no King nor any devil; only God when he is just."

"Of right and wrong I am no judge, having been born poor."

"Honesty to a friend but courtesy to an enemy until God opens a way for our knives."

"There is a time for all things except getting drunk, and some say that had I married, I would make no exception."

"Father Tamarel preached hell-fire in the coolest weather. 'Father, lead us to that eternally warm place,' the Indians cried, as unclothed they shivered in chill north winds. But Father Tamarel, incensed by the demand of his Indian flocks for hell fires, curtly refused them the warmth they thought he controlled. Whereupon, rising in rebellion, they killed him and others, saying: 'They refuse us their comfortable hell. Why should we serve these cruel foreigners?'"



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Ask No Return

By HORACE GREGORY

Ask no return for love that's given,
embracing mistress, wife, or friend,

ask no return:

on this deep earth or in pale heaven,
awake and spend
hands, lips, and eyes in love,
in darkness burn,

the limbs entwined until the soul ascend.

Ask no return of seasons gone:
the fire of autumn and the first hour of spring,
the short bough blossoming
through city windows when night's done,
when fears adjourn

backward in memory where all loves end
in self again, again the inward tree
growing against the heart
and no heart free.

From love that sleeps behind each eye
in double symmetry

ask no return,

even in enmity, look! I shall take your hand;
nor can our limbs disjoin in separate ways again,
walking, even at night on foreign land
through houses open to the wind, through cold and rain,
walking alive, meet, kiss, and understand.

The Skepticism of Thomas Mann

Past Masters. By Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THE eleven essays which compose this volume were written over a period of about twenty-five years. They range in length from eighty pages to a bare four, and in subject matter from an elaborate analysis of the genius of Wagner to an informal confession of the author's delight in those ordinary movies where, as he puts it, "the silliness or sentimentality is set in a frame of scenic and mimic detail which is true to life and to reality, so that the human triumphs persistently over the crude falsity of the performance as a whole." In between they include a critique of Spengler's theory, a discussion of Culture and Socialism, and a defense of Freud against the possible charge that he is responsible for that return to a reliance upon primitive impulse which is dominating political life today.

For him, Herr Mann explains, essays are generally by-products of fiction, the result of an effort to think out in explicit terms the problems implicit in the novels, and for this reason if for no other they furnish a valuable commentary upon the work of one of the greatest—but certainly not one of the most easily understood—of modern writers. Even in them, however, the reader will be disappointed if he expects simplicity or hopes to find the author pinning himself down to any easily definable position. His explicitness is seldom completely explicit, and the essays, like the novels, leave the reader with the sense that he has been participating in the broodings of a pro-

found and complex mind so inveterately speculative that only the general direction taken by the thought can be clearly specified. Unequivocal expressions of opinion are rare, not because the author wishes to make himself elusive, but because he tends to walk around every landmark and to survey the surrounding country. His essays do not usually point out the road to a definite conclusion. They are, on the contrary, reports of elaborate and patient reconnoiters upon which he asks us to accompany him.

Perhaps, however, the problem most nearly central to his thought is that which he broaches in connection with his discussion of the claims of Kultur versus the claims of civilization. Neither of these terms is anywhere very elaborately defined, but one recognizes immediately the complex of ideas to which each refers and one can define them for one's self. Civilization—this particular concept of which originates in French "enlightenment"—is eclectic, liberal, rational, and relativistic. Its ideal is the tolerant citizen of the world, the representative of that cultivation which is the antithesis of "culture" in the purely anthropological sense. On the other hand, the conception of Kultur is nationalistic and absolutist because it rests ultimately upon the belief that absolute standards for any particular society are to be found in the way of life peculiar to it; in the inter-related moral, aesthetic, and social ideas which make, with its political institutions, a whole. Obviously nineteenth-century democracy is based upon the idea of civilization, while communism and the fascisms of both Italy and Germany are based upon the idea of Kultur. No less obviously Herr Mann, when he is forced to make a choice, sides with democracy and civilization. But it is typical of him that he should not find the choice wholly satisfactory and that he should be compelled at times to argue against himself. He is a good European, but he reads no foreign language with real pleasure, and he is compelled to confess that he became a cosmopolitan through the reading of Goethe and Schopenhauer, Luther and Nietzsche—who were, to make it more confusing, not themselves democrats, and who, moreover, created "that Kultur with a big K which formed the power center of German war ideology." What position can a German cosmopolitan safely take up and how can he resist the impulse to be as German as possible, when he realizes that German literature became part of world literature by virtue of the fact that its great writers were less cosmopolitans than exponents of a particular Kultur?

Doubts as subtle and complicated as these are highly characteristic not only of Herr Mann's essays but of his novels as well. These latter, indeed, seem at times almost to owe their existence to a never quite decisive contest between two sets of opposing ideas—the idea of democracy versus the idea of the hierarchy and the idea of the artist versus the idea of the good citizen. Quite clearly the author recognizes in himself the predominance of the artist with his multiform sensibilities and his almost inevitable predisposition to a kind of iridescent decay. Yet in both "Death in Venice" and "The Magic Mountain" he cannot refrain from dwelling upon the weaknesses of the type or from celebrating by implication the health of the soldier or the tradesman which he persistently contrasts with the sickliness of the artist's temperament. As a writer he has moments, at least, when he doubts the writer's function, and as a democrat he has moments when he feels bound to defend a hierarchical society. It seems almost, indeed, as though he were determined to lean backward in his effort to be fair to his intellectual opponents, and that in "The Magic Mountain," for example, the representative of Catholic absolutism is given very clearly the best of the argument with the romantic liberal. One would never guess that the author himself is a protestant democrat, just as one would never guess from those other pas-

sages in which the repulsiveness of psychoanalysis is dwelt upon that he is, besides, a defender of Freud.

Inevitably Herr Mann, with his doubts and his hesitations, will find himself with many enemies on both sides of the fence. Already he has been criticized for taking refuge in Switzerland "above the battle." One will not find in his works the war cry of the partisan. One will read him only if one is inclined to believe that in even the most troublous times there is still a place for a continuously exploratory skepticism.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Workings of the Spirit

History of Europe in the Nineteenth Century. By Benedetto Croce. Translated from the Italian by Henry Furst. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

THIS is not a history in the ordinary sense of the word but a work which aims at higher things. It is made up of allusions to events in Europe from the Congress of Vienna to the outbreak of the World War, selected by the writer to illustrate his philosophy of history. Croce, as is generally recognized, is an ardent but critical admirer of Hegel. His stupendous assumptions bewilder most historical writers of the baser sort and certainly unnerve the present reviewer. It seems something like this. In the beginning was the Spirit. All things were made by it; and without it nothing has occurred that has occurred. It has been the light that illuminated its own works and saw that they were good. Naturally the darkness apprehended it not.

Hegel was reduced to tears when the picayune revolution of 1830 came. The World Spirit seemed to have made a bad blunder. Croce, on the contrary, after a century more of the realization of the spirit is confidently cheerful. He seems to be revealing his own views when he points out that the varied discontents throughout Europe that followed the "Napoleonic adventure" were "linked in a single chain, and sooner or later one drew another along after itself, and brought to light still others that could be seen in the distance. And over all of them rose one word that summed them all up and expressed the spirit which had given them life—the word *liberty*." Man came to see that he was not belittled by history; that the past was not a "shameful memory" making necessary a vindication of himself. "Instead, a true and tireless creator, he looked on himself in the history of the world as he looked on himself in his own life. No longer did history appear destitute of spirituality and abandoned to blind forces. . . . Now it was seen to be the work and the activity of the spirit, and so, since spirit is liberty, the work of liberty." While history reveals a negative element of subjection, "with its constraints, its oppressions, its reactions, and its tyrannies," all these which we are apt to account "untoward events" are really "opportunities."

This exhilarating conception of history suggests Hegel's threefold logic—thesis, antithesis, and synthesis. This is the logic of the spirit; it is apparent in the actual conduct of human affairs and is essential to their understanding. We might say rather prosaically that action must provoke reaction; advance begets opposition; and the "synthesis" is the spirit's way of getting ahead.

The whole interest of Croce's book lies in his interpretation of the happenings to which he alludes, for in order to follow his comments one would have to review some competent college manual dealing with the events of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. He assumes at least this much knowledge on his reader's part. Then he invites him to view the historical events in terms of the spirit and liberty, and of "untoward" occurrences which he believes to be only the inevitable

Hegelian "antithesis," namely, "opportunities" for the seemingly devious but really inerrant realization of the spirit. But all interpretations of recorded history are really matters of taste. And as the old saying goes, there is little profit in quarreling about tastes. It is erroneously supposed that philosophers and those with such an exceptional range of knowledge as Croce's are exempt from taste in beliefs. But this is not the case. He *likes* to express his most fundamental convictions in terms of "spirits." This has been a most congenial form of expression to mankind through the ages. It still prevails, and one can avoid a good deal of trouble by just saying the spirit of Christianity, the spirit of science, the spirit of the Orient, the spirit of Germany, without analyzing the terms.

There have been many interpretations of history before Croce's—Christian, patriotic, rationalistic, scientific. There is the Marxian economic interpretation which has so profoundly influenced world conflicts of late. "Capitalism," "communism," "class struggle," "materialism" have an animistic flavor. Spengler sees history writing "downfall" on the wall. In short, history is a patient creature and anyone may ride it anywhere. This is distinctly a figure of speech and I trust betrays no animistic tendencies. Croce's supreme spirit and all the subordinate spirits which he introduces from time to time seem more than rhetorical personifications, they are animistic. But when we consider that mankind has from a very early period down to the present moment operated on the basis of animism, perhaps Croce's interpretation of history is, as he would claim, just history.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Outside Looking In

The Life and Friendships of Dean Swift. By Stephen Gwynn. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.75.

THOUGH the Irish like to think that they and they only can understand Swift, his best biographers have belonged to other nations. Readers who expect this book by Stephen Gwynn to throw new light into dark places in Swift's mind will be disappointed. Mr. Gwynn has taken Swift as he has found him in the familiar records and has pieced his career together in a design which has no striking novelty. But the new narrative is readable and enlightened, and it is full enough to show Swift moving about his affairs and among his friends in lifelike colors and dimensions. The terrific force with which he wrote about even ordinary matters has not led Mr. Gwynn to make the mistake of believing that Swift was always as dramatic as he sounded. His latest biographer realizes that Swift's tragedy was in Swift's nature, and in his own conception of his circumstances. Outwardly he looked successful. Both as writer and man he was immense. Nobody else ever had better friends or more worshipful admirers. He was a classic and a legend while he was still alive and could enjoy his honors. It is the outward Swift whose life Mr. Gwynn has written, and he makes his hero a natural man, not a frustrate genius inwardly consumed by secret fires. That there were mysteries Mr. Gwynn perceives as well as anybody. But he leaves them in their darkness and deals with what he has a chance to see. He has told about Swift the things that most men will want to know.

Yet Swift's essential mystery will go on tantalizing those who inquire into it. In the curved universe of the heart too much hatred is as suspect as too much love. Extremes run the risk of meeting. It is difficult not to feel that Swift's misanthropy was simple love turned to hate, the two emotions being so close together. A lover is indifferent to a mistress whom he no longer loves. He hates her only if the seeds or scars of love are still in him. Swift perhaps never understood the crossed nerves of his love and hate, and they have not been wholly dis-

entangled by the explanations of any biographer. But he seems to have been compelled to hate the world for the cruelty, stupidity, and ugliness which he found beside, and instead of, the pity, intelligence, and beauty which his love demanded. Frustrate, he covered up his hurt with the language of scorn and anger, or at least of self-respecting, self-preserving contempt. Nor need it be incredible that he did not lose his head in wind-mill rages when he wrote. Comedy was as native to him as English, and he was the perfect master of his lively art. In his blackest rage he could no more lose the power of laughter than another man, in the same rage, could forget the multiplication table.

CARL VAN DOREN

Fiction Imports

One More River. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Vanessa. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Gipsy Wagon. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Return. By Michael Home. William Morrow. \$2.50.

Radetzky March. By Joseph Roth. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

Tiger Juan. By Ramón Pérez de Ayala. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

SO many literary Baedekers have strung so many stars opposite the names of the first two English authors listed above that the question of their true literary value will probably be obscured in the popular mind for a generation or more. Yet without the least desire to disturb the taste of the average reader it is only just to point out that in his last novel Mr. Galsworthy repeats himself and makes meager use of his material, and that Mr. Walpole not only repeats himself but repeats an amazing amount of cheap literary fictions and tricks from here, there, and everywhere. Suffice it to say, therefore, that "One More River" is the last obstacle Dinny Charwell must overcome before she finds a happy marriage, and that this body of water is the symbol of her sister Clare's divorce, an occurrence permitting Mr. Galsworthy to call attention once more to certain shameful flaws in England's divorce laws. If you like the short, swift, character-revealing dialogue that has fled through most of the Galsworthy plays and so many pages of the novels, the first half of this book will be rewarding. Unfortunately this is the best that can be said. The procedure required for such a case as Clare's is as nasty and ridiculous as the law which compels it is uncompromising and archaic, but more poignantly drawn characters and situations are needed to challenge effectively the generalization about human nature on which the law is based, partly because, as always in Galsworthy, the basic moral is not fully debated, and partly, it would seem, because at the end a very practiced hand had grown tired.

Once I regretted that Mr. Walpole was such a poor second-rate writer—I now take the opportunity of stating without any regrets that so far as "Vanessa" is concerned he is a most lamentable third-rate writer. The book is an endless confusion of dull, familiar family gossip, of unsuccessful attempts to erect a panoramic background of the last fifty years in England in a hybrid "Only Yesterday"—"Cavalcade" manner, and of pages padded with the careers of all living Herries, parents and children. Whether the amount of genealogical data equals the number of expressions of Herries's satisfaction with Herries and of Herries's conviction that England could never have been England without them is a question which may well remain rhetorical. Mr. Walpole's desire to tell all manages to deaden the impression of Vanessa's and Benjie's love story. What re-

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mains is the suggestion that Benjie might have been an interesting character but that he never had a chance in that family.

Since Sheila Kaye-Smith is content to respect her talent for a simple story well told, her description of the disappearance of the yeoman class in Sussex is quieter and more ominous than the hysterical decline of the Herries of the Lake region. In the metamorphosis of Fred Sinden from his ancient character of plowman into that of itinerant laborer there is a sense of the calm inevitability with which the bloodless revolution is moving today in England. In the scenes in Sussex's counterpart of Hooverville there is a light but accurate reflection of the in-consequence of the individual in all deep changes over which the individual has no control. The story is told as artlessly as a folk-tale, a very modern and elucidating folk-tale.

Like these other English writers, Michael Home has no connection with the innovating, experimental group of his countrymen, the Huxleys and Woolfs. Neither, on the other hand, is "Return" in the manner of the social-historical novels of these first three. It is another biographical account which makes me wonder if the author of "Of Human Bondage" has ever regretted setting that precedent. There is a doleful similarity in the *éducation sentimentale* of all these Maugham-bred heroes of England. This time a bright, sensitive boy comes from a poor, common home, and despite his intelligence is caught in an emotional web which almost ruins his life. Mr. Home has resorted to characterization for his originality, and in the long-suffering, modest, generous figure of Margaret, the hero's mother, he has done a better piece of work than anywhere else in the book. But this does not raise the novel above its class.

Of the two Continental writers, Joseph Roth has also been tempted by the family-history-panoramic theme. In broad outline his story spans the Austria ruled by Francis Joseph. The first Trotta saves the young emperor's life at Solferino; the third Trotta falls with his army in 1914; while the second survives his monarch by a few days. Wisely this author has placed his emphasis on the life of the third Trotta, a young man whose career follows what used to be a fairly regular sequence for army officers in Eastern Europe—wine, women, and gambling debts. It was a social pattern that remained rigid for nearly a century and furnished material for more than one operetta and novel. Mr. Roth has modified the conventional Viennese design by using as a background the old Ukrainian frontier of the Hapsburg empire. There where Russia and the empire met in menacing swamplands were isolated outposts of the armies, straggling frontier villages filled with provincial nobles, peasants, soldiers, Jewish usurers, and a shifting crowd of traders dealing in everything from feathers to women. It was a suffocating atmosphere of which Mr. Roth has made good use in a highly sentimental novel.

Enough of the original Spanish character of Señor Ayala's book is left to make reading it a strange enjoyment, yet not enough is left to arouse the great enthusiasm here which Spain has accorded it. Lost, especially, are the associations of its native language, associations existing in the words of any language (which even the best translations must miss), whose loss is felt here particularly because this book represents such an essentially Spanish attitude of mind. The result is an impoverishment of the rich symbolism of the characters and plot. In the Spanish the modern variation of the Don Juan motif—the contrast of Tiger Juan, the simple, virile, honest storekeeper, with Vespasiano, the irresponsible, sterile, petty philanderer—seems important. In English the peculiar Jesuitical rationalization of the love story by the characters—largely because such rationalization has no part in our special brand of romanticism—seems arid. There remain, however, the sharp characterizations, the excellent portrayal of provincial life, and much of the grotesque humor which make Ayala so popular among his countrymen.

FLORENCE CODMAN

Warnings from the Engineer

The Power Age. By Walter N. Polakov. Covici-Friede. \$2.
The Machine Unchained. By Leo Hausleiter. Translated from the German by Margaret M. Green. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$3.

KARL MARX has been looked upon, properly, as the spokesman of the oppressed proletarians of the world. We have attributed to him bitter reflection and fierce, revengeful challenge. He has dominated the ranks of the economic opposition. But this was only half of the role of Marx. His courage was supported by his insight. He was more constructive than destructive. He understood the creativeness of machine capitalism just as well as its cruelty. He was as much a champion of the engineer as of the unemployed. In the inevitable march of change he foresaw science freeing mankind.

It is significant that, two generations after Marx's work was done, it is the engineers and men of science, rather than the economists, who recognize the force of his analysis. The slide rule and the formula, reinforced concrete in power dams, petroleum in internal-combustion engines have invalidated the old economic precepts. What more natural than that those who construct and employ these instruments should be most keenly aware of their portent? Political economy itself is slipping into the background; the carburetor is more important than the cartel; social forces are made to serve directed physical forces.

The two books here reviewed have the same thesis. They are both warnings from the engineer to the economist. Mr. Polakov's volume is the more straightforward and unmistakable of the two. Margaret M. Green's spirited translation of Hausleiter's work cannot conceal its peculiarities; its nervous style reminds the reader of dancing black shadows on the wall; it is really the raw materials of an essay rather than a coherent preachment; in places it deliberately confounds confusion. The two books read together show Europe and America brought simultaneously face to face with the same dilemma—scrap the power machine or scrap the theory and practice of competition.

We are presented with the excruciating paradox of poverty in the midst of and because of plenty. The poor porter is brought to the loaded table of Sindbad, only to discover that riches may sicken as much as hunger. Mr. Polakov shows that the "second industrial revolution," signalized in hydroelectric development, is so different in degree from the first as to be different in kind. In the machine age scarcity remained a foil to productivity, but in the power age the resistance of insufficiency has vanished, and we are about to step off into the abyss. The only bridge is that of new social institutions, and these must be fabricated rapidly.

Hausleiter, by way of remedy, is inclined to linger in the purlieus of control, relying upon autonomous mobilizations of private capital, though with many more misgivings than the infatuated Mr. Swope. Polakov is persuaded that economic reorganization must begin at the beginning; he recognizes that preservation of profit margins through price elevation is the enemy of technological progress, and that technological advance is an irresistible force. The shade of Friedrich List rises to bless the conclusion of both these authors that economic nationalism can only be the preliminary of world free trade. Standardization destroys separatism. Just as the knight in battle found his cuirass weighing him down, so tariffs now strike the power age with palsy.

Power machinery, as Marx foresaw, has brought within our grasp—has emptied into our lap—abundant means of life if only we will have them. Where the economic radical used to plead that we drop inhibitions, the engineer now sternly commands it.

BROADUS MITCHELL

A Call to Arms

The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror. Prepared by the World Committee for the Victims of German Fascism. With an Introduction by Lord Marley. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IN his introduction to "The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror" Lord Marley sums up the purpose of this commentary on the Leipzig trial of the men accused of the burning of the Reichstag as follows: "This book aims at keeping alive the memory of the criminal acts of the Nazi government. It is a contribution to the fight against Hitler fascism. The fight is not directed against Germany; it is a fight on behalf of the real Germany."

The "Brown Book" contains the first authentic life-story of Van der Lubbe, the provocateur, whose testimony Göring has presented to the world as connecting the Communists of Germany with the Reichstag fire. He is shown as the son of a small shopkeeper, who was ejected from the labor organization in Holland to which he briefly belonged, and who after his first visit to Germany had "homosexual connections with National Socialist leaders," on whom he was wholly dependent for his material well-being. Count Helldorf, storm-detachment leader of Berlin, introduced him to the men intrusted with the firing of the parliament building.

The chapter dealing with the Reichstag fire reads like a thrilling mystery story, though it registers each successive incident connected with this momentous event with the sobriety of a court record. It calls attention to and proves thirty-one contradictions in the official records of the Reichstag-fire investigations. It presents documents and the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses to prove that the palace of the president of the Reichstag, Göring's official residence, was the strategic point from which the incendiaries entered the Reichstag building, directed by Göring and Goebbels and led by the fame murderers Heines and Schulz and the pogrom aristocrat Count Helldorf.

The second part of the book concerns itself with the regime of terror that followed the Reichstag fire. In telling phrases it reports the destruction of the legal organizations of labor, the storming of trade-union headquarters, Hitler's fight against the Socialist and Communist parties, and the Nazi campaign of destruction against modern culture—the burning of the books, the terror in the universities and other institutions of learning, the persecution of liberal and proletarian writers. It presents a register of the scientists and artists placed under a ban by the German government, together with a heartrending description based on 536 protocols of the tortures and degradations to which these victims of the brown terror were subjected. It gives a terrible picture of the persecution of the Jew in the Dritte Reich and substantiates this recital with a searching analysis of Nazi anti-Semitism that shows up the official enmity of the National Socialist Government toward the Jew as a gigantic maneuver to distract the attention of the people while it fulfils its real mission, the protection of capitalist monopoly under the cover of denunciation and hatred. Reports from concentration camps in which tens of thousands of Communists, anarchists, Socialists, liberals, and anti-Fascists are being held behind barbed wire at the point of Nazi bayonets refute the stories told by newspaper correspondents who were led through these concentration camps by Nazi guides. A murder list of more than 250 names shows the extent of the anti-Fascist movement in Germany.

The "Brown Book" is a call to arms. It summons the peoples of the world to battle against the incendiaries of the Berlin Reichstag, against the murderers of German labor and the sadism of the Brown Shirt, against Fascist dictatorship and



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CHAMPAGNE, SEC. Shubert Theater. Irreverent adaption of "Die Fledermaus." Gay, inexhaustibly tuneful, and consistently diverting.

DOCTOR MONICA. The Playhouse. Reviewed this week.

DOUBLE DOOR. Ritz. Exciting but not too convincing melodrama based on the Wendel case.

HER MASTER'S VOICE. Plymouth Theater. Clare Kummer at the top of her form provides a full evening of her original and slightly delirious kind of wit. With Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews.

HOLD YOUR HORSES. Winter Garden. Joe Cook and Dave Chasen present some excellent illustrations of Mr. Cook's inventive genius in an otherwise routine musical show.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? Masque Theater. Irish comedy by Lennox Robinson. Reviewed next week.

LET 'EM EAT CAKE. Imperial Theater. Sequel to "Of Thee I Sing," with Victor Moore and the other stars in continuations of their former roles. Very funny in spots but marred by a good deal of lost motion.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. The problems of a young doctor made into a surprisingly moving and absorbing play. Thanks to a superb production by the Group Theater it becomes one of the two current offerings which no one can afford to miss.

SAILOR, BEWARE! Lyceum Theater. Adventures of a sailor in love. Entertainingly bawdy comedy in which the life of our naval heroes is treated without reserve. (P.M.)

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Powerful and absorbing psychological portrait of a cultivated and somewhat effeminate egotist. Probably the most original play of the year, and like "Men in White" not to be missed by anyone interested in the theater.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Historical farce-comedy centering about the pleasant old New England custom of bundling. Spicy, impudent, and genuinely amusing.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS. Empire Theater. Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner make a picturesque and flippant adaption of Moliere's "The School for Husbands." There is much difference of opinion concerning its merits as entertainment but I found it charming and funny, as well as not too far from the spirit of the original author. With June Walker and Osgood Perkins.



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LUDWIG LORÉ

Shorter Notices

Sea Wall. By L. A. G. Strong. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

If Sean O'Casey and James Joyce had never written, "Sea Wall" might have seemed a brilliant and devastating picture of modern Ireland. But unfortunately for his own prestige, Mr. Strong retells a story which "Juno and the Paycock" and "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" have told only too well. This story is, in essence, the story of Ireland. Ireland, scarred by drink and political strife and religious hatred, comically ornamented with learning, is its battered, rakish heroine. Mr. Strong has not the emotional power or the humor or the technical equipment which gave the Joyce and O'Casey versions such acute and terrifying reality. He is, in consequence, handicapped from the start. His plot, quite different from his story, concerns a young boy who grows up in twin houses, Creina and Avourneen, on the Sea Wall at Kingstown. Very young he is conscious that there is something strange and wrong about the life of the two houses. Sometimes he lives with the Doctor and the Duchess in one house, sometimes with his father and mother in the other. Both the Doctor and the Duchess are peculiar: the Doctor is an intellectual drunkard with a dark past, who is given to stealing the silverware for a Saturday night spree; the Duchess is an improvident eccentric who retires to her bed at the end of every quarter to avoid duns from the tradespeople, and there composes patriotic poems in the manner of Thomas Moore. Nicky's parents, the handsome D'Oliers, who appear but once a year, are odd too, hot-tempered, dashing, and unhappy. Nicky devotes his youth to unraveling the mystery of crime and insanity which lies behind these people. Obviously, the plot is intriguing and romantic enough, yet it has little movement; it goes forward with jerks and starts. The book is overlaid with descriptive passages, and over-preoccupied with the psychology of the boy, who is not nearly so interesting as the characters he puzzles about. Mr. Strong would have done better to find himself an unplowed field, and thereby to avoid certain inevitable comparisons.

Poems. By Marie De L. Welch. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

Marie De L. Welch's precise and yet delicate drawings of small animals and of their sudden and startling beauty in the quiet of nature are very unusual poetry. This poet sees differently. Her verse is disciplined, almost austere, but reflectively emotional. She is a modern and never sentimental. Her mind takes in her scene with exactness, her emotions signify its meaning. There is rather too little passion in her work, but there is, in partial compensation at least, the contemplative mind, the mind that sees design and beauty. The result is that many of her poems have the quality of simple etchings. With very little elaboration in imagery or language, Miss Welch, employing the right word and only the right word, gains her desired effect. She brings the nature symbols of romantic poetry into fusion with a strictly classical simplicity of statement. Birds, deer, wild small animals send her into no rhapsody. Towers or trees give her no mystic vision. But all these contribute to her sense of life as form, perfection, balance. The result is that her poems remain in the reader's mind as pictures and patterns rather than as any stirring of incoherent emotions. Her technique is, for her own purpose, quite expert. What she has to say is said perfectly and it is therefore remembered.

Films

An Academy of the Film

THIS week New York will see the opening of the Harry Alan Potamkin Film School, which is being founded under the auspices of the Film and Photo League, a section of the Workers' International Relief. There will be courses in screen technique (camera, lighting, projection), production (film structure, scenario, montage), film criticism, the history of the screen, and a separate course in the history of the Soviet film. It seems almost certain that the notion of founding such a school in this country was suggested by the success and prestige of the great academy of the screen in Moscow, whose faculty is made up of the greatest names in Russian directing, and whose purpose is to educate the people to a clearer understanding and more enthusiastic acceptance of the principles of proletarian government. But the Workers' school will undoubtedly follow to a large extent the "Plan for a Film School" outlined by its namesake some months before his death and published in the current *Hound and Horn*. Potamkin's school "would provide a complete training in the arts and sciences of the cinema for students professionally interested in the films. A degree from the school would be an equivalent of a Bachelor of Science from any established college." Mention of a degree suggests that Potamkin saw his school as an adjunct to some large university. In beginning as an independent enterprise it will have certain advantages, the chief of which is a freedom from the restrictions of academic financial and political organization. But at the same time it may suffer from the reduced opportunities to correlate its particular field with other related fields—like literature, painting, and the dance. The danger of a too specialized approach is augmented by another and even greater danger: the possibility that a school which has the workers' immediate interests so much at heart will be tempted, in its study and practice of the new art, to ignore much that is not immediately concerned with those interests. This is a danger that can be avoided if it will only be recognized that the Soviet film has become increasingly less effective, both as propaganda and as art, as it has become more direct and explicit in expressing its motives. The Workers' school will best serve both its own cause and the cause of the cinema by endeavoring to turn out better products of its kind than anyone else. By better one does not mean more logical or more convincing arguments in celluloid, but finer, more perfectly realized expressions of experience than have so far been achieved by the cinema in America.

Although compounded of enough hackneyed character-elements—the hard-boiled racketeer and his moll, the young pugilist corrupted by the fleshpots, the heart-broken promoter out of "The Iron Man"—"The Prizefighter and the Lady" (Capitol) moves along with such rapidity of pace and general smoothness of articulation that it becomes something very much better than the usual fight picture. If what is principally demanded in this type is a carefully prepared climax of ten rounds of good clean boxing, it must indeed be put at the top of the list. For here the contestants are not Hollywood matinee idols or their "subs" but personages of no less palpable reality than Messrs. Max Baer and Primo Carnera. The slugging match which they put on must be at least as exciting as any actual performance at the Garden. In fact, it must be in most respects more satisfactory: art is notoriously more effective than raw nature, and a fight in which all the punches are carefully arranged and ordered for our maximum psychological satisfaction is naturally more moving than one which depends solely on the workings of chance. Yet it is unfair to insinuate that the picture owes its success only to its appeal to our lower animal instincts or to the

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presence of well-known celebrities in the cast. The direction has all the high-strung verve of Hollywood direction when it is turned on appropriate subjects. The photography in the fight sequences is good without being mannered or particularly enterprising. And the dialogue, in a number of places, makes new contributions to the American language.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama Museum Piece

FOR reasons which are obscure but can hardly be adequate Alla Nazimova has elected to appear at the Playhouse in a slow-moving, lugubrious, and painfully old-fashioned drama entitled "Doctor Monica." According to the program it is adapted by Laura Walker from the Polish of Marja M. Szczepowska, and I have no cause to doubt the program's veracity, but there is nothing about the play to suggest any nationality. The scene is Vienna and the manner that perfectly international one which was developed a quarter of a century ago in every country to which the influence of Ibsen penetrated. Now that even the works of the master have come to seem in spots unnecessarily explicit in their laborious explanation of modern platitudes, there is no good reason for translating third carbon copies from the obscurer languages. "Doctor Monica" may well have been the pride of some Theatre Libre in Warsaw, but it is only a hopeless anachronism on contemporary Broadway.

The heroine is a woman doctor with a passion for babies and a scamp for a husband. We find her living for the moment in the apartment of a man-hating architect of her own sex, and it does not take long to discover that this is the play about the hard time which women have when they try to pretend that their work is enough. Dr. Monica has left her husband for a definite period in order that she may test his ability to stand alone. In the meantime she has undergone a dangerous operation to enable her to have a child and also taken under her wing a pretty young housemaid who has got herself in trouble of the usual sort. Can you guess what happens from there on, or am I wrong in supposing that one does not have to be a dramatic critic to know that Dr. Monica's husband will turn out to have been responsible for the housemaid's condition, that the man-hating architect will confess how she too once loved and lost, and that the play will end with the two women tearfully resolved to go on with their plans for a home for children? Perhaps I am; but even so, I am sure that there are at least no ears upon which the various *obiter dicta* about work, motherhood, and the like will not fall with a familiar ring, or which have not heard other and equally convincing defenses of the thesis that "man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's . . ." Nor could I, as I listened to this laborious demonstration of the obvious, help repeating to myself Mr. Chesterton's complaint against the painful and repetitious explicitness of Matthew Arnold: that he discoursed like the patient teacher of an idiot school.

For Madame Nazimova herself I have a deep admiration. It goes back perhaps twenty years to the time when I first saw her, and when, as the strange child in "The Wild Duck," she appeared to be the very embodiment of a morbid exoticism. I can see her still as she shook the bobbed hair out of her heavy eyes and can still remember how perfectly she symbolized, not Ibsen to be sure, but the whole vaguely apprehended world of un-American sensibilities. Only two years ago she showed in "Mourning Becomes Electra" the passion which is still in her, and even in "Doctor Monica" she has moments of grotesque

power. But surely it is a pity that our theater is not able at the moment to provide anything better for her to do. A handful of people applauded her enthusiastically. Perhaps they were patriotic Poles, perhaps they were only loyal admirers of Nazimova. But of one thing I am sure. They were not representatives of any group large enough to keep "Doctor Monica" at the Playhouse very long.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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THE IMPORTANCE of Mr. Roosevelt's recognition of the U. S. S. R. cannot be exaggerated. Its possible effects reach into every corner of public life. Long after the Administration's gold policy has merged into inflation, long after the NRA has itself been somehow absorbed into the permanent processes of industry, the resumption of normal relations between Russia and the United States will, we believe, stand out as a major accomplishment of the New Deal. It means far more than new opportunities for trade, although these are undoubtedly uppermost in the minds of many Americans who have welcomed the agreement. It means more even than the return of common sense after the long reign of fantasy and fear. It means the creation of a new force for peace in an international situation bristling with imminent conflicts. In the Far East a united policy by the Soviet Union and the United States may affect the whole course of Japanese imperialism in the next few years. Neither Russia nor the United States wants war; indeed, Russia has pursued a policy of peace even in the face of extreme provocation. But both countries have every reason to oppose the aggressive aims and tactics of the Japanese militarists. The appointment as Soviet Russia's first Ambassador to Washington

of Alexander Troyanovsky, lately Soviet envoy to Japan, suggests that the Foreign Office at Moscow is keenly aware of the primary importance of the Far Eastern problem. Even in Europe where the community of interest is less obvious, it is likely that Russian and American influence will weigh on the side of peace and disarmament. Russia has proposed at conference after conference drastic measures for universal and complete disarmament. Probably no American delegation will go as far; but the rapprochement of Russia and America should bring a relatively disinterested point of view. It is useless, and discouraging as well, to reflect how different the course of post-war events might have been if for the past decade and a half a friendly relationship had existed between the Soviet government and our own. Instead, we welcome with relief the end of the long suspense, and congratulate Mr. Roosevelt upon his realism and courage and good sense.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN to the 3,000 German pastors who, in defiance of the Nazi regime, dared to get up in their pulpits on November 19 and read a manifesto dissenting from Nazi regulations for the Lutheran church remains to be seen. The manifesto protested against the attempt of the present German government to establish a "German-Christian" church which would in effect substitute for Christianity the ancient Germanic worship of Wodin. It called for the removal of Nazi religious leaders who desired to "purify" the Christian religion by eliminating the Old Testament from the Bible and to exalt the German race above all others. In answer to the protest the Catholic newspaper *Germania*, published in Berlin, announced itself heartily in agreement with the action of the dissenting German ministers, and declared that Catholics must join Protestants in fighting this "anti-religious new heathenism." Not a word of this courageous act of protest was permitted to appear in the German newspapers. But the congregations that heard the manifesto read will doubtless spread the news, even if they do it in a whisper. They will know, if "something happens" to their pastor in the near future, just why it happened. And they have the historical precedent of Martin Luther, whose 450th anniversary is now being celebrated in Germany, to remind them that the consequences of one pebble of revolt can spread until the most distant edges of the world's pond are washed by the disturbed water.

DO THE NAZIS still believe that opposition abroad to their anti-Jewish policy is fomented by, or limited to, Jews and "Marxian" elements? If so, the action of the Amateur Athletic Union, the most powerful sports organization in the United States, should prove enlightening. The A. A. U. has instructed its delegates at the forthcoming meeting of the American Olympic Association to press a resolution giving notice to the International Olympic Association that no athletes from the United States will be certified for competition in the Olympic games to be held in Berlin in 1936 "until and unless the position of the German Olympic Committee, of the organizing committee of Berlin, and of the

German government is so changed in fact as well as in theory ■ to both permit and encourage German athletes of Jewish faith or heritage to train, prepare for, and participate in the Olympic games in 1936." This action follows an interesting series of episodes. First, in May of this year, came protests from various athletes of other countries, and from Avery Brundage, president of the A. A. U., against the exclusion of Jewish athletes by the German committee. Next came the decision of the International Olympic Committee to sanction the holding of the games in Berlin, after the spokesman of the German government had accepted "the letter and the spirit" of ■ resolution stating that no Jew should be excluded from the German team because of his faith or race. This apparent surrender was in fact a clear tactical victory for the Nazis, since it was—and is—the announced and settled policy of the German government to exclude Jews from all sport organizations, and therefore from all normal opportunities to practice and train for contests. That this situation is realized by leaders of American sports is evidenced by the resolution of the A. A. U., which points out that it is "common and universal knowledge" that Germans of Jewish descent or belief are deprived "of a reasonable opportunity to train, prepare for, and take part in sports competition in general, and in the Olympic games in particular."

GREAT BRITAIN has revised its current naval-construction program to provide for two 9,000-ton cruisers and one of 5,200 tons in place of the four smaller vessels originally contemplated. In announcing the change, Sir Bolton Meredith Eyres-Monsell, First Lord of the Admiralty, frankly contended that it was necessary to adapt the British program to meet the challenge of new cruiser construction in Japan and America. Thus it is revealed again that armaments breed armaments. Technically speaking, Great Britain does not need large cruisers. With its numerous naval bases and its many merchantmen, which are built so that they may readily be converted into raiding cruisers, Great Britain would find a fleet of small armored vessels much more effective for defensive purposes. But militarists rarely think in terms of national defense, however much they may protest that that is their sole consideration. Since Japan and America are building large cruisers, England must have them too. Naturally the Tories and other patriots are applauding Sir Bolton's announcement. While the members of the Navy League are applauding, it might be well for them to reflect upon the recent municipal elections in England. In these elections the Labor Party won ■ sweeping victory. The Labor candidate also won the by-election for Parliament at East Fulham, ■ district that had long been regarded as safely Conservative.

NEW YORK CITY, like many other American municipalities, has reached a position in which it will be necessary to go into bankruptcy or to impose taxes more drastic than any so far planned. While heavier taxation—including perhaps the rent taxes common in Europe—would be desirable, we believe that a program sufficiently drastic to meet the situation is not politically feasible at this time. There is no escaping some economies. But Samuel Untermyer's plan to discharge 8,500 city employees—from 6 to 8 per cent of the total number—strikes us as cruel, fatuous, and unnecessary. The same objections are to be urged against it as

against the wholesale reductions in the federal Civil Service last spring, in regard to which the government eventually modified its policy considerably. Undoubtedly the city government needs reorganization, and when one notes that the personnel has been increased by ■ fourth since 1926 it seems possible, as Mr. Untermyer says, that virtually every office is overstaffed. But what possible virtue can there be in turning men out of one city door and compelling them to line up at another for unemployment relief? There are only about 2,000 city employees outside the Civil Service. Possibly half of these might legitimately be discharged on the ground that they have other means of livelihood or have never made an honest attempt to work at their jobs. But the vast majority of the men and women whom Mr. Untermyer—enjoying himself ■ favored economic position—would so indifferently turn into the streets would be no more deserving of that fate, and no better able to cope with it, than those who remained.

THERE are some 300 men in city employ who are receiving salaries of about \$5,000 a year or more, and half ■ hundred who are drawing about \$10,000 a year or more. We suggest, in place of Mr. Untermyer's plan, first, that every salary above \$5,000 ■ year be progressively reduced, with an absolute limit of \$10,000 a year, even for the mayor. The city of Baltimore does not have ■ single employee who receives as much ■ \$10,000 ■ year, and yet both the municipality and its employees manage to get along fairly well. Next, we would accept Mr. Untermyer's plan to the extent of getting rid of some 1,000 persons outside the Civil Service who, as we have already suggested, have other means of livelihood or have never honestly worked at their jobs. Furthermore, we would agree with Mr. Untermyer in abolishing or temporarily suspending certain city services of lesser importance which cost considerable not merely in salaries but in supplies and other forms of upkeep. Also we would move to revise the pension system. Nothing much can be done to change the status of persons already in that system, but flagrant abuses might be stopped for the future. Finally, we would abolish offices and individual positions which are superfluous, but instead of turning the holders of jobs into the streets, we would put employees on a staggered system of employment at reduced wages and shorter hours. Of course legislative action would be necessary to carry out the above program, but this is true also of the Untermyer plan.

TRY AS IT WILL to cure some of the economic ailments of the country by destruction of so-called surplus commodities, the Roosevelt Administration is finding it difficult to get nature to cooperate in this program. To date about 25 per cent of the cotton acreage of the country has been taken out of production, and for this the government has paid out bounties totaling \$110,000,000. Yet the November crop reports indicate that the current cotton crop may be almost as large as any of the bumper yields of the last few years. The latest estimate points to 13,100,000 bales, as against an average annual production of 14,660,000 bales in the years from 1928 to 1932. Thus the current yield is less than 11 per cent below the average despite the 25 per cent reduction in planted acreage. That the margin may be even narrower is suggested by the fact that the government estimates have of late usually been well below the actual

yield as finally reported. The average yield for the last ten years has been 167.4 pounds per acre. In 1932 it was 173.3 pounds. This year the average yield per acre is running close to 209 pounds. It would seem that besides cutting down acreage the Agricultural Adjustment Administration will have to find some way of adjusting the forces of nature.

THE NATION has put its political spies to work tracking down Treasury Department officials—ex- and on-leave. The following preliminary report has been received: On November 20 Mr. Woodin, looking happy, had lunch with three friends at the Hotel Algonquin in New York. He ate sparingly of lamb stew. An aggressive business man at the next table aggressively pressed him to say a few words at a meeting of other aggressive business men the same afternoon—mentioning as a special inducement that Mr. du Pont was coming up from Wilmington. Mr. Woodin quailed, smiled deprecatingly, produced excuses, declined. The rest of the meal was spent in low-voiced conversation with his three friends and in passing around and fingering over sheets of musical scores. The waiters were not much impressed. They told *The Nation's* spies that the Secretary of the Treasury was not the only big man who ate at the Algonquin; they had a Secretary of State as well—a Mr. Colby.

ALTHOUGH their numbers are declining, there is still a large group of persons in the United States who believe that it is all very well to carry on formal diplomatic and trade relations with Russia, but we must never forget that the Soviet social, religious, and domestic systems are such as no honest blue-blooded American would wish to touch with sterilized rubber gloves. A country which has destroyed the home and submerged the family—well, you know how we feel about that! It is instructing in this connection to hear a real, honest-to-goodness Bolshevik talking to his wife. As reported in the New York *World-Telegram*, the radioed conversation, in English, between Mr. Litvinov in Washington and Mrs. Litvinov in Moscow went something like this:

MR. L. Hello.

MRS. L. Hello, darling. I can hear you beautifully.

MR. L. Speak slowly, will you?

MRS. L. Where are you?

MR. L. In the White House. . . . President Roosevelt asked me to give you his regards.

MRS. L. Thank you very much, regards to him. . . . Mischa would like to say a word to you.

MR. L. Mischa is with you? Hello, Mischa. How are your studies? . . .

MISCHA. Very nice. . . . How are you, papa? . . .

MR. L. What kind of weather are you having?

MRS. L. Beautiful, clear snow. . . . How is everybody in the delegation—all well?

MR. L. Yes.

MRS. L. When shall we see you? . . .

MR. L. Love and kisses. Goodbye.

It is evident from this that everything we have heard about the home life of the Bolsheviks is true. There is none, in short. Because, of course, although the Litvinov conversation sounded just like one that must take place over the telephone in this country in thousands of homes every night where Papa is away and wants to talk to his family, obviously these were all code words meaning: "Hail the revolution! The Amerikanskis are in our power! Pass the wolf steak!"

The Vagrant Dollar

WITH whatever assurance Professor Warren and the President may be going ahead with their currency plans, it becomes increasingly obvious that their confidence is not shared by the country as a whole. We are not speaking of the opposition of chambers of commerce, which might have been expected even if those currency plans had been much more promising than they are. We are not referring primarily even to the concern expressed by Professor Kemmerer and many other distinguished monetary economists. We are referring to the obvious effects of the President's program on the volume of business activity. To see what this has been, it is merely necessary to refer to the index of business activity compiled weekly by the New York *Times*, made up from the combined figures of freight car loadings, steel-mill capacity, electric-power, automobile, and lumber production, and cotton forwardings. This index has been plunging downward since the middle of July at a faster rate than at any previous time during the depression. It has already canceled three-quarters of the promising rise in activity from the low point in March to the high point in early July. Activity is now back at the level of last April, when we had barely emerged from the banking collapse. This is the harsh and alarming fact that cannot be disposed of by cheerful references to critics of the Warren-Roosevelt money plan as "tories" and "doubting Thomases." Business activity and the reemployment of the millions of unemployed cannot take place except in an atmosphere of confidence. The country can neither be kidded into confidence nor bullied into it. Confidence follows actions that inspire it, and nothing else.

It is hardly necessary to labor the point that the gold and dollar policy of the Administration in the last month has not been such as to inspire the country's confidence. To begin with, the country has never had the privilege of hearing any clear formulation of that policy. It is easy enough to guess at the plan's ultimate objectives; they are, presumably, to restore the price level of 1926 and then to hold to that price level. But economists and a growing number of laymen are justifiably suspicious of the methods which the Administration thinks will achieve these objectives.

These suspicions came to a head when the President announced that the government would fix daily the price of newly mined American gold. It was obvious that in placing this figure above the world gold price he was merely paying a gratuitous subsidy to American gold miners. To "repudiate" the gold standard, he adopted the strange method of buying more gold, at a price higher than the market rate, and adding it to what was already the greatest gold accumulation in history, at the same time forbidding anyone to draw out any of this gold. When this device failed to influence directly the foreign-exchange value of the dollar (a result that any competent economist could have predicted beforehand), the President ordered the purchase of gold abroad. By this means he has succeeded in getting the dollar down. But he could have achieved the same result much more simply and less expensively by the simple announcement of an intention to devalue the dollar to a given level.

There is, of course, nothing new in the monetary theories of Professor Warren which Mr. Roosevelt is following.

Professor Warren's plan for a "compensated dollar" is taken over without change from Irving Fisher. That plan has been known to economists for at least the last fifteen years, and Professor Fisher has gained very few adherents for it. In "Prices," the book he has written in collaboration with Professor Pearson, in which his views are very fully set forth, Professor Warren does nothing to answer the criticisms that have been made of that plan. He does nothing to answer the criticism that the compensated dollar would mean a constantly fluctuating foreign-exchange rate, which would be a constantly demoralizing factor in our foreign trade. Nor does he attempt to answer the still more pertinent criticism that a gold dollar fluctuating in weight, combined with free convertibility, would lead everyone to speculate with impunity against our government and at last drain the government of gold completely.

Finally, to come to the immediate situation, neither Professor Warren nor the President seems to recognize that a paper dollar that is merely depreciated cannot possibly have the same effect on the price level as a new gold dollar devaluated to the same extent. For a new convertible gold dollar, even if devaluated 50 per cent, would at least have the element of certainty in it. It would be fixed. Importers, exporters, prospective borrowers, prospective lenders, business men, and consumers could then do business with relative confidence. The price level might rise sharply as a result of the devaluation and of the return of confidence inspired by this feeling of certainty; and business activity might increase for the same reason. No longer would there be hesitation and paralysis through fears that the personal whim of the Executive or the pressure of political groups or speculative flights by individuals to or from the dollar would lead to a drastically different quotation for the dollar tomorrow, next month, or next year.

The President is profoundly mistaken when he holds that stabilizing the dollar now would be putting the cart before the horse. It is precisely he and Professor Warren who are committing that fallacy. For under a merely depreciated currency, as the experience of Great Britain and Japan has amply shown, there is no rise in internal prices commensurate with the fall in the value of the currency. Only the confidence bred of a fixed rate and a return to gold convertibility can bring that commensurate rise. Fortunately, there is no longer any opposition among conservatives to devaluation. The proposal for devaluation, which would have been dismissed as fantastic only a year ago, is today accepted even by the most conservative of the President's critics. The United States Chamber of Commerce, for example, does not ask for a restoration of the dollar to parity, but only for a "fixed gold value of the dollar properly determined."

To stabilize, it is not necessary, of course, to begin gold convertibility immediately. It is merely necessary for the President and his advisers to make a plain, direct, and unequivocal announcement of the exact level at which they intend to return to convertibility, and of the exact date on which they expect to do so. It is immensely desirable, of course, that this return to convertibility should be taken in collaboration with Great Britain, preferably at a flat ratio of \$5 to the pound, with both countries agreeing upon how much they wish to devalue from the former level of their currencies. Immediate negotiations with the British should be begun looking toward that end.

The New Leisure

IT has taken a crisis in employment to turn the attention of Americans toward what ought to be an important—perhaps the most important—end of industrial progress: a reduction in the working hours of the average man. Hitherto the shortening of working hours has not at all kept pace with scientific and technological advances. Most of the benefits of the Machine Age have been in increased material possessions rather than in more leisure. But suddenly, without striving for it in the least, more leisure is thrust upon us. We are told, in fact, that our very existence depends upon working less. We should not resent the paradox. Blessings that come to us unasked and unexpected are blessings none the less.

Of course, in speaking of leisure, we have in mind the free time left to the man who is nevertheless sufficiently employed to be assured of a livelihood. As Nicholas Murray Butler recently said, so long "as work is not obtainable, leisure is impossible." Unemployment is a social disease which must be cured.

Although there has been considerable discussion already of how to use our new leisure, we have not given enough consideration to a question which is preliminary to that, what form the new leisure is to take. One day's rest in seven is an old tradition. Since about the beginning of this century a half-holiday in addition on Saturday has been a fairly common practice in offices and in the mechanical trades. For a decade past a five-day working week, with a two-day holiday, has made considerable headway. There is some danger now that this latter division of work and leisure may be seized upon as a general goal without any consideration of its advantages and disadvantages—or of other possibilities. The idea of a whole holiday on Saturday grew, largely accidentally, out of the previous custom of a half-holiday then. One of the early advantages of the Saturday holiday lay in the fact that few people had it. Thus it was a day when a favored few might do shopping or transact business, go to the country or enjoy amusements free from the crowds of Sunday. Obviously these advantages would disappear if the holiday were to become general. Universality would defeat one of its original purposes. It is hard for workers to get to department stores, offices, and banks, as it is. The advantage to the public lies in lessening individual working time through a stagger system while in most cases maintaining hours of business as they are.

In general, one gives more to one's work and gets more from one's leisure when the two are well distributed than when they are bunched. A five-day working week of eight hours a day, followed by a two-day holiday, can hardly be defended as an intelligent arrangement for most workers. Where adopted, the motives usually have been economy and convenience for the employers rather than the welfare of the employees. Would not most employees profit more from a seven-hour day five days a week and a five-hour day on Saturday? For study, exercise, or the prosecution of most outside interests a moderate amount of leisure every day is preferable to a glut of it at the end of the week. Moreover, the former adjustment of hours would enable many persons who are now tied up in our great cities to move out of them

to regions where they could cultivate gardens and enjoy country life.

It seems obvious, though, that the forty-hour week is too long. It is unnecessary for Americans from the standpoint of producing a livelihood for themselves, and it is inadequate as a means of absorbing our present unemployment. A fundamental mistake of the NRA has been to allow forty hours of work a week—or more—for a large proportion of the country's industry. Our immediate aim should be a general working week of not more than thirty hours. In such circumstances, six hours of work daily for five days, followed by a two-day holiday, would not be a bad division of time, although even then some workers might prefer two half-holidays instead of an entire day off on Saturday.

The point we should like to emphasize is that no single method should be assumed to be a necessary or a best one, and the workers should not permit the arrangement of their leisure to be dictated by mere habit or a desire on the part of employers to save a little money. The growing complexity of our civilization suggests that an increasing number of businesses should be organized on a staggered system of working hours for employees. This would ease the pressure on overcrowded transportation systems and enable us to conduct amusement and recreational enterprises on a more satisfactory basis. Perhaps the goal for the future should be a common holiday on Sunday for as many persons as possible but a varied distribution of other free time.

The War-Debt Failure.

THE collapse of the latest negotiations between the United States and Great Britain has gone almost unnoticed because of the recent election and other news events. The British negotiators were unable to make any headway whatever, and their government has therefore decided to make another "token payment" of \$7,500,000 in December. President Roosevelt's statement declares only that "these discussions have made clear the great difficulty, if not impossibility, of reaching sound conclusions upon the amounts of international payments practicable over any considerable period of time in the face of the unprecedented state of world economic and financial conditions. It has, therefore, been concluded to adjourn the discussions until certain factors in the world situation—commercial and monetary—become more clarified." Thus the deadlock with England continues—a most unhappy state of affairs, while our other debtors seem to be ignoring the whole matter, and that, of course, is also an extremely unsatisfactory situation. As long as the United States fails to cancel these debts, or to compromise them—if that is possible—they remain in the background, a cause of ill-will overhanging the whole question of international relations and foreign trade, and contributing to that "unprecedented state of world economic and financial conditions" to which Mr. Roosevelt referred. The unpaid interest continues to pile up. Washington should receive \$153,024,327.52 on December 15, and there are nearly \$158,000,000 of unpaid arrears of interest for 1932 and 1933, to say nothing of principal.

The failure to come to an agreement with Great Britain is the more regrettable since we are now beginning an arma-

ment race with that country—thanks to Mr. Roosevelt's most egregious error since taking office—and since there are various unsettled questions pending between the United States and England which need to be cleared up. We have for years said that these Allied debts afforded a most desirable opportunity to further the cause of disarmament, and they could so have been used most effectively had our government desired to lead the way to disarming instead of continuing to arm steadily. But aside from the question of armaments, there are other unsettled problems between ourselves and Great Britain which should have been handled in connection with the debts. There is, for example, the necessity of the restoration of international maritime law so sorely breached by the British from the very beginning of the struggle in 1914. They who had the chief stake in upholding and strengthening the structure of international law, so far as it affects the seas, were the very ones to deal it the most damaging blows, and they have not yet taken any steps to undo the damage done, or to pledge themselves to refrain from similar action in the event of another war. The difficulty, of course, is that the rulers of England conceive of themselves chiefly in the role of belligerents, whereas the United States has historically thought in terms of neutrality and championed the cause of the freedom of the seas, one of the peace points which Woodrow Wilson failed to obtain. It is our deliberate judgment that the United States could well afford to forgive England what it owes us, in return for a just settlement of these maritime questions and certain claims against England which are still pending.

Thus, in the case of the Lewis gun the British government has declined to arbitrate the claim of a Belgian company in which American stockholders predominate, and has even disputed the right of the American government to speak for the American stockholders. Naturally, Washington has not taken its position without complete certainty that its legal case is sound, whereas the mere refusal of Great Britain to arbitrate may easily be construed as indicating that the British government is not sure of its ground. Then, the British government has confiscated the property of American-born women married to Germans before 1907, although it has returned the property of British-born wives of German nationals. In the case of the American-born wives it has assumed the position that they must have resumed their American citizenship before June, 1926. There is strong ground for the belief that the American citizenship of these women was never lost. But vastly more important than this is the necessity for the restoration of the rights of foreign private property and of international law in respect to such private property. The confiscation by the French and British of foreign enemy investments under Article 297 of the Treaty of Versailles was one of the gravest blows ever aimed at the entire institution of private property.

It is certainly not asking too much to demand a promise from Great Britain, in return for any debt settlement, that it shall agree to safeguard enemy private property within a belligerent country, and England itself ought to jump to agree to this, not only because of its far-flung investments, which expose it to grave loss in any future hostilities, but because its own record is particularly black and has been admitted to be so by Englishmen of distinction. Our own is not too good, which makes it all the more advisable that we ourselves should lead in bringing about the reerection of this

section of international law. Nearly two billions of dollars of private property were seized by our allies under Article 297; some of this might well be returned, but in any event the United States should insist upon the restoration of the legal security of foreign investments as a prerequisite to any final disposition of the debts.

So far as France is concerned, in addition to the above considerations, there is the Dacia case, which France must arbitrate because it involves a vital principle, namely, the transfer of a ship from belligerent to neutral nationality in a neutral port in time of war. Not only international law but Article 56 of the Declaration of London sustained the validity of such a flag transfer on the Dacia, but the French simply ignored this and thereby helped to shut off the trade in cotton between our Southern ports and Europe. If the United States demands justice in these matters, and the safeguarding and restoration of international law, our debtors can have no sound reason for refusing; at least no question of poverty or inability to act because of the world economic disaster comes into consideration here.

Hazards of Childbirth

"THE hazards of childbirth in New York City are greater than they need be. Responsibility for reducing them rests with the medical profession." With this abrupt and pointed paragraph the Committee on Public Health Relations of the New York Academy of Medicine closes a study of maternal mortality in New York City for the years 1930 to 1932.* More than 2,000 deaths were carefully analyzed by a group of obstetricians, and their conclusions, involving as they do the severest strictures on their fellow-physicians, have some of the irresistible news value of the man-bite-dog story. When a doctor attacks another doctor—it is time for the general public to take notice.

Since 1920 the infant-mortality rate in New York City has declined from 85.4 deaths per 1,000 live births to 50.9, an admirable tribute to advanced medical practices. In 1921 the maternal mortality rate in New York City was 5.33. In 1932 the present study determines it to be 5.98. Obviously something is wrong, for during that period there was progressive improvement in the methods of treatment and a marked increase of hospitalization of maternity cases. More hospitals, more doctors in attendance, more education for prenatal care, more of the paraphernalia of operations—and just as many deaths, 25 per cent of them from that ancient bugbear of the parturient, puerperal septicemia.

The obstetrical jury sitting in judgment on the deaths in question declare that 65.8 per cent of them were preventable; of these, 61.1 per cent are laid at the door of the attending physician. The report is worth quoting on this point:

Where the lack of proper care was ascribed to failure on the part of the attendant, it is probable that this failure was not attributable to neglect or carelessness. Rather, the ignorance and insufficient training of the attendant prevented him from giving the high quality of care which he was attempting to provide for his patient and, further,

prevented the understanding on his part of the fact that he was incapable.

The italics are ours. The declaration will not be consoling to prospective mothers. For carelessness or neglect might be matters that pertained to one case only, but ignorance—and worse still, ignorance of ignorance—are conditions likely to persist until some forcible interruption from outside insures their remedy.

Several other interesting observations are contained in the report. The maternal death-rate for municipal hospitals is 13.2 per 1,000 live births. This is considerably higher than the average, but it is obvious that the high rate is largely explicable on the grounds, first, that these hospitals must take emergency cases, and, second, that their patients are derived from the class which is least likely to have had prenatal care. In the matter of preventable deaths, however, the municipal hospital, in spite of the difficulty of a large percentage of its cases, has a better standing than private and obstetrical hospitals. The percentage of preventable septicemia deaths is 46.4 in the municipal hospitals and more than 60 in the other institutions studied. Preventable deaths following operative deliveries is 10.3 per cent for the municipal hospitals and around 30 per cent for other institutions. The percentage of all preventable maternal deaths is 34.2 in municipal hospitals and around 50 in other institutions.

Fifty-nine midwives were among the attendants on the cases studied. Of these nineteen were adjudged competent, twenty were thought to be fairly competent, twenty were grossly incompetent. Yet the rate of preventability for midwives compared favorably with the rate of practicing physicians who treated patients at home. The report states: "Contrary to the generally accepted opinion, the midwife is an acceptable attendant for properly selected cases of labor and delivery." And again: "Effort should be made to induce women who cannot obtain adequate medical or hospital care to avail themselves of the services of qualified midwives under the supervision of physicians."

To the admonitions which the report makes to pregnant women that their doctors may be incompetent and a midwife may treat them more successfully, and that home deliveries may be preferable to the hospital, is added the further caution—be careful of the physician who performs caesarean operations without valid cause. "The high incidence of operative interference during labor was an important factor in the result." The death-rate for operative deliveries was greatly in excess of that for spontaneous deliveries. Operative deliveries were more frequent because of the easy accessibility of anaesthesia, and "it is the opinion of many observers that the increase in the use of anaesthesia is a factor in keeping the maternal mortality rate stationary."

The remedy for these really alarming conclusions the report leaves with the doctors. "The profession itself must accept the responsibility for educating the lay public to a better understanding of the aims of obstetrics and the methods by which those aims may be realized. But prior to that must come increased education of the profession." It is, of course, heartening that a small group of doctors recognize their responsibility toward patients whom they themselves describe as "a socially significant class—women in the active, child-bearing years." The lay public can only hope that the figures of the future will be equally heartening after this campaign of education has got under way.

* Maternal Mortality in New York City. A Study of All Puerperal Deaths, 1930-1932." The Commonwealth Fund. \$2.



"Be nice to him, dear."

Issues and Men

The Nazi Child-Mind

COULD anything be more typical of a certain type of German mind than Hitler's "triumph" in the election just held? You suppress all opposition parties, you lock up in concentration camps your chief political opponents, you control the entire press, the radio, and the stage, you threaten anybody who dares oppose you, you send Brown Shirts to make sure that everybody votes for the only men you have permitted to be nominated for public office, and then when you have thus dragooned the voters into giving you a 92 per cent vote you turn to the rest of the world and say: "See how the entire nation stands behind me!" Only a German could be capable of this—only a German like Hitler who has never been abroad and, with his chief associates, has no knowledge or understanding of other peoples and their psychology. It is a childish performance which ranks with that incredible stupidity of 1917, when Herr Zimmermann of the Berlin Foreign Office sent a telegram to Mexico offering to give back to it the States of Arizona and New Mexico if it would enter the war on Germany's side. It was the result of the same mental processes as those which led Von Papen to assure Ludendorff and Hindenburg that the United States could not raise an army or send it to France in time to be of any use to the Allies and to forget all about the immediate financial aid which the United States could give within a week after joining forces. It is the same type of mind that subjects its prisoners to horrible cruelties in the prison camps, murders at least 2,000 unresisting persons, and then really believes that this can be kept from the rest of the world as easily as it has been kept from the German people as a result of the government's taking over and dominating the press. It is the same type of mind which not only swallows all the age-old, long-disproved lies about the Jews, but accepts the absurd pretense of Nordic and German superiority and racial purity and really believes in the myths which it thus makes its own.

It is precisely this immaturity of mind which makes it so hard to deal in the international field with a Hitler or a Göring. I do not doubt that the great mass of Germans who voted to support Hitler's withdrawal from the League of Nations and his demand that Germany be allowed to re-arm were entirely and voluntarily with him. There was no need in their case to let it be known that if people did not vote promptly they would first be warned and then escorted to the polls. An equally unanimous vote on these questions could have been obtained by Dr. Brüning or any one of his predecessors. Of course every sane German has asked that Germany be restored to a position of equality with the nations which conquered it. It was never necessary to take a plebiscite on that. But if it had been, there would have been no need to destroy all the political parties in Germany save one in order to take it. If Hitler really thinks that his dragooned election told the rest of the world something it did not know, he is much less clever than has been supposed. Personally, I am surprised that the vote for him was not 100 per cent instead of a mere 92. Oh, yes, I know that he

acquiesced in advance to a small minority in opposition so that he might contend that it really was a free election in which those who were opposed to him had the right to register their disapproval. But that can deceive no one. As it is, the only significant thing about the election is that the Catholic church did dare to advise its followers to oppose Hitler and that immediately after the election the former Chancellor Wilhelm Marx and other prominent Catholics were arrested on the same old charges of corruption which Hitler has brought against many and proved in only a few cases—why prove them when the mere bringing of charges sufficiently discredits your adversaries?

But while there is this astounding immaturity of mind, so unable to assay world opinion and to judge the effect upon it of any given action, it is idle to deny that in Hitler's case it is coupled with great shrewdness in dealing with his fellow-countrymen and unbridled mendacity and misrepresentation. Machiavelli has been outdone; the Hitler technique surpasses his. Some day when Germany has worked out of its present insanity, there will be a marvelous opportunity for someone to write a book about the lie and its use under Hitler. Never has there been a national movement so entirely built upon falsehoods and never have there been people so eager to swallow them as the exhausted and ill-treated Germans. The whole movement began with the lies that Germany was not defeated in the war but was ruined by Jews, pacifists, and Socialists who stabbed the army in the back at home, and that the Germans were in no wise guilty of bringing on the war, which like the peace of Versailles was the work of the international Jews. Here again you have the childlike mentality. These things go over because the Germans, always victims of an inferiority complex and always stirred because the rest of the world will not accept them at their own valuation as the greatest of all nations, are ready to believe anyone who plays up to their national prejudices and tells them what they wish to hear about their terrible maltreatment. If Hitlerism were not such a menace to the whole world, one would almost wish that the Germans might never awake out of their present dream.

One thing one must say for Hitler—he is the master-showman of the age. Mussolini has done quite a little in that line but Hitler has outdone him. I have just heard from two anti-Hitlerites, who were at Nürnberg for the great Hitler display, of the marvelous staging of the whole great scene, the tremendous sense of solidarity in the vast throng of Brown Shirts, the glorious singing, the dramatization of the whole ceremony of the laying of the wreath by Hitler upon the grave of the unknown soldier. They admitted that they were more deeply stirred and moved by this performance than by anything else they had ever seen. Hitler has outdone Barnum as he has proved that many more than one sucker are born every minute. Circuses Hitler has provided in full measure. Now the question is, How about the bread? Even a child-mind in a land of myths requires something substantial to exist. Despite his promises, Hitler has not ap-

preciably reduced the number of unemployed, and the peasants of Germany are just as concerned with the low prices of their agricultural products ■ are our own farmers. From Bavaria comes news of growing dissatisfaction and unrest. That cannot be serious at present. It will be ■ long time before it is sufficient to exercise ■ modifying—or intensify—

ing—effect upon Hitler. Meanwhile let the pressure go on! It must not be diminished by an iota.

Donald Garrison Killard

Nazi Politics in America

By LUDWIG LORE

THE ways of Nazi politics are as variable as they are unfathomable. On November 2 the *Völkische Beobachter*, as official an expression of the Nazi mind ■ Hitler's "My Battle," published ■ three-column news article under the headline "No National Socialist Foreign Propaganda," which contained the following:

Chancellor Adolf Hitler recently received Mr. Karl von Wiegand, one of the outstanding figures in the American newspaper world. The newspapers of the Hearst chain which Mr. Wiegand represents everywhere featured this interview on the first page and were unanimous in their approval of the *Führer's* assurance that National Socialists in other countries are being strictly enjoined from carrying on their party propaganda there. This, they all declared, would react favorably not only on official relations between Germany and the United States but on public opinion in America as well, a consideration of paramount importance to Germany in the present situation. Such propaganda, the *Führer* had stated, must inevitably endanger friendly relations between Germany and other nations. He, at any rate, would not hesitate for ■ moment to call those who acted in contradiction to this command strictly to account, and to expel them from party membership. This interview, according to the American press, is gratifying particularly for its timeliness, Congressman Dickstein having just announced that he is about to present proof of National Socialist propaganda in the United States to a Congressional Investigation Commission. The interview should prove once and for all that such propaganda, if and where it exists, is being carried on by uninstructed and irresponsible persons, and against the expressed wish and desire of the *Führer*.

On November 7 the well-known and thoroughly reliable Berlin correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, Junius D. Wood, successor to Edgar Ansel Mowrer, who was so summarily bowed out of Germany two months ago, cabled:

An announcement from the press section of the Nazi party that Colonel Edwin Emerson, ■ New York clubman, has been named representative of the party's interests in the United States, revives unpleasant memories for many Americans who served overseas during the World War.

This wide divergence between the words and deeds of the Hitler Government is characteristic of the Dritte Reich and its policy of falsehood and ruthlessness. It is that policy which won the sympathies of the petty bourgeoisie and the small farmers by its anti-capitalist propaganda and now dances to the pipe of the heavy industries; which destroyed the trade unions, imprisoned their leaders, confiscated their treasuries, and yet dares reply to the boycott decision of the American Federation of Labor through Wilhelm Reichardt, secretary of the National Socialist Labor Front, in ■ cable

to New York, that "it is untrue that the workers of Germany are being forbidden to organize in unions. That is ■ lie spread by those émigrés who, by their betrayal of the cause of labor, hurled the working class of Germany into the depths of misfortune." In officially forbidding all propaganda on foreign shores, and five days later, through its party, appointing an official political representative for the United States, the Hitler Government is simply following its accustomed policy of duplicity and deceit.

The appointment of Colonel Emerson on November 7 was by no means the beginning of Nazi propaganda in our country. It merely started ■ new chapter in ■ work that was already well under way. The National Socialist German Labor Party has been actively engaged in propaganda on this side of the Atlantic since the fall of 1930, when it sent to the United States two paid propagandists who, with the support of a corps of volunteer workers, were to carry on the work of popularizing National Socialist ideas here. The work was centralized in the hands of ■ certain Ernst Lüdecke, registered correspondent of the *Völkische Beobachter* in Washington. After the election victories of the Nazis in March and September Herr Lüdecke was generally accepted here as Hitler's unofficial ambassador. He associated intimately with Congressmen and high government officials and was ■ well-known figure in the various offices of the State Department. Among the former, MacFadden of Pennsylvania and Banton of Texas seemed particularly amenable to Herr Lüdecke's influence; anti-Semitic speeches delivered in the national House of Representatives by these gentlemen during this period bore loud testimony to the diligence with which they had imbibed of the somewhat turgid waters that sprang from this font of wisdom. An outstanding example of this sort of indirect propaganda was Mr. MacFadden's impassioned defense of the Hitler regime and its anti-Semitic policies on the closing day of the last session of Congress.

The recall of Herr Lüdecke—the gentleman is at present confined in a Nazi prison—brought a reorganization of the American branch of the German fascist party. On September 30, 1932, Dr. Nieland of Hamburg, chief of the foreign branches of the National Socialist Party, issued ■ decree signed by Hitler establishing ■■ auxiliary of the party in the United States, appointing Heinz Spanknöbel of Detroit commander-in-chief of the Nazis in America, and designating officials in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco, St. Louis, Boston, and Jersey City to build up the ■ yet weak and ineffectual local organizations. The result was ■ wave of propaganda, liberally financed from above, wherever ■ strong German-American population seemed to offer a fruitful field for agitation—a

propaganda so effective that the National Socialist Party in Germany, having meanwhile achieved control of Germany's national government, deemed it advisable to reconstruct its American division on a new basis. On April 30, 1933, the party branches were ostensibly dissolved, and on May 1 a new organization was created calling itself *Liga der Freunde des neuen Deutschland*, under which innocent name it has from that day to this carried on a National Socialist propaganda that lays particular emphasis on anti-Semitism. The new league and various similarly named organizations are controlled by the identical elements that had previously directed the party organization, but they were now able to penetrate circles that would have been inaccessible to a purely political organization. Even Americans not of German blood were inveigled into membership. Each of the local organizations of the league elects—besides its regular officers, one of whom is a storm-troop commander—a publicity and propaganda section consisting, according to the strength of the organization, of from five to fifteen members. The constitution provides that the members of these propaganda divisions shall be wherever possible National Socialists specially trained for this activity. The league as such carries on no propaganda among Americans; this work is done by auxiliary organizations such as the Friends of Germany in New York.

The aforementioned Colonel Emerson is the director of the New York auxiliary, functions as correspondent to the *Völkische Beobachter*, and has a "Translation and Advisory Bureau" in the Whitehall Building, 17 Battery Place, New York, which also houses the German Consul General and his offices. From 1914 to 1917 Colonel Emerson was editor of the English *Continental News*, published by the German government to carry on pro-German propaganda among English-speaking soldiers during the war. After the United States entered the World War he officially retired from the editorship of this paper but remained to the end of the war the confidential friend of the German authorities. He is assisted by T. St. John Gaffney, former American Consul General in Munich, who was retired from the diplomatic service during the war because of his pro-German activity—a man who works enthusiastically without any remuneration. To the same group belong Frederick Franklin Schrader, who during the war carried on pro-German propaganda in this country, who writes for the *American Observer*, the English supplement to the Nazi *Amerika Deutsche Post*, and who has also been in the employ of the German Embassy, Lieutenant Colonel Henry W. Torney, Dr. John Hoving, M. E. Griswold, Joseph J. O'Donohue, Poultney Bigelow, Ferdinand Hansen, and many others.

The brains and the purse of all the propaganda activities of the American Nazis are in the General Consulate in New York, while the Embassy is kept informed. Up to June 21 of this year, and probably since that time as well, these offices subsidized a number of German and American writers of repute and paid the cost of other propaganda activity. The bills for these expenditures and others are usually paid by Herr Löper, treasurer of the German General Consulate, and the receipts are sent to Berlin by special courier or with the diplomatic mail pouch. In several instances Dr. Degener of the German-American Commercial League has acted as paymaster. After Heinz Spanknöbel had staged his mysterious disappearance, Ambassador Hans Luther declared that neither he nor his Embassy had ever

had the slightest connection with him. The Ambassador had evidently forgotten that Dr. Rudolf Leitner, counselor of the Embassy, at least twice came from Washington to New York to confer with Herr Spanknöbel (and surely not on his own initiative), and that the latter visited the legation in Washington at least once to report in person. In the General Consulate in New York Spanknöbel was a frequent visitor. He conferred at regular intervals with Consul General Kiep and with his successor, Dr. Hans Borchers, and was often invited to social functions in the home of the former to make the contacts necessary for his work. It is probable that Dr. Luther knew little of the details of Spanknöbel's work, but he was undoubtedly familiar with the important phases of National Socialist propaganda in the United States and must have known of Dr. Leitner's regular telephone conversations with the General Consulate in New York concerning Spanknöbel's work. Dr. Luther, a former left-wing member of the German People's Party, and his attaché, Dr. Leitner, up to January 30 of this year a staunch supporter of ex-Chancellor Dr. Marx and a vociferous republican, have become pathetically eager to demonstrate their dyed-in-the-wool Nazi allegiance on every possible occasion.

On June 21 Berlin again ordered a reorganization of the National Socialist propaganda service in this country. Colonel Emerson, whose activity had been severely criticized in American circles, was transferred to a less conspicuous position, and plans were laid for a systematic levy on important German business houses in this country. At a meeting of prominent German-Americans held in the German Consulate here Dr. Luther and Dr. Kiep emphasized that it was the duty of German business men in this country to finance this propaganda campaign. Their business enterprises, it was declared, would be seriously endangered by the anti-German boycott unless energetic measures were taken to counteract it. Furthermore, German propaganda could be carried on less conspicuously and would be less readily identifiable if paid for by merchants, manufacturers, and other business men of German origin or extraction in this country. General A. Metz, the American representative and manager of the I. G. (Interessen-Gemeinschaft der Chemischen Industrien Deutschlands), Vom Rath of the I. G. Chemical Corporation, Willi von Meister, American representative of the Dornier Motor Works, Friedrichshaven, and Adolf Scheurer, director of the American office of the Hamburg-American Line, were provisionally intrusted with the organization of this work. When General Metz returned with Mr. Ridder of the *Staats-Zeitung* from a semi-official trip to Germany, he denied that he was a National Socialist, but he has always refused to employ Jews in his important business enterprises. The gentlemen who control the German-American passenger lines have been more outspoken in their support of the new regime and have forced their employees to join the Nazi "unions." Under the new arrangement Colonel Emerson again became director of propaganda, but the happy days in which he functioned as the most highly paid propaganda representative of any foreign government are definitely over; his new employers, the German-American business men, are not as liberal with their hard-earned shekels as was Dr. Goebbels with the money of the German people.

But this does not mean that the German Propaganda Ministry is now leaving the Germans in America to their own resources. Its endeavors to sell Hitlerism to the some-

what skeptical American public are, if anything, more elaborate and more extensive than ever. Approximately three months ago it arranged with Carl Byoir and Associates, of 10 East Fortieth Street, New York, for the distribution of informative material on the "New Germany." Under the terms of this contract George Sylvester Viereck went to Germany with Carl D. Dickey, one of the "associates," to look around and to interview Hitler, Göring, Goebbels, Frick, Schacht, and most of the other Nazi dignitaries; these absolutely unbiased and objective impressions will be served up to Americans in a series of widely syndicated articles in the near future. I have not been able to verify the report sent out by a well-known American news service that the German government will invite ten American journalists to come to Germany during the coming year—independently of a similar activity carried on by the coordinated Karl Schurz Vereinigung—to give them an opportunity to investigate conditions in the Dritte Reich at the expense of the German government. But be that as it may, the American public will shortly have the opportunity of listening to glowing descriptions of Hitler's achievements by well-known speakers. These gentlemen, professors and government officials temporarily withdrawn from public service, are cropping up in all parts of the country. Others, as, for instance, the popular Count Luckner, who spoke for the Nazis in Germany, make no secret of their National Socialist sympathies. Generally these gentlemen work with much circumspection. Cases like that of Georg Schmitt, member of the Steel Helmets and wine salesman, who made himself impossible by the crudeness with which he carried out his mission, have been rare.

Much has been said and written concerning the presence of members of Göring's secret state police in the consulates, large banks, and institutions of this country, although it has not been possible to establish their activity beyond a doubt. It is, however, probable that the number of these salaried tools of the German government is far smaller than is generally believed, because they can and do obtain much valuable information and assistance from volunteer sources. The number of such volunteers is legion. The inroads Nazi patriotism has made on German-American sentiment have been revealed by Spanknöbel's astonishing success in New York. In August he set out with a small group of supporters to capture the Vereinigte Deutsche Gesellschaften, the delegated central body of the more than 300 German societies of New York City, organizations which, with very few exceptions, are entirely non-political in purpose and activity and stodgily middle-class in outlook. The Germans in New York are traditionally adherents of the Democratic Party, and political discussions are rare among them in normal times. All this changed, however, when Spanknöbel and his henchmen appeared upon the scene. With incredible ease, in a brief period of six weeks his men persuaded a large majority of these societies to instruct their delegates to the Vereinigte Deutsche Gesellschaften to support a National Socialist program of activity and to withdraw delegates who were in disagreement with Germany's new governmental ideas. In the September meeting these delegates indorsed the Hitler Government and voted down a resolution condemning its anti-Semitic policies. They further decided to hold a German Day celebration, on which occasion the Nazi flag was to be raised. Luther and Spanknöbel were chosen as speakers for this significant demonstration. The executive

board of the delegate body presented its resignation, and a number of liberal and Jewish organizations withdrew. The *Staats-Zeitung*, which had dominated this body since its inception, was vociferous in its protests. Bernard Ridder appeared at the October meeting and launched a vigorous attack against the American Nazis in general and against Herr Spanknöbel in particular. He disclosed that the latter had presented himself at the office of the *Staats-Zeitung* with credentials from the German government as the "leader of the Germans in the United States," and had claimed the right to determine the political line of the *Staats-Zeitung* under orders from the *Führer* in Berlin. Ridder had indignantly repudiated these pretensions and had asked Spanknöbel to leave his office. The war was on! The milk of human kindness with which the owners of the German daily had accepted even the most outrageous of Nazi atrocities in Germany turned slightly sour. But the Ridders found that the peace-loving *Spiesser* with whom they had been accustomed to deal in their intercourse with the German-American societies had been changed almost overnight into roaring lions who followed Spanknöbel through fire and water and howled down Mr. Ridder's protest in true Nazi style. The *Staats-Zeitung* followers experienced a second terrific defeat, but the Germany Day celebration, thanks to Mayor O'Brien, was not held. Spanknöbel, probably at the instigation of the Brothers Ridder, was indicted for having failed to register with the State Department as agent of a foreign government, and his flight has dampened, for the time being at least, the fervor of his followers in the German societies here.

The entire affair might be disregarded altogether did it not show so clearly the rapidity with which a fascist infection may spread in this country. We have here a group of over 300 societies with a membership hitherto indifferent to ideological and social problems and totally without political passions. Not even in the exciting years of the World War did the patriotic passions of these usually stolid Teutons move them to excesses like these. Yet a clever Nazi agitator was able in two short months to change peaceful German-Americans into a horde of wildly gesticulating, fanatical anti-Semites who threw their old leaders into the discard at a word from a hitherto unknown Nazi propagandist.

Labor in the United States will have to face the question with which European labor has had to reckon for years past: What will be its attitude toward fascist propaganda in this country? The conception that every political group must enjoy the right of untrammelled self-expression was supported by Communist and Socialist organizations in Europe when National Socialism first raised its head, and was in no small degree responsible for their hopeless defeat. The rapid growth of the Ku Klux Klan movement in this country and the more recent success of William Dudley Pelley's anti-Semitic "Silver Shirts," who are working hand in hand with the American Nazi representatives, should furnish food for thought. That the former collapsed after a period of mushroom prosperity is not proof of the essential sanity of the American citizenry. Its history and its ideas were the outgrowth of local Southern conditions and had little or no application to the problems of the rest of the nation.

Mistakes are in the world to be made, a German writer once said. But they are in the world also that one may learn not to repeat them. It is this that our doctrinaires of "pure democracy" have yet to learn.

Rebellion in Puerto Rico

By HUBERT HERRING

San Juan, November 10

TWO of the smaller Atlantic islands—Manhattan and Puerto Rico—now have a common bond. President Roosevelt gave both to Postmaster Farley. Farley picked Joseph McKee to rule Manhattan and Robert Gore to rule Puerto Rico. Both islands rebelled; Manhattan has achieved a rousing success, and Puerto Rico will probably soon rid itself of Gore.

In the long story of American ineptitude in Puerto Rico the last chapter must be written down as the most melancholy. For thirty-five years we have extended what General Miles termed in 1898 "the fostering arm of a nation of free people." The governors bestowed by this fostering arm have usually been gentlemen of good intentions; they have perhaps been deserving of political favors; they have rarely been distinguished for their ability. The worst was Mont Reilly, Harding's gift; the best, Theodore Roosevelt, Hoover's appointee; the dullest and most pathetic, Robert Gore, lifted from oblivion by Farley and about to be retired to oblivion by the grace of God, supported by the rage of the Puerto Rican people.

The case of Robert Gore might be forgotten were there not danger that the President may absent-mindedly allow his postmaster to repeat the performance. That cannot be, and the record must contain the entry showing the price which we exact from our subject people in Puerto Rico in the name of political expediency. Mr. Gore had made money in Florida and spent large sums on the Roosevelt cause. He was given Puerto Rico. True, he had other qualifications—genuine human sympathy and vestigial traces of a liberalism acquired in the days of Eugene Debs. He went to Puerto Rico in the sincere hope of translating the ethical ideals of the New Deal into practical terms for the island. He saw the struggle between the possessors and the dispossessed. He wanted to do something about it. That from the beginning he was unable to obtain results commensurate with his sympathies was because of defects of the head, not the heart.

It is reported that when he was appointed, Mr. Gore was not quite sure where Puerto Rico was. After a talk with him, it is clear to me that he is still confused on that point. Someone in Washington, someone near the Great White Throne, told Mr. Gore that the Puerto Ricans were children, and that the wise governor would treat them as children. The unnamed misinformant should be warned not to make that mistake again. Whatever may be said of the Puerto Ricans, they are not children. For 400 years they served Spain. Other colonies revolted and escaped, but Puerto Rico was peaceful and small. The Puerto Ricans had recourse to politics, and they became expert. They outplayed Spanish governors and cabinets systematically and malevolently. Mr. Gore arrived with his trunkload of colored beads; the politicians took his beads away from him, they took everything from him, and he is returning to the United States, unhappy and sick, with no glimmer of an idea what happened in this island, seemingly so innocent and peaceful. He is, however, obsessed by the conviction that the island is seething with a

dreadful thing which he calls "anti-Americanism." Those who oppose him are perforce "anti-Americans."

From the beginning Mr. Gore talked and played politics. His predecessor, Theodore Roosevelt, had escaped that pitfall; he had talked about the suffering children, about the exploited needleworkers, about the plight of the sugar workers. But Gore put his head into the political trap, and it clamped down with a dull crunching of gubernatorial bones. The complicated political picture includes three major parties: first, the Union Republicans, composed of the respectable people who own things or work for people who own things, the lawyers, doctors, and business men; second, the Socialists, of a breed which has forgotten Karl Marx and thinks William Green a labor leader. They are a pathetically ineffective but honest group, sincerely working for the improvement of the lot of the workers. Their greatest spiritual handicap is too long and too close association with the American Federation of Labor. Third, there are the Liberals, a new hopper into which has been gathered a miscellaneous collection of old conservatives and young liberals. For the most part they are the habitual followers of Antonio Barceló, the most picturesque politician of the island, honest, magnetic, an opportunistic patriot. The chief plank in the Liberal platform is insular independence, and it is upheld honestly and tenaciously by the rank and file of the younger leaders in the group. The first two of these parties are at present united against Barceló's Liberals. This coalition received 210,000 votes in the last election, against the Liberals' 175,000, thereby winning control of the Congress. Gore, innocently thinking that things are as they seem, decided to be realistic and to play ball with the coalition. He forgot its complete artificiality and seemed not to realize that while Barceló and his party were for the moment submerged they have an obstinate capacity for rising again. Gore played the coalition game and showed decided animosity toward the Liberals. This animosity was natural to a man of Gore's type. The Liberals were "anti-American." They wished to have Spanish taught as the language of the island, and they proposed at the earliest possible moment to pull down the Stars and Stripes. His distaste was promptly reciprocated. Unfortunately for Gore, the Liberals have several men who know how to express distaste in stirring fashion. One of them is Luis Muñoz Marín. The columns of *La Democracia* have kept Mr. Gore awake nights. Nothing has been left unsaid, and Mr. Gore gave a clever editor plenty of things to say.

The first too astute political move of the new governor was a requirement that all new appointments should be filed with undated resignations. The inevitable storm aroused by this affront to the dignity of appointees was met by a blanket denial of the order from Gore. Whereupon Barceló's *La Democracia* came out with a streaming headline in English. "Governor Gore, you are a damn liar!" Muñoz Marín in his editorial suggested that the Governor bring a libel suit. The Governor didn't.

The patronage question came next. Gore had reason to know that to the victors belong the spoils. He had profited

under that accepted principle. The Democratic Party is represented in Puerto Rico by a select group of 175 hopeful Democrats. President Roosevelt owed much to this group. Their six votes in the convention that nominated him were his from the first day. Farley saw to that. The local leaders of this valiant band were quick to press their claims. One Mrs. Whittemore was open-minded on the subject of being appointed governor. Failing in that, she revealed her willingness to serve as commissioner of education. This post was held by José Padín, whom Theodore Roosevelt had persuaded to give up a more lucrative business post in order to take it. Padín had made a conspicuous success, and he was acclaimed wherever educators foregathered. From the beginning Gore showed marked dislike for Padín. Padín, it seemed, spoke Spanish, approved of teaching Spanish, had no interest in politics, refused to allow the politicians to meddle with his schools—obviously he was “anti-American.” A cable from Washington requested Padín’s resignation. Things looked bright for the Mrs. Whittemore who had helped to elect Roosevelt. Then the storm broke. Almost everyone in Puerto Rico who knew or cared about schools wrote or wired to Washington. American educators entered the lists and told the President in unmistakable words exactly what they thought of paying party debts with the schools of Puerto Rican children. Padín is still commissioner, and Farley had to find other jobs for his staunch Puerto Rican henchmen. Mrs. Whittemore was given the post of collector of internal revenue, Mr. Horton of attorney-general, Mrs. Dooley of chief of immigration—all well-paying jobs which should have gone to more competent Puerto Ricans.

The most spectacular scene—and probably the last in which Gore will play a part—was staged on the campus of the University of Puerto Rico in Rio Piedras. The university has been the football of island politics ever since it was founded, but under the able direction of Carlos Chardon, a brilliant scientist and able executive, it has made steady progress. It is the proud center of island culture and is dear to Puerto Rican hearts. It symbolizes the spiritual independence of the people in the face of alien domination. Faculty, students, alumni, and islanders generally have repeatedly demanded that the politicians keep their hands off. The Governor soon gave evidence of suspecting the university. It too was put on the anti-American list. A place on the board of trustees became vacant, and it was the Governor’s duty to make an appointment. He has wide latitude under the law, the only requirement being that the nominee must have made a name in the arts, in science, or in letters. Gore appointed Alonso Torres, an active politician, a congressman, a labor leader, a Socialist, an honest and zealous protagonist for the workers of the island. The appointment was inspired by two motives, one political and one emotional. Torres was a leader in the dominant coalition, chairman of the finance committee of the house. Furthermore, he was a recognized leader of labor, and Gore thought that he was striking a blow for the dispossessed by making the appointment. If it had been a clear case of appointing a labor man to a place on the university board, Gore might well have been applauded, but the case was not clear. The appointment was definitely political. The coalition was determined to control the university and to “Americanize” it. Further, Torres did not qualify as competent in the field of arts, science, or letters. He had on numerous occasions expressed his dislike of the

university. His literary efforts were brought out to confound him, especially the report of an economic commission of which he had been chairman. Included among the proposals for the betterment of economic conditions in the island was one which suggested the possibility of raising nightingales, these to be trained to sing the Star Spangled Banner and to be sold in the United States for fifty dollars each. The appointment of Torres evoked a cry of rage from students and alumni, parents and friends. It was the *cause célèbre* which solidified the island against the Governor. A delegation of students sought an appointment with the Governor, but was refused. The students paraded with a coffin labeled *Cultura*, and in the shadow of the Governor’s house shed tears over the bier. They sent three girls with a copy of a book of etiquette for Mr. Gore. They called an assembly and voted a student strike. The Governor broke into a cold sweat. Here was anarchy, insubordination, ingratitude, and—anti-Americanism. He decided to call out the militia, but was dissuaded by men of calmer mind. He decided to close the university altogether, but someone reminded him of Machado. In the meantime the students laughed and marched and sang. They campaigned throughout the island. Alumni and parents joined forces with them. Chancellor Chardon kept his head. Commissioner Riggs of the insular police talked with the boys and suggested that all retain their sense of humor, and the university voted a recess of two weeks. The Governor ordered extra guards for his house, and the two weeks went by. Torres, under orders, or out of his own wisdom, resigned. The students went back to work. They had captured the respect of practically all sections of the population, for they had expressed the stored-up resentment against a man who presumed to ride rough-shod over the dignity and self-respect of the island. They won the strike, and more. They made it certain that Governor Gore must retire.

The most heartening experience one can have in Puerto Rico is a talk with the leaders of the student directory. I have just talked for three hours with five of them. They are young men of poise and idealism. They stand out in welcome contrast to Puerto Rican old-guard politicians. They are thinking in fundamental economic and social terms of the island’s future. Their minds are not closed. Many of them believe that Puerto Rico should be allowed to work out its destiny as a separate nation. They have not been “Americanized,” and I hope they will not be. The word has a bad connotation in Puerto Rico.

I regret the necessity of writing these words about Robert Gore, but he represents a political habit which must be rooted out. He has gone far toward undoing the excellent work of Theodore Roosevelt in building up relations of mutual respect between the island and the mainland. Yet the fault is not primarily Gore’s. The real culprit is Postmaster-General Farley together with the spoils system of which he is belated administrator.

On the eve of the Seventh Pan-American Conference in Montevideo it is fitting that the Administration take swift measures to make honorable amend to the Puerto Ricans. The Latin American peoples question our good intentions. Puerto Rico is a test of the reality of those intentions. We have failed miserably there during the greater part of thirty-five years. Our one Latin American colony would without question vote to leave us tomorrow if given a chance. It is a sorry commentary on our handling of the island’s affairs.

Murder and the Khaki Shirts

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

WHEN Commander-in-Chief Art J. Smith of the fascist Khaki Shirts suddenly announced on the night of October 11 a plan to take over the city of Philadelphia and seize three armories preliminary to a march on Washington next day, fifteen members of his general staff mutinied. Smith found himself in a tough spot and fled. Then the Philadelphia police raided three Khaki Shirts centers and confiscated many guns, knives, and other weapons.

But there was one gun which they did not find, because it was already in the hands of the New York City police. That weapon was the twenty-five-caliber Colt automatic pistol which killed Anthony Fierro, anti-Fascist student, while he was defending a friend who was being ejected from a meeting of Khaki Shirts in Astoria, Long Island, on July 14. It has been the business of the committee defending Athos Terzani, who is accused of Fierro's murder, to trace the history of that pistol from the time it was shipped from the factory to the moment when it was hidden in a piano as Fierro lay dying. Findings on this point are held in reserve.

Terzani, a comrade of the slain youth, is to face a jury on November 27 in Long Island City. He will declare again that Fierro actually was shot by a member of the Khaki Shirts who was identified on the night of the tragedy by himself and another eyewitness, then a stranger to him. Policemen who questioned Terzani that night tried to get him to take the pistol in his hand, but he had too much sense to do it, being mindful of fingerprints. An officer of the Khaki Shirts, however, had picked up the gun from the floor after the shooting and helped to conceal it.

Despite the testimony given by Terzani and the other identifying witness, Michael Palumbo, both of whom had unblemished records, Assistant District Attorney Joseph Loscalzo released the member of the Khaki Shirts they had pointed out and permitted him to leave the State. Loscalzo held Terzani for the murder and Palumbo for a stabbing of which he was presently exonerated. This arbitrary action was based solely on the word of "General" Smith.

Commander Smith's public pronouncements in earlier months had dealt largely with guns and violence. In June he had proclaimed in Philadelphia that he had 7,000,000 men in his organization equipped with artillery, tanks, machine-guns, and rifles, and that in due time the Khaki Shirts would march to Washington, seize the federal government, and set up a dictatorship. Life, liberty, justice, and equality were listed at the outset as cornerstones of the Khaki Shirt organization. Smith's wife was made treasurer. Initiation cost \$2, and for months the Quartermaster found a ready sale for khaki shirts, trench coats, and spiked helmets.

New York City soon drew Smith's attention. One of his aids had a cousin there who had been active in Italian political clubs. Astoria, in Queens County, was picked as a likely spot for extension activities. Smith and his officers and a few privates drove up from Philadelphia on July 14 for a meeting in Astoria. That night the Khaki Shirts spread themselves in strategic positions around the interior of Columbus Hall. Perhaps 125 persons were present, mainly

Italians. A dozen or more of these were anti-Fascists. "General" Dominic Siani of Smith's staff spoke. When he mentioned fascism and Mussolini, somebody in the audience booed. The interrupter was promptly quieted by khaki-clad guards. Then Fort Vellona, reporter for *La Stampa Libera*, anti-Fascist daily, arose and began to explain why the other man had booed—"because we don't like fascism and Mussolini." Commander Smith hurried down to Vellona, and an argument followed, then blows.

Anthony Fierro, on a bench near Vellona, had leaped to his defense quickly. There was a general fight, with great confusion. Fierro and Smith became locked in a desperate struggle; Fierro had been struck on the head and was bleeding badly. Then a shot was fired and Fierro slumped down dying.

If Terzani had been guilty, his defenders argue, he would have left before the police came—there was ample time—and so have escaped detection, since he was known only to his own group. But he lingered, hoping to aid Fierro, who he soon realized was beyond aid. A physician among the Khaki Shirts eased the dying boy's last moments. When the police appeared on the scene, Terzani led them to the piano and showed them where the murder gun was hidden, beneath the key cover. Then Terzani pointed to one of the Khaki Shirts and said: "That's the man who killed him!" Palumbo corroborated this charge. "General" Smith raised his voice to contradict them and accused Terzani.

Solely on Smith's word Terzani was held for the grand jury and was indicted for second-degree murder, the penalty for which is twenty years to life. A united-front defense committee, headed by Norman Thomas, was formed. Seven lawyers volunteered to defend Terzani, with Arthur Garfield Hays as chief counsel. Michele Fierro, father of the slain youth, repudiated the indictment as "an outrageous frame-up." E. J. Phillips, former Khaki Shirts organizer, quit the aggregation in disgust and offered to "give vital testimony" for the defense after letters he sent to District Attorney Charles Colden of Queens County were ignored. Mr. Colden promised on August 28 to make a new inquiry into the Fierro killing, but he has never made it.

For four days "General" Smith was missing after the Columbus Day debacle; then he surrendered on a fraud charge, asserting that "the police and the radicals" had plotted against him, and was freed on bail. When the District Attorney in a letter to Norman Thomas indicated doubt that Smith and other Khaki Shirts who testified before the grand jury would respond to subpoena for the Terzani trial, Arthur Garfield Hays warned him that the defense would insist on proceeding with the trial on the scheduled day, and that if the prosecution was not ready the defense would demand dismissal of the indictment.

The defense committee, in advertising a mass-meeting at which Terzani will put his case before the people of Philadelphia on November 24, charges directly that "Smith is an accessory to murder because he has shielded Fierro's slayer ever since the crime."

The End of Boss Vare

By ALEXANDER KENDRICK

Philadelphia, November 14

PHILADELPHIA'S particular brand of political bossism, upon which even the overlords of Tammany Hall looked with envious eyes, received its deathblow last week at the hands of a citizenry suddenly surprised at the extent of its own power. For the first time in fifty years the City of Brotherly Love went unqualifiedly Democratic at the polls, crushed the strongest Republican machine in the country, and sent into exile its deposed leader, Boss Bill Vare. After the deluge four city-county offices, several places on the bench, ten magistracies, and the city's election machinery were in the hands of the enemy; the Republican Party, discredited and disrupted, was a sad minority faction; the Vare dynasty was at an end after forty-five years of supremacy; and Pennsylvania's sedate citadel of reaction had achieved the primary stage of political development so long denied it—simple partisanship.

Ostensibly it was a fusion movement that defeated Vare, or the victorious candidates—S. Davis Wilson for city controller, Will B. (sic) Hadley for city treasurer, Charles H. Hersch for county coroner, and Harry V. Dougherty for register of wills—were on the tickets of both the Independent Democratic organization and the Town Meeting Party, composed of anti-Vare Republicans. Actually, of the 75,000 majority by which fusion won, the Town Meeting block supplied only 35,000, so that even without a single Republican vote the Democratic victory would have been clear-cut. How remarkable the overturn was becomes evident when comparison is made with the majority of 293,000 for Coolidge in 1924, of 148,000 for Hoover in 1928, of 70,000 for Hoover last year, and, *mirabile dictu*, of 338,000 for Vare in the 1926 Senate contest. Allowance must also be made for the fraudulent vote Vare's ward leaders turn in for him regularly. This is said to top the 85,000 mark.

Vare himself blames for his defeat the strong Democratic sentiment aroused by the Roosevelt Administration. As he left for his winter home in Florida the day after election, he said wistfully: "Well, I guess I helped to elect the wrong man President when I nominated Hoover." His mahouts, more fatalistic perhaps, simply shrugged their shoulders and said: "When you're licked, you're licked." Without a doubt the swing toward Roosevelt was an important factor in the Philadelphia debacle, but there was more to it than that. A rapidly conducted campaign contributed to the result. Vare has always considered it sufficient to discredit the other side. This time he found that to call his opponents Pinchocrats wasn't enough. But the economic factor was probably most important. Previously, heeding the old axiom that the only good minority was a dead minority, Vare, like his two brothers before him, had controlled the local Democratic organization, such as it was. In return for their purely theoretical opposition the boss Democrats received their share of the spoils and were well content. The State Democratic movement had always been more or less of a joke, and the national one, of course, nothing to speak of during the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era. With the return of the Demo-

crats to power, however, and with a new economic set-up facing the country, it was inevitable that the old-fashioned, slow-gearred Vare machine should feel the effects. Copious oiling of all its parts in the form of jobs, favors, food, and coal is indicated on the first page of the Vare political chapbook. Such a scheme works well when there are jobs. But even the time-tried patience of a Republican ward-heeler begins to fray at the edges when he must face the electorate with nothing to offer but promises.

The alliance that seized upon all these factors to overthrow Vare was made up of Governor Gifford Pinchot, a long-time opponent of Vare; former Mayor Harry A. Mackey, who was Vare's campaign manager in the 1926 Senate campaign; City Controller S. Davis Wilson, arch-enemy of such Vare-approved utilities as the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company; and behind the firing lines, in Washington, Postmaster-General Farley, and in Philadelphia, J. David Stern, publisher of the independent Philadelphia *Record*.

Alone in Philadelphia the *Record* upheld professional ethics during the campaign. It espoused the Democratic cause calmly and confidently, without any tub-thumping, windmill-tilting, or foaming at the mouth such as marked the conduct of its contemporaries. It took the attitude that the facts spoke for themselves, and it is evident that it was not mistaken. The defeat of Vare was only one of the *Record's* victories this year, for on the same day that Vare fell the archaic Sunday blue laws of 1794 were repealed in an uprising fomented by Stern's liberal paper. Also on the same day, across the river in Camden, New Jersey, Stern's *Courier-Post* won a municipal lighting plant by a vote of three to one, despite the powerful opposition of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey.

Although its circulation is less than one-tenth of that enjoyed by the five Republican newspapers of the city, the *Record*, now representing the majority party, is perhaps the most forceful voice in municipal affairs. The anti-Vare campaign was mapped out in Colonel Stern's own office, and although John B. (Jack) Kelly, one-time champion oarsman, is nominally head of the Democratic organization in the city, Stern is the power behind the throne. Five years ago he was a small-town publisher and the *Record* was a dead and dry-as-dust collection of agate type.

The anti-machine stand of Pinchot seems to be the vogue this year, witness the overthrow of bosses in New York, Boston, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh—action which may influence political behavior for many years to come. It is safe to say that if a Statewide election were held at this moment, Pennsylvania would be in the Democratic column, and if the party can hold its gains until next year, the country may be treated to the strange spectacle of a Democratic Governor, a Democratic Senator, a Democratic Congressional delegation and State legislature, and, in Philadelphia, a Democratic City Council and Mayor, the first since 1880.

Pittsburgh saw the Mellon-Coyne machine wrecked, and the first Democratic Mayor since 1905, William M. McNair, elevated to office. Scranton and Lancaster and

other Republican fortresses also capitulated. The Pittsburgh defeat is seen as the handwriting on the wall for Senator David Aiken Reed, God's gift to the corporations. Until last week he had been conceded reelection, and because of the imminent retirement of the Honorable "Banjo Jim" Davis, with him had been paired none other than Boss Vare himself. It has been the burning ambition of Vare's life to sit in the Senate just once before he died. If he had won this year he would have named the governor next year and received the appointment in exchange. In the present circumstances Governor Pinchot, considerably heartened, will enter the lists himself, either as Republican or Democrat. It makes small difference.

That the election was for Philadelphia ■ revolution, there can be no doubt; whether it was reform remains to be seen. Aside from the prestige he had so laboriously built up over the past forty years, Vare suffered his greatest loss in the patronage he so prided himself upon. Some 2,000 city and county jobs were lost to him. Unfortunately the young men who succeed him had not counted the last victorious ballot before they were involved in deciding who was to get what job for services rendered, and, curiously, their terminology seemed exactly the same as that of the older, and now perhaps wiser, generation of politicians. At the moment, since the Democrats are not to take over until January 1, this particular problem is a purely academic one. Later it may create the dissension that seems to be the unavoidable concomitant of such largess. Colonel Stern may find it hard to keep his bright young men in check.

Today, ■ week after the election, the most important result aside from the loosening of the chains seems to be the

newly awakened civic and political consciousness of the people at large. The electorate is glorying in a strength it never before knew it possessed. Already a movement is on foot to impeach Mayor J. Hampton Moore for running political errands for Boss Vare and for alleged conspiracy to prevent proper police protection at the polls, in violation of the city charter. The board of education has removed the official who placed it in an embarrassing position by becoming one of the Vare candidates in an attempt to dragoon the school-teacher vote. Rigorous prosecution of election arrests is impending. A plan to merge city and county functions for reasons of economy and efficiency is gaining favor. Tax cuts, trolley-fare cuts, the scrapping of useless jobs, and the modernization of city management are on the horizon.

To the observer familiar with Philadelphia it is obvious that changes such as these do not originate spontaneously. The people are cracking the whip, and it would be hard to say who is the more surprised, the people themselves or those who feel the lash. Considering the city's former Republican tendencies, the Democratic majority is not a very large one, and the pendulum might easily swing back. About 20,000 votes either way carries the balance of power, and in this very condition lies the salvation of the city, for each party must put forward the best and strongest it has. Venality, indecisiveness, and ignorance can defeat either side.

Philadelphia's chief political trouble has been the lack of opposition to Vare. Whatever happens in the future, from the point of view of partisanship, such ■ state of affairs seems definitely of the past. Any way one chooses to look at it, the passing of Vare, last of the bosses, brings ■ new era to the City of Brotherly Love.

The Doctor and the Depression

By LOUIS C. JOHNSON

NO official figures have yet appeared telling in dollars and cents just what this period of readjustment has done to the earnings of the doctor of medicine. On request for such information, the American Medical Association, which is the logical source for such data, speaking through Dr. R. G. Leland, director of the Bureau of Medical Economics, stated that no such study had been made. Consequently it has been necessary to resort to ■ personal survey, which, although suggestive, does not yield actual statistics so much as the reactions of individual doctors.

In the earliest days of the depression there was a tendency on the part of the doctor to conceal the fact that his business had fallen off and that collections were very slow. With the final realization that everyone is in the same boat, the tendency is to swing in the opposite direction and exaggerate the lack of both business and money. A doctor writing from a small city in the coal-mining regions of Pennsylvania sums up the matter very neatly. "If I ask," he writes, "one of my medical friends how much he is collecting, he will probably say that he hasn't taken in a dollar in the past month—his idea being to put me off with a good-natured lie. . . . The doctors are neither more nor less prosperous than the communities in which they practice. . . . None of the larger banks of J—— are yet fully open; Dr.——, one

of the oldest and best-known physicians, lost his home because of bank closure; Dr.——, once a wealthy man, died a few months ago in poverty, carried down by signing notes; I had to hand over \$1,000 in cash because I owned ten shares in one of the two P—— banks which failed." And then further, "In spite of the coal business the young doctors in the small towns are doing better than the young doctors here in J——. Their expenses are lower."

If you take a region in which not coal but corn, wheat, cotton, tobacco, steel, or some other industry dominates, you get an almost identical report. The older and established doctors put their money into banks, or played with stocks, or invested unwisely, but even though they found themselves relieved of these assets, their real ones were not touched. To quote from an address to a graduating class of medical students, delivered in June of this year by Dr. Harold Rypins, secretary of the Board of Medical Examiners for New York:

In the first place it is obvious that the physician's situation is not worse but better than that of the general public. The physician is always an individualist operating with the minimum reference to and interference from the social-economic machinery; and his services, much less than those of the mechanic, the advertising expert, or even the banker, are absolutely essential. Babies are always being

born, children are always catching the measles, adolescents are always acquiring rheumatic fever, the middle-aged always have their share of diabetes, the old suffer heart-failure, and all of them want the doctor—in a hurry. Most of the sufferers are willing to the best of their ability to pay the doctor for his assistance, and are reasonably grateful to boot. . . . Again, the doctor's capital is one which can never be wiped out in Wall Street—his scientific education, his experience, and his reputation for integrity are permanent and invaluable assets. Neither can he suffer from complete unemployment, though his remuneration may be slow and incomplete.

Wishing to obtain some actual figures, I sought information from a man who has taken to collecting bills for doctors. He is not the usual kind of collector, but a well-educated man who approaches his problems through figures. He used to sell dictionaries until people became more interested in bread than diction, and he always knew how many sales he could expect in a certain region from a study of the economic data of the place. I consulted him with the idea that he might supply some really heart-breaking facts about the doctor's distress. Here are the figures he supplied. It has been generally believed that the total annual cost for medical care in this country is approximately \$3,000,000,000. It is asserted, also that about a third of this cost goes to the doctor or his services. If there are 150,000 practicing physicians (the number is actually nearer 140,000), the average earnings of each amount to \$6,666. More detailed figures on doctors' earnings, based on data for the year 1928, a time when money came and went easily, were published by the American Medical Association in 1931. Dr. Leland made the study; and analysis of 6,328 complete answers which came to him shows that the average gross earnings of the doctor in the day of prosperity were from \$6,500 to \$7,499. Of the total number of doctors who replied, 15 had an income of less than \$500, 230 an income of from \$2,500 to \$3,500, and 35 an income of approximately \$30,000. Eleven per cent earned from \$4,500 to \$5,000, and 20 per cent earned less than \$4,500. These figures represent gross earnings, and a gross income of \$5,000 in New York represents a net income of \$2,618; a gross of \$30,000 means a net of \$19,516. The poorest-paid men of the group were those on a salary—teachers, research workers, and those employed in public-health work, hospitals, or industrial fields—but the members of this group, although they had the lowest gross income, had a larger net, since the organization which paid the salary provided the place in which the doctor worked. The average general practitioner earned more than the professors who had taught him.

It is evident that the first figures, which would give the doctor, in 1932, an income several times larger than the earnings of his average patient, come very close to his gross income in 1928, when the flow of money was fast and free. The discrepancy will be found in the first figure of the total annual cost of medical care. Nothing like \$3,000,000,000 was spent in the year 1932 for medical care, or if it was, the doctor did not get his usual $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. No doctor, unless he was on a salary, earned as much in that year as in 1928, and the drop in income has been anywhere from 15 to 50 per cent. Doctors who have specialized have suffered the greatest decreases—the \$30,000-a-year men, who formerly occupied splendid quarters, with laboratories, a corps of technicians, secretaries, chauffeurs, and cars, and in addition large

social obligations. With the drop in earnings many of these accessories have been eliminated; the specialist now works with less help, and he is willing to take very much less for his services. The doctor in more modest surroundings has also had to retrench. With both the fall in income has been due to three main reasons: fewer patients seek them for consultation; of those who come a larger proportion have no money to pay for services; and those who can and will pay have to defer payment for varying lengths of time.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable reversals that the depression has brought about is the position of the doctor on a salary. In the days of prosperity he occupied the lowest rung so far as income was concerned, and he must often have looked with envy upon his classmate in private practice. In this period of depression only the salaried doctor of all his kind can feel any degree of security; his salary, even though subject to a cut, has seemed to increase with the drop in retail prices, and for the first time he finds himself envied for purely financial reasons. It will be interesting to see if the feeling of security derived from a fixed income will have enough weight with the doctors in practice and those emerging from the medical schools to act as a wedge to split the front of opposition to socialized medicine. The effect of the depression is like that of a very small firecracker compared to the bomb which this idea, as it was presented, for example, by the recent report on the Costs of Medical Care, exploded in the camp of the doctors.

Whatever the future holds for the doctor in these matters, neither the possibility of socialized medicine nor the depression has brought the applications for admission to medical schools below the capacity of the institutions for students. In 1932 there were 12,280 applicants for admission, of which number 7,357 were accepted. The ratio of applicants to admissions in the three years before the depression was nearly 2 to 1. This means that doctors are still being graduated at the rate of from 5,000 to 6,000 a year, nearly double the number graduated a decade ago. Since annually there are only about 3,000 deaths among doctors, the number practicing has constantly increased; it has been pointed out that no other country has as many doctors per capita as the United States. Dr. Willard C. Rappleye, director of study of the Commission of Medical Education, which also made its final report this year, warns very definitely "of the dangers that must result if the production of doctors is not drastically curtailed."

The medical colleges and the hospitals with which they are associated have been in real straits. Members of the teaching staff in all of them have taken salary cuts, and appointments which would have been made in other years have been withheld. Many students who entered in the years 1930-32 have found themselves unable to pay the tuition, and the schools have had this extra financing to do—they have at least in many cases permitted the student to finish the school year and come to a good halting place. The quality of medical education itself has not been lowered, although there have been necessary retrenchments in all departments. Economy has been most noticeable in the money available for laboratories and research work, and the depression will have served a good purpose if it brings out in definite figures the amount of money which has previously been idly spent for this purpose. For research is of two varieties; inspired and otherwise. Inspired research gives a new concept of disease, as,

for example, the work of Pasteur did, or a new substance, such as insulin. But thousands of dollars have been wasted on the other kind of research, which, while its results may be interesting, achieves little of vital importance.

The tendency of the doctor toward specialization has been much discussed. The Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, while it recognized that the specialist is the natural consequence of medical education as it is carried on these days, and that certain men are by nature equipped to do certain things better than others, condemned wholesale specialization, particularly because of the evils which have sprung up around it. Maurice Lever in Bulletin No. 24 of the committee's report says: "The overdevelopment of specialism with the attendant use of the sliding scale and fee-splitting is commonly believed to have increased costs excessively." Fee-splitting "has been called into prominence by competition among specialists" and "encourages unnecessary and expensive, not to say harmful, treatment." Very much more might be said of the practice, but no good word. The specialist is now operating on the lower notes of his sliding scale, but he still charges the banker more than the baker. The doctor has always adjusted his fee to the ability of the patient to pay, and if left to his own devices he probably always will do so. The decline in fees from the upper register to the lower ought to do more to remedy these evils than any amount of legislation. The specialist has already become less special in his practices, and the pseudo-specialist must revert to general work.

The year 1933, then, finds the doctor very much depressed as far as finances go. In the rural regions, particularly in the South and West, he has had a bitter time. But his education and experience have taught him to endure; his original large investment of both time and money, his late start on his career, his struggle to establish himself, his not too ample earnings have acquainted him with privation. His life is one of constant adjustment to situations and people, and by habit in crucial moments he must formulate solutions and bring about their consummations. He is no business man; he never collects more than 80 per cent of the money he earns, and his savings are the quarry of every sort of swindler. But still he survives, and what to the business man are his weaknesses are in fact the essence of his strength.

Contributors to This Issue

LUDWIG LORE, formerly editor of the New York *Volkszeitung*, has recently returned from Germany.

HUBERT HERRING is the executive director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America.

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL reported the Sacco-Vanzetti and Centralia trials for the labor press.

ALEXANDER KENDRICK is a Philadelphia newspaperman.

LOUIS C. JOHNSON, a practicing physician, is professor of medicine at the Long Island College of Medicine.

FLORENCE CODMAN is a regular contributor of reviews to *The Nation*.

WILLIAM MACDONALD contributes historical and political reviews to *The Nation* and other periodicals.

RICHARD MCKEON is the editor and translator of "Selections from Medieval Philosophers."

In the Driftway

WHAT would you do, gentle reader, if you were twenty-four-years old and your father gave you a full-fledged Western river steamboat as a Christmas present? Probably you wouldn't know what to do at all, but a young Pittsburgher to whom this happened in 1925 knew exactly. For he had grown up along the Ohio River, had been dreaming steamboats since he was a boy, and had been working on them for half a dozen years. With boundless enthusiasm, energy, and pluck he set out to put the Betsy Ann on a paying basis in the trade between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. He fought ice and flood and repair bills, and too many competitors—and won. But he could not win against dwindling cargo, and after seven years gave up the fight and sold the Betsy "down the river"—where she came from. It was like the parting of a small boy from his pet dog.

BUT it was a great adventure while it lasted. For the steamboat is a peculiarly American institution. It has never meant to any other country what it did to America for the fifty middle years of the nineteenth century. The steamboat on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers changed the United States from an inconsequential group of European settlements on the Atlantic seaboard to a continental nation. Our clipper ships and "blubber hunters" wrote great epics too, but in tradition and technique they followed the world pattern—molded chiefly by England. A good sailor was—and is—equally at home on an American, English, French, or Norwegian ship. The Mississippi and Ohio river steamboat created its own tradition and technique, its own atmosphere and vocabulary. What does a deep-water sailor know of guards or boiler decks, of the fantail or the Texas cabin? How would he ever guess that the top of the smokestack—not the old-fashioned fluted sort, but the later kind that looks like a spittoon—is called a pudding? The Western river steamboat looks like a birthday cake, consisting mostly of frosting and curlicues, but it has created a solid segment of Americana—the joint contribution of the white frontiersman and the Southern Negro—which survives in almost its original quality, though in pitifully diminished quantity, to this day.

OUR young Pittsburgher succeeded to this inheritance, gulping it down with voracity and relish, and now that the decks of the Betsy Ann have slipped from under him, he has paused to record his experiences from "mud clerk" to first-class pilot in the only book* on the subject by an actual participant that the Drifter knows of since Mark Twain. Nor is it an unworthy successor to the writings of that master. Mr. Way has some of the same gift of picturesque vocabulary and humorous exaggeration—a welcome change from our recent overdose of "wisecracks." He feels and sees the river with the soul of an amateur and puts it into pages of hearty, robust pilot-house talk that are rich in reality and succulent in flavor. Mr. Way pays an eloquent tribute to the Betsy's mellifluous chime whistle, which some people

* "The Log of the Betsy Ann." By Frederick Way, Jr. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.75.

thought "not unlike a nightingale," and to a steamboat's dinner bell when rung by a colored boy. "He makes it talk, he makes it sing. It says 'Come to dinnah! De soup's steam-n' hot! De chicken's in de pot!'" When the mate, in loading the Betsy Ann, reached the point of "hollering enough," you could depend on it "a dog couldn't go aboard and wag his tail anywhere from the forecandle to the fantail without knocking it on something on *both sides*," while at the sound of the departure bell there would be a plaintive wail from a roustabout handling last-minute freight. "'O-o-o-o-h!' he would cry, much like a dog baying at the moon. 'O-o-o-o-h! Betsy's 'bout to go-o-o-o!'" The description of the recalcitrant cow which lay down in front of the landing stage but was put vibrantly on all fours by the mate—who poured a few drops of water in her ear—is a gem, while through his pages Mr. Way injects such homely wisdom: "A good boatman will never take the top slice of bread. . . . He reaches under and gets the next one in the deck; the top piece is merely a roof for flies to land on."

A JOYOUS and exhilarating book, this, though a little sad at the end for those who, like Mr. Way and the Drifter, love boats with a religious fervor. But the Drifter cherishes a sentimental hope that when this era of hurry and ugliness has had its cycle, we shall return to our most beautiful highways, the rivers, to be bewitched once more by that lovely lady who dances over them without wetting more than the hem of her skirt—the steamboat.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Funds for Terzani

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Be good enough to let us make a last-minute appeal to your readers for funds for the defense of Athos Terzani, who goes on trial November 27 on the charge of murdering his comrade Anthony Fierro at a Khaki Shirts meeting. Our treasury is appallingly low, and we must meet a great deal of expense before and during the trial. Investigation must be carried on up to the last minute so that no scrap of evidence in Terzani's favor may be overlooked, and publicity must be kept streaming out far and wide if we are to free our accused friend.

Contributions should be sent to me at 94 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

New York, November 16

HERBERT MAHLER,

Treasurer Terzani Defense Committee

A Correction

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In my article *The Russian Revolution Goes On*, which appears in *The Nation* for November 22, I spoke of this year as an "off year." This was not correct. The second Five-Year plan actually commenced on January 1, 1933, but the plan itself has not yet been published, and will probably not be published until early in 1934. The performances of 1933 will be included in it.

Moscow, November 10

LOUIS FISCHER

What Do Critics Read?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just been reading your symposium, *Books I Have Never Read*. Now I know for sure why contemporary literary criticism is so terrible; why books which have neither style nor content of any worth are hailed as masterpieces, and authors of no importance are enrolled among the immortals!

Is it not plain? Our critics have never read anything really great, and thus are totally ignorant of standards.

New York, November 1

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

What Do Critics Not Read?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Some books I have never read:

Carl Van Doren's, Harry Hansen's, Branch Cabell's, Ernest Boyd's, H. L. Mencken's, Burton Rascoe's, George Jean Nathan's, Ellen Glasgow's.

Which means nothing, that I know of. But in that respect it is not inferior to your symposium.

Melrose, Mass., November 9

ROY GRIFFITH

A Word from the "Martins"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Congratulations on the article *Buy Now—on \$30 a Week*. At last one of "my kind" has spoken. I have followed the pages of *The Nation* all through the depression with great interest and sympathy as story after story has been unfolded about the unemployed and the hardships endured by this group and that group. I and my crowd are members of the "Martin" families. Some of us make more and some less than your Mr. "Martin." But the "Martins," as I know them, have an added burden that was not mentioned in your article.

They are supporting from one to three families—close relations—whom they must "see through." Sometimes these poor relations have come to live with them. If the "Martins" should suddenly release these dependents on the public, what a cry for federal aid would go up from local relief committees! But of course, since they are our own people, we "Martins" go on uncomplainingly, getting poorer and poorer and less and less able to comply with "Buy Now" slogans.

We are constantly reminded that we are "fortunate" to have a job. This is true, but perhaps some day another "Martin" will burst into print suggesting that among those who should receive consideration in recovery plans are the "Martin" families who are carrying relatives worse off than they are on very thin pay envelopes.

Far Rockaway, N. Y., November 1

"A MARTIN"

To Bronx Readers

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Will Bronx men interested in joining a small discussion group that has no axes to grind and takes up any topic that is agreeable to an intelligent man, age average thirty years, please write to me at 750 Montgomery Avenue, New York. I may add that all of us are readers and ardent admirers of *The Nation*.

New York, November 6

WILLIAM N. JOSEPHS

Books, Films, Music

You Eyes

By MARK VAN DOREN

You eyes, forever west of afternoon,
And oh, you setting-sun-descended hair,
Make every day of absence die more soon
Than minutes, that it may be evening there
Forever, shadeless eyes,
Wherein all distance dies.

Forever be the hour that is the end,
The hour that blackens daytime and the grass.
O eyes, it is the moment when you send
Hither most heat, as through a burning-glass;
Hither excessive light,
Love's lie against the night.

Be always spicy evening, my love's mind,
Contracting to yourself the deaths of roses.
Gather into an instant every kind
Of fragrance that the waste of time incloses,
Letting the long world shrink
Into one drop; and drink.

Today

Karl and the Twentieth Century. By Rudolf Brunngraber.
William Morrow and Company. \$2.50.

NO matter how well known a fable may be, when it is repeated in a new idiom its moral seems to gather a fresh force. This sort of illumination Rudolf Brunngraber has given to the old rhyme about the spider and the fly, and given it in such a thoroughly modern and terribly explicit way that it is no empty compliment to say that it will probably never be better done for this generation.

The unwary victim in the novel is Karl Lakner, the son of a street-car conductor of Vienna, born just in time to serve through the World War, escaping death in it only to suffer the full consequences of the peace and to disappear anonymously thirteen years later from among Vienna's starving unemployed. Yet such is the import of the book that while the name is Lakner, there but by the grace of very slight odds go you or I. For the sly, old, tireless spinner wears at times the face of Frederick W. Taylor, the American originator of scientific business management, or of Edward, called the Peacemaker; at times the aspect of the elder Rockefeller, at others that of Clemenceau, or of a nameless Viennese professor. The web, of course, is this gigantic and sinister complexity, the modern world, a world no longer consisting of merely earth, sky, sea, and man, but of natural resources, of monopolies to develop, control, and exploit every known or invented article for life and commerce, of monopolies to rationalize monopolies, of spheres of influence, a world in which man has lost all identity except that of a statistic.

Attempts have been made before by novelists to erect this new background for their characters by interrupting the narrative with odd excerpts from newspaper headlines, broadcasts, or public statements by leading citizens, but Brunngraber does more than that—he actually makes his data as integral a part of his narrative as the record of Karl's life. Figures and facts

constitute three-fourths of the material in the book. They not only create the setting, they explain Karl's fate; they are used for transitions, for contrast, for implication, and toward the end their number, variety, and incoherence actually make a thundering, preposterous crescendo leading up to the pitiful climax. Often they are the narrative. So the page estimating the cost of the war in lost benefactions to mankind serves as a link in the plot and is as exciting as the description of Karl's single-handed battle against six Italian planes. The plain statement of the reasons why the petition of the famine-stricken mothers of Russia was never published is as necessary to the story as is the account of Karl's last desperate struggle in the professor's house to save his identity.

Even more to this young Austrian's credit as a novelist than this technical skill is the lucid, slightly ironic detachment he shows toward his material. He has no theory to argue or defend. He makes simple and admirably clear analyses but they intend to say no more than "this is what determined Karl's life." Although he has enmeshed Karl as deeply in his era as possible, he has allowed him little insight into his environment. Of most of the facts Karl himself is ignorant, and of the significance of what is happening to him he is unaware until the very end. Karl asks only to be a district school teacher and to have a cottage for his wife and child. His tragedy is to live in the twentieth century and to be superfluous in it.

As long as a pattern of human life follows the graph drawn by wars and economic booms and depressions, up-to-date novels will doubtlessly continue to use it as their theme, but no other book just like this should be necessary until another cycle has swung up, over, and down upon us—assuming that it must. In Karl's story the chief social trend of the early part of this century is indelibly written. At the inquest a prostitute furnishes the only account of his suicide. Individual significance could scarcely be more effectively obliterated.

This is a first novel.

FLORENCE CODMAN

History Is Not All Biography

The Edwardian Era. By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$3.

M MAUROIS'S book is a good illustration of the danger which lurks for a biographer who essays to write a history. "I should like to make it clear," he warns the reader in his preface, "that it was not my intention to write a life of King Edward," yet he devotes one of his nine chapters, after another on Queen Victoria in the closing years of her reign, to the life of Edward as Prince of Wales and the personal peculiarities of his nephew the Kaiser, and the larger part of his final chapter to Edward's last days and death. Between these two chapters he returns to his main subject, and for long reaches of the narrative Edward hardly appears at all, but the biographical interest again asserts itself, a third of the way through the book, in a series of portraits of Salisbury, Balfour, Chamberlain, Harcourt, Rosebery, Asquith, Grey, and others, and later in a pen portrait of Lloyd George. The historical portions of the book, moreover, are largely occupied with the doings of prime ministers and diplomats, including liberal attention to the ideas and projects of the German Emperor.

All this is not to say that M. Maurois has chosen a wrong title for his book; on the contrary, he tells a good deal about the Edwardian era, and tells it, as usual with him, quite agreeably. The trouble is that his conception of history appears to be predominantly biographical. What is more, it is predominantly political. It is true, as M. Maurois himself might prop-

erly urge, that the events of the era were largely concerned with the schemes and acts of political personalities, and that in a parliamentary government the policies of a prime minister or a foreign secretary are likely to be the pivots about which important events revolve. In this sense a historical narrative cannot avoid paying considerable attention to the characters and associations of the men whom the ups and downs of politics brought temporarily to power. What one misses in M. Maurois's book is an exposition of the origins or course of political movements to which personal tags cannot easily be attached, as clear and vivid as are his sketches and appraisals of the individuals who directed the movements or went officially along with them. M. Maurois's remarks about men, and in a few instances about women, are clever, lively, and sensible, but when he turns to general matters his grip relaxes and his step at times seems heavy.

What is not political or personal in the Edwardian era, accordingly, gets from M. Maurois little more than a passing glance of recognition. He does not, of course, fail to say something about "social and economic conditions," the fateful topic which few historians now dare omit but which fewer handle with success; but he begins his chapter on Home Affairs Under Liberalism with a reference to the general election of 1906 and some comments upon Lloyd George, follows these with accounts of Haldane's army reforms and Fisher's plans for the navy, devotes eleven pages to such "causes of social transformation" as the changes in English social classes, the growth of transportation and the popular press, working-class activities, and "the evolution of ideas," and escapes, with what one suspects is a feeling of relief, into fifteen pages of comment upon H. G. Wells, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, the English theater, and the suffragettes, before falling back upon politics with an account of Asquith and the 1910 budget.

Personalities being M. Maurois's strong point, it is in that direction that the principal interest of his book will be found. He is by no means ineffective, however, in treating the international course of Germany during the period, the formation of the Anglo-French entente, the harmonizing influence of Edward in domestic as well as foreign political situations, the growth of political liberalism in England, and the gathering cloud of war. The summary statement of the principles of Conservative foreign policy at the beginning of Chapter V could not be better done, and the comments and reflections that crop out frequently in the story are thoughtful as well as keen. The book will prove informing and enjoyable reading if, as has lately been said of the gold standard, one does not expect too much.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

A Great Pioneer

Junípero Serra. By Agnes Repplier. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

MISS REPPLIER has written of missionary and pioneering priests and nuns before in her books "Père Marquette" and "Mère Marie." But no figure is more in need of so sympathetic a biographer than Junípero Serra, the Majorcan friar who founded and fostered many of the Franciscan missions in California. Serra's life is so quiet, it was so far from the known world of his time, that only historians of the Pacific Coast have been concerned with it. And Miss Repplier has had to piece her story together from the diaries and letters of the Franciscan friars, from the correspondence of viceroys and visitadores, and from the casual comments of contemporaries. The whole must have been a labor of love. The biography is written with tenderness; the days of the friar are interpreted with complete understanding of their significance

to the man himself. Serra's simple faith, his perfect realization of the character of the Indians in his country, his naively superstitious and yet stubbornly logical mind, his saint-like endurance of hardship, the triumph in him always of the spirit over the very frail and diseased flesh, are all, for Miss Repplier, the stuff of which great religious pioneers are made. She presents Father Serra to her readers as the quietly dramatic hero he was, a hero who never felt himself to be a martyr, who believed in himself and his work, and who accepted death, gladly, when that work was done.

Cortés had sent soldiers to California in 1533. Three years later he had come there himself, bringing no happiness to the land. He believed the country contained gold but he found no evidence of it. Drake had come there, too, and had been able to take back to his Queen as a gift only an Indian head-dress. In 1602 Spain again reached out for California. Later, when government money ran out, the Jesuits, supported by the Pious Fund, took over the exploration and settlement of the peninsula. They entered Lower California in 1697 and toiled for seventy years, moving always northward, until Charles III banished them from Spain and Spanish colonies. They left, commanding the Indians to wait for the Franciscans. The Indians did not wait, but fled back into the hills.

Junípero Serra, growing up in Majorca and aware of the religious history of his country, was fired with religious zeal. When in 1749 his prayers were heard and he was sent to Mexico, he went sure that he was going into the work he was meant to do. He was, at this time, thirty-six. Landing in Vera Cruz he insisted on walking to Mexico City. On the way he was bitten by a snake and consequently was lame the rest of his life. Nor was he satisfied to dwell in a rich city. He left there happily to be missionary to the Pames Indians. A few years, and the missionary work in Mexico became too simple for Serra. He wished to go into completely new countries to carry the Word of God. Finally, because Spain became afraid that Russia would colonize California if she did not, Serra's wish was granted. He was sent to Lower California. He kept a diary of his journey from Mexico to that country. On the way he was taken ill, but he would not be left behind. He writes of the Indians, of their customs, of their lack of clothes. He writes of his affection for them. He always got along with these *gentiles*, and counseled gentleness toward them. No matter what they did, like spoiled and frightened children, he concluded the matter by saying: "God bless them as well for the service they have given, as for the loss they inflict upon us."

The story continues, sometimes tragically, sometimes humorously. Serra was left alone to found the mission of San Diego. Others in the expedition started out to find Monterey. They were the first white men to see the Bay of San Francisco, but they did not, at first, find Monterey. Serra, recognizing all the obstacles and believing in his ideas, worked to build his first mission and to Christianize the Indians around San Diego. He writes of the beauty of the country. He mentions laconically the tremendous difficulties and the time involved in getting supplies. He preaches as if he were delivering the very words of God. The Indians considered him a saint. His work done in one mission he moved on to another—San Francisco de Asis, San Juan Capistrano, San Carlos, San Luis Obispo, San Antonio, Santa Clara. At the end of Serra's long life the California coast was dotted with the Franciscan missions, not too great a distance apart, at last, for travel.

Junípero Serra's story is a great pioneer's story, but the spiritual intensity that motivated all that he did, his religious faith in the face of every difficulty and danger, are the most interesting factors in his character. Miss Repplier's biography is a character study rather than a biography. She has very beautifully interpreted the Franciscan and those like him.

EDA LOU WALTON

Adorned with History

Peter Abelard. By Helen Waddell. Henry Holt. \$2.50.

THE virtues of Miss Waddell's version of the romance of Abelard and Heloise may be stated simply: her story is told in a sensitive allusive prose, and for ornamentation she draws on a broad erudition in medieval literature. These virtues give distinction and a recurrent charm to a book in which the virtues are defects. It is no caricature of Miss Waddell's method as a novelist to say that it consists in translating distinctive pages of medieval literature into excellent English and then giving them to characters to read, think, write, lecture upon, converse about. The fate of Abelard and Heloise is unfolded in the midst of genuine medieval references. Only the characters lack anchorage in time or place: Miss Waddell has given their history without clarifying their motives, and the accuracy of allusion and the careful style contribute little toward rounding their story to a new and classic form. One is tempted, therefore, to defend the Palatine Peripatetic from the sweetness and decency of this version of his story by paraphrasing Aristotle: it is not the function of the novelist to relate what has happened, but what may happen—what is possible according to the laws of probability or necessity. Miss Waddell has arranged her sources and rewritten them delicately. She has written poetically; she has written history in verse; but she has not written the poem of the tragedy and love of a scholar.

What is worse, Miss Waddell's use of the liberties of a novelist has made her poetry a verbal, and often inappropriate, adornment of a history which is bad for its poetic licenses. An example of Miss Waddell's method of furnishing body and background to her narrative will illustrate both faults. In her quest for poetic materials to work into the mosaic of her book, Miss Waddell could not pass by Bernard Sylvester, a contemporary of Abelard, who composed, in a work called "*De Universitate Mundi*," a story of the creation of the world told in alternating sections of striking poetry and strange neoplatonic prose. To the novelist it is unimportant that Bernard's work was probably written as much as thirty years after the events here narrated; it is important, however, that materials from it be used appropriately and in character. In Miss Waddell's novel Abelard and Heloise, on their way back to Paris from Brittany, stop at Tours to hear Bernard lecture. Surprisingly, that lecture turns out to be a portion of Bernard's book, poetry and all. It is high poetic material for the classroom, medieval or modern, and for five pages it is set forth in breathless prose. Bernard shudders; his shortsighted eyes wander over the blur of young, bewildered faces; seeing Abelard, "suddenly he strung himself, as if he had met the challenge of the eyes burning in the shadow of the door"; and when he finished, "he swayed a moment, then dropped on his seat, his arm along the desk in front of him, his eyes closed." Like most of the historical allusions, the pages from Bernard's book do nothing to further the story, even by the creation of a mood. Like most of the situations, his lecture is so constantly vibrant with the nervous attention of at least one of the characters that there are no greater intensities for great moments.

Notwithstanding the scholarly virtues to which her book tends, Miss Waddell has chosen to tell a simple romantic story which is feminine in its outlook and modern in its emotional values. Philosophers and theologians have generally fared badly in modern fiction: Miss Waddell's Peter Abelard, like Virginia Woolf's Mr. Ramsay, is the philosopher chiefly by the report of the author and the characters. The excitement of his thought is not recreated by translating appropriate documents. Moreover, it does not enter Miss Waddell's purpose to go behind the story as Abelard himself told it or to present the com-

plex contradictions in the judgments of the scholar ridden by convictions of persecution while he wrote the history of his calamities. But if the simple romance of Peter Abelard is to be told, one may regret that Miss Waddell did not simplify her narrative down to the lines of a medieval *conte*. Instead, she used the scholarly technique which was so successful in her "Wandering Scholars." For those who would read a simple love story there is such a story, and for those who would like a taste of the Middle Ages there are fluent references and versions without the rigidity and dryness of an anthology.

RICHARD MCKEON

Creative Anthologist

Creative America: An Anthology. Chosen and Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN'S long exile, now happily coming to its end, has not been the handicap it must sometimes have seemed to him to be during the heavy months of his work on American literature. The enormous difficulty of getting at his materials in Paris can be appreciated only by a few seasoned literary historians and anthologists. But in scholarship, as in art, nothing matters except the actual achievement. The effort is the scholar's or artist's own affair. Whatever Mr. Lewisohn may have had to pay in routine labor for his exile has been made up for by the advantage in perspective which exile has given him. In "*Creative America*," as in the recent "*Expression in America*," he commands his theme with a detachment, at once exacting and generous, which even for him would scarcely have been possible if he had been as much involved as most of his contemporaries are in the critical arguments at present going on in the United States.

His anthology is a supplement to his history, the illustration of his doctrine. He has undertaken to display in a single volume "the ultimate effort and highest exercise of the American spirit," acting upon the conviction "that the creative expression of the American people has never been esteemed at its true value because it has never been exhibited in its totality nor viewed with severity of taste by any previous anthologist, nor organized by any according to certain significant moods in the spiritual temper in the nation." "I dare to say that it is a beautiful and stirring book, a book that Americans may contemplate not without pride and satisfaction, since even its feeble and more eccentric pages bear witness to the profound reality, the increasing spiritual density, the growing articulateness of American civilization."

Mr. Lewisohn's principles of selection are the same in his anthology as they were in his history. He surveys the field in its totality and with severity, demanding everywhere "veracity of substance with probity of texture." In organization his supplementary volume follows its predecessor, using the same chapter-divisions. Various writers whom in his treatise he mentioned only to dismiss find, however, no place in his exhibition, and he half-apologizes because the principle of organization forced him. He felt, to include "the unbelievably shoddy Bret Harte and the knowing and vulgar O. Henry." Emerson, presented primarily as an aphorist, is given more space than any other single writer. In a second group, as to space, are Hawthorne, Henry James, Poe, and Mark Twain; and in a third, Willa Cather, Dreiser, Hergesheimer, Howells, Sinclair Lewis, Lewisohn, Melville, Mencken, O'Neill, Thoreau, and Whitman. Besides these there are a hundred or so more, systematically moving in an intelligible procession.

If "*Creative America*" is an act of faith, so is it a work of art, and for that reason more provocative of debate as to its inclusions and exclusions, its liberalities and its snubs, than a

plain, dull, academic compilation would be. But no disagreements among the specialists should keep general readers from the knowledge that Mr. Lewisohn offers them the most exciting anthology of the whole of American literature that has ever been made.

CARL VAN DOREN

The Undeclared War in the East

Far Eastern Front. By Edgar Snow. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$3.75.

A History of the Far East in Modern Times. By Harold M. Vinacke. F. S. Crofts and Company. \$6.

OF the fifteen or more important books dealing with the Far East that have been published since the Japanese launched their latest imperialistic drive on the Asiatic mainland two years ago, none seems to me quite so intelligent and readable as Edgar Snow's "Far Eastern Front." Mr. Snow is an aggressive newspaper correspondent who is also an exceptionally able writer. He is painstaking with his facts. His writings show a balanced judgment. At the same time he has a fine sense of the dramatic.

"Far Eastern Front," the first full-length portrait of the undeclared war in Manchuria and Mongolia, is something more, however, than an excellent piece of objective reporting. Objectivity in journalism is a commendable quality, but all too often it leads to blind, unreasoning acceptance of deceptive facts and false suppositions. Mr. Snow has gone beyond objectivity, or at least has coupled with it intelligent study of the history and of the political and social aspects of his subject. Especially has he sought to penetrate and understand the mentality of the Eastern peoples. In consequence he has given us a convincing picture, an account of warfare, that satisfies us much more than would a plain recital of surface facts.

Mr. Snow begins by sketching briefly the historic background both of the Manchurian "problem" and of Japanese militarism. He examines the famous "Tanaka Memorial," which Chinese students contend was a frank and detailed proposal for the conquest of Manchuria and Mongolia which was presented to the Emperor of Japan by the late Baron Tanaka in 1927. The Japanese have denounced the "Memorial" as a crude and obvious forgery. Mr. Snow reveals that whether or not the "Memorial" ever actually existed, the Japanese have followed the detailed plan of conquest exactly as set forth in the Chinese version of that document. The author goes on to analyze personalities: in Manchuria, the bandit Chang Tso-ling and his son and successor, Chang Hsueh-liang; in Japan, the three conspirators, Shigeru Honjo, Sadao Araki, and Jiro Minami, and the Japanese spy, Colonel Kenzom Dohihara, who knew more about the Chinese and their ways than did the Chinese rulers themselves. The narration of the events of September 18, 1931, when an explosion on the right of way of the South Manchuria Railway set in motion the forces that led to the subjugation of Manchuria, is doubtless the most damning indictment of Japanese sincerity and purpose yet published. Whereas the Lytton Commission's report made out an extraordinarily strong circumstantial case against the Japanese, Mr. Snow's study of the facts reveals that it is utterly impossible for the affair of September 18 to have been anything but premeditated from beginning to end. Indeed, so smoothly and with such accurate timing was the Japanese program carried out that it must have been planned down to the last detail many weeks in advance.

The attempt of General Ma to stem the Japanese tide, the "mopping up" in Manchuria, the horrible and senseless slaughter at Shanghai are graphically recorded. The descriptions of the mad plan of a Japanese admiral to break the Chinese boycott

by force of arms, and of the valiant resistance of the 19th Route Army to the Japanese incursion at Shanghai, are especially good. While "Far Eastern Front" of necessity deals largely with the hypocrisy and the high-handed tactics of the Japanese militarists, it does not ignore the Chinese war lords. Their self-seeking and numerous villainies are set forth at length. Rather than face a superior foreign foe they send armies against the Communist peasants in Central China. They engage in civil war when they believe they will win, and surrender to the enemy—for a price—when they think they will lose. They invite rivals to sumptuous banquets, and murder them when the meal is done.

Dr. Vinacke's formidable volume brings up to date his earlier work published in 1928 under the same title. The revised edition carries the history of the Far East through Japan's undeclared war. This work is of the nature of a textbook. Nevertheless, it provides the average reader with a sober and well-rounded study of Far Eastern affairs during the last hundred years.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

The Lesser Heine

Heine. By Ludwig Marcuse. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

AGAIN it is the lesser Heine that is revealed in a biography. Six years have passed since Lewis Browne's "That Man Heine" appeared, and now we have a translation of Ludwig Marcuse's narrative, appropriately subtitled to catch the eye "A Life Between Love and Hate." The temptation to write another life of Heine is great, for the difficult task seems easy—look, here's a large figure cut to order! It is Heine, the inverted German patriot in Paris, the very Jewish, yet often anti-Semitic Jew, the embittered genius dying on a couch of six mattresses, writing with the spontaneity of a young man in the first flush of his talent. This is more exciting than fiction; one has only to set down the facts. What is more, very nearly every phase of his life presents an attractive paradox. But having given us the contradictions, his biographers are somewhat at a loss to find an element of unity in his character, and so far they have failed to show exactly how this inconstant, self-betraying person actually wrote poetry. Theirs is very like the effort to recite the story of Byron's clubfoot and Keats's consumption, forgetting the number of individuals who had had like afflictions and written no poetry at all.

We must accept, I think, Matthew Arnold's observation that Heine was very little of a hero. If we are to consider his character at all, we must apply its contradictions to the more general problems of a race or a particular status in modern society and then relate them to Heine's ideas and poetry. I offer this as a mere suggestion, for it is then only that the so-called "facts" of his life become relevant to his work. Mr. Browne contented himself with a species of bright, Sunday-feature journalism; Herr Marcuse gives us material of a heavier sort, revealing in general the same factual—or legendary—information, with large chunks of undigested history thrown in for good measure. The fact that both biographies are examples of shameless Heine-worship is scarcely a defense for the poet whose name they profess to glorify. I suspect that Heine, even in his vainest moment, would have dismissed both with a wry smile and a shrug of the shoulders, for his personal gesture was non-heroic, a counterfoil to the perfection of his art and the boldness of his ideas.

After reading Ludwig Marcuse's disorderly thesis, which he sums up for us in two sentences, "Heine was an artist. . . . He loved—and his love was not returned—he made poetic lamentation—and died," it is a relief to reconsider Heine's poetry and to review his life in the light of Matthew Arnold's pungent essay. Taking my facts from the book before me, along with

Arnold's suggestion that the modern spirit found embodiment in the freedom, clearness, and originality of Heine's ideas, I offer this brief commentary: the reason that we can reread Heine with profit is because he represents for us an enduring example of the great gap between the best of human intentions and their fulfilment. With this tragic realization and with a lyric instrument comparable in German literature to that of Goethe alone he became "a brilliant soldier in the war of liberation of humanity." Tireless irony was his weapon; he utilized his own experiences as might a vivisectionist in the act of performing a delicate operation upon a dying rat. The tragedy lies in the inadequacy of man reaching toward a goal clearly seen and recognized by man alone. This represents an actual conflict in human experience out of which Heine made fragments of great poetry, and if, as Matthew Arnold suggests, he was merciless in his assault upon a worldwide and eternal philistinism, surely he had the courage, as a poet, to spare himself least of all.

HORACE GREGORY

Shorter Notices

Gentlemen, I Address You Privately. By Kay Boyle. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

Miss Boyle's third novel is another excursion into the devastated areas of the contemporary psyche: Munday, who is almost if not exactly an unfrocked priest, is drawn into a homosexual liaison with a charmingly sinister Anglo-Irish sailor, who seduces before the story is over the wife of a squatter on the town's edge. It should be added that three prostitutes from the local brothel are called in at frequent intervals to supply whatever overtones of the flesh are not included in the main situation. The rhythms of Miss Boyle's prose, more copiously febrile than ever, indicate from the beginning that we are in for another of those orgies of sensibility with which she has been providing us for some time. Again life is very cruel, strange, and fascinating. It is also, to tell the truth, remarkably confused. Thus, pity for the abandoned Munday at the end is considerably mitigated by the author's not always concealed admiration for the devilishly vital little sailor. The impression is that although the cup of bitterness has been passed around pretty freely, everyone has really had a very good time. In describing Miss Boyle's prose, one is tempted to borrow one of her own innumerable and not always so revelatory similes: "She heaped out the honey in spoonfuls until it ran like grease on his bread." Or one might say that Miss Boyle is afflicted with metaphorical spots on the eye which consistently get in the way of the object and her proper perception of the object. But Miss Boyle had perhaps best be addressed privately on these matters.

John Henry Newman. By J. Eliot Ross. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.75.

Everyone is aware of the popular conception of Cardinal Newman's position and character. For Anglicans, celebrating the centenary of the High Church or Oxford movement this year, he is, to be sure, a lost leader, but still a leader, their greatest as long as they possessed him. For the undevout lover of English letters he remains an incomparable maestro of English prose. For the uninstructed he is the author of the most popular and moving hymn in the English tongue. For the world at large his memory is still fragrant as a distinguished type of self-effacing ecclesiastic, a great Christian gentleman, a kind of uncanonized saint, a prince, in more senses than that of the Sacred Purple, of the Roman church in Victorian England. All this posthumous fame is sound enough, and only Newman's due, for taken all in all, his life after his conversion to the Church of Rome was an exceedingly hard one. It has been treated in

a pathetic and edifying fashion by the pagan Mr. Strachey; and Father Ross, while presenting a far fairer picture of Newman's mitered and beringed antagonists, supports, on the whole, Mr. Strachey—a notable feat for one himself a Catholic ecclesiastic. His book, which is besides well organized and well written, is a notable contribution to what has been called by the Abbé Brémond the "mystery of Newman." There is not much mystery about Newman after Father Ross has got through with his case. It is merely the case of a thoroughbred whose superiors expected him to be a cart horse, a delicate and distinguished personality who, most of his life, was thwarted and denied by the church he so well served.

Ballads of Square-toed Americans. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Mr. Coffin is versatile. Whatever form his subject matter dictates is ready to his pen. He has given us many delicately phrased lyrics. In this volume he writes robustly of his robust forefathers. "Square-toed Americans" are Quaker people, pioneers in a new land, vital, humorous, matter-of-fact men and women with the vision of the future always before them. These men and women go about their homely and arduous tasks, they build up their simple philosophies. They live in isolation, but one and all they are bound together in the kinship of pioneering. Having broken with the past, they look toward the future which will be their children's. They live at the beginning of a new era and are untouched by memory or nostalgia. Theirs is the glory of creation. The poet tells the story of many a square-toed American. He uses historical data and folk legend. Sometimes he takes his style of narrative from the tall tales of early days. The ballad is the form best adapted to folk poetry, and many of these poems are rousing ballads. Some few are dramatic tales told by typical Yankees whose inclination is always to understate human emotions. Mr. Coffin knows his Yankees. He knows his backwoodsmen, too, and their Bunyan-like yarns. This collection of verses seems to be a poet's holiday from himself. Tired of personal emotions in finely turned rhythms, Mr. Coffin recalls the wholesome and energetic past. He writes enthusiastically of a people who knew nothing of the modern sense of futility, who did not indulge in the twentieth-century psychological inquest.

Films

"Little Women"

IT has so long been the custom to refer to Louisa M. Alcott's masterpiece as the classic expression of a certain kind of American sentimentalism that one risks all sorts of charges in declaring that George Cukor's screen version of it at the Music Hall offers a considerable amount of interest and enjoyment. The interest may be only *oblique*; that is, the excellence of the production may force us to inquire why it is so excellent, which is a fact, and why it is going to be one of the season's most successful pictures, which will very soon be a fact. And the answer is almost certainly that the story of "Little Women" has a relevance for an American audience today that it would not have had ten or even five years ago. That story, it need hardly be recalled, is an account of the sufferings and privations of a typical refined American family during and immediately after the Civil War. Now the period of the Civil War, like the period in which we are now living, was one in which the economic pressure was so great that it brought out everything there was in an individual; it brought out, in a word, everything that we mean by character. Whether she knew it or not,

what the daughter of Bronson Alcott was really writing in her history of the Marches was an allegory of the transcendental virtues triumphant over material emergencies. Every situation in her book shows that with those virtues happiness is possible even in disaster. She was providing, that is to say, that moral bucking-up which her time, like our own, required in its entertainment. And because she provided it so well in her own nineteenth-century transcendental way her book, translated into the twentieth-century medium, takes on a new life as the best of the many "depression films."

But this is to say nothing of the real enjoyment to be derived from the picture, for which George Cukor, the director, Hobe Erwin, who designed the flawlessly authentic Concord settings, and Katharine Hepburn, in the role of Jo, are all to various degrees responsible. It will have to be enough to mention Miss Hepburn's acting, which is alone sufficient remuneration for stirring up all these childhood associations. Already Miss Hepburn's personality has come in for a great deal of analytical discussion: its vividness, sharpness of accent, and newness of type for the screen have all been properly emphasized. But the impression gains that what is most essential about this young actress is not so much any quality of personality as it is an element of mind—a kind of quick contemporary intelligence which reaches out with immediate effect to a corresponding intelligence in large sections of her audience. Such an intellectual sort of appeal is not common on the screen: Chaplin has it, and among directors Clair and Lubitsch, but the majority of directors and stars rely on an appeal that is entirely unconscious or subjective. It is this compulsion of a lively, hard-pushing, and thoroughly unsentimental mind which not only makes Miss Hepburn's acting so exciting but also distinguishes it from the acting to which we are most accustomed on the screen. It is what most of all distinguishes Miss Hepburn from Miss Garbo and the generation that admires Miss Hepburn's Josephine March from the generation that admired Miss Garbo's Iris March.

"Cradle Song" (Paramount) is an excellent transcription of the Martinez Sierra play in which Miss Le Gallienne was so successful a few years ago. As everyone knows, it is the story of a Spanish nun who realizes her maternal instincts by bringing up an abandoned infant that has been left at the convent door. The mother-love theme, it is pleasant to record, is treated with unwonted restraint throughout, and for once, in a picture dealing with convent life, the nuns seem like recognizable human beings rather than like chorus girls posing as angels. Moreover, Dorothea Wieck makes her American debut with a performance that equals in fineness and dignity her performance in "Mädchen in Uniform." Her success makes us realize again the importance for the screen player of distinguishing between acting for the stage and acting for the screen. For Miss Wieck is one of the very few actresses on the screen who are distinctly screen actresses.

We are assured that Mr. Van Dyke and the others responsible for "Eskimo" spent ten months in the Arctic turning out the dully sensational melodrama at the Astor. This can only seem like a great deal of discomfort suffered without reason in view of the fact that most of the events in the picture could have been photographed with equal unreality in a Hollywood or Long Island studio. An exception might be made for the caribou hunt and a few shots of strictly photographic interest, but these are by no means sufficient to redeem the whole. It is certainly not to be confounded with Flaherty's "Nanook," Murnau's "Tabu," and other sincere examples of the ethnographical film.

WILLIAM TROY

Owing to illness Mr. Krutch was unable to contribute his regular drama article to this issue. It will appear next week as usual.



RUSSIAN TRAVEL —

BEFORE RECOGNITION and AFTER

For seven years The Open Road has provided one of the few disinterested links of friendship and cultural understanding between the United States and the Soviet Union. Through its resident Moscow representative and by reason of the confidence reposed in her by Soviet officials, The Open Road has afforded many influential Americans the best available means of studying Russian life. The favorable testimony of these returned travelers in books, articles, press interviews, speeches and direct representations to high government authorities has helped to change American sentiment towards the U.S.S.R., paving the way for the resumption of normal relations with our great neighbor. A long task is finished and we of The Open Road are proud to have had some share in it.

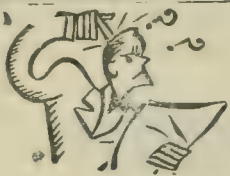
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HER MASTER'S VOICE. Plymouth Theater. Clare Kummer at the top of her form provides a full evening of her original and slightly delirious kind of wit. With Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews.

LET 'EM EAT CAKE. Imperial Theater. Sequel to "Of Thee I Sing," with Victor Moore and the other stars in continuations of their former roles. Very funny in spots but marred by a good deal of lost motion.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. The problems of a young doctor made into a surprisingly moving and absorbing play. Thanks to a superb production by the Group Theater it becomes one of the two current offerings which no one can afford to miss.

SAILOR, BEWARE! Lyceum Theater. Adventures of a sailor in love. Entertainingly bawdy comedy in which the sex life of our naval heroes is treated without reserve. (P.M.)

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Powerful and absorbing psychological portrait of a cultivated and somewhat effeminate egotist. Probably the most original play of the year, and like "Men in White" not to be missed by anyone interested in the theater.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Historical farce-comedy centering about the pleasant old New England custom of bundling. Spicy, impudent, and genuinely amusing.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS. Empire Theater. Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner make a picturesque and flippant adaption of Moliere's "The School for Husbands." There is much difference of opinion concerning its merits as entertainment but I found it charming and funny, as well as not too far from the spirit of the original author. With June Walker and Osgood Perkins.

The Dance Yesterday and Today

FOR the first time in many seasons New York seems to have become genuinely excited about a ballet troupe—or at least by a troupe whose dancing resembles ballet more closely than it does anything else. The Jooss Ballet, which comes to us from Germany, is entering its fourth week at the Forrest Theater. Judging from this fact and from the popular type of advertisement that it has been running in the journals, it is making an appeal which, as some of the critics have put it, is not confined to connoisseurs of dancing.

It is all very strange and unexpected for New York, which has hitherto limited its interest in choreography to the musical-comedy stage or to the brilliant spectacles at Mr. Rockefeller's Music Hall. A visit to the Forrest, however, removes much of the mystery. For here is entertainment which, in addition to whatever interest it may have as mere dancing, offers several other kinds of interest as well—most especially, the interest of dramatic satire. This it is that explains its success with an audience which, although notoriously deficient in its appreciation of the finer nuances of ballet style, is unusually well trained in the theater. That is to say, the transition is not very hard to make from recent plays like "Machinal" to such a number as "The Big City," which is one of the major items on the Jooss program. The same thing may be said about the composition which has won Herr Jooss so much fame since it won first prize in the competition of the Archives Internationales at Paris in 1932. For the celebrated "Green Table" New York has already been prepared, not only by plays like "Wings over Europe" and "Back to Methuselah," but by the dramas of Georg Kaiser, Ernst Toller, and others of the German expressionist group of a few years back. Like the latter it lays on a great deal of the old Northern macabre with a brand-new Bessemer-steel trowel. The pattern throughout is obviously based on the medieval "Dance of Death," although modernized with such thoroughgoing German completeness that very little exercise of the historical imagination is required. Herr Jooss himself dances the central figure of Death. The final episode is a burlesque of a peace conference at the League of Nations or some other such organization. We see the manikin-statesmen bobbing up and down at the table, pirouetting, gesticulating, literally sitting on air. It is all very amusing and as a piece of political satire is carried off with great neatness and aplomb. But like everything else on the Jooss program it is more significant as an illustration of social criticism finding its way into the ballet than as an example of the ballet art at its best.

If the Jooss troupe looks toward the future, Serge Lifar and his tiny company are still looking back, a little nostalgically perhaps, to a lost golden past. Indeed, the chief interest of their two programs must have been for those people who had never seen the Diaghileff ballets in the great days and wished to have some notion of what those days were really like. Unfortunately, however, a good deal has happened to the world of which Diaghileff and his ballets were among the most noteworthy ornaments. And a good deal has happened to M. Lifar, who only a few years ago gave promise of finding a place in the great tradition of Nijinsky, Woizikowski, Dolin, and the others on whom Diaghileff cast his spell. Possibly as a result of his becoming ballet-master at the Paris Opéra, Lifar has been forced to subdue what was once the potent Dionysian element in his art; in training others, he has neglected his own training and development. This reduction of discipline is most evident in the Sobeka-Sauguet "La Chatte," in which also the Lifar

choreography is a long way from being successful. In "The Specter of the Rose," in which the choreography is by Fokine, the movement is better worked out, the style is more consistent, but Lifar's "specter" lacks both mystery and intensity. Because the features of this dancer, even without make-up, are miraculously faun-like, he was indubitably effective in "L'Après-midi d'un Faune." The only question here is whether the Debussy music was ever adapted for ballet, or if it was, whether the result could be anything but monotonous and static. The one altogether satisfactory number was the closing one—the Blue Bird suite from Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty." It was as if the dancer had finally got warmed up and the Dionysian were reawakened. For this alone the evening was well set aside for reconstruction of *le temps perdu*. And it left one convinced that Lifar still has everything that any dancer could need or desire—the perfect physical instrument, personality, and demonic possession. All that is now required is the concentrated discipline and direction that will make the moments when these gifts appear less irregular and fortuitous.

ALAN BLOCH

Music Schönberg

IN the first of this season's concerts by the League of Composers, an all-Schönberg program, the league "attempted to present outstanding works from each of Schönberg's periods of development, up to and including the present period, in which he has abandoned previous concepts of tonality." The first number was a late quartet for strings, and clearly represented the timate flowering of Schönberg's *Harmonielehre*, in which, as early as 1911, he had proposed to replace a theory of musical operatives by a theory of musical tentatives. Approaching harmonic problems through the Leibnitzian *lex continui*, the "graded series" of scientific inference, he had rationalistically extended some underemphasized qualities in Bach and Mozart until they became the center of emphasis in his own music. For instance, noting that certain dissonances had been considered permissible when pronounced melodic characters were present, he moved to the next adjoining step, the conclusion that one might permit the same dissonances when the melodic characters were slightly less pronounced—and so on, step by step, dissolving each objection by a cautious, rational extension, until the progression by slight quantitative degrees had mounted up to produce a new musical form, qualitatively distinct. The strings, it seems, could follow him as far as he desired to go into this alluring region of unequal, speculative sound—and it was an eerie colloquy they offered us, as they sat agreeing and disagreeing among themselves in a succession of circumscribed contrapuntal bursts. They then might suggest some hitherto unimagined breed of eloquent sect, their warmth like that of a live hand on cold marble. The work has neither "proletarian" bluntness nor the vanishing "bourgeois" comforts, but moves in a tangential region of prospective marvels. The "cosmic" has become largely the "unnatural." And despite the quiet gravity of the *adagio*, and a melier, more encouraging note in the closing rondo, this quartet did not seem any longer "usable." It is music of the future, to be sure, but the present would pass it by.

Next came four of the songs from Opus 6, a much earlier work. The texture of the contralto voice served somewhat as a deterrent to the composer's "unilateral" trend. The voice was checked upon the *lex continui*, a counter-genius offering a conservative resistance which the strings had lacked. And the accompaniment being supplied by the piano, we also had introduced a percussive quality, an affirmative beat, not wholly Schönberg.

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The result was far more appealing. Incidentally, some of the modulations in these songs, particularly those interposed flatly and resolutely by the instrument while the voice was silent, are extremely lovely, and manage to impart a marked purposiveness to a process which many contemporary composers have almost wholly abandoned. The third number, the piano solos, suggested something of the first quartet, yet with the necessary percussive mitigation which we have noted. There were sporadic starts and hesitations, with occasional persistencies, or motives rigidly maintained against the shifting harmonic background, like organ point.

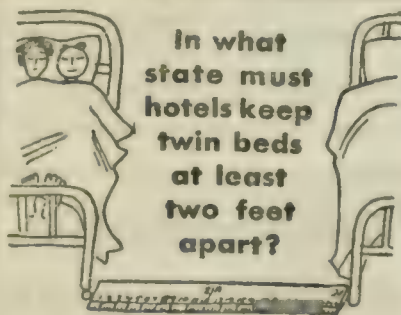
Could not the closing quartet, Opus 10, strings and soprano, be said to contain the *echt*-Schönbergian and non-Schönbergian qualities in their best combination? The first two movements, for strings alone, are more obviously knit in ways that mark their position in a musical line. One could discern older architectural patterns, more characteristically symphonic building. Though I will admit that as regards the "humor" of the second movement, with its distorted bits from "Ach, du lieber Augustin," I have heard more joyous kinds of fun. Alas! the rollicking tune was *sick*, it was *dying*, and it departed with a *groan*, a fitly grotesque adumbration of the Litany ("Tief ist die Trauer") and the "Entrückung," sung by soprano, to words of poems by Stephan George. In the second of these songs the poet, with a peculiar ecstasy upon him, feels a breath from other planets ("Ich fühle Luft von anderen Planeten"). First in strings alone, then in song, this exceptional kind of solace is conveyed to us—but most astonishingly of all, after the voice has subsided, the genius of the strings comes into its own, and they contemplate the entire matter for some considerable time, until our removal into another realm does gently take place. We go into thinner air—but what is more, we have been made willing, we are now fit for this attenuated region inhabited by moony beings which, if they speak at all, must speak with string-like voices, and discuss disturbances we are still content to leave

unnamed. It is an alternative world, but of a kind we should not care to see the real world duplicate.

The New School for Social Research is to be thanked for the list of concerts which it is presenting at intervals during the present lean season. The recent All Latin American Concert of the Pan-American Association of Composers gave a wide range of offerings, for piano, strings, and voice, by contemporary composers. Notable were two songs, of the *Stimmung* variety, by Carlos Pedrell (Argentina), a song by Amadeo Roldan of Cuba, having something of the "spice" which we regularly consider Spanish, and several works by the Brazilian, Hector Villa-Lobos. Villa-Lobos is clearly of the intensive school, asking that a musical expression be overwhelmingly itself: a wail, that is, must be very much a wail, a triumphant cry must cry as triumphantly as is imaginatively possible. He uses the piano like some instrument of hide stretched over hollow wood; it is adapted to the voice less a melodic accompaniment than as a counterpoise of rhythm and timbre. The composer was hugest, however, when briefly huge. The Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano was oppressed by an obtrusive desire for unity whereby a theme was burned into us inexorably through four quite long movements. These concerts are so arranged that some numbers on the program are repeated: and the effect of having Villa-Lobos's songs inserted between two renderings of Carlos Chavez's Sonatina for Piano was illuminating. The solid, intelligent music of Chavez now seemed almost as static as a slot machine. He does, it is true, give much thought to the business of outwitting us; often he will shift his tactics to keep our gratifications and relaxations austere; he builds little patterns of expectancy that he may flout them—yet on the whole his music is frank and stalky, and not given to the cult of exceptional savageries. Like his countrymen Orozco and Rivera, he has looked to primitive art, not in search of the exotic, but for firmness.

KENNETH BURKE

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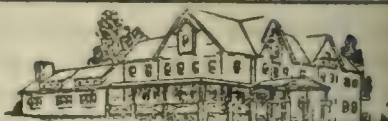
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THE PROCEEDINGS at Decatur, Alabama, preliminary to the trial of the Scottsboro prisoners—the third trial for one of them, the second for the other six—began in a way anything but reassuring for those who care for the State's honor or reputation among the other forty-seven commonwealths of this country. Samuel S. Leibowitz, counsel for the defense, hoped to show—as a basis for upsetting the indictments—that there were no Negroes on the roll from which the grand jury was drawn. When it turned out that the names of several Negroes appeared on the roll, Mr. Leibowitz introduced evidence to show that they had been placed there after the Scottsboro grand jury had been drawn in 1931. After the clerk of the jury board had testified that two red lines had been drawn under the names in the two big volumes upon the completion of the roll, a handwriting expert from New York expressed the belief that where the inscription of the Negroes' names ran over the red lines the names had been written over them, indicating insertion after the red lines had been drawn. In the case of one name, he said, the tail of the letter "y" was superimposed not only on the red lines but also on top of the inscription "3/10/31," marking the date when a new jury commission took office. In spite of this testimony, the only evidence offered on the sub-

ject, Judge Callahan refused to rule that there had been fraud in the preparation of the jury roll. It would be a "reflection" which he was not justified in making, he said, on the integrity of the jury board and the probate judge of Jackson County. He is right about the "reflection," but there will be a difference of opinion as to whether or not it would be justifiable. Some may even feel that Judge Callahan's ruling is a "reflection" upon his own judicial fitness.

"SUNNY JIM" ROLPH, Governor of California, has a few thoughts about the recent lynching of the kidnappers and murderers of Brooke Hart in San José. "This," declared Governor Rolph, "is the best lesson that California has ever given the country. We show the country that the State is not going to tolerate kidnapping." And this, Governor Rolph, is tantamount to incitement to violence in its worst form. When the chief official of a State gives his official sanction to a lynching, the citizens of the State who still believe in due process of law might as well pack up their things and go elsewhere. It is perhaps worth pointing out to the Governor of California that even the chief executives of States in the deep South, after a lynching of a black man who has raped a white woman, have the decency to deplore the lawless act, although their words are not as a rule supported by deeds. And more than that, although kidnapping is certainly the most brutal and dastardly of crimes, whether or not it is accompanied by murder, there are still courts of law in this country where kidnappers and murderers may be dealt with in an orderly and lawful manner.

ON OCTOBER 18 a Negro was lynched in Princess Anne, Maryland. Immediately afterward, responsible persons in the Free State, headed by Governor Ritchie, announced in loud voices that No Stone Would Be Left Unturned in the attempt to apprehend and punish the lynchers. About a week after the lynching a grand jury met and investigated the case of some twenty persons whose names had been furnished by Somerset County officials as those who had been present at the lynching. But at the grand-jury hearings nobody was discovered who had been anything but an innocent bystander at the affair or who saw among any of the lynchers a familiar face. They all seemed to be strangers. On November 1 it was announced that Attorney-General Lane was preparing to go down to Princess Anne in a day or two to reopen the investigation. On the same day an innocent jest was perpetrated by one of the Princess Anne sheriffs, Luther Daugherty by name. Mr. Daugherty was quoted as saying that he had the names of ten new witnesses to the lynching. When questioned about them by State's Attorney Robins, Mr. Daugherty said he hadn't any names at all. "Well, Luther," asked Mr. Robins, "why did you tell the papers that?" "Oh, just for fun," replied Mr. Daugherty, to show what a funster he is. On November 17, instead of going to Princess Anne, Attorney-General Lane asked Mr. Robins for the arrest of nine persons alleged to have been participants in the lynching. Mr. Robins answered that he had received the request but did not plan to

make the arrests, although he did plan sometime to call the grand jury again and ask it to consider doing so. Mr. Lane submitted Mr. Robins's refusal to the First Judicial Court of Maryland. The judges, it is reported, will presently confer with Mr. Robins and advise him what procedure they consider best under the circumstances. At least Governor Ritchie has taken the Princess Anne officials to task for their procrastination, and more important, he has in effect indorsed the anti-lynching law just introduced into the legislature, which would give the Governor larger powers in cases where violence was suspected, including that of removing sheriffs for cause. But nothing has yet been heard from Princess Anne.

MR. SPRAGUE'S RESIGNATION as financial adviser to the Secretary of the Treasury was a natural and inevitable step in the "purification" of the Treasury, which has proceeded with Hitler-like thoroughness ever since Mr. Woodin's departure on an indefinite leave of absence, Mr. Acheson's forced resignation, and the elevation of Mr. Morgenthau to the Acting Secretaryship. The immediate significance of these changes is perfectly clear: Dr. George F. Warren, professor of agricultural economics at Cornell University, is the virtual dictator of the nation's monetary policy, and the experiment which aims to restore the 1926 price level by raising the price of gold and depreciating the exchange value of the dollar will be carried through. Although a final verdict as to the soundness of the financial views of Professor Warren cannot be rendered until completion of the present experiment, it may be helpful to look at the record thus far. According to this theory, there is a direct and causal relationship between the dollar value of gold and the commodity price level. Thus if it is desired to raise the price level by a certain percentage, this can be accomplished by advancing the dollar price of gold by the same amount. The Bureau of Labor Statistics wholesale-price index, computed on the basis of 1926 as 100, stood at 59.6 in the week of March 4, 1933. An increase of 67 per cent in wholesale prices was therefore required to restore the 1926 level. By a strict interpretation of the Warren theory, this could be achieved by increasing the price of gold by 67 per cent, or from \$20.67 an ounce to \$34.52 an ounce.

SO MUCH FOR THEORY. What has actually occurred? On November 21, the date of Mr. Sprague's departure, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation announced a new high price of \$33.76 for an ounce of gold, a figure within 76 cents of the amount theoretically necessary for restoration of the 1926 wholesale-price level. But the wholesale-price index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics actually stood at 71.7 in the week ending November 18, the latest date for which information is available. In other words, an increase of 63 per cent in the price of gold has brought about an advance of just over 20 per cent in wholesale prices. The gold-buying policy, therefore, has thus far failed by a large margin to accomplish the results which a strict interpretation of the Warren theory would lead one to expect. It may be said by the proponents of the gold-buying theory that considerable time is required to permit the lagging adjustment of commodity prices to the changed cost of gold. But even if this modification be accepted at its face value, it is obvious that the dollar should be stabilized now at ap-

proximately its present level, since that level is the one theoretically necessary to restore 1926 prices. The value of reaching any such level until purchasing power is proportionately increased is a question of far greater importance, which we discuss on another page of this issue.

A FIGHT has just been made, and won, in Washington by a group which does not ordinarily resort to such tactics. The newly appointed Acting Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., began his duties by corking up all sources of information, even for strictly factual and statistical information, except himself and his press representative. The procedure in regard to public information has varied greatly under different administrations and according to departments, and it is not certain that Mr. Morgenthau's restrictions were more drastic than a good many others in the past, or even in the present. But the Treasury correspondents acted in a new way about them. Instead of accepting or making a quiet protest against the restrictions, the Treasury correspondents followed President Roosevelt's own example and took their case to the country. They sent out thousands of words in regard to the restrictions, including their own protest to the Acting Secretary. People who had never heard before of the way in which much Washington news is bottled up, or filtered out through approved and discreet channels, voiced surprise and indignation over the censorship, in consequence of which it was promptly relaxed. In the past American journalists have rarely fought for their right to get and give the news. Tradition decreed that they maintain friendly relations with their sources of information as the best way to get material, even when it involved submitting to unreasonable restrictions or personal indignities. It is highly doubtful if the method is a sound one for getting news, and certainly it is not conducive to self-respect. The Treasury correspondents have shown that effective public support may be enlisted in a good cause by showing fight.

THANKS TO GOVERNOR PINCHOT, it looks as if the honor of being the first State to pass comprehensive legislation dealing with the liquor situation after prohibition would go to Pennsylvania. His radical liquor-control measure erecting a State monopoly and barring the saloon forever is likely to become law before this issue of *The Nation* is published. His plan to put the government of Pennsylvania into the business of selling liquor in State-operated stores after the Canadian model thoroughly cowed the legislature. This is certainly a new departure for any Northern State. It carries with it the prohibition of the importation into the State of any liquor whatsoever except such as is purchased by the State through its own stores. There are to be certain licensed places which may sell liquor for consumption on the premises only—hotels of good reputation with dining-rooms seating forty or more people, restaurants accommodating at least seventy, bona fide clubs in existence two years or more which operate a dining-room and kitchen, and dining cars and passenger boats. All these places may be open for the sale of liquor from twelve o'clock noon until twelve o'clock midnight on week days. They may not sell to minors. To take the stores out of politics they are to be located by the local Courts of Quarter Sessions. They will be open from 9 a.m. until 9 p.m. for the sale in con-

tainers of liquor which may not be drunk on the premises. The net proceeds of this business will be placed in a special fund, and Governor Pinchot is already asking the legislature to vote \$20,000,000 of the estimated profits to unemployment relief and \$8,000,000 for old-age assistance. A brewery permit is to cost \$1,000, and each distillery will pay not less than \$5,000 per annum. In New Jersey and elsewhere plans have now been submitted for legislative action, New Jersey's special commission urging a liquor dictator. In New York the temporary liquor board has issued some hasty regulations. We shall discuss these later, together with the federal government's proposed code for the control of distillers.

MAXIM LITVINOV'S successful trip to the United States wound up with what was perhaps the most extraordinary dinner ever given in New York City. Some 2,500 persons faced a stage behind which hung a huge American flag and—the red flag with the Soviet hammer and sickle upon it. For carrying or flying a red flag hundreds of persons have been arrested and jailed in America during the past sixteen years. Even more striking was the audience standing while the organ played "My Country" and followed it with the "Internationale." Yes, incredible as it seems, there were a number of our most conservative capitalists actually applauding the "Internationale." Probably they did not recognize its appeal for solidarity, fraternity, and destruction of the capitalists, but there they were—General Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad, President Loomis of the Lehigh Valley, Owen D. Young and Gerard Swope of the General Electric, Gordon Rentschler of the National City Bank, the head of the anti-Bolshevik New York *Herald Tribune*, Parker Gilbert of J. P. Morgan and Company, and, believe it or not, the president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, so long absolutely opposed to recognition and now won to it, like many another, by the tingling of the pocket nerve. Not a liberal editor appeared on the dais, and hardly a man or woman who battled for Russian recognition when to do so was to invite contumely, insult, and abuse.

OUR NEW AMBASSADOR to Austria, George H. Earle, 3d, is an up-and-coming gentleman. On November 14 he notified the Viennese newspapermen that during a motor trip just concluded he had warned the authorities in all the Austrian provinces that the American people "cannot cooperate sympathetically with a country where people are persecuted on account of birth." He then made it even stronger by declaring to his interviewers that if the Austrian people "encourage anti-Semitism they will lose American sympathy and help." This is amazing language for an accredited Ambassador from the United States to use, but somehow we rejoice at his plain speaking. Probably he thinks that since Austria is entirely the orphan child of the Allies, the United States, and the League of Nations, he can be a little more free and easy in advising and admonishing it than would be the case in a country standing on its own feet. We are frank to say that we wish that our Ambassador to Berlin might soon find the occasion to be similarly indiscreet, and our President too. Our country ought certainly to be put definitely on record as being emphatically opposed to anti-Semitism, and to the even worse persecution of pacifists, liberals, Socialists, and Communists that has been going on under Hitler.

MR. ROOSEVELT is said to be unwilling to recognize any government in Cuba unless it can "be shown to have the united support of all factions of political belief." Could his own Administration qualify for foreign recognition under those terms?

AFTER A HALF-CENTURY of bitter opposition to union movements among its employees, the New York Edison Company has recently shown a sudden and singular anxiety to provide its 15,000 workers with collective bargaining. While an injunction suit brought by the Brotherhood of Edison Employees of America to restrain the company from interfering with collective bargaining by the use of coercion and intimidation was pending in the federal courts, the company held an "election" among its employees. The collective-bargaining plan voted upon was initiated and drawn up by officers of the company "in conjunction with employees" who were previously selected by the company itself. Opportunity was given to any fifty employees to place their heads in the lion's mouth by submitting any other proposal in opposition to the company's plan. No other plan was submitted and the company announced an overwhelming victory when the votes were counted. According to the Edison officials, all the "usual safeguards" were taken to insure a fair vote and honest election, the first safeguard being that the president of the company appointed the board of tellers to count the vote. Election notices distributed by the tellers reminded the voters that "unity is the basis of contentment." Appeals made by employees to the federal and State courts and the local and national NRA boards failed to prevent the election. The courts and the NRA, it is feared, will finally take the view that if there was no actual corruption in the taking of the vote, the Edison employees were free from the "interference, coercion, or restraint" forbidden by the recovery act—despite the fact that employees entering the voting booths did so knowing that the company bitterly opposed union organization, and that it had initiated, drawn up, and distributed the plan and selected the board of tellers. Such "Hitler elections" may prove an effective device in nullifying Section 7a of the recovery act.

THE NATION'S SPIES, who had a few trifling matters about Cabinet officials to report last week, bow before the superior talents of the spies of the New York *Herald Tribune*. The latter actually were so fortunate as to catch Herbert Bayard Swope up in the air in an elevator and unable to get down because there was a hitch in the machinery. Mr. Swope stayed up for forty-five minutes; not a single elevating thought coursed through his mind during that period. He was occupied in (a) wondering how he would get down, (b) wishing he had a drink, (c) noting that one of the women in the car with him was fat and if they started to fall he could land on her. After the elevator episode Mr. Swope went to call on Alfred E. Smith. Then he went back to his own office. Then he went to the washroom where he washed his hands, and on attempting to get out found that the door was locked and he couldn't. He banged on the door with his fist and one of his secretaries let him out. Then he went home and had dinner. Then he went to see "She Loves Me Not." A day in the life of Mr. Swope, showing that our busy executives don't have it so easy, either, Mawruss.

Fatter Prices and Thinner Dollars

TWO naive delusions threaten the nation's sanity. Their common acceptance by the public is less dangerous—until Congress meets—than the fact that they appear to dominate the thinking of Mr. Roosevelt, who has now taken upon his own shoulders the personal dictation of the nation's fiscal policies. The first is the easy assumption that a general rise in prices will automatically bring business recovery. The second is the equally insidious belief that "inflation" will ease the burden of debts for the masses in this country. The President's policies are admittedly directed at the restoration of the 1926 level of wholesale prices—which is about 39 per cent above present quotations. He is also known to believe that a cut in the dollar's value will reduce the staggering obligations of American debtors, under bond to pay off \$134,000,000,000 in long-term commitments, not to mention carrying charges which now amount to 20 per cent of the nation's reduced income.

The New Deal economics has obscured, ■ did the economics of the New Era, the homely truth that only by the actual production of wealth can wealth be obtained. It cannot be conjured up by the forced growth of two shares of stock where one grew before any more than it can by slicing the dollar in two. Only by an increase in the production of goods and services can the income of the nation—of all of us—be increased.

Will ■ general increase of prices increase production? Two feeble and neglected battalions of the New Deal army—Mrs. Rumsey's Consumers' Advisory Board in the NRA and Dr. Howe's Consumers' Counsel Division in the AAA—know the answer; but they have hardly been given the opportunity they should to shout it from the housetops. Higher prices can bring increased production in the long run only if wages and salaries go up at least ■ fast and ■ far. One might be justified in saying that they should go up faster and farther. Business without ■ buyer is no business at all. The prices of farm products, of course, are at the moment ■ special case. The disparity of their low levels in relation to the prices of manufactured products calls for special measures to restore an equilibrium. But monetary policies which affect all prices at once merely perpetuate the difficulty on another level. If even a small fraction of the time and effort now being thrown by the Administration into raising prices were to be devoted to the immediate expansion of consumer purchasing power, recovery would seem less remote.

The generals of the New Deal must sooner or later join battle with the owners of American industry over ■ more effective distribution of the national income. More of it, in proportion, must go to those who buy food, clothing, houses, cars; and less to those who invest their funds in new factories and machines to produce them. If capitalism is to endure, ■ fine line in the division of earnings must somehow be found which will give business enough profit to nourish its incentive and consumers enough money to sustain their purchasing power. So far the recovery program, despite the establishment of minimum wage rates through industrial codes and the development of public-works projects and relief measures, has failed to establish or even to approach that necessary

balance; but unless it can be reached, private business will give way to business run by the state.

As for relief of the masses of debtors, this also can come—unless we adopt the desperate expedient of wholesale repudiation—only by an increase in their income, and this in turn depends upon an increase in the nation's productivity. It is absurd to think that as the result of higher prices, achieved either through the threat or the actuality of inflation, the majority of those who owe money will be better able to pay their debts. The contrary will be true. The income of a large majority of the American people comes from wages and salaries. Many seem to think that the morning after the value of the dollar had been cut in half they would automatically get twice as many dollars in their pay envelope. The fact is, of course, that they would get the same number of dollars as they did before unless their rates of wages were increased. But whenever currencies are inflated, prices rise faster than do wages. Those salary- and wage-earners who have mortgaged their homes—and who has not?—will find their debt burdens increased as the dollar is depleted because they will have to pay progressively more and more for food and clothing and shelter. A great majority of the people are creditors as well as debtors—and as creditors they lose by inflation of the currency. The bank owes them their deposits, the insurance company will some day owe them their accumulated premiums. As the dollar declines in purchasing power, as the value of the "gilt-edged" securities in which their money has been invested by its custodians shrinks—for it is bonds, not stocks, which go down first in an inflation—the financial backlogs will crumble away.

Of the masses of ordinary people the farmers are the only ones who stand to gain anything from inflation. Because their earnings come not from salaries and wages but directly from the sale of farm products, the increase in prices which follows currency debasement would bring some increased income at once. But they would pay more for their feed and their seeds and for farm machinery; and the demand for the products on which their income depends would decline with the shrinking purchasing power of the town and city dwellers who make up the bulk of the population. Farmers who still have money in the bank and carry insurance would lose along with the rest of the people as the dollar is cut in terms of what it will buy. It is the speculators and the owners of certain common stocks that come out ahead at the end of an inflation—not the people as ■ whole.

Does the Administration want to sacrifice the interests of the great majority of the American wage and salaried workers for the dubious benefit of ■ small minority of the population? Mr. Roosevelt is noted for his political sagacity. He would do well to remember—if his attention is centered on debts—that outstanding urban-mortgage loans amount to about \$35,000,000,000 compared with about \$9,000,000,000 of farm-mortgage debts; that only 40 per cent of American farmers are mortgaged at all and that two-thirds of these are located in the North Central States. The real interests of the various groups of the population cannot be judged by the relative noise and political disturbance they create.



Drawing by Eva Herrmann

William H. Woodin

*The Greatest Secretary of the Treasury
Since Andrew W. Mellon*

What May Be Done at Montevideo

DELEGATIONS from the twenty-one independent nations of this hemisphere are assembling in the capital of Uruguay to take part in the Seventh Pan-American Conference. Given the failure of the World Economic Conference at London, the substitution of force for negotiation in the Far East, and the universal decline of internationalism, the prospects of achievement at Montevideo have seemed slight. Even those prospects, moreover, suffered a setback through President Roosevelt's declaration on the eve of our delegation's departure that "unsettled conditions, such as European commercial quota restrictions, have made it seem desirable for the United States to forgo immediate discussion of such matters as currency stabilization, uniform import prohibitions, permanent customs duties, and the like." As if the "unsettled conditions" which afflict the whole world were not rooted in part, at least, in just these economic problems. In this hemisphere, where international trade has sharply declined, where governments have fallen and unrest persists because of the inability to market basic products, "such matters" as "import prohibitions" and "customs duties" are primary, and should have been taken up before this through the negotiation of reciprocal trade agreements as the direct way to settle "unsettled conditions." As for currency stabilization, fluctuating and uncertain monetary standards form the greatest obstacle not only to the improvement of inter-American trade but to the maintenance of existing commerce. Yet the President bars discussion of "such matters." Again, as at London, he blames Europe. Far more than "European commercial quota restrictions" it is our own domestic policies, the curtailment of production under the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and the artificially increased price levels sought by both the AAA and the NRA, to say nothing of our deliberately unstabilized dollar, that have made it "seem desirable" to the President not to discuss ways and means for Latin American nations to sell to us more of their staples and for our farmers and manufacturers to find an outlet for their surpluses. Thus even before the conference starts, the United States has dealt it a serious blow. Secretary Cordell Hull is estopped from pursuing the course for which he is most qualified by experience and predilection—the negotiation of reciprocal trade agreements and lower tariffs.

At the same time the prohibition against a consideration of these fundamental economic questions throws the political aspects of inter-American relations into sharp relief, and here the United States has a great opportunity. Previous pan-American conferences have been conspicuous for the disparity between our high-sounding professions and our acts—a contrast of which every Latin American has been keenly aware. Our southward expansion after the Spanish-American War, our aggressions under our changing interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine, have provoked increasing irritation, distrust, and fear among our neighbors. Our intervention in Haiti and Santo Domingo produced an unscheduled interruption at the fifth conference at Santiago in 1923. With the guns of renewed intervention in Nicaragua booming across the Caribbean, opposition to our imperialism

came close to wrecking the sixth conference at Havana in 1928. But for the repressive influence on the Cuban press exercised by Machado, the passive attitude of the Mexican delegation—brought about by the policies of Ambassador Morrow, who was present as a United States delegate—the presence for the first time of the President of the United States, and the pontifical lucubrations of Secretary of State Hughes, that conference, and indeed the whole principle of pan-Americanism, might have been shattered by the opposition to United States domination.

That issue will be raised again at the seventh conference. Mr. Hughes's pronunciamiento that the United States "cannot forgo its right" to intervene to protect "the lives and property of its nationals" will be challenged by the united sentiment of the twenty other nations of this hemisphere. If the United States is wise, it will break fully and frankly with past practice and policy and renounce the right of arbitrary unilateral intervention. When Mexicans are lynched in Texas or killed by mobs in the orchards of California for demanding a living wage, Mexico rushes no troops across the border, orders no warship to Los Angeles. Mexicans who come here must and do take their chances with the kind of law and order they find here. American citizens who go abroad should be willing to do likewise. Actually such a policy is more productive of safety for our nationals than intervention, which obviously does not bring the dead to life, but tends to imperil nationals still living in the country to which we have rushed armed forces, to say nothing of the casualties directly resulting from armed invasion.

There is a fair prospect of such a New Deal in our relations with our southern neighbors. President Roosevelt took a step in this direction by his proposal on May 16 that nations "agree that they will send no armed force of whatsoever nature across their frontiers." The proposal was, to be sure, contingent on the actions of other nations, but that contingency does not apply to the adjacent countries of this hemisphere in their relations with us. There is also the President's declared purpose to play the part of the "good neighbor." There is Secretary Hull's evident desire to establish a new era of equal dealing in this hemisphere, a policy manifested by more than the usual verbal generalizations in the abstention from armed intervention in Cuba, the refusal to let Secretary Swanson land there, and Mr. Hull's unprecedented statement that the United States would not land marines to protect property. A declaration of a new non-intervention policy, except where we are specifically obligated by existing treaties (as in Cuba and Panama) would be a great step forward. It would be in the fullest sense a victory, not for the Latin Americans but for us. Our jingoes will never understand that the best defense for the Panama Canal is to make true friends of its neighboring peoples. And, from a purely material standpoint, trade is fostered by good-will.

Closely allied to the question of intervention is the Monroe Doctrine. It too has been productive of much ill-feeling. Both the Argentine and Mexico have repudiated it. The attitude of Latin American states is that they do not

fear aggression from non-American Powers, do not require our protection, have never asked it, and indeed fear us more than they do any of the Old World nations against whom the doctrine was promulgated. So intense has the feeling become that some of the South American states would doubtless refuse even a proposal to continentalize the Monroe Doctrine on the ground that it neither concerns nor interests them. Nevertheless, advances in that direction by the United States could not but be productive of better understanding.

Related to the foregoing is the Cuban question. President Roosevelt's policy in Cuba has so far been a tragic exemplification of good intentions wrecked by inept execution, but there is promise of a change for the better in the recall of Sumner Welles as Ambassador. Either through obstinacy or personal pique Mr. Welles has stuck to it that we must not recognize the Grau Government. His recall indicates that that policy is to be reversed. *The Nation*, to be sure, would not have nominated Jefferson Caffery as Mr. Welles's successor. Mr. Caffery's aid to our oil and banking interests in Colombia does not mark him as an ideal envoy of the New Deal to Latin America, but in so far as his appointment looks to the recognition of the Grau Government it is to be heartily approved. Recognition of Cuba should be followed by the elimination of the Platt Amendment and the end of our special powers and responsibilities.

The Haitian situation, likewise recently discussed in these columns, offers another example of current diplomatic ineptitude likely to nullify our good purposes in Latin America. Nothing is more paradoxical than the spectacle of the New Deal Administration extending and enlarging its financial control in Haiti to collect a debt for private bondholders. A declaration of willingness to reopen and revise the recent "executive agreement" will go far to remove a needless source of misunderstanding and conflict.

Reorganization of the Pan-American Union to make it more truly representative has been stubbornly resisted by the United States in the past. Concessions to the insistent demands of Latin American states have been made grudgingly. Considering that the union is an organization designed to promote the mutual interest of the twenty-one American nations, and that our greater size and wealth inevitably give us a preponderating influence, we should not only welcome efforts to secure a greater participation in direction and control by the other members states but should lead in that direction.

It must not be thought that pan-Americanism has to date been wholly meaningless and inconsequential. If it has failed to achieve conspicuous results, a great many lesser agreements relating to health, copyrights, patents, communications, and numerous other matters, the total value of which is considerable, stand to the credit of the conferences. The conferences have fostered cultural contacts. With the Orient a realm of military conquest, with Europe an armed camp and apparently headed for another war, the comparative peace and kindliness of the Americas today make the Western Hemisphere appear as the one area of relative sanity, a great belt of insulation against the madness of other regions. It preserves still the contrast between the deep-seated hates and prejudices of older cultures and the readier and friendlier adaptability of younger peoples. A constructive policy to preserve and strengthen peace and good-will in these continents may save civilization for the whole world. It is with that larger hope that we should approach Montevideo.

Arms and the League

DISARMAMENT has not yet been achieved. The cause of the deadlock must lie somewhere. Since the Disarmament Conference has been held under the auspices of the League of Nations, the fault must lie with the League. Thus reason the statesmen of Europe in their frantic efforts to avoid looking the facts squarely in the face and acting in accordance with them.

The Italians, not perhaps without an eye to the possibility of bringing the conference to Rome, are broadly suggesting that the League should be abandoned altogether. In this they have been given some encouragement by the British, who seem to feel that because Germany and Japan have withdrawn, and America and Russia are not members, it would be more practical to continue the disarmament discussions outside the framework of the Geneva organization. Secretary-General Avenol, a Frenchman, would save the League, in name at least, but strip it of virtually all its powers, thus reducing it to the status of a consultative council or debating society. The French delegates, on the other hand, appear disposed to hang on to the League in its present form. It has served them well and may continue to do so in the future.

Moreover, the French suspect, and perhaps rightly, that to turn the disarmament problem over to a group of four or five leading Powers for solution would place France at a disadvantage. In such a group the British and Italians would seek to strike a balance between the intransigence of the French and the German demands for rearmament, and France is not prepared to yield anything to Germany. The Americans at Geneva are insisting that, whatever be done with regard to the League, the conference must be kept at Geneva and on a strictly international basis.

If the League were to be scrapped, it would mean a return to the dubious and often secret methods of pre-war diplomacy. Weak as the Geneva body has proved itself, it remains the only international organization equipped for the task of handling the problems of peace. Nor does it seem that anything is to be gained by diluting the League Covenant in order to bring Germany, Japan, Russia, and the United States into the fold, as M. Avenol proposes. Certainly Articles X and XVI, which the Secretary-General would eliminate, have had nothing to do with the disarmament deadlock.

Indeed, the whole quarrel over the League quite ignores the fact that the disarmament fiasco is in no way related to the League machinery as such. The obstacles to disarmament would remain much the same whether the problem was left to an international body such as that at Geneva or to the whims and wire-pulling of the backstairs diplomatists of the years before 1914. For these obstacles are to be found primarily in the selfish nationalism of all the Powers represented at the conference. Until the statesmen of the world can discover some formula under which this nationalism can be subordinated to the higher interests of international peace and good-will, disarmament will be difficult, if not impossible, of achievement.

Meanwhile, far from moving toward internationalism, the European statesmen have by their senseless quarreling over the League merely added another to the several obstacles which until now have prevented agreement.

Issues and Men

"The Birds Will Sing Tomorrow"

IT seems to me that no more patriotic or useful service has been recorded for some time than the resignation of the adviser to the Treasury, Oliver M. W. Sprague. For a number of years I have regretted the failure of many American officials to resign when they should do so. Times innumerable I have seen Cabinet officers committed to policies in which they did not believe and compelled to take part in actions to which they were at heart utterly opposed. Had they been foreign officials, notably English, I think that they would have resigned. But there was always some reason why they had to compromise with their consciences and continue to stay in the official family. They needed the salary and did not know where they would get another, or they thought that it would be better for them to stay in office and keep the President from going too far; they were sure that they could exercise an ameliorating influence. Needless to say, they never did; needless to say, their characters suffered and likewise their influence with all who knew the actual circumstances. So when I hear of a man in high position resigning as Mr. Sprague did, with a splendidly written and absolutely frank letter setting forth the reasons for this protest, I am more than delighted.

But it is not about the resignation of Mr. Sprague that I wish to write today; I want rather to record my belief that he spoke the absolute truth in his letter to the President. I had to confess the other night to a former American diplomat, who like myself is well disposed toward President Roosevelt personally, that I could throw no light on why it is that again and again the President disregards the advice of genuine experts, and why he picks out men for important offices who have had no previous training for the jobs to which he assigns them. That is true of Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Raymond Moley, and Mr. Woodin, too, to say nothing of Professor George F. Warren, who happens to be an expert on agricultural problems. Someone who knows Mr. Morgenthau well said of him the other day that he was an ideal public servant, honest, able, hard-working, with no personal axe to grind, in politics absolutely for the reason that he desires to serve his country. There is only one out about him, this friendly critic explained: he knows nothing whatsoever about finance, banking, or currency problems. Otherwise he is an ideal Acting Secretary of the Treasury! But even there we have to put in a caveat—I refer to his stupidity in clapping on a censorship at the Treasury and to his extremely ill-advised levity in dealing with the resignation of Mr. Sprague: "I think the sun will rise tomorrow and the next day, and that the birds will sing."

Now I believe in the extraordinary adaptability of men of affairs in this country. They have been known to leave their law books and their plows and turn into remarkably good generals and public officials. But there are certain fields that require particular technical knowledge, long business experience, or actual contacts with the problems involved, and precisely in one of these fields lies the question of American financial policy in this grave emergency.

I do not believe that it can be properly solved by men who have had no actual experience in dealing with financial problems of vast magnitude and extraordinary difficulty. The President not only had Mr. Sprague to turn to; he could have gone to Princeton University and found there a professor who has been called into consultation by almost a dozen different nations to stabilize their currencies and overhaul their affairs. He has been financial adviser to the United States Philippine Commission, financial adviser to the governments of Mexico and Guatemala, and chairman of the Commission of American Financial Advisers in Colombia. South Africa, Chile, Poland, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru have all called upon him for his aid, and he was the expert on currency and banking on the Dawes Commission in 1925. His name happens to be E. W. Kemmerer, and if there is another man in the world with wider experience he must have hidden himself away pretty carefully. Why was not this man made Secretary of the Treasury? Why has he not been drawn into the discussions if the President decided that he did not like to talk with Mr. Sprague?

Perhaps I feel unduly alarmed about the situation, but I happen to have been in Germany at the time of inflation. I literally saw men who had been millionaires begging in the streets. I found that almost every insurance company was ruined, and that every endowment fund had disappeared; that all mortgages were paid off in depreciated currency, so that the persons who had loaned the mortgage money were robbed just as successfully as they would have been had they been held up by footpads. I saw a whole nation driven almost to despair by the daily fluctuations in currency. Their habits of thrift were destroyed because there was only one thing to do and that was to take all the money that they got and spend it before the sun set. They bought everything that money would buy—the strangest odds and ends. People who could not play the piano bought pianos in order to get something tangible into their homes that they could resell when sanity returned. They bought books they could not understand and pictures they did not want. They did not buy many clothes because clothes were not to be had; even underwear was difficult to get and could only be sold a garment or two at a time. People killed themselves right and left, as they have been doing again since Hitler came into office, because they did not know which way to turn or how to get their daily bread. When I left the Hotel Bristol after a sojourn in Berlin of a couple of weeks I gave as the usual tips one-dollar bills to the head porter and others who had taken care of me. I imagine I know how royalty must feel under such conditions, for I am sure no king ever received deeper or more grateful bows than I did. One man almost cried, and told me that he would keep the bill as long as he possibly could as it was the only thing he had that was stable. It was worth about three billion marks at that moment. Naturally I am frightened when I see the President going in the same direction, and read Mr. Sprague's earnest words advising him that we are headed straight for

inflation. Nothing could be worse for a people; nothing could drive it nearer to disaster. Everyone who feels as Mr. Sprague does should similarly speak out.

But no one must believe that this inflation danger is a new one and that we have never faced it before. The attack upon a sound currency has come again and again and always from the West, but never with a better excuse than at present. The farmers are in a desperate condition and it is not to be wondered at that they are lured by the idea that you can run the printing-presses until you have created a large amount of greenbacks and then with them pay off the entire bonded debt of the United States. Indeed, some of them wish to go farther and so do some men in high office in Washington. They actually want to establish a great program of public works and to pay for these not by bond issues but by printing the additional amount in greenbacks. They do not ask what will become of the greenbacks; they have forgotten the story of the Confederacy and how its unsecured currency was debased until you had to pay \$600 or \$800 for a pair of shoes. They have forgotten that even on the Northern side the debased paper money was called "shin-plasters." They simply feel that if we should print some thirty-six billion dollar bills to pay off our public debt and meet the cost of the NRA we should be on easy street, and there would be such a large amount of currency in circulation that we should all get rich overnight. They do not know that periods of inflation are regularly followed by grave panics. As far back as April, 1874, when the House of Representatives was discussing the Maynard currency bill, which it subsequently passed, Congressman Townsend of Pennsylvania surprised the House by using a chart as an aid to the enlightenment of his fellow-members. This showed, as *The Nation* of that time reports, "by rising and falling lines, the close connection between the heights of inflation and the depths of the subsequent abysses of panic."

The leader of that fight was General Ben Butler of Civil War fame. In an interview at that time he declared that he was the only member of the New England delegation in Congress who found himself independent of the capitalists of New England and of "those who enrich themselves at the expense of the interests of the people and of the country." He might be talking today, for he declared that the cry of ruin as a result of inflation was raised by the holders of the bonded debt of the United States and he asked the reporter: "If Congress were to issue \$500,000,000 of greenbacks and with them take up \$500,000,000 of interest-bearing bonds, the interest would be saved, would it not? Would not the greenback be enhanced in value?" That is the reasoning of a good many people today. But President Grant could not see it that way. He vetoed the finance bill which called for the increase of paper circulation by \$100,000,000, a beggarly sum in comparison with the amounts which the inflationists of today are calling for. *The Nation* of April 30, 1874, summarized his message in these words: "Inflation is in General Grant's belief a departure from the true principles of finance, national interest, national obligation to creditors, and Congressional promises . . . and of the personal views and promises advanced by him in every annual message sent to Congress and in each inaugural address." The editor of *The Nation* at that time went out of his way to call attention to the fact that when France had to pay to Germany an indemnity of \$1,000,000,000 as a result of its loss of the Franco-

Prussian War, it did not, as it might have done, "borrow the money in gold, settle the account with Germany, and then pay creditors in paper. The foolish, fastidious French government, however, instead of setting the printing-press going, took pains to guard against inflation by strictly limiting the issue of paper money. The result is that the discount on paper has never been above 2 per cent, was for a short time only nominal, and now the country is on the eve of resumption, with its credit absolutely unimpaired and its debt to Germany paid."

I was particularly interested to find that *The Nation* wrote at that time that one dose of inflation would merely lead to another, because it reminded me of what Al Smith, even before his latest strictures on the "boloney dollar," said when he appeared before the Senate committee which has been revealing the performances of our bank presidents. When asked if he believed in inflation he said emphatically not. Inflation, he said, was like giving a sick man "a shot of dope in the arm." It was great while it lasted, but the effect soon wore off and then the patient wanted another and a stronger dose until it got to be a habit. That is an absolutely sound analysis. Mr. Godkin, then editor of *The Nation*, put it well in our issue of April 2, 1874. Speaking of the arbitrary limit of \$400,000,000 which the inflationists had fixed for their operation, he wrote: "If \$100,000,000 of fresh paper will 'stimulate industry' and give us 'cheap money' as [Congressman] Kelley says, \$100,000,000 more would have similar effect, and so on *ad infinitum*. Inflation is the shoreless sea under a starless sky, so that if the late action in Congress be adopted as a policy, it starts us on a voyage without end." But here Mr. Godkin was wrong; the experience of Germany shows that there is a very definite end to the inflation voyage. I know some people in Germany who declare that if the German state again undertakes that voyage they will commit suicide right off.

I am not a bit impressed by the talk of controlled inflation. I do not believe that the Warren plan of changing the gold content of the dollar will satisfy the Western inflationists. Only a few nights ago the New York *World-Telegram* quoted from the letter of an unnamed but influential Congressman, who demanded a still larger public-works program to be paid for by new greenbacks. This type of man is not going to be satisfied by a substantial rise in prices. He has got it into his head that the sure road to national wealth and health is printing money. If there were a complete financial dictatorship in this country it might be possible to print some additional currency and then stop, but when you have a Congress on your hands behind which stand a large number of farmers on the point of upheaval, and when all the Congressmen are facing reelection in 1934, it is going to be extremely hard for any President to put on the brakes. There is nothing to do but fight. The demand for inflation has been beaten every time so far, and it cannot be said that we have done badly by so doing. I know there are many who will take a different view; the silverites and the greenbackers are always with us. At the same time we have had a sound currency, and have paid our debts honestly—at least until recently.

Donald Garrison Kelland

The Government Builds Houses

By KATHARINE H. AMEND

WHEN the Muscle Shoals bill was finally passed by Congress last spring it was entitled: "An act to improve the navigability and to provide for the flood control of the Tennessee River; to provide for reforestation and the proper use of marginal lands in the Tennessee Valley; to provide for the agricultural and industrial development of said valley; to provide for the national defense by the creation of a corporation for the operation of government properties at and near Muscle Shoals in the State of Alabama, and for other purposes." "Other purposes" was the euphemism employed by the writers of the bill to avoid stating bluntly that the government was going into the business of producing and selling electrical power in competition with private interests that had become as ruthless as post-prohibition kidnappers.

Curiously enough, one of the other projects that is being undertaken, made possible by the phrase "provide for the industrial development of said valley" and enlarged on under Section 22 of the bill as "fostering an orderly physical, economic, and social development of said areas," may have as much more profound influence on the welfare of the average citizen of America than the power project. This is the housing development. The press releases and speeches of the officials of the Tennessee Valley Authority, the corporation created by the bill to carry out its purposes, are filled with disclaimers that there is anything romantic, idealistic, modernistic, or socialistic about its plans for housing the workers who will carry out the development. This nervousness is due to the expert sniping of the power interests, which have no intention of giving up their fight for domination. They have twisted the most innocent utterances of the directors of the Authority—some of them have been perhaps too innocent—for the purpose of discrediting the whole undertaking. They are aided by disgruntled speculators who see a grand opportunity for mulcting the public slipping from them.

Ever since Congress began discussion of the various plans for developing the power resources of the Tennessee Valley, "developers" have been inveigling suckers into buying land down there, particularly in the region of Muscle Shoals. Congressional oratory on the possibilities of "the development of a vast and mighty industrial empire" in the valley has been turned overnight into bait for the incurable dupes who still believe that the little outsider has a chance to make "one of the world's greatest fortunes in real estate." The Better Business Bureau of New York City says that "some of the prices asked and obtained for this land have been nothing short of ridiculous, ranging as high as \$5,000 for a lot of property which in reality is nothing more than idle farm land. Many hundreds of lots with a tax valuation of from \$50 to \$100 each have been sold for several thousand dollars each." In spite of President Roosevelt's warning to the public against being drawn into land speculation, made at the time he signed the bill, the promoters have increased their activities, going to the impudent lengths of using for advertising purposes pictures of the President and Senator Norris made on their visit to Muscle Shoals.

No matter what mistakes the Tennessee Valley Authority may be charged with, it has attacked this land speculation in an effective manner. The first piece of large-scale construction started by the Authority was the creation of Norris Dam eighteen miles above Knoxville. Without decided action on the part of the Authority land values would have been run up there in such a way as to blight the future of the valley. One of the first acts of the directors was to announce the intention of acquiring all land within three miles of the dam site and to caution owners against giving options on their land for speculative purposes. They declared: "The Authority, when it comes to fixing prices at which it will be willing to purchase land, will not recognize speculative values added during this preliminary period." Chairman Arthur Morgan added: "If people buy this real estate, three-fourths of them may be stung."

The Authority secured the cooperation of local real-estate boards and chambers of commerce in spreading the news. It had a powerful weapon in the section of the bill granting the Authority right of eminent domain in condemning and acquiring anything it needed to carry out the "purposes" of the act. This club is not flourished; it is tactful for a new public corporation to conduct itself politely. But the practical business men know the Authority means business. In keeping real-estate values down to a just level the Authority is controlling a major factor in housing costs in the valley. It is only one factor, however. To cut out other speculative profits on housing, the Authority decided that it would itself build the town of Norris, where workers on the dam, power plant, and associated businesses will live.

Looking over the press releases issued by the Authority on the work under way on the town and houses, one realizes why the directors would like to carry on behind a Chinese Wall. Their plans for the town and houses are revolutionary. To be sure, the houses have no smack of modernist architecture in their appearance. Earl Sumner Draper, who has charge of the land and house planning, has evaded criticism to the extent of declining to import plans and materials that only a millionaire can use in this country without attracting invidious comment. This strategic move has further fortification in his belief that housing in any community should remain true to its environment. He feels that Cape Cod cottages and English and Norman farmhouses are out of place in the Tennessee mountains. None the less, in plotting the architectural development he has been far more modern than many so-called modernists. Depending for beauty on simple proportions and harmonious masses and using a dozen or so different plans to avoid the monotony so common in most housing projects, he has been most concerned with the economical and efficient arrangement of the interiors. Every single detail of the plans has been submitted to the test of its usefulness and durability in connection with the climate and the customs of the future inhabitants. Not so much as a single molding will be used if its only excuse for being is that houses elsewhere have such moldings.

Had the Authority decided to erect on mud flats long rows of ugly clapboard or yellow-brick houses with interiors arranged as in the last-century houses of Philadelphia or Baltimore, the only criticism would have come from unimportant liberal circles. But nothing in the world will save the Authority from a volley of dead cats for producing for common workers a charming town, which has even been located with the desire to provide for every dwelling soul-satisfying vistas of the beautiful misty hills. It is rank heresy to give cheap homes beauty, comfort, and convenience. If that can be done for, say, \$2,500, what happens to the market for \$10,000 and \$15,000 houses?

While some pleasant rooming-houses for single men are being erected and the housing units will range in size from two to seven rooms, the three- and four-room type will predominate. Every house will have a long porch, screened and windowed for the varying seasons; almost every house will have a fireplace, chiefly because valley people like them. The cheap electric power generated at the great dam makes economical the installation of electric stoves, heaters, and refrigerators as part of the initial equipment. Since the "construction gang" is made up of many of the valley people who will eventually work in the power plant and in the small industries that are to be permitted to grow near the dam, the Authority is omitting the usual temporary housing and providing the permanent housing and town utilities as fast as possible, with broad streets, a business center, water supply, schools, and approaches from the new Knoxville-Cincinnati highway. Because the Authority desires to experiment with the integration of seasonal local industry and small-scale intensive farming, every house will be built on a lot containing about a third of an acre. Many critics are extremely doubtful of the practicability of Mr. Morgan's plans for stimulating home industries, such as weaving and wood-working, pointing out that hand-made products are luxuries in a day of mass production. The experiment in decentralizing industry and forming small industrial units, however, can do little harm.

Norris is but the precursor of other towns which the Authority will probably build. Houses in these towns are to be leased on long and short-term contracts. Therein lies the real significance of the venture, if it is successful. One of the pet goldbricks of America is the own-your-own-home movement that has been so lovingly fostered by speculators, mortgage companies, and sentimentalists. The yearning to own a bit of real estate is a hangover from the days of an agricultural economy. Properly expressed propaganda of sales agents has been known to make strong men with a preference for the roar of the subway grow maudlin over the idea of "a little place in the suburbs where I can putter in a garden and at the same time be saving for my old age."

The idea of accumulating savings while buying a home is a sadly deflated bubble. Real-estate investment is a luxury that only the man who is dependent on something besides a salary can afford. The amateur buyer of real estate rarely has the knowledge to invest in a place that will appreciate in value in twenty years or so. While he is living in his home and straining to pay off the mortgage his house is becoming out of date and of constantly lessening value. At every stage of the game the amateur pays through the nose, as against a housing corporation. He cannot float his venture with bonds at $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. He pays 6 per cent and a

commission to the mortgage company that advances him money on his house; he pays an additional commission on each renewal. He pays high fees to the lawyers who take care of the details as against lesser proportionate amounts paid by corporations to salaried lawyers. He pays again at retail rates when he has to fight assessments and taxes. He has to pay for his own repairs at rates much higher than those obtained by corporations, who usually maintain their own repair staffs. If at any time he loses his job his payments have to go on and taxes have to be paid or he may lose his whole investment. And as many house owners have discovered of late, in times when a man loses his job or suffers a considerable reduction in income he can rarely find a market for his place; or if he does find a market he realizes much less than he put into the venture. Even in the best of times he has no sure, quick market for his real-estate investment.

The Tennessee Valley Authority is financing its enterprises with government bonds. By doing the whole job itself and cutting out all intermediary contractors and agents, it can produce a house that, including street improvements, will probably cost about \$2,500, as against a possible \$7,500 that it would cost the amateur builder. After the Authority has taken into account the interest on its bonds, amortization, upkeep, taxes, and deterioration it should still be able to rent these houses at from \$20 to \$25 a month.

Such rents will increase the ability of the renters to put aside savings for old age in conservative bonds which will provide some steady income that can be applied against the yearly rent. The man in the Tennessee Valley who has managed to save \$7,500 by the time he has to give up regular work and has invested the amount in bonds of the Authority, for example, will have more than enough annual income to cover his rent, a garden to provide him with part of his food, and an investment on which he can realize to the full whenever he chooses to go to live with his children. This aspect of the housing experiment has probably not been considered by the Authority. But the lesson is there for those who choose to read it. As the books of the Authority will be open to public inspection, those competent to understand will be able to study the possibilities of housing corporations run for investment rather than speculative profits.

On Such a Day as This One

By MARK VAN DOREN

On such a day as this one time and sky
Flow round our shoulders mingled past division;
Past asking which, past hearing, for on high
One silence broods: the ultimate elision.

Such a day as this one lifts the seas
And loses them in air—as blue, as thin.
Yet not the seas; there is no current moving;
Not anything translucent, wave or fin.

Such a day as this one is the end;
Or would be if there were no shoulders listening.
Nothing but their question saves the world;
And that high sun, upon the silence glistening.

Bridgeport Goes Socialist

By JACOB C. RICH

BRIDGEPORT, the industrial capital of Connecticut and one of the most important cities in the East, has done the impossible. It has elected a full Socialist administration. What is more, it seems very happy about it. Many elements contributed to bring about this Socialist victory. One of the prime factors was the popularity of the party's chief candidate, the present Mayor, Jasper McLevy, a veteran in the cause and a member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party. A humble man, a roofer by trade, gaunt, sincere, persevering, he is truly one of the common people. He has a tremendous following among the lowly and harassed, and in this industrial city, tortured by four years of depression, this class constitutes almost the entire population.

Characteristic of the city's attitude toward McLevy is an incident that happened during the campaign. One of the local newspapers, in referring to a statement made by him, phrased a comment somewhat as follows: "Jasper said that under a Socialist administration" one thing or another would or would not happen. The next day the paper apologized for the familiarity. It had meant no disrespect, it explained, in calling him by his first name. It was an inadvertence due to force of habit. The reporters address him as Jasper; the rewrite men, the copy readers, the typesetters, the proof-readers know him as Jasper. In fact, the entire town calls him by his first name, and so the error crept in and went unnoticed until the edition was on the street.

I suppose no more flattering mistake or more gratifying apology could have been made in respect to a political candidate. It is true that everybody in town addresses him by his first name, and this not only familiarly but also affectionately and with a great deal of respect. Yet this intimate regard for him is a little mystifying, for the man is not given to intimacies. He is no backslapper or handshaker. He has great difficulty in remembering names and faces and in connecting one with the other in proper order. He is unquestionably one of the masses, yet I suspect that he enjoys loneliness and relishes the processes of thinking by himself. A walk through darkened streets, a tramp through fields and woods—without a gun—seclusion in a remote farmhouse, are relaxation and adventure for him. He possesses other traits that should militate against his popularity. He does not drink or smoke or indulge in any other of the engaging vices. He is a Scotch Presbyterian in a city predominantly Irish and Catholic. He has run for office many times and been defeated as often. He is a Socialist.

It is on this last count that he can be touched off. Impinge on his convictions, and this silent man becomes vehemently articulate. His gray eyes light up with prophetic fervor, his rugged face creases into missionary persuasiveness. He speaks a simple language, clipped and ungracious, yet an effective one despite, or perhaps because of, an abandonment of the polite rules of grammar and syntax. And he does swear a spicy streak in moments of anger or impatience. His concern for the common man, his pity and his dismay at the plight of his people and his city, are genuine and deeply felt.

He is as completely honest a man as a fallible human being may be. His integrity is such that never during a viciously bitter preelection campaign was there any attack made on his character or personal conduct. Any such attack would have been a boomerang. Even his old-line opponents, not especially noted for the brilliance of their strategy, realized as much.

Somehow this idealist and visionary has managed to combine his altruism with a sense of the practical and the immediate. He probably knows as much of the political alignments, the hates and jealousies, among his opponents as any of the insiders. He is certainly more expert in municipal affairs than the routine city executive. He knows his city; he knows its government and its economic set-up.

With all this it would be wrong to infer that the Socialist victory in Bridgeport was a one-man affair. McLevy himself would be the first to deny it, and not out of false modesty. He would point out that the entire ticket with the exception of four of the sixteen aldermen in the running was swept in on the landslide. He would also show that the vote for the minor candidates was almost as large as that cast for him. In three of the four districts where the Socialists failed to win their aldermen, he also failed to register a plurality. He would say that the victory was due to the strength of the Socialist organization in the city and its effective campaigning.

There is not a lawyer in the Socialist Party of Bridgeport. This is said not in dispraise of lawyers, but in appraisal of the local organization. There is not a doctor, minister, or even a journalist on the membership rolls. The intelligentsia is conspicuous by its absence from the branches. This does not seem to have hurt the branches to any extent. On the contrary, it has probably given them a more intimate contact with the people and a surer grasp of their pains and problems. The local party bothers very little with the sophistries of left trend or right trend, militancy or non-militancy, or other such squabbles that occupy the dogmatic. On the other hand, it is greatly concerned with the fact that water rates in Bridgeport are four times as high as those in New York, that the gas and electric and transportation utilities demand extortionate tolls, that the people are ground between the upper millstone of increasing taxation and the nether of continued unemployment. These are the realities that the local Socialists stressed during their campaign—these and the fact that two bands of spoilsmen under Democratic and Republican Party emblems had alternated in looting the city treasury and wasting its resources on graft-ridden projects. There was a bridge that had cost \$156,000 to build at war-time prices and that cost \$220,000 to repair at depression rates. There was another bridge for which the contractors had been paid \$185,000 more than their contract. There was a case of 116 inspectors being on the municipal pay roll with only twenty workmen to supervise—a typical patronage scandal. And all the time bonds were issued upon bonds, sometimes to meet current expenses, until at last the city's borrowing capacity was exhausted. Finally the city

lost control over its finances. A rotten-borough legislature appointed a special board, the Board of Apportionment and Taxation, to act as receivers for the city. Like receiverships in many private bankruptcies, this board proved to be an expensive economy for Bridgeport. Debts continued to pile up. Relief and welfare work was hampered.

It was upon such issues as these that the Bridgeport Socialists waged their campaign. They pointed out that their lone alderman had succeeded in spiking some of the more vicious projects of his old-line adversaries on the council. They showed that Socialist sheriffs need not be harsh marshals for the landlord and the instalment house, but can bring aid to the distressed and shelter for the dispossessed. They asked for the opportunity of serving the people instead of despoiling them.

To a considerable extent the Socialists were helped toward victory by the tactics of their opponents. The Republicans expected to run third in the race and could therefore afford to be gentlemen about it. The Democrats, however, flailed away wildly and often with unconscious humor. They sent emissaries to Reading and Milwaukee to reconnoiter the enemy's territory. They came back with a tale of two cities that was quickly punctured by the Socialists. The Democrats quoted Marx and Debs about the destruction of home, church, and family. They raised the bogey of the I. W. W. As a final stroke of genius they published a full-

page cartoon of a closed factory, and said: "Don't let this happen here. Don't vote Socialist." Unfortunately the drawing was too exact a replica of a factory that had been closed for four years.

The newspapers were divided in their sympathies. The *Post* and its morning subsidiary, the *Telegram*, generally played fair. The Bridgeport *Herald*, a curiously lively sheet published only on Sundays, felt the situation best of all, and was all for Jasper and the boys. The *Times-Star* was rabidly Democratic. Even now, despite protestations of good-will toward the new administration, it runs an occasional dig in the news columns and a perpetually sorehead political column.

It would be a mistake to imagine that Bridgeport has really gone Socialist. The citizens have not been converted to the cause by any means, nor are the comrades under any delusions about it. What it really amounts to, I suppose, is that a disgusted city has decided to oust the looters and the spoilers and to give an honest man and a decent crowd a chance to operate. My guess is that the people will be fairly patient and considerate with this new crowd, knowing that they are subject to the sniping and sabotage of political opponents, and that they are hamstrung by an exhausted treasury.

With these reservations in mind I can see no reason why the Socialists should not succeed and why Bridgeport should not continue to vote them into power. But of course next time there will be fusion against the Socialists.

Underground Germany

By ROGER B. NELSON

THE light that exists today in darkest Germany is to be found underground. There is opposition to Hitlerism, its terror, its aims, its *Weltanschauung*, opposition which is almost suicidal in its heroism and notable for the ingenuity of its organization and its activity. At present it does not rock the strength or vicious leadership of the Nazi structure; but it is direct; it is on the spot; although small, it is growing; although confused, it is achieving clarity. An estimate of this opposition, a sane survey of its forces, trends, errors, possibilities, is a necessity for all of us who feel that fascism is a world menace.

The opposition to fascism comes entirely from labor and works necessarily underground. There are today three main forces at work trying to reorganize the shattered German labor movement, to reestablish the German working class. These organizations, in the order of their size, are (1) the official Communist Party, with from 25,000 to 30,000 members; (2) the Social Democratic Party and Social Democratic Youth organization, with a maximum, together, of 20,000 members; (3) the Communist Party Opposition, with about 8,000 members.

In the official Communist Party of Germany are found today many of the best and most loyal revolutionaries, often raw, as often confused, yet generally heroic and devoted to the source of their inspiration. Their membership is only from 10 to 15 per cent of last year's, as a result no less of wholesale persecution by the Fascists than of the ideological confusion in their own ranks. Hitler's accession to power was a complete and costly surprise to the official Communists,

who had been so sure that the revolutionary upsurge would carry them into the saddle that they saw no need for preparing a united front with the Social Democratic Party against the Nazis. So great were the confusion and demoralization of the Communist Party that some of its members drifted to the Nazis. Other confused members deserted because they were resentful against the Soviet Union for not rushing its Red Army into Germany to make the revolution for them.

However, those who were not cowed or killed by the Nazi terror and those who did not desert immediately set to work to organize their revolutionary activities under the new conditions. In gallant efforts to become effective they reorganized their ranks into *Fünfergruppen*—groups of five meeting secretly. They attempted to revitalize the Communist factions inside the Fascist storm troops and security-squad organizations. They sought to enlist as leaders the most trusted of the old Communist Party functionaries. They sought to develop protective measures so that the *Fünfergruppen* might work with greater security. Arrangements were made for the groups to meet in the most respectable places. Churches, parishes, religious schools became hosts unsuspecting of the nature of the guests that they were receiving. Often meetings are held in the homes of respectable Nazi supporters—secretly sympathetic to the opposition—whose reputation is ostensibly the purest. At the meetings no minutes are read or handed out. Every comrade has a special party name. There are no membership cards. No records are kept which might compromise anyone. The

work at these meetings involves arrangement for the distribution of leaflets and party literature, for work in factories, for revolutionary activities among the growing number of disillusioned Nazis, for revolutionary activities in Fascist "unions." Work is hampered by the fact that communication between the local units and the central leadership is still very weak, that the party has virtually no hold in the countryside and small towns, as it once had, and that only the functionaries meet regularly, as contrasted with the irregular meetings of the groups.

Yet with all these weaknesses and this confusion the party has been able to reach an increasing number of workers. It has been printing and mimeographing papers and leaflets which are circulated widely underground. A heartening example of Communist work, carried out jointly by the official Communist Party and the Communist Party Opposition, occurred this summer. To the chagrin of the Nazi Party and to the amazement of the police, some twenty simultaneous demonstrations were staged in Berlin, one of them on the Alexanderplatz, right next to the central police headquarters. The bold move of staging these meetings in the face of Göring's death threat thrilled the workers, even though the demonstrations were small compared to those of past days. Speeches were hurried, not more than two or three minutes long; they consisted of slogans against war, Hitler, and fascism, for communism and the Soviet Union. At the end the "Internationale" was sung.

Of course the Nazis retaliated instantly. During the night the storm troops, security squads, and Schupos wreaked a horrible vengeance. Hundreds of workers' homes in the Neuköln district, in the Frankfurter Allée, in the Tempelhof section, in the Schönhauser Allée, and in Prenzlauer Berg were broken into after midnight, the furniture smashed, the occupants brutally slugged and dragged away to jail and concentration camps. Nazi spies in the Communist Party rendered retaliation peculiarly devastating, as witness the recent heavy blow to the organization through the wholesale arrest and murder of the best and most experienced local Communist leaders by the Gestapo (*Geheime Staatspolizei*).

The official Communist Party exhibits many weaknesses which, if uncorrected, will lead to sterility of the movement despite the individual heroism in its ranks and its heroism in reorganization. An incident selected from a random assortment illustrates the false approach which leads to typical futile strategy in which results are vitiated at the point of achievement. The following scene recently occurred in Berlin: A crowded workers' section was heavily surrounded by storm troops and security squads while police with rifles slung on their backs lined the middle of the street, faces and backs alternating to keep watch on both sides. Three storm troopers were posted in front of every house, three were in the yards, and three visited and searched each apartment with the usual Prussian thoroughness. Tenants were ordered to shut their windows and keep them shut on pain of facing a rain of rifle bullets.

The reason that storm troops and police had been detailed to duty in this district was that Communist leaflets were being poured into the streets and no one could find the source. The police and storm troops searched for hours. The shower of leaflets did not abate. To this day the Fascists are ignorant of the exact source of the bombardment which they tried in vain to stop. A simple German workman had invented

a clever apparatus, built into a roof so that its location was hidden, which shot out leaflets at regular intervals for two hours. So far, very good. But to what purpose was this ingenuity utilized? When the leaflets, in defiance of the rulers of Germany, came out for all to read, what did they say? "Hands Off the Soviet Union." That was all! Not a word about the German workers' unbearable burdens, not a word about the need of all German workers to struggle against the Fascist terror. "Hands Off the Soviet Union"! Even the courage and devotion of the most capable individuals in the Communist Party cannot lift the party out of its world of "dead sectarian illusion" so long as its general approach is through Russia to Germany instead of through Germany to Russia.

The Social Democratic Party, once so powerful, is today smashed on the rocks of its own treason and confusion. Many of the former Socialist Party state officials, mayors and party leaders and trade-union functionaries, have gone over bag and baggage to Hitler. Hitler disposed of such Socialists with the following epitaph: "Your treason we have used. You traitors we no longer need." The second group in the Social Democratic Party is motivated by opposition to capitalist legalism and the ideal of bourgeois democracy espoused by the old Social Democratic Party. Their position is well represented by the Berlin Social Democratic youth who were expelled a few months ago. They wished to continue affiliation with the Second or Socialist Labor International, at the same time vaguely espousing a proletarian dictatorship and rejecting communism. Hesitating, confused, they are traveling in general to the left. The third group in the old Social Democratic Party is definitely going over to communism. In this group and among the Socialist youth in general are to be found many intelligent workers who are satisfied that communism promises more effective weapons for class warfare, for the fight against an enemy whom they hate with an ever-rising fury. The party in all its groups is being constantly persecuted by the Nazi police. A few weeks ago the members of its National Action Committee were arrested in Berlin. The party has, however, forces within it which, working with other underground organizations, can offer a real threat to the Fascist rule.

The Communist Party Opposition consists of the most experienced Communists in Germany. In its ranks are the men who as active revolutionists sought to smash the Kaiser's war plans, who, with Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, founded the Spartacus group, and organized and led the Communist Party of Germany at the height of its power. The Communist Party Opposition alone was not surprised by the Fascist victory. It foresaw the serious menace of fascism as early as 1929, steadily warned against it, endeavored to unify the workers through intense trade-union activities and mass actions against fascism, but failed because of the smallness of its numbers and the poverty of its treasury. Despite some serious losses through the imprisonment, torture, and death of its members, it is today the most effectively organized of the three underground labor parties and enjoys great moral prestige and influence among workers.

The rank and file of the Catholic trade unions, whose organizations also have suffered from the Nazi terror, made an unexpectedly favorable response to the united-front solicitations of the Communist Party Opposition. At the present time, especially in Württemberg and Leipzig, the Opposition

party group has initiated successful action in a program of building a genuine trade-union movement underground and breaking up the National Socialist unions from inside. The first underground trade-union organ has just been issued in Württemberg under the joint direction of the two Communist groups and the Social Democrats.

The printed word plays a great role in all underground activity against Hitlerism. Many papers are printed in such small type as to require a magnifying glass for reading. With typical German thoroughness the workers provide themselves with special pocket glasses for this purpose and can be seen—if they are not careful—poring over *Vorwärts* (Social Democratic Party), the *Rote Fahne* (Communist Party), and *Gegen den Strom* (Communist Party Opposition), printed on very thin paper in tiny type. Each paper or leaflet usually has ten or more readers per copy.

This steady underground activity may thrill one at most unexpected times. I shall never forget a monster demonstration of storm troops, security squads, and workers' delegations from factories on the biggest square in Cologne. Thousands of brown uniforms, hundreds of flags. The "new Germany" on parade! Division after division of factory workers falling in line and singing mechanically the Horst Wessel song:

Die Fahne hoch! die Reihen dicht geschlossen!
S. A. marschier mit ruhig festem Schritt.
Kameraden, die Rotfront und Reaktion erschossen,
Marschieren im Geist in unsern Reihen mit!

Every word of this stanza was sung spiritlessly, listlessly—except one. When workers reached the word *Rotfront*, thousands of lusty voices spontaneously yelled it as a greeting, a battle cry for the revolutionary proletariat. By breaking up the rhythm of the Nazi hymn and detaching the word *Rotfront* from the murder promised in the following words, they transformed the spirit of the song into a hope and a challenge. It is small incidents, flashes like this, occurring daily throughout Germany, which indicate the beginning of a revival of the German labor movement. Hindenburg's oak was cut to the ground only a few weeks after it was planted by Hitler. The heroic sailors of the freighter *Erica* were adamant in their refusal to sing the Horst Wessel song and chorused Communist airs instead.

Whatever light there is today in darkest Germany is to be found underground. All that was good in German culture, all that was inspiring in German traditions, and all that was worth while in the German labor and revolutionary movements will be preserved by the new heroes of the Germany of tomorrow now being reared underground.

Things Are Better Than They Seem

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, November 25

SINCE so many people, like Will Rogers, know only what they read in the papers, and like him understand only a little of what they read, it becomes imperative to report that the Administration has not yet broken up into small, ignominious, and mutually repellent particles. In the end it may do so, but the end has not come. The Treasury is not ready to close its doors in despair, General Johnson is neither about to quit or be fired, all the more important members of the Cabinet remain on speaking terms, and there is no general agreement that Hoover and Hurley should be summoned to the rescue. So far as I can ascertain, Roosevelt has not even designated certain newspaper publishers to be shot at sunrise, although there is a surprisingly widespread feeling that the standards of American journalism might be elevated thereby. In short, the situation here is not quite so desperate as the innocent readers of some metropolitan journals might be led to suspect. Continuation of the gold-buying policy has spurred Professor Sprague to depart from the Treasury in a cloud of words, and Acting Secretary Morgenthau's callow handling of his press relations has furnished the excuse for a new outburst against "censorship." There has been a little weeding out here, a little soft-pedaling there, and a little tightening up yonder. Most of this would attract small notice ordinarily, but news has been rather sluggish lately, and it is up to the boys to keep the operators of the night wires busy—otherwise they would be at the Maryland rye. In addition to that, the editorial writers of the Republican press, grown stale from twelve years of wielding the chamois, have got to accustom themselves to the feel of their hammers, and that takes time. I know.

IT may be that the country is rocking along toward unbridled inflation and such attendant calamities as national bankruptcy, economic stagnation, expropriation, communism, and the wholesale nationalization of women, but those who think so will have to be far more convincing before this writer is persuaded. Cheerfully conceding that the destination of the present policy is wrapped in darkness and mystery for me, I must add that its critics have contributed vastly more heat than light. Professor Sprague, for example, fairly sizzled with indignation and alarm, but examination of his radiations disclosed that the one arose from what he considered a culpable indifference to his own opinions, and that the other reflected his fear of what might happen if something else didn't. As for myself, I am more impressed by the declaration of Dr. James Harvey Rogers that the real danger of inflation lies not in the prosecution of the President's policy but in its abandonment. It should be plain to anyone except a banker that some form of currency or credit expansion is inevitable, and that unless Roosevelt's plan brings measurable relief to those who are suffocating under a blanket of debt, Congress will speedily resort to more drastic steps. Indeed, it already is questionable whether Congress can be restrained from doing so in the coming session. Those whom the bogus Mellon prosperity duped into buying homes and farms during the riotous twenties have definitely abandoned the idea that they can ever raise the mortgages on fifteen-dollar wages or forty-cent wheat, and these people, unfortunate as it may seem in a well-ordered banker-and-broker society, have votes and the vulgar habit of using them. The banking, mercantile, and industrial community is far from being unanimous on this subject. Thus, although the United States Chamber of Com-

merce recently issued a blast in favor of "sound money" from its headquarters here, I happen to know that President Henry I. Harriman has since been catching unshirted hell from chambers out in the country wishing to know why the board of directors assumed to take such a position without polling the dues-paying membership. Nor am I worried about the future of the government's credit. For one thing, Walter Lippmann professes to be—which is always a good sign in the negative—and for another, the matter of credit will cease to be of any interest to me when the government's collapses. If the Administration's monetary policy can be clarified, it should be done at the earliest possible moment; the present status is not conducive to business revival and invites criticism. On the other hand, it is just possible that disclosures now might defeat the main purpose. In any case, salvation must come, if at all, from Roosevelt—the opposition offers nothing that has not already failed. I have even lost faith in that good man, Senator Fess, who used to count the radios and telephones.

IF anyone clings to a scintilla of faith in the men who dominated and directed our financial and industrial policies in the pre-Brain Trust era, it would pay him to spend a few hours attending the Senate stock-market investigation. There, free of charge, he can look and listen as our vaunted ex-leaders, former magnates, and unemployed wizards creep to the mourners' bench one by one and pathetically protest that they were merely guilty of ignorance, avarice, shortsightedness, and an almost total lack of fundamental knowledge concerning the nature of events in which they participated. It is a rather salutary experience to hear the lords of finance hastening to plead financial incompetence before they are charged with more serious offenses. After watching a parade of these figures before the Senate committee I am forced nearer than ever to the conclusion that the ability to accumulate huge sums of money is a trait seldom possessed by any except the very low orders of humanity, and that its possession excludes the owner from virtually all characteristics which enter into the composition of a normally civilized man. It is not merely their lack of ordinary conscience and normal human feeling which impresses me; I am even more startled by their want of mental faculties. Assuming that most of them are telling what approximates the truth about their past actions, they are in downright need of treatment for the commonest types of aberration. Fancy an oil magnate casually handing over \$300,000 in cash to a competitor on the mere unexplained word of a broker that the competitor is to be "taken care of"! Picture one of the most successful market speculators in the country confessing that he didn't know what was meant by the terms "wash sale" and "making a market"! Hear a former officer of the world's largest bank solemnly asserting that he understood the phrase "splitting up the gravy" to mean "dividing the prestige"! Reflect that these were the men who guided our economic destinies at the height of "prosperity," and who still manage a contemptuous sneer at the Roosevelt professors! Ferdinand Pecora has performed a superb task in this investigation. He is, indeed, rapidly establishing a reputation as our most brilliant examiner. Combining something of the thoroughness of the late Senator Walsh with the histrionic talents of Jim Reed, he has managed to keep the inquiry on the front page—where it belongs—months after a less gifted operator would have

permitted it to languish. He has made it impossible for anyone ever to deny that the market has been systematically and shamelessly manipulated to the detriment of the general public, with the active collaboration of the most "respected" and "conservative" institutions. Incidentally, a new epithet has been added to the profane vocabulary of the Senate press gallery. To insult a fellow-worker in the most mortal and approved manner nowadays one simply sneers: "You Wiggin, you!"

THE fad of playing constitutional lawyer, which recently threatened to become epidemic, has suffered a sudden setback, thus detracting from the enjoyment of an inexpensive depression sport. Seems rather a pity, too. Surely no one was harmed when some obscure Nicholas Roosevelt amused himself by composing a theme on the proposition that devaluation of the gold dollar would constitute a breach of contract as defined by the English common law. There was no compelling reason why an ex-banker should not occupy himself with a dissertation on the reasons which would inevitably compel the Supreme Court to upset the National Recovery and Agricultural Adjustment acts, especially when nobody read them. It was all good clean fun, and the briefless lawyers in particular were having a nice time until Jim Beck elected to while away a few summer days by contributing to the elegant pages of *Fortune* a characteristically profound analysis of the "unconstitutionality" of the NRA. Unfortunately for him and the others, his opus fell into the hands of some authorities on the Constitution, and from that day to this poor Jim has been held up to overwhelming scorn and ridicule by virtually every important legal periodical in print. Nearly every recognized pundit in practice has taken a shot at Jeems, with the result that his patron, Bill Vare, would be moved to public outbursts of grief if it were not that he has troubles of his own. It is little homely tragedies such as this which bring out the latent sympathy in the worst of us.

Contributors to This Issue

KATHARINE H. AMEND is a Washington newspaper-woman.

JACOB C. RICH is on the editorial staff of the *Jewish Daily Forward*.

ROGER B. NELSON is a newspaperman who has recently returned from an extended trip in Germany.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is a Washington correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

RUTH BENEDICT is a member of the department of anthropology at Columbia University.

MARK VAN DOREN is the editor of "The Oxford Book of American Prose."

LEON DENNEN has recently returned from Russia where he was a member of the literary staff of the *Moscow Daily News*.

HORACE GREGORY is the author of "Pilgrim of the Apocalypse. A Critical Study of D. H. Lawrence."

FERNER NUHN lives in Iowa and writes for various magazines.

SIDNEY B. FAY is professor of European history at Harvard University.

WILLIAM L. GROSSMAN is a lawyer and free-lance writer.

Bennington

By HUBERT HERRING

THERE is a seventeen-year-old girl living in our street whose heart is set on attending Bennington College so that she can wear pants. Pants are a symbol. You can run faster in them.

There is a lot of running at Bennington. It is a refreshing and heartening experience to live on the edge of the Bennington community for ten days and to watch the racing. The college is now in its second year, and it ranks as the latest and the most exciting venture in experimental higher education. Robert Leigh and his associates in student body and faculty are building on their Vermont hilltop an institution so boisterously uninstitutional, so forthright and radical as to leave one gasping. This in Vermont, the State where the eternal verities continue eternal, and where women are ladies; the State of Calvin Coolidge and marble.

Robert Leigh left the marble out of the Bennington plan. He has seen how rigid a college can be, and he has fought rigidity in the Bennington scheme of things. If he goes his way, there will be no ancient landmarks to which sultering and tearful alumnae will return fifty years hence. Nothing goes on forever at Bennington, neither students nor faculty nor trustees nor president. Trustees automatically retire at the end of seven years. Instructors do not wear the confident air of having settled down for life. The president himself is automatically dismissed at the end of seven years unless ordered to continue by an impartial and independent jury of educators chosen from the outside world. Students find it hard to enter, harder to stay. At the end of two years the student must prove her right to go on for two years more.

There is no rigidity in the curriculum. The new student, to her bewilderment, finds nothing fixed and prescribed. She cannot settle down to the neat and methodical job of checking off courses and credits. She must make choices. Counsel is available, but the decision is hers. She does not take courses, she makes them. The first two years are a period of groping and floundering in which she tests herself and tests her world. Bennington finds no valid ground for the tradition which ordains that floundering shall be postponed to the end of the college course. The new student picks a "trial major"—it is a trial flight on some special project in social studies, literature, science, or the arts. The project chosen, she works as independently as she pleases, with frequent conferences with her faculty counselor. She reads, writes, gropes; there is plenty of waste motion, much discouragement, much sense of being lost. The flickering light which bids her continue is the conviction that somewhere she will find herself caught in a genuine intellectual enthusiasm for a subject in which she will realize her peculiar individual excellence. Projects range all the way from the literature of Greece to the question of inter-government debts, from the modern dance to race amalgamation. Many students make false starts. They pick projects which please them, or projects which previous schooling made seem desirable. Bennington places no premium upon fidelity to the first project chosen. Many girls find that their real interests are far afield from those they have been drilled to accept.

The girl who decided upon economics discovers that birds are more interesting. The shift from economics to birds, from poetry to chemistry, is made easy. The first two years in Bennington furnish the practice period. It is then that the girls are given the chance to reach out in the ceaseless search for genuine interests and aptitudes.

An integral feature of the educational process is the long winter vacation. There is a break of two months in January and February. This is the period when the girls pack up their projects and take them out for a test. If the project is in economics or industrial relations, the girl may secure a job in some industry and by actual experience and contact seek to relate herself to her special field of study. If the project is in the arts, she may go to Paris or Mexico City to see what others are doing. If it is international relations, she may, if means permit, spend the time in travel and discussion. She may go to Washington to watch government function. This mid-winter break is important for students who spend the bulk of the year on an isolated Vermont hilltop. It makes for a sense of reality, and spurs the imagination. This winter, for example, a group will go to Mexico on a trip planned for those whose projects lie in the arts, history, economics, and international relations.

The plan works. The campus seethes with ideas. Table talk reveals a mental alertness and wealth of interest remarkable in a group of eighteen- and nineteen-year-old girls. There is no staleness. There is naturalness, totally without self-consciousness. There is no one who could by any stretch of the imagination be termed a "dean of women." A student is never watched. Whatever rules there are come from the students themselves. These rules represent an open covenant for the keeping of the peace. They are, by all traditional tests, entirely topsy-turvy. You notify the office that you will be out after twelve, you do not beg permission. The clothes that are worn accent the naturalness—trousers, shorts, even orthodox garb. The enthusiasm for old clothes is refreshing. There is nothing self-conscious about it. You gather that clothes do not count.

There is no academic mumbo-jumbo. The magic nomenclature is totally missing—no Professor Smith or Dr. Brown. There are no such things as full professors, associate and assistant professors, instructors, and what not. The faculty cannot disappear at nightfall into some unknown limbo of forgotten men. Students take it for granted that instructors are to be talked with. It is hard on the instructor, but it is education for the student.

There is no ballyhoo at Bennington, no effort to please the outside world. Nor is there any effort to shock that world. In the matter of clothes, of where she goes with the boy from Williams, of smoking, of what you will, the girl is considered to be an adult and to have the right to make her own decisions. Typical of the honesty of the place is the religious program. The regular college chapel, so urgently demanded by substantial and vocal sections of the alumni and supporters of colleges, and so uniformly dull, stale, and tasteless, is not a part of the Bennington scheme.

There is a program of cooperation with the village churches, and religion is, as in normal life, on an elective basis.

The Bennington plan tends to give perspective, a sense of relative values. There is no lining up of courses in a stiff row, each labeled and numbered, with the creation of the illusion that History of Thought 1 and Mathematics A have the same significance. There is a sublime indifference to minimums. One gathers the impression that the girl whose ambition is to get by, to check off the requisite points of credit to obtain her diploma, will be neither happy nor welcome. The plan contemplates retaining only those who are caught by some enthusiasm, and who give tangible evidence of ability to do something with that enthusiasm.

Pioneer enthusiasts of two decades ago for "progressive" education, who have noted its shortcomings through inadequate execution and may be inclined to raise a skeptical eyebrow at news of another "experiment," will find in Bennington a refreshing vindication of their earlier hopes and beliefs. Likewise, conservative critics of the "progressive" pedagogy, convinced adherents of the more dogmatic and authoritarian type of instruction, had better see Bennington. It may reorient their views. The traditional strictures concerning lack of discipline and the alleged absence of "solid grounding in the fundamentals" appear singularly inapplicable there.

Bennington leaves one with a sense of beauty and eagerness. Robert Leigh has assembled on his hilltop an amazing lot of men and women. They are sharing things known and loved. Genevieve Taggard and Irving Fineman, writers themselves, spread the contagion of creation. Kurt Schindler and Julian DeGray make music live in Bennington. Lewis and Barbara Jones, Thomas Brockway, Martha Hill, Jane Ogburn, and twenty others are there, and throughout the group is a sense of reality and creativeness. Nature has furnished a background of the loveliness which is New England's own; a few people of intrepid faith have supplied the money; the students gathered of themselves, a spunky imaginative lot; the faculty is of the sort which would make any traditional president groan in pain; and Bennington moves on.

In the Driftway

SEVERAL weeks ago the Drifter wrote a screed about the current fashion of identifying the new federal governmental organizations by initials, usually without benefit of periods, as NRA and AAA. In the course of his random remarks he spoke of Fiorello H. LaGuardia, now Mayor-elect of New York City, and said that there was a mystery in regard to what the initial stood for, adding that the problem was complicated by reason of the fact that there was no letter "h" in the Italian language. For this slip he has been justifiably—though fortunately only figuratively—clouded over the head by Kenneth G. Darling of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who the Drifter suspects has some connection with "fair Harvard." What the Drifter meant, of course, is that the letter "h" does not occur at the beginning of Italian words, with half a dozen inconsequential exceptions, and in those cases it is not sounded. Anybody who has eaten as much spaghetti *al burro* and drunk as much chianti as has the Drifter knows that a mute "h" is regularly used before "e" and "i" to give the hard sound to "g" and "c."

The Drifter knocks his head seven times on the floor and asks forgiveness. Incidentally, he has been informed that Mr. LaGuardia's middle name is Enrico, which, translated into English as Henry, accounts for the mysterious initial.

* * * * *

A CORRESPONDENT in Philadelphia, commenting on the case of W J No-Stop McGee, as the printers of newspapers in Washington used to call him because of the ruction he raised if periods were placed after his initials, says that the City of Brotherly Love has an equally difficult individual. "Is it possible," asks the Drifter's correspondent, "that you have never heard of Philadelphia proofreaders' favorite headache—former City Controller Will B Hadley? There have been numerous published explanations, of course, of Mr. Hadley's reasons for insisting upon his Will No-Space B No-Stop, but I quite honestly forget what they are. I prefer to assume that Mr. Hadley was just born that way and couldn't help it." The Drifter's correspondent signs herself Frances B Williams, and in parentheses underneath, Frances Williams Brown—whatever that may mean.

* * * * *

FROM Pittsburgh comes a letter written by Harold J. Ruttenberg in which he says: "We college boys and girls who have been so thoroughly shown up by the Havana students also have capital letters in our parlance. PU (pronounced 'pew') means Public Utilities; LPAI, Labor Problems in American Industry; etc. Let the proto-martyr figure these following ones out: PF, CET, TOP, AOJ, ELOR, AND, EDP, etc., et al., ad infinitum. We teach them all at the University of Pittsburgh."

* * * * *

FINALLY another correspondent from the Smoky City writes that a quip is going the rounds there which purports to be a telegram sent to a proud mother as follows: "CONGRATULATIONS ON THIS LATEST ADDITION TO YOUR FAMILY STOP WITH BEST WISHES F D ROOSEVELT."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Bertrand Russell Takes Exception

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of September 27, page 342, it is stated that I once said, "An equation is less a description of what happens than it is the happening itself." I cannot be sure that I never said this, but I hope I did not, as it seems to me nonsense. Could you enlighten me?

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Penrhyndeudraeth, North Wales, October 30, 1933

[The editors of *The Nation* do not claim a memory more nearly infallible than Mr. Russell's, but they believe that he made the remark in question in the course of a public lecture at Columbia University some years ago. If he did not, they are sorry; if he did, they hereby permit him to take it back.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Stuart Chase and Power

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your reviewer Catherine Bauer, in disposing of my pamphlet "The Promise of Power" in *The Nation* for October 25, accuses me of insincerity, of betraying a "fallacious and romantic . . . faith in the existence of a 'free,' competitive economy advancing willy-nilly toward Utopia." She points to huge investments and vested interests in power. She quotes one of the power-age results which I recorded, "the collapse of the old unionism and of outgrown theories of class struggle," admits its truth while prophesying in her turn a new line-up of classes, and says flatly that in my pamphlet "beyond this negative remark there is no mention of the means toward electrified bliss."

Miss Bauer has overlooked these two statements: "It is my purpose to indicate the drift of this new technique to date and to plot the curves into the future, on the assumption—which may be quite unwarranted—that an obsolete financial structure will be revised." And the last sentence of the pamphlet: "But the price of this bright Utopia is an economic system which is based on use and function, not on debt and profit."

To ignore these qualifications while accusing me of cowardice for not making them seems indeed to indicate insincerity on the part of one of us.

Georgetown, Conn., November 15

STUART CHASE

A Negro's View of Liberia

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I read with interest Mauritz A. Hallgren's article, *Liberia's Shackles*, in your issue of August 16, but as an American Negro I can find no justification in the facts for Mr. Hallgren's careful pleading for the Liberian ruling classes. What about the ruthlessly exploited Liberian masses? Are they to be ignored entirely in the efforts of American liberals and humanitarians to bolster up a corrupt, incompetent, selfish, and ignorant ruling class? Is exploitation by Firestone, from the viewpoint of the bulk of Liberians, any more reprehensible than that of their present overlords? Basically Liberia's present ills are mainly the result of the incompetence and narrow selfishness of her present rulers. And if our white and black liberals came down to earth for a few minutes they would start first by attacking this basic problem of misrule by the Liberian politicians rather than the realistic self-interest of the Firestones. The latter are capitalists and business men, not humanitarians, and no one can in the least blame them for acting in their own interests. Who expects them to act otherwise?

It seems to me that liberals too often make a fetish of smallness. They assume that a little business man or a small country has through virtue of its mere smallness some angelic qualities alien to the general run of mankind. They also read into the Negro character idealistic qualities which I doubt could be found in even a host of angels. This tendency is natural in view of the general contempt in which the whole Negro race is held in Western civilization, but does not for a moment justify ignoring the evils of a Negro ruling class in a so-called Negro country. Therefore a true picture of Liberia must include the shadows as well as the high lights, but excepting George Schuyler practically every Negro who has ever visited the country has written about it in terms of praise and has taken good pains to ignore the sordidness, filth, ignorance, selfishness, and general incompetence of its rulers. And here is Mr. Hallgren helping them in this sort of racial mysticism.

Phoebus, Va., October 23

JAMES W. IVY

Good for Akron!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I should like to correct an error which appeared in your editorial of November 15, in which you included Akron among cities that voted against municipally owned electric-light plants. I am very glad to report that Akron voted for the project, the vote being: for 23,823, against 22,242, a margin of 1,581 votes. In further evidence of the city's distaste for private-utility profiteers, it defeated every pro-utility councilman on the ticket.

East Akron, Ohio, November 15

W. C. MCINTOSH

Marxism in Detroit

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The effect of the present economic crisis on the minds and incomes of technicians and professionals in Detroit is seen in the attempts of various groups of these people to form discussion and educational organizations for the purpose of finding an answer to the problems with which they are faced. In order to clarify the understanding of people in the professions Pen and Hammer of Detroit announces two courses: Marxism and Historical Materialism. Classes will be held once a week for twenty weeks.

All persons interested should inquire of Pen and Hammer, 111 West Forest, Detroit, Michigan.

Detroit, November 5

JAMES ROOT, Secretary

Milwaukee Pay Rolls

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Some confusion has been created by a typographical error in my article *Milwaukee Stays Socialist*, published in the November 1 issue. A passage in the first paragraph read: Municipal employees "have to wait three months for their pay." The "have" should have been "had." I was referring to the early summer when salaries were held up for three months. At present, pay rolls are being met quite regularly.

Milwaukee, Wis., November 16

RUBEN LEVIN

Finance

Wall Street and the Gold Policy

BEHIND the blasts for sound money which are issuing from Wall Street lurks a dissension in the ranks which belies the apparent unanimity of opinion in the financial world in opposition to experiments with the currency. This dissension comes as a novel experience to a district which for all its internal disputes and private grudges has traditionally displayed a united front to the outside public. It springs, on the one hand, from genuine differences of opinion on the respective merits of inflation and deflation, and, on the other, from the conflict of special interests, and is increased in many instances by the exasperation of the former financial barons against an Administration which has fooled them, beguiled them into false steps, and stubbornly refused to oblige with the confidential advance information which Wall Street has been accustomed to receive from Washington.

The lines of battle were drawn at the start of the Roosevelt regime, but the conjuncture of the various forces responsible for the Roosevelt honeymoon was sufficient to keep them in obscurity. Even J. P. Morgan—possibly for reasons of strategy in view of his impending ordeal before the Senate—felt impelled to indorse publicly the departure of the United States from the gold standard in April. However, as time wore on and the Administration's approach to monetary questions became more clearly defined, and as vocal criticism of the New Deal became less taboo, the warriors of Wall Street went forth to battle to the accompaniment of ever-increasing argument and invective.

Foremost among the defenders of sound money have been the orthodox bankers and conservative business men, whose control—either direct or indirect—of a large part of the New York press has given a semblance of unity to the current outcries against the Administration's attempt at a managed currency. These gentlemen, although somewhat timid at first in their protests, have opposed from the start any tampering with the dollar. The Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, headed by James Brown, senior partner of the banking firm of Brown Brothers, Harriman and Company, and with Ogden Mills Reid, editor of the *Herald Tribune*, and Adolph Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times*, among its vice-presidents, began its series of resolutions against currency experiments in May. The conservative United States Chamber of Commerce has joined in the movement with increasing vehemence. The great banks have thrown their anointed figureheads into the fray, including such men as George Roberts, economist of the National City Bank; Benjamin Anderson, economist of the Chase National Bank; the late Francis H. Sisson, spokesman for the Guaranty Trust Company; Fred I. Kent, director of the Bankers Trust Company and controller of foreign exchange for the Federal Reserve Bank of New York; and Leonard P. Ayres, vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company.

These protestants offer the orthodox criticism of currency experimentation—that any departure from established monetary standards will lead to uncontrolled currency inflation and that tampering with the currency undermines the confidence of business men in making forward commitments, establishes fictitious price levels, and with the exception of certain special groups deflates the purchasing power of the nation. Underlying these complaints and largely explanatory of their background is the fact that banks distrust any policy which threatens to diminish the importance of the creditor position through which they exercise control over American industry and commerce.

The bankers have had as alternating allies and opponents the irregular forces of the speculative and gambling fraternity of Wall Street proper. This faction rejoiced as it climbed on the band-wagon of the Roosevelt bull market last April. Largely oblivious of the ultimate implications, the boys had nothing but applause for a program which made rising prices inevitable, which primed the Wall Street propaganda machine with favorable business news, and which brought the public running back into the customers' rooms for another wild stock-gambling spree. Their conviction that still higher prices were inevitable survived even the sharp collapse in stock prices in July and was fed during the summer by news reports of further impending inflationary steps at Washington. Then, preceding the bond-refunding operations by the Treasury in October, without warning the news from Washington veered in the direction of sound money. Wall Street could not believe its ears until several weeks of declining stock prices, with consequent losses, convinced it at last that the tide had turned. Thereupon many of the erstwhile bulls turned bears and went short of the market, confident that sound money and a stabilized dollar would bring an extensive retreat of values on the stock market. Their dampened enthusiasm for the New Deal turned into disgust

when the President's announcement of his gold policy on October 22 again caught them by surprise and brought a renewal of the upward price trend. They were bitter against an Administration which had twice repudiated its implied promises to the speculators and which refused Wall Street its traditional right to the advance tip-off. Even the renewed promise of higher prices did not ignite the old spark, particularly as the gathering sentiment in favor of regulation of the Stock Exchange made the present no time to further the usual come-on game with the public. Consequently, more in disgruntlement than because of a passion for sound money, many of the gamblers have joined the camp of the hard dollar, which at least promises regularity.

The fight for the soft dollar in Wall Street has thus been abandoned to a group of business men who have thrown off the discipline of orthodox economics and turned toward the activities of the Committee for the Nation to Rebuild Prices and Purchasing Power. This organization, conceived in November, 1932, and formally organized in January, 1933, has embraced as its main doctrine the theory of the managed dollar propounded by Professors Warren and Pearson, a circumstance which probably explains a good part of the committee's success in transforming its policies into established governmental procedure. Its record presents an interesting corollary to the development of the Roosevelt monetary program. In February the committee recommended an embargo on gold exports and the suspension of specie payments; these steps were carried out in March. On April 6 it urged that the dollar be no longer pegged in foreign exchange; this procedure was officially adopted on April 19. Throughout May and June the committee opposed currency stabilization at the World Economic Conference and called for the establishment of a free gold market in this country. On October 16, six days before the President's announcement of his gold policy, when sound-money talk was at its peak, the committee charged that "our price structure is collapsing because the Administration has returned the control of the United States dollar to New York banking and Federal Reserve advisers," and called on its members for their utmost efforts to convince the Administration of the "imperative necessity of the immediate use of monetary powers to cut short the deflation and to rebuild prices." The committee's technique includes an extensive use of radio broadcasting and newspaper publicity and circulation of its reports among Congressmen and members of the Administration, supplemented by personal and individual pressure.

The gentlemen who dominate the committee's activities are for the most part affiliated with companies maintaining a large export business, with companies dependent largely on farm purchasing power, or with the commodity and stock markets. The devotion of a group with such interests to a theory of inflation of prices is self-explanatory. Furthermore, the committee's support of the Administration's program does not extend to such institutions as the NRA, which the committee has by implication attacked as an attempt to supplant "the free institutions of private property and Western capitalism" by "a regimented and regulated economy." The committee's fight against the New York bankers is explained by its complaint that the power of "the men of initiative, of enterprise, who carried the responsibility and managed the economic life of our nation up to 1929" was largely superseded during the depression by the "bankers' and money lenders' control."

As is the custom, the combatants on both sides proclaim an exclusive preoccupation with the public interest. Those on the one side would protect the public from uncontrolled inflation; those on the other would protect the public from uncontrolled deflation and restore prosperity through rising prices. On both sides are the special interests and the desire of Wall Street for self-protection.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

Books, Films, Drama

Ways Not Winds' Ways

By RUTH BENEDICT

Watching the winds ride up in chariots
Whose coming laid to earth the even wheat,
Snapped branches under, and made embers touch
A world to conflagration, at their feet

I had flung all my service, but that this
Tumult gave way to darkness, and the rain,
Heavily falling, taking from my limbs
Their separate seeming, from my eyes the vain

Fury of lashing branches, bonded me
To ways not winds' ways. Rain and embrace and death
Bar out particulars, are given over
To dark and loneliness, to strangled breath.

Education by Books

LET us assume that an institution was founded in the year 1933 for the sole purpose of requiring its members to read certain books. These members were called students, for the institution was something like a school or college; and there were a few exacting elders on hand who after announcing their authority began to teach.

The teaching in this institution, like the studying, was at the same time simple and difficult. It consisted in the first place, as I have said, in requiring the students to read certain books. It consisted next in requiring that an intelligible account be rendered of the contents of each book. And it consisted last of all in requiring that the readers be able, in the course of discussing a given book, to prove that their memory of all previous books was accurate and complete.

It was as simple as that, and as difficult. The books were the acknowledged masterpieces of the past three thousand years—masterpieces of poetry, of history, of philosophy, of religion, of theology, of natural science, of political and economic theory. There were two hundred or so of them, and one of them was read in an abridged edition. Neither was any of them approached through a digest or a commentary, or through a biography of the author which told how many lives he had and what the biographer believed to be the modern significance of his mind. No, these books which the teachers had selected for the students to read—Homer, the Bible, Herodotus, Thucydides, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Lucretius, Vergil, Horace, Ovid, Plutarch, Lucian, Marcus Aurelius, Plotinus, Augustine, the Volsunga Saga, the Song of Roland, Thomas Aquinas, Dante, Petrarch, Chaucer, Leonardo da Vinci, Machiavelli, Erasmus, More, Rabelais, Montaigne, Cervantes, Bacon, Shakespeare, Galileo, Grotius, Hobbes, Descartes, Leibnitz, Corneille, Racine, Molière, Milton, Spinoza, Locke, Newton, Swift, Voltaire, Fielding, Hume, Rousseau, Adam Smith, Kant, Gibbon, Bentham, Goethe, Balzac, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Balzac, Mill, Darwin, Dick-

ens, Thackeray, Marx, Tolstoy, Dostoevski, Pasteur, Ibsen, Nietzsche, Freud, Proust, Einstein—these authors, or rather the principal works of these authors, were read naked and entire; and understood.

A few students—some say a good many—had got into the institution by mistake. They complained about the lack of freedom to read what they pleased; some of these books, they insisted, were not suited to their personalities, and they had supposed that what one went to college for was to develop one's personality. Precisely, answered the head preceptor, closing the door behind them with the most obvious and reckless relief. Others proved to be helpless once they were face to face with an author's original sentences; they had been brought up on outlines, introductions, histories of literature and thought, and collections of excerpts, and so had long ago lost whatever ability to read they had been born with. Still others had expected to learn a trade or a profession. Then there was a final group of pedantic youngsters who snorted at the reading list because it was not contemporary. They wanted as swift an introduction as possible to the civilization about them. To the reply that this was that, they were very scornful as they scurried off to become freshmen in some up-to-date college where field trips to factories alternated in the weekly schedule with lectures on large and immediate subjects.

These gone, the others settled down to the task that had been so arbitrarily assigned them. At regular intervals they met in small groups with two or more teachers who questioned them closely concerning the contents of the required, the inevitable book. If they revealed by their answers that they had read it badly, they were forced to read it again. There was no going forward until Aristotle's conception of the individual, or Grotius's theory of natural law, or the unity of "King Lear" was clearly stated. No excursions were made into the culture of the Greeks or the domestic life of the Middle Ages; merely the books themselves were read, discussed, and understood. And so on for four years.

At the end of which time a generation of students was set loose upon a world with many of whose aspects they were not at the moment prepared to cope. The only thing, indeed, to be said in their favor was that they were educated. They were equipped, that is, with so much understanding of what the best human brains had done in three thousand years that they realized without difficulty how few contemporary brains—naturally—were of the best. They were so competent in the recognition of theory that they felt strangely at home in a world most of whose citizens lived by theories without knowing it. They were able to reduce a kind of order out of the childish chaos which they slowly recognized contemporary literature to be. They missed a great many ideas and distinctions which they knew had been fruitful in past centuries, and some of them set about considering the possibility of restoring these to an intellectually impoverished world. Whether they succeeded is not yet known. But it can be said of them that in their own minds they continued to be fairly secure. For never would there be written a book which they could not understand simply by reading it from the first word to the last. They might not save the world. They might not change it. But they would comprehend it.

MARK VAN DOREN

Toward a New Life

Time, Forward. By Valentine Kataev. Translated by Charles Malamuth. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

VALENTINE KATAEV is undoubtedly a talented writer, and "Time, Forward" in Mr. Malamuth's admirable translation is by far the most significant novel that has come out of Russia within the last few years. Readers of "The Embezzlers," Mr. Kataev's first novel published in America, will not be surprised to find in this book a swiftly moving, lively tale, spiced with picturesque incident. There is, to be sure, a profound difference between "The Embezzlers" and "Time, Forward," both in theme and technique. The two depict vastly different periods in the social development of Soviet Russia. The former is a comedy satirizing the decaying "remnants" of Czarist Russia, the Moscow petty bureaucracy, during the chaotic days of the NEP—New Economic Policy. "Time, Forward," cast against the background of the far-famed Five-Year Plan, deals primarily with Soviet Russia of the "reconstruction period." It is a huge, carefully executed canvas portraying new and young Russia racing against time toward a new life.

In a sense this novel indicates a new stage in the development of Soviet literature, which like everything else in Russia is in a continuous state of transition, constantly undergoing changes and transformations. Indeed, since the October revolution, various credos and dogmas—symbolism, futurism, constructivism, dialectical materialism—have periodically dominated the Soviet literary scene. Until 1932 the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers, popularly known as the RAPP, was the supreme arbiter of Soviet literature. Since the main purpose of the RAPP, composed of a group of young Communist literateurs, was political rather than literary, its chief function became "heresy hunting." As a result, talented Russian writers who were unable to write dry political diatribes that adhered strictly to the "general line" of the party became silent, and literature in Soviet Russia sank to its lowest level.

It was Gorki who sounded the alarm. Under his influence the RAPP was dissolved. Since every radical change in Russia is accompanied by corresponding slogans, Soviet critics substituted for the ambiguous slogan of "dialectical materialism" the equally ambiguous, although less dogmatic, term of "Socialist realism," which as defined by them simply means: "Write as you please as long as you portray realistically the contemporary Soviet scene." Or, as Gorki put it: "Create the history of the great Russian proletarian revolution. . . . May not a single trifle, not even the smallest detail of our inimitable heroic days of the Five-Year Plan, be forgotten!"

Whether it is "Socialist realism" or not, "Time, Forward" tells more of what is going on in Russia than a dozen books by experts. It is, however, more than a mere photographic record of the Five-Year Plan. Unlike most Soviet novelists, Kataev does not glorify the "machine," "industrialization," "Socialist competition," "tempos," as dogmas and slogans ordained from above. He is primarily interested in the human element, the moving spirit behind this daring social adventure. The "construction of socialism" to him is, above all, man creating a new life whose spirit and tempo he feels and understands.

The story is simple and typical. Word comes to a brigade of concrete-mixers working on a construction plant in the Asiatic part of the Urals—easily recognizable as Magnitogorsk—that a rival brigade in Kharkov has achieved the world record of 306 mixtures of concrete in an eight-hour shift. Immediately the zeal of the Magnitogorsk brigade is aroused. The Kharkov record must be beaten. Here again Kataev discards the prevalent Soviet shibboleths. His hero, to be sure, is the collective—the brigade. But this collective is composed of clearly defined

individuals. And each individual has his own motives for wanting to beat the Kharkov record. The foreman of the construction is a careerist whose ambition is to see his name featured in the papers. The peasant "shock brigadier," who is just beginning to realize that "I is we," wants to prove that he is worthy of being admitted to the Communist Party. The engineer, Margulies, the unknown and faithful hero of Socialist construction, believes that "in the epoch of reconstruction, tempos decide everything." Then there is the usual "old-time" Russian engineer who does not believe in beating records because the "construction is not a stunt," the kulak, the reporters, and the ever-present American "specialist." Since the law of "Socialist competition" demands that the Kharkov record be beaten at once, the whole action takes place within twenty-four hours. Battling against human and elemental forces—saboteurs, kulaks, rain and storm—a world record of 429 mixtures of concrete is achieved. Kharkov is beaten. The brigade is about to celebrate its victory, each individual in his own way, of course, when a telegram announces that workers in another plant have made a new record of 504 mixtures of concrete in an eight-hour shift. and Soviet life speeds on.

LEON DENNEN

An Earlier Post-War Era

The Strange Life of Lady Blessington. By Michael Sadleir. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

WHEN Michael Sadleir wrote his life of Bulwer-Lytton he called his study of the years 1803 to 1836 a "panorama" and promised a second volume, "Gore House or the Life of Lady Blessington." In other words, Mr. Sadleir is using Bulwer and Rosina, Lady Blessington and d'Orsay, as significant examples of the moment in which they lived, the period of the Regency and the fourth George, particularly the span of years between the Battle of Waterloo and the day that Queen Victoria mounted the throne. He has his eye on the present as well as the past, for he believes that our post-war society bears a parallel relationship to the feverish, somewhat decadent activity that followed the Napoleonic wars. In both cases bourgeois society underwent an inward convulsion and moral codes relaxed; spiritual and financial bankruptcies were frequent and extravagant scandals supplied daily news for a vulgar "smart set" driving at a fast clip down to ruin.

In selecting Lady Blessington, Michael Sadleir has again made a fortunate choice for the development of his thesis. His heroine was the daughter of "Beau" Power, one of those black-guard Irish landlords who sold out to the pro-English, anti-Catholic faction that even to this day confuses the problem of nationalism in a starving country. At fifteen the girl was married to a Captain Farmer, and it is Mr. Sadleir's guess that the sadistic advances made by this first husband rendered the future Lady Blessington sexless. At any rate, she returned home to the dubious protection of a drunken father only to escape again from this second horror into the arms of a Captain Jenkins who sold her for ten thousand pounds to the eccentric, foppish Lord Blessington. Soon after this transaction was completed Captain Farmer was killed, while drunk, by falling from a high window, and with his first wife dead, Blessington was free to marry the woman for whom he had paid a handsome price.

Naturally Blessington's choice of a countess was not approved by friends or relatives, but this disapproval merely whetted his appetite for reckless behavior. It gave him an excuse to remodel and furnish a country house in Ireland and new apartments in London, and to set off, with a third person in the party, a young Frenchman, Alfred d'Orsay, on a grand tour of the Continent. Like Lord Byron's caravan, Blessington's traveling equipment was something of a circus; it made noise

herever it halted, and his lady, starved for social recognition, became an apt, not unintelligent lion hunter, quick to take advantage of meeting Byron and cultivating as best she could her husband's friendship with Walter Savage Landor. From this point onward Mr. Sadleir's narrative follows the ominous downward curve of a Balzac novel.

Mr. Sadleir hints that the relationship between Blessington and d'Orsay was something more than mere male friendliness, and he points ■ evidence to ■ crazy will drawn up in d'Orsay's favor by Blessington ■ short time before the latter's death. It is perhaps inevitable that this weird triangle should be the subject of a particularly sordid round of gossip. The lady, whether frigid (as Mr. Sadleir believes) or not, had great physical charm and d'Orsay had noticeable attraction in male company—both had a gift for creating spectacular entertainment and for wasting huge sums of money.

Mr. Sadleir has some difficulty in erecting a defense for his heroine's conduct. Her part in forcing Blessington's only legitimate child into ■ marriage with d'Orsay, carrying out the provisions of an irresponsible will, was scarcely to her credit. No matter what her motives or lack of motives, to marry a fifteen-year-old child to d'Orsay was a brutal repetition of her own disastrous experience, and shows, if nothing else, a criminal insensitiveness to the situation over which she held some measure of control.

With its master dead of apoplexy, the Blessington-d'Orsay household, in the teeth of social disfavor, moved from the continent to London and set up an establishment at Seamore Place. To defray immediate expenses, which were fantastically large, Lady Blessington took to journalism, wrote "fashionable" novels and edited "annuals," publications which have a counterpart today in magazines that publish the worst possible contributions by the best-known names. It was at this point that her orbit crossed that of Bulwer and he is revealed as the weary, indly "popular" novelist, who in his generosity to fellow-writers seems to have been ■ forerunner of Arnold Bennett. Among her younger set of celebrities Disraeli shone, and the arish light of the circle at Seamore Place was adequately reflected in his early novels.

In this insecure world of accumulating debts and unearned income, d'Orsay contributed daily to Lady Blessington's growing notoriety. His dandyism, his talent for water-color sketching, his gambling, his show of sportsmanship, made the removal from Seamore Place to Gore House ■ grand pageant, and food for more gossip. Gore House, however, was the scene of the Blessington-d'Orsay climax; bankruptcy, long threatened, now fell full force upon the household and the sheriff's officer entered d'Orsay's dressing room. Only by ■ ruse and the advice of his maternal mistress did d'Orsay manage an escape to Paris. Files of satins, velvets, lace, tons of bric-a-brac, yards of carpet were in the hands of auctioneers. A few weeks later Lady Blessington died in France, and after three years of mild insanity and grief d'Orsay followed her to the grave.

Mr. Sadleir is too adroit, too civilized a historian to point a heavy-handed moral, but from his recital of events one sees how naturally the Victorian reaction set in against the loose living, the shameless ostentation of a privileged class which dominated the period that preceded it. Mr. Sadleir's lords and ladies offer a rough comparison to the so-called "bright young people" of contemporary London, the polished vulgarians behind the footlights of Noel Coward's "Design for Living." I doubt if there will be another biography published this season that will contain a quarter of the valuable social history that Mr. Sadleir's book reveals. If we are to learn anything from the past, it would be well to read again of the decade that brought another post-war era to its close and the moral connections of ■ Victorian Age into full power.

HORACE GREGORY

State of the Story

The Best British Short Stories, 1933. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1933. Edited by Harry Hansen. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

A Story Anthology, 1931-1933. Edited by Whit Burnett and Martha Foley. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

WITH various new prizes, the perennial Mr. O'Brien, and ■ flourishing new magazine devoted exclusively to the form, it would seem the times are not so bad for the short story. So what have we?

First, the British collection. Firesides and briar pipes. If Mr. O'Brien's anthology may be taken as authoritative, it would seem that the British short-story mind has settled for the present in that alcove known as the "fancy," where it plays with such "clever ideas" as murder in mirrors, levitation, clocks and Time, and resurrection from the dead. (Or how *do* you explain it?) About two stories in the volume avoid these vices and devices: Frank O'Connor's *Bones of Contention*, which is at least fantastic; and Eisdell Tucker's charming rural genre piece, *Flowers for ■ Lady*. Otherwise the collection is unmitigatedly dull.

With the O. Henry volume it is something else again. The first-prize story sets the tone. Gal Young Un, by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, is the sort of story of which Broadway would say that it "clicks." Bootlegging and maternal frustration among the Florida crackers, with a smooth use of idiom and dramatic values—but the characterization is external and there is not an ounce of real feeling in it. Pearl Buck's *The Frill*, ■ story of a Chinese tailor and his American patronesses, comes closer to true feeling, errs, in fact, by overdoing it. Of the less stereotyped stories, the present reviewer believes that Erskine Caldwell's famous *Country Full of Swedes* is highly overrated, its possibility of extravagant comment on New England character missing fire through shoddy writing and a sort of fake boisterousness. For extravagance the reviewer much prefers Dorothy Thomas's touchingly ridiculous *The Consecrated Coal-Scuttle*. Bill Adams's *The Lubber* is readable, and Sara Haardt's *Absolutely Perfect* is a sharp piece in the vein of social irony. But the collection as ■ whole is not distinguished.

And now what of Art? *Story's* first anthology comes with such blurbs as these: "Most important milestone in American letters since 'The Education of Henry Adams'" (O'Brien); "My excitement over *Story* has become a kind of delirium" (Professor Wunsch). Keeping as clear a head as possible, one finds that in the thirty-three selections there is one absolutely first-rate story and another superior one. For the rest, the volume has the usual gleams of freshness and sincere intentions, mixed with amateurishness and the mistaking of looseness for freedom of form usually found in apprentice writing. There is little radical experiment. Eugene Jolas is unimpressive with an attempt at surrealism; José Garcia Villa inexplicably exhibits the device of numbering each separate paragraph. Numerous stories, as those by Bruce Brown, Helen Todd, Myra Marini, and Charles Kendall O'Neill, are anecdotes, mildly amusing if overexpanded. Naomi Shumway's *Ike and Us* Moons is old-fashioned local-color melodrama. Kay Boyle is represented by ■ story whose general pointlessness is not obviated by the ostentation of its dealing with D. H. Lawrence. Whit Burnett's *Herr Qualla* is entertaining in an aimless, whimsical manner. Carlton Brown does quite well with an adolescent theme. Theodore Pratt carries through an ironical note in *Visit with the Master*. James T. Farrell and William March are represented by stories poorer than their best.

The two superior stories are James Stern's *The Force* and

Tess Slesinger's Missis Flinders. In a solid, unspectacular way Mr. Stern builds up a theme often enough banally sensationalized—that of interracial contact in South Africa—into an impressive, utterly convincing structure. Other contributors to *Story* may well be informed by Mr. Stern's complete mastery of every moment of his story. Missis Flinders, however, goes beyond any other story in the three collections in sustained power, bitter honesty, and truly finished performance. Its theme, abortion, has likewise been sensationalized in post-war literature; Miss Slesinger's brilliantly selected detail and control of form carry her through. There are minor faults—the excrescence of a sing-song mannerism borrowed perhaps from Virginia Woolf or Kay Boyle—but these are superficial. In its bitter reality, going beyond cynicism or other "lost generation" clichés, Missis Flinders is by way of becoming a little classic of our post-war literature.

Story may be congratulated for having printed Missis Flinders, which probably could not have been published elsewhere. Except for the work of Miss Slesinger and Mr. Stern, however, the volume is extremely thin, with the smell of diapers upon it. On the whole the three volumes yield a pretty small harvest out of a waste of dulness, stereotype, and amateurishness.

FERNER NUHN

The Genius of France

The Spirit of France. By Paul Cohen-Portheim. Translated by Alan Harris. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

WHY is France what she is? Why is she the most united, self-contained, and exclusive of all nations? What has her genius to offer a troubled world for a better future? M. Cohen-Portheim answers these questions more clearly and tersely than any other writer we happen to have read. Like the busy bee, with a sensitive taste he has extracted the essence from a vast garden of historical and artistic flowers and given us the refined product in charmingly condensed form. It is a very different kind of distillation from the innumerable half-baked, emotional propagandist books of similar title about the various countries with which we were deluged at the outbreak of the World War.

Taking architecture, literature, and painting, as well as political and economic development, M. Cohen-Portheim starts with the legacy of the Latin world to France and traces the successive influences under which French genius has manifested itself in different ages—Gothic, Renaissance, Roi Soleil, Philosophes, and the French Revolution. He points out that in each age the French spirit has changed in part, new elements have been added, but certain fundamental characteristics have remained to make the Frenchman of today what he is:

The Frenchman thinks logically and clearly, but seldom deeply; everything vague, nebulous, half-baked is alien and unsympathetic to him. In action as in thought, in his works as in his ideals, he stands for measure and order. He is no dreamer, he is not given to over-curious speculations, but neither is he a man of restless activity; he stands for cheerful enjoyment of life, for moderation in both work and pleasure. He cherishes no soaring ideals, but his not superhumanly sublime ones he nearly always achieves. No nation contains more wise people, if contentment be wisdom.

Voltaire and Rousseau, their work and its consequences, he regards as France's greatest claim to fame, her greatest gift to the world since Gothic times. Voltaire, in destroying the domination of the aristocracy and the church and in promoting enlightenment, is the spiritual father of modern liberalism and of the political parties which today call themselves democratic.

Rousseau, with his fervent belief in equality and in the possibility of making mankind happy, was the father of communism. The revolution began in the rationalistic spirit of Voltaire, but took on more and more of Rousseau's spirit of enthusiasm and perfectibility, until it became a murderous struggle for power resulting inevitably in a dictatorship. And today Voltaire and Rousseau are still fighting for the control of Europe.

The author cites many other instances of the way in which France has exerted a strong and fructifying influence on the rest of Europe. He believes she will continue to do so in the future. In fact, he believes he already sees signs in France of a new intellectual and artistic movement which he calls the New European Formula. It is built upon French absorption and transformation of foreigners who have settled or worked in France. This results in a new super-nationalism which will override the post-war hyper-nationalisms. Unless this inchoate European movement toward unity, issuing from France, develops into an effective reality, Europe will be lost in the face of the rising tide of Islam and the Far East. To make an effective France and Germany will cooperate toward a better understanding of each other. It is a thesis which he developed half a dozen years ago at the time of the Dawes Plan and the Locarno pacts. We should like to think he is correct. But since the rise of Hitler it looks like wishful thinking.

M. Cohen-Portheim is a very interesting and trustworthy interpreter of the past, whatever one may think of him as a prophet of the future.

SIDNEY B. FAY

The Crisis in Life Insurance

How Safe Is Life Insurance? By L. Seth Schnitman. The Vanguard Press. \$2.

THE constant barrage of criticism to which the administration of life insurance has been subjected for the past few years reaches a high point in the present volume. The author, former Chief of Division of the Survey of Current Business in the Department of Commerce, fires broadside after broadside, mixing voluminous statistics with vigorous language and urges what must be regarded as the only practicable solution to the problem—rigid federal control of life insurance. A further suggestion, federal monopoly of the life-insurance business, presents greater difficulties and is, at least for the near future, beyond possibility. In itself, federal control will eliminate only the confusion and needless expense incident to the vesting of ultimate authority in forty-nine more or less independent sovereigns. As a matter of fact, the insurance companies are actually not averse to federal control, if only it be no more rigid than present State control. But rigid control is exactly, and properly, what Mr. Schnitman desiderates. When we consider that one of our life-insurance companies is the largest financial institution in the world and that one-eighth of our national income went for life insurance in 1932, the folly of maintaining old-era individualism in this field becomes obvious.

To some of Mr. Schnitman's arguments the companies have more or less satisfactory replies. For example, they have long defended the low interest rate and high mortality table on which they compute their reserves, on the ground that we cannot know whether high interest rates and the present low mortality will always obtain and that in life insurance it is better to be safe than sorry. To others of Mr. Schnitman's indictments, however, the companies can frame no ready answer. Why did the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in 1930 (of all years) raise its president's salary to \$200,000? Why did the same company spend over \$13,000,000 in one year for investment expenses? Why did the companies' executives plunge into railroad securities when expert foresight, at salaries in six figures

ould have foreseen at least the possibility of other means of transportation in part supplanting the railroads? Why do the companies invest in bonds not due till the twenty-first century, at which time conditions in the particular industry or utility may have altogether changed and the bonds, conceivably, be quite worthless? Why did many of the companies go in heavily for farm mortgages at a time when farm values were badly inflated? Is a result of the last error the companies now find themselves in the ridiculous position of gentlemen farmers.

To a certain extent Mr. Schnitman's attack involves the general business system and business attitudes which gave rise, *inter alia*, to the present life-insurance companies. In reading his book one becomes increasingly aware that to isolate a single industry or business for adverse criticism is to break arbitrarily into a seamless web. Obligated to earn interest for its policyholders and having billions to invest, an insurer may well find itself embarrassed. The immense sums made available by the companies for loans for capital expansion constituted an important factor in the development leading to the depression. The inevitable market that the companies have supplied to municipalities in search of bond purchasers was bound to encourage those municipalities to issue bonds which they should have known they could never pay without the aid of oppressive taxes. The insurance companies are among those who now protest most vehemently against the imposition of those very taxes. Here, too, the companies may be blamed for their failure thoroughly to investigate the financial condition of their prospective debtors.

In the path of rigid federal control, which, carried on in the spirit of the present national Administration, could be relied upon ultimately to cure many of the evils, stands a sixty-year-old decision of the Supreme Court of the United States to the effect that insurance is not commerce and therefore cannot be regulated by the federal government. But if the court can see its way clear to reconcile constitutional law with the New Deal, even that obstacle will presently disappear.

WILLIAM L. GROSSMAN

Shorter Notices

Prices. By George F. Warren and Frank A. Pearson. John Wiley and Sons. \$3.90.

The real importance of this book lies not in its inherent contribution to economic science, but in the extrinsic circumstance that one of its authors, Professor Warren, now has the ear of the President and is virtually dictating the monetary and fiscal policy of the United States. The volume is a mine of useful and instructive statistical tables and charts of all sorts of prices and price relationships, but the interpretations of those statistics are often worse than dubious. On the theoretical side, indeed, the book is weak and superficial. The authors are sound enough in their definition of price (p. 69) as "a ratio of the value of a given amount of some commodity or service to the value of a given amount of the commodity used as money. It is a ratio of two values." But they are only half-right when they go on to say that "the use of checks to replace gold currency does not affect the value of gold except that by substitution they reduce the world demand for gold." It is important to recognize the truth in this statement as against, for example, the quantity theory; but the statement fails itself to allow for the temporary distortions of the price level that may be brought about by the creation of unsound credit. The authors are continually oversimplifying, and are driven in consequence to such fantastic assertions as that the rise in prices during the war and immediate post-war periods was the result of a declining demand for gold, while the collapse since then has been the result of an increasing demand for gold! On the compensated

dollar the authors have nothing whatever to contribute: their ideas are taken over bodily from Irving Fisher, and it is obvious that they fail completely to recognize the weight and force of the criticisms that economists have made of that scheme for the last fifteen years. Their glib assertion (p. 370) that "if such a [compensated] dollar were adopted, any desired price level could be set and thereafter could be maintained at a substantially stable level" betrays a hopeless obliviousness either to the immense technical difficulties of the plan or to the complex psychological factors by which prices are ultimately governed.

Southern Mail. By Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.

This successor to the highly popular "Night Flight" of a few seasons ago continues the effort to extract mystico-poetic values from flying and the lives of fliers. Again we are given the feeling of being introduced into a new and unfamiliar world—perilous, cold, and infinitely noble. Its constituents we recognize as traditional, but the fusion in Saint-Exupéry's pages creates the illusion of something at once new and consoling. For his heroes ride the wind with a stoical unconcern for the world's perplexities or their own safety. Their individual problems fade to nothingness before the brightness of their gesture. That the gesture ends in death does not reduce its glamor. Here the impossibility for these desperate modern mystics of finding in love an absolute comparable to the clean release of action is exquisitely allegorized in the story of an ideal woman, secure in acceptance of her role and function, and an airman to whom her warmth offers insufficient comfort. So in the end the pilot Bernis comes to rest on desert sands, his arms spread wide, his eyes "fixed on the dark blue gulf and the villages of stars." In form the book suggests the cinema rather than the usual novel. Telegrams, flash-backs, parallel action, emotional close-ups, kaleidoscopic bunching of images—the whole is an ingenious job of literary montage. The style vacillates between the badly poetic and the authentically lyrical: "Too soon love's landscape changes. Gone with the wind, desire and tenderness: crossed, the river of fire. Purified and cold, a disembodied spirit stands on a tall ship's prow putting out to sea." The translation by Stuart Gilbert is excellent.

William Crary Brownell. An Anthology of his Writings, Together with Biographical Notes and Impressions of the Later Years. By Gertrude Hall Brownell. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

The fine prose of W. C. Brownell is represented here as well as it could be represented by any other method than the best one—which, in view of the perfection of form he achieved in the critical essay, would be to reprint a few of his essays entire. Failing that, Mrs. Brownell has done the next best thing; she has revealed how many epigrams and shining paragraphs the essays tended to conceal. Her anthology of excerpts is certainly brilliant; and her informal biography of the critic meets a genuine need.

Homecoming. By Floyd Dell. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

Since Floyd Dell has done little else but write his autobiography in various forms from "Moon Calf" onward, "Homecoming" had best be regarded as the definitive edition up to the present date. Mr. Dell is the H. G. Wells hero come to life in America, inhabiting Davenport, Iowa, then Chicago and Greenwich Village in the days when both had an active and sometimes exciting Bohemia. Whatever success Mr. Dell gained came easily; he was thoroughly capable as an enthusiastic editor of a book section on the old Chicago *Post*, and through exercise of the charm still evident in this book he found coeditorship of the *Masses* and the *Liberator* an extended holiday very like the sort of experience that most young men discover at college. Not

without a genuine twinge of nostalgia Mr. Dell recalls those gay days of his, and one feels that he has learned little more than a sense of regret that they are now gone and cannot be lived again. One suspects that Mr. Dell feels much older than he is and yet is unable to relinquish his claim to being the "youngest generation," and that to settle his mind concerning this seeming paradox, he talks of many things now of small importance—shreds of semi-literary gossip and how he felt falling in and out of love. Perhaps all this is representative of the particular group of which Mr. Dell makes himself the spokesman, but the published results, though quite honest, are equally trivial. His last statement reveals very nearly everything that he has to say: "I can face the boy of eighteen that I once was, without shame. I have gained the courage to love."

American Literature: A Period Anthology. The Roots of National Culture: To 1830. Edited by Robert E. Spiller. \$1.50. *The Romantic Triumph: 1830-1860.* Edited by Tremaine McDowell. \$1.50. *The Rise of Realism: 1860-1888.* Edited by Louis Wann. \$1.50. *The Social Revolt: 1888-1914.* Edited by Oscar Cargill. \$1.50. *Contemporary Trends: Since 1914.* Edited by John Herbert Nelson. \$1.25. General editor, Oscar Cargill. Five volumes. The Macmillan Company.

This is the most elaborate anthology of American poetry and prose since the days of the Duyckincks. The editors seem to have combed the field thoroughly, and it may be said that they have prepared a set of volumes which will be indispensable to teachers of American literature in colleges. At the same time it must be regretted that in their heads and sub-heads they have been such energetic labelers of periods, movements, and groups. There is a rage these days for cutting up American literature into pieces—ever smaller and smaller as new professors rise from the ranks and fall to work with their little hatchets and their pots of mucilage. It is a pity that the present editors could not resist the fashion. For in all other respects they have been original in their judgment.

Ida Elisabeth. By Sigrid Undset. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

It is easy to dismiss the theme of Mrs. Undset's latest novel as out of date, but it would be a dismissal based on a superficial consideration. *Ida Elisabeth* finds no sanctity in marriage to a good-natured, childish husband, but she does accept a responsibility with the act which even divorce does not annul. In the author's usual cautious, stolid manner, in a rhythm like a wayfarer's slow but sure progress up a road deep with heavy, freshly laid Northern snow, the character of *Ida Elisabeth* quietly emerges, a strong if not a popular figure. No religious scruple enters into *Ida Elisabeth's* conflict; her conviction arises in part no doubt from an inheritance from generations of women brought up on the doctrine "for better or for worse," but it arises also from *Ida Elisabeth's* own personality, a perfectly plausible, valid, and sympathetic personality as Mrs. Undset creates it, neither prudish nor weak. Certainly this is no book for those who believe that the past two decades of the twentieth century have relegated all personal and social responsibilities to either the psychoanalyst or the state. One's acquaintance does not have to be large to know that *Ida Elisabeth's* problem, even when so relegated, has been neither wiped out nor solved, and that Mrs. Undset has made a patient and unspectacular statement of it.

The Pursuit of Death. A Study of Shelley's Poetry. By Benjamin P. Kurtz. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

In one way or another all the romantic poets were concerned with Life—regarding it in a new aspect which the capital letter seems to indicate, regarding it as a kind of organic entity, an active principle, meaning by it something at once more posi-

tive and more vague than had ever before been meant by the word. It was inevitable, therefore, that they should be concerned with Death. The poets of the time of Webster and Donne had been fascinated by the physical fact of death and by its irony. The poets of the nineteenth century—not only the romantics but the Victorians—were more concerned with evolving a philosophical attitude toward it. Of these, Shelley was most concerned with the subject, just as he was most taken up with the abstract principle of Life. Professor Kurtz points out that almost all Shelley's poems touch on death, and he shows the development of the poet's response to it: the crude horror-musing of his earliest writing, his worship of death as an escape from tyranny, his bewilderment at its denial of life and finally the great synthesis of attitudes of "Adonais." Professor Kurtz is very minute in his exposition, but two things—in addition to his rather inflated style—mar his book: his refusal to make use of any of the findings of modern psychology concerning a subject on which psychology has much to say, and his avoidance of any attempt to evaluate the philosophical value of Shelley's philosophical-emotional attitudes.

China's Foreign Relations, 1917-1931. By Robert T. Pollard. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

Dr. Pollard here sums up remarkably well the story of China's heroic efforts to rid itself of the unequal treaties. He begins with China's entry into the World War, for it was this step that led to the abrogation of the treaties with Germany and Austria-Hungary and so awakened in the Chinese leader the hope that they might soon induce other countries to give up their extraterritorial rights and concede tariff autonomy to the new China. Unhappily, the European Powers have been all too reluctant to surrender these privileges and have continued to put off the Chinese with one excuse or another. Their attitude has fostered the rise of nationalism, which from time to time has taken the form of violent demonstrations or outbursts against foreigners. While extraterritoriality is still preserved the Powers have made some concessions, notably with regard to the tariff. Especially useful, because of its moderation and impartiality, is Dr. Pollard's discussion of Chinese relations with the Soviet Union. The book is an essential addition to any library on the Far Eastern question.

[In some copies of last week's issue of *The Nation* it was erroneously stated that "Peter Abelard," by Helen Waddell, was published by William Morrow and Company. The book was published by Henry Holt and Company.]

Films

"Design for Living"

EXACTLY why the Paramount people chose to pay Noel Coward so much money for the title of his last comedy remains as much of a mystery as ever. As a title, to be sure, "Design for Living," like most of Mr. Coward's titles, is a very good one, but it was certainly too much to hope that it would be found good enough to make up for the absence of all the things that went with it in Mr. Coward's play. For there was never any real expectation that these things could be preserved in their entirety on the screen. The theme of Mr. Coward's play was one which not even the hardened New York public could stomach without a great deal of rationalization and self-deception. How, then, could Mr. Hays and the great audience beyond the Alleghenies be expected to tolerate this hilarious illustration of the thesis that three people can live

gether as happily as two? As for certain other implications the play, those arising from the intensely projected Damon and Pythias relationship between its two heroes, there was even as likelihood of their survival. Finally, the whole thing, as acted by Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, and the author himself, had more the character of a family charade than of a conventional social comedy that could be played by anybody. It was sort of "intimate" evening put on for the benefit of those who felt that they knew each of the principal actors personally and could therefore take delight in observing the chemical interactions of their personalities in the same play. It was definitely for New York and for the so-called legitimate audience.

As was to be expected, the first thing that Ben Hecht, who is responsible for the screen play, has attended to is the thorough mitigation of the plot. Gilda is no longer the mature, ultra-phosphicated, and frequently introspective mistress of men's passions of Mr. Coward's imagination, but a fresh young "mother of the arts" from Dakota. The two young men whom she helps to fame and wealth, the one as playwright and the other as portrait painter, are likewise the most clean-cut specimens of American youth that one could well imagine. One has the feeling that at any moment the whole trio is going to break out in a college yell and shatter to bits the unreal situation in which they have been placed. Miriam Hopkins, who is usually such an accomplished comedienne on the screen, is so lost between what her role abstractly demands and what Mr. Hecht, in his rewriting, has made of it that she gives the poorest performance of her career. As for Fredric March's and Gary Cooper's Damon and Pythias, the attempt to give a semblance of persuasiveness to the relationship is ridiculous when it is as in certain scenes, truly pathetic. Whatever effectiveness Gary Cooper may have in romantic roles, such as the legionnaire "Morocco" or the ambulance driver in "Farewell to Arms," is completely helpless when he undertakes comedy. And Fredric March, who once had a certain talent in that direction, is not very much better. At the same time it is only fair to say that with the dialogue that Ben Hecht has provided not even the original cast would have made much of most of the scenes in this picture. Hardly a line of Mr. Coward's play survives the flattening impress of Mr. Hecht's thumb. In brief, "Design for Living" (Criterion) is a cross that will have to be borne some time by those who like to have a good word to say now and then about Hollywood and its products.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

Strange Doings at Princeton

WISH that I knew what the dramatic critics of London had to say on the morning after the first night of—for example—"Charlie's Aunt." The gentleman then representing the *Times* on such occasions was, I am sure, some hard-buried pundit several shades graver in temperament than I could ever hope to be and at least as deeply interested as I am in the Drama as a Form of Art. Likely enough he had been discoursing no later than the day before upon the new shades of meaning revealed in somebody's interpretation of "Hamlet," or perhaps, composing one of those perennial essays entitled "Whither the Theater?" Now he found himself face to face with a silly farce destined to be more overwhelmingly popular than any play ever written before in the whole history of the world and its theater.

I am assuming that he saw something of its possibilities and I am assuming also that he could have predicted what I have

By Julius Meier-Graefe

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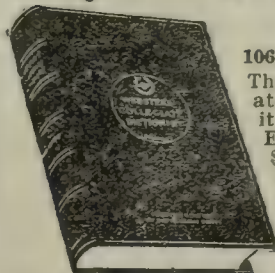


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just discovered—namely, that none of the rather considerable number of books on the drama now at my hand even mentions in the index this same “Charlie’s Aunt.” The question, then, is merely this: What tone did he think it proper to take under the circumstances? Did he draw himself up to the height of his dignity and point out at some length that the play in question was not marked by either deep feeling, profound thought, or splendid diction? Did he remind his readers that the taste of the public had once been such that Sophocles got a prize and Shakespeare pleased the rabble? Did he add that no nation given over to vulgarity could survive, or did he, perhaps, merely content himself with reporting that everybody, including his own unofficial self, had had a high time, and that, if the truth were told, he did not in the least object to indulging now and then in that form of mirth which originates below the belt? Did he, in fine, discover some way of saying with dignity that “Charlie’s Aunt” was as grand a piece of hokum as it had ever been his privilege to witness?

These questions are not merely academic. The problem involved arises very frequently in a more or less acute form, and it faces me at this moment in connection with “She Loves Me Not,” which has just opened with remarkable eclat at the Forty-sixth Street Theater. Perhaps I can best solve it by departmentalizing myself after the fashion of the Lord High-Every-

thing-Else in Titipu. As a Critic of the Drama it is then duty to report that this play is less than nothing, that it is a mechanical combination of most extravagant events, which violates all the canons of taste as well as all the laws of probability. On the other hand, and in my capacity as a simple citizen unaverse to the lower pleasures, it is obviously incumbent upon me to confess that I laughed more loudly, more continuously and more whole-heartedly than I have laughed since the first time I saw the Marx brothers. Finally, as a theatrical reporter and prophet, I cannot do other than report, first, that the audience shared my enjoyment and, second, that “She Loves Me Not” will almost certainly be one of the really resounding successes of the year. You may take your choice, but if you are as sensible as I think you are, I know what choice you will make, and as a result of it you will put forth every effort to get into the Forty-sixth Street Theater sometime between now and spring. It may be difficult but it will be worth the struggle.

By way of specific details it may be added that this outbreak of hysteria is divided into nineteen scenes which take place on an ingenious multiple stage going the three-ring circus several better. It concerns the very complicated series of events which begin to take place when an all too chivalrous Prince senior attempts to befriend a night-club damsel in distress, and you would never imagine that quite so many different actions could, as a result, converge upon a college dormitory. Obviously the thing suggests other high-speed dramas from “Grand Hotel” to “Twentieth Century,” but in a number of respects it is superior. One reason is that it is consistent farce and such never makes the mistake of pretending even for a moment to be serious. A deeper reason is that the piece is written with a certain youthful exuberance instead of, as is too often the case, with a kind of hectic and desperate pseudo-gaiety. It would be willing to wager, composed by some youth who is having a very good time and not, as plays of the sort so frequently have been, by a sweating tabloid reporter drawing inspiration late at night from a gin bottle. The only thing to be regretted is that “She Loves Me Not” will probably be rated *ad nauseam*. I wouldn’t have missed it for a good deal but I would just as soon not see anything else alleged to be “just as good.”

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTIC

“Birthright” (Forty-ninth Street Theater) is a propagandist play about the Nazis, and a good one. It pictures a wealthy Jewish family in 1933 Berlin: the hard-boiled employer; the hysterical wife; his scholar-uncle, who is aware that Jews have always suffered; his converted brother, an army officer; his Communist son; his flippant nudist daughter, who regrets that “brutal” men are so rare; and another daughter who is deluged in love with a blond Aryan. It pictures, too, that German type of confusion—swept by the tides of nationalist enthusiasm, proud of the “new spirit” in Germany, devoted to his Jewish girl, and dumbly sure that somehow all must be for the best. The play is sometimes hysterical; Germany is hysterical today. It flatly ends in a preachy affirmation of faith in the Jewish future at the end; but how else can German Jews live today? It is moving and it is true. For there is no Book of Ruth in the German Bible today.

L. S. C.

“Roberta” at the New Amsterdam Theater is a fascinating show disguised as a pleasantly sentimental musical play. Jerome Kern’s music is pretty and romantic and undistinguished; Norma Talmage, the leading lady, is most captivating, and her singing is a delight; the lines are seldom funny and never witty; there is nowhere near enough good dancing, although the situations offer plenty of excuses for dance numbers; the sets and costumes are beautiful, quite beyond criticism. The whole production is characterized by charm and elegance, rather than spice.

F. J.

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BY THE TIME this issue of *The Nation* appears on the newsstands the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution will have been interred in its grave. Looking back over fourteen years of national prohibition, it is probably not an exaggeration to say that it was the worst legislative mistake this country ever made. It was a law that was consistently broken by hundreds of thousands—even millions—of otherwise law-abiding citizens in every State in the Union. Worse than that, it gave rise to an enormous illegal industry whose profits were certainly as large as those of any other single industry and perhaps larger. The evils that the prohibition law engendered were infinitely worse than the admittedly widespread and shocking evils that it sought to prevent. Nor will repeal immediately cure the abuses which we have learned to expect under prohibition. They may not be cured for a generation. Because of the considerable tax that will evidently be placed on liquor, bootlegging will undoubtedly go on, for how long no one can say. The gangster, the racketeer, driven out of the beer and whiskey business, can only turn to some other lucrative form of endeavor. We have taught him that he can live without the law. It is unreasonable to expect that he will be either willing or able to forget speedily a lesson so well learned. Prohibition as a matter of federal law is dead. May it rest in peace! And may the laws that succeed it be more intelligently drawn and more honestly observed!

THE Seventh Pan-American Conference was opened in Montevideo on December 3 with indications that a strong demand would be made by the delegates from both Cuba and Haiti that the United States end its intervention in those countries. The Cubans rightly desire that the United States give up the special rights and responsibilities which it has in the island under the Platt Amendment. The Haitians justly demand the termination of the control which the United States exercises over their financial affairs. In this connection Mr. Roosevelt has just answered a plea from President Vincent of Haiti in a way that shows surprising lack of information or much naivete. Mr. Roosevelt contends that the United States cannot abandon its financial control in Haiti because of "unescapable obligations" to bondholders under a treaty made in 1915, a protocol in 1919, and an agreement last summer. Mr. Roosevelt must write with his tongue in his cheek, for it can hardly be that he is unaware that what he calls a treaty was imposed upon Haiti after our troops had seized the customs house and the Haitian congress had been bludgeoned into accepting our wishes. The protocol of 1919 was ratified by a puppet government when the United States was openly governing the republic, and the agreement of last summer was negotiated with Haiti's Minister of Finance when the legislature was not in session and was known to oppose such a step. The United States has "unescapable obligations" to its honor and to international decency of a far more serious nature than those to the holders of bonds which were based originally on illegitimate claims and have since been supported by shotgun diplomacy.

THE HAPPY FAMILY in Washington continues to be an odd mixture of high-minded idealists, political bosses, and representatives of standpat business, recent additions to the Roosevelt entourage having accentuated rather than lessened the variety of the potpourri. Take, for instance, the excellent appointment of William H. Holly to the federal district bench in Chicago. He has been chairman of the executive committee of the Public Ownership League of America and opposed to everything which the Insulls stood for, he has been the counsel of various labor organizations, and he has served as attorney for the Chicago Civil Liberties Committee, affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union. Mr. Holly may neutralize, if not counteract, the influence on the Chicago bench of Judge Wilkerson, whose promotion was blocked last year because of his anti-labor record, and Judge Woodward, whose recently exposed conduct in receivership cases led the Chicago Bar Association to express public disapproval. Yet on the other hand there is Earle Bailie, recently made special assistant in charge of fiscal affairs by Acting Secretary Morgenthau of the Treasury. As the only practical banker among the higher officers of the department, Mr. Bailie is sure to take part in all important conferences and is likely to play an influential role in the attempt to reshape the securities act, to which he is opposed. His record suggests that he has neither the ability nor the disinterestedness to be a desirable fiscal adviser to

■ progressive Administration. As practically first in command in the firm of J. and W. Seligman and Company for the past ten years, he was instrumental in foisting upon the public a series of dubious loans, now wholly or partly in default, including the notorious \$90,000,000 issue of Peruvian bonds, at present selling for about 5 per cent of their face value. This issue was floated against the advice of the company's representative in Peru and obtained by payment of a so-called commission of \$415,000 to the son of the Peruvian President—a procedure that would be illegal and probably impossible under the provisions of the securities act to which Mr. Bailie so strongly objects and which he presumably will try to have relaxed.

PPRICE-FIXING as a solution of the dairy problem is in difficulties. The tendency of price-fixing is to drive the small, independent distributor out of business. In the past the independents were able to compete with the larger companies only by underselling them in the retail market. This they could do because of their smaller overhead charges. The price-fixing arrangement deprives them of this advantage. In some areas the independents have sought to overcome this difficulty by continuing to sell below the fixed retail price, although at the same time they have been paying the dairy farmer the wholesale price agreed upon. This clearly violates the marketing agreements, although the independents know that with them it is a question of survival. The Agricultural Adjustment Administration seems to have taken the same view, for instead of launching a wholesale prosecution of the small distributors, which could only benefit the National Dairy Products Corporation and other large companies, it has decided to reopen its study of the milk problem. This willingness to confess to error and to seek to rectify it must be heartily applauded. It gives us reason to hope that the spirit of honest experimentation, which President Roosevelt favored a few months ago, but which in recent months he seems to have lost sight of, is still alive in Washington.

FOR THE THIRD TIME Heywood Patterson stood up in an Alabama courtroom and heard a jury pronounce him guilty of rape and fix his punishment at death. This marked the not unexpected close of a trial which had been distinguished for bias on the part of the presiding judge and where the evidence was so slight that the last time it was presented in court another judge declared it inadequate. The Scottsboro defendants have still several chances for life. Their counsel, Samuel S. Leibowitz, has taken steps for an appeal. The case will in all probability go to a higher court and Victoria Price will sit on the witness stand several times more, chewing gum and cheerfully going through—in four-letter Anglo-Saxon words—the story of her “rape” by nine Negroes. One important lesson the Scottsboro trials, which have dragged on for three years and are likely to continue longer, unmistakably teach: the delays in justice which are adduced as justification for lynching may, as often as not, be proper delays for the protection of a person on trial for his life. It is possible, for example, that what a citizen of Maryland's Eastern Shore means when he objects to legal delays is that the courts may have a Negro if they guarantee to hang him quick. Otherwise he might as well be lynched by a mob.

THE HITLER GOVERNMENT has suffered its first internal political defeat. Threatening a split in the Lutheran church, the opposition to the Nazi regime forced the resignation of the Spiritual Ministry of the Evangelical Church, a sort of cabinet for the National Socialist Reichsbishop. The Pastors' Emergency League, organized in opposition to the Nazi German Christian movement, is fighting the church radicalism of the Fascists, which aims at the complete control by the National Socialist Party of the Protestant church, and is opposing the removal of clergymen and church members in whose family trees are traces of un-Aryan ancestry. Among the Nazi dignitaries thus retired were Joachim Hossenfelder, the leader of the German Christian movement, one of the most rabid of Hitler supporters, and Friedrich Werner, legal adviser of the Spiritual Ministry and instigator of the “cleanse the church” movement. The removal of these fanatics does not put an end to the conflict. The Pastors' Emergency League also demands the head of Reichsbishop Müller, who has steadfastly supported Hossenfelder's extremist policies. Whether Hitler will again take Dr. Frick's advice to avoid a rupture in the church organization or will support Göring, who demands the complete subjugation of the church to the dictation of the German Christians, remains to be seen. The peculiar significance of this church revolt lies in the fact that the moderates are the battering rams of the German Nationalists under Hugenberg's leadership against the Nazis in that original sphere of ancient Prussian reaction, the orthodox Protestant church. The government is acutely conscious of its weakness there and has retaliated by merging the Hugenberg Telegraph Union with the semi-official Wolff Telegraph Bureau, depriving Hugenberg, who owns 160 newspapers and controls as many others through former financial manipulations, of the news independence of his newspaper concerns. Henceforth these newspapers will depend wholly on the news service of the Hitler Government.

DURING the last few days the Hitler Government has presented several indications of its grave concern for the welfare of the toiling masses. On November 29 the criminal court of Dessau (Anhalt) passed death sentence upon ten Communists for the killing of a Nazi storm trooper during a street fight between Communists and Nazis which took place last February, when the law under which they are being sentenced was not yet on the statute books. On November 30 six Communists were beheaded in Cologne because they had shot two National Socialists during a riot precipitated by uniformed Nazis last January. Not long ago the state of Saxony conducted a trial at Dresden against 8 members of the Socialist Workers' Party, which ended with sentences aggregating 200 years against the accused, and in the past few weeks no fewer than 1,300 Communists have been arrested for participation in demonstrations or for the distribution of literature, all of whom are to be indicted and tried for high treason under the new Göring law dealing with sabotage against the state. “The government is determined,” according to the accounts in the Nazi press, “to proceed with all severity and to hold up these men and women as a warning to like elements in the German nation. The Göring law, which provides the death penalty for “ever act against the government,” is so at variance with modern jurisprudence that Hitler for months refused to sign it.

Under its provisions every one of the 1,300 Communists may be condemned to death if a Nazi witness can be found who will testify that the defendants distributed or were found in possession of literature attacking the government. The German press is preparing the world for a mass slaughter.

ALL possible support should be given to John Collier, the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in his effort to abolish the old land-allotment system for the disposal of Indian lands. The system has already been suspended and sales under it have been stopped, but Congress ought to pass a law repealing it permanently. Commissioner Collier's plan is completely to revise the Indian land policy, with the idea of restoring Indian lands to tribal rather than to individual ownership. Under the old system each Indian was given a piece of land which was required to be sold or divided among his heirs at his death. Often the land was rented out and most of it eventually was lost to Indian control, because Indians, unable to obtain credit, could not borrow for additional land purchase when their inherited piece was too small to live on, or for farm implements. The system, Commissioner Collier is quoted as saying, "destroyed Indian standards of living, deprived them of their resources, their self-support, their self-respect. . . . It was the cleverest, most inescapable case of race destruction ever adopted." The new policy will attempt to establish tribal corporations such as still exist among the Navajos and Pueblos, the only tribes in the United States which are now economically independent and have increased in population. Commissioner Collier's plan deserves support, not only as a policy of simple and sensible justice to the Indians, but as a means of lessening the burden of public relief, to which many thousands of these government wards, reduced to indigence by their government's method of caring for them, have been forced to appeal.

WHEN BANKS CLOSE and swallow up the present and future hopes of thousands of depositors, eight-column headlines stream across the front pages of newspapers. But we have seen no headlines proclaiming the disastrous news that 2,280,000 children of school age in the United States are not in school, that 2,000 rural schools in twenty-four States failed to open this fall, and that sixteen institutions of higher education have closed. Yet the consequences of these casualties, particularly in secondary education, are surely as serious and as far-reaching as those of bank failures. They are only less spectacular because it is impossible to reduce to figures the cost in present and future prospects to a boy or girl who is denied an elementary education in a highly complex world. And the figures cited do not, unfortunately, tell the whole story. One in every four cities has shortened the school term and 715 rural schools are running less than three months. The plight of the school teacher has received more attention than other phases of the educational decline, but it is doubtful whether it is fully realized. In Michigan 7,000 teachers are employed; 12,000 are not. Over the country as a whole, 200,000 certificated teachers are without jobs. And some of those who have jobs can scarcely be said to be profitably employed. One-third of the school teachers this year will get less than \$750, while 10,000 rural teachers will get less than \$450. Surely the educational starvation of our youngest citizens is one of the major disasters of the depression.

Fit to Print

WHAT is news? The old question presents itself once more in a tale of two universities. On October 31 and November 1 more than 200 delegates representing several thousand students of Columbia University held a conference against war. President Butler honored the gathering with a statement, and various people, including Earl Browder of the Communist Party, spoke. On November 1 the *New York Times* printed a comprehensive story of the first day's meeting, including a good deal of President Butler's statement. On November 2 it reported on the front page that the convention had gone on record against cooperation with the War Department in the event of war.

On November 24, 600 students of New York University held a convention against war. Chancellor Chase honored the gathering with a statement, and various people, including Robert Minor of the Communist Party, spoke. The sessions continued the next day in the form of seminars presided over by professors from various departments on such interesting subjects as Educational Institutions and War, Nationalism and War, International Relations and War, and so on; and the climax was reached on Saturday evening when more than 200 delegates adopted, among others, this uncompromising resolution: "We, the N. Y. U. Anti-War Convention, do solemnly pledge that under no circumstances will we support or cooperate with the government of the United States in any war it may conduct."

The delegates also voted for the complete abolition of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps and pledged themselves to oppose the utilization of science classes and laboratories and all other college resources for the development of war materials. At the end of a preamble which analyzed from a definitely Marxist point of view the forces leading toward a new war, the convention "deprecated" the record of New York University in the last war. The sessions were marked by sharp debates over such questions as whether the convention should identify itself with the organized working class and whether it should support the statement that the "Soviet Union alone has advocated immediate and total disarmament"; and the R. O. T. C. delegates walked out of the convention when the resolution to abolish the organization was passed.

It was, in other words, a very lively affair, at least as interesting as the Columbia meeting. In fact, it seems to have differed in only one important respect from the Columbia gathering: it was more radical in both its discussions and its conclusions. Why, then, did the *Times*, which had covered the Columbia conference so thoroughly, refrain from printing a single word about the N. Y. U. conference? In the issue of Sunday, November 26, readers of the *Times* were informed of the important football scores; they were regaled with the news that "cocktail" diplomas had been awarded to thirty-five graduates of the Bartenders' School; they were even informed that "Dr. Wheeler Favors Fewer Eyeglasses"; but they were presumed not to be interested in knowing that 200 delegates representing several thousand university students favored fewer wars. And was it a mere coincidence that the *Herald Tribune* also ignored the conference?

Governor Lynch and His Mob

WHATEVER may be the history of lawlessness and frontier justice in the United States, surely the action of Governor Rolph of California is unique! There must have been many instances in which a member of a local police force privately assured the participants in a lynching—who were also his neighbors and friends—that they might expect no punishment from the law. There has undoubtedly been, in lynchings in the past, a good deal of boasting, with reason, on the part of members of a mob that they would get off scot free. But when has the first executive of a State containing nearly 6,000,000 people announced in the public press, not once but a number of times, not just after he might conceivably be expected to have been influenced by impulse and excitement, but again and again in response to the shocked protests of his fellow-citizens and of the country at large—when has the Governor of a State taken his stand, as Governor Rolph has done, with the moronic, brutal, demoralized followers of Judge Lynch?

The two confessed kidnappers and murderers of Brooke Hart in San José were in jail awaiting trial. The body of their victim had been found, so that any possible cause for delay in bringing them into court was removed. California had just passed a law making death the penalty for kidnapping, and the two men were murderers also, so that there was no doubt of their being summarily dealt with. Less than a fortnight had elapsed since the kidnapping. There was, in short, no chance that justice would be anything but swift and even merciless. But with the finding of the body the mob spirit began to rise. All day the streets leading to the jail were packed with threatening people. Governor Rolph was appealed to for troops to protect the prisoners. He refused, and after the lynching he explained his reasons: "Why should I call out troops to protect those two fellows? The people make the laws, don't they? Well, if the people have confidence that troops will not be called out to mow them down when they seek to protect themselves against kidnappers, there is liable to be swifter justice and fewer kidnappings."

The inevitable answer to this giving over of the government to the mob came even more quickly than Governor Rolph might have expected. On the following day a nineteen-year-old Negro was hanged and burned alive in Missouri. A few hours later a mob of several thousand persons attempted to take four prisoners away from 300 armed militiamen in Salisbury, Maryland. In this case, however, the mob was attempting to rescue instead of to lynch the prisoners, themselves accused of having taken part in the lynching of a Negro at Princess Anne, Maryland, on October 18. The sequel to this story was that the four men were released on writs of habeas corpus after having been kept overnight in jail in Baltimore, no cognizance having been taken of the evidence for holding them, and were received back home with frenzied delight by their fellow-townsmen.

That there will be a still larger crop from the seeds of anarchy which Governor Rolph has sown there can be no doubt. The mob spirit is so close to the surface at best that the fillip of official sanction will not fail to call it forth. A number of persons who condemned Governor Rolph for his

approval of the lynching pointed out that the affair was nevertheless in direct line with the old vigilante tradition in California. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The vigilantes were groups of men representing their community who, in a drastic fashion, took the law into their own hands at a time when courts of law had not been established or were inaccessible. The San José mob was recruited by an irresponsible high-school boy from the habitués of speakeasies and worse. Here was no great uprising of public feeling to mend an intolerable and otherwise irremediable wrong. It was a drunken orgy. Let us not doubt that, thanks to the Governor of California, similar drunken orgies will follow it.

Elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation* we print an article written from Princess Anne, Maryland. It presents a careful survey of conditions in that locality, and offers a convincing explanation of the causes for the recent lynching there. Let us accept the heritage which a century of slavery and a bloody civil war left us, to account for our dealing with the Negro. Let us add to it our traditions of frontier law and summary justice. Let us give what is due to the often excusable delays in our courts. And having admitted all these indubitable causes of this form of lawlessness, uniquely and shamefully American, we still have not touched on the chief factor, which is an economic one.

In Princess Anne, as our article shows, white farmers are practically ruined. They cannot pay the interest on their mortgages, their fall crops were destroyed by weather, their stock is dying from disease, this winter they have for the first time appealed to the State for food to be given to the hungry. More than 80 per cent of the available farm labor on the Eastern Shore is Negro. The Negroes are, as in every locality where they congregate in large numbers, consistently worse off than the whites. There is no work for them, there is no food for them, they remain a hopeless, desperate charge upon the community. The white man who does not know which way to turn for a livelihood, whose only mood is one of dejection and defeat, releases his despair on his weakest neighbor, who is inevitably black. In California, where the problem is not white and black but white and Mexican or Japanese, and where the depression has been no less severely felt, a wave of brutal official oppression has swept the State. Strikes have been put down ruthlessly, striking workers have been killed, the law has been invoked with a gun. That there have been, so far this year, more than twice as many lynchings as in 1932 indicates that the outbreaks which many persons have feared are in the air. It is all the more ominous that to this potential dynamite of economic unrest should have been added the fearful match of Governor Rolph's statement. The mob will not refuse anybody admittance to its ranks. Young children stood in the front lines at San José and watched as two struggling, battered bodies were jerked up in the air on the end of a rope. And the mob is not particular about its choice of a victim. One excuse for butchery is as good as another. It will take all the combined forces of law and order in this country, working earnestly and unceasingly together, to lay the specter that Governor Rolph has caused to walk.



"Go Right Ahead!"

The Reporters' Revolt

WHATEVER else—and there is a great deal—may be charged to the credit side of the NRA, nothing is more striking and, we hope, significant than the development of newspaper guilds. For years every effort to organize the brain workers in newspaper offices has failed, reporters and sub-editors being too cowed. But as we have already reported, the NRA has made it possible for these white-collar slaves to organize with complete safety. If any newspaper proprietors dare to forbid organization, there is at last a superior tribunal to which their workers may appeal. At first there was considerable resentment on the part of employers. Thus, the *Philadelphia Bulletin* and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* warned their employees that it would not be healthy for them to take part in the discussion of the proposed press code before the Deputy Administrator, or to be affiliated with a guild in so doing. The *Editor and Publisher*, special organ of the journalistic fraternity, which depends upon the good-will of the proprietors for its advertising support, was at first very doubtful. "Are editorial craftsmen ready for unionization?" it asked in August last. "We doubt this. A union must be prepared not only to accept the benefits of organization, but full responsibility. It must provide material to the employer and must regulate employment. . . . If there is to be unionization, it must be national to succeed." It then went on to speak of the example of the British Institute of Journalists: "It is an excellent model, if one were wanted. But until now we have not detected a demand for it here. Maybe it will come. It is not the highest professional ideal but is vastly better than certain conditions obtaining in this country." Now, in December, the movement has spread so fast that the *Editor and Publisher* no longer has any doubts as to whether the workers want unionization. As far back as September it admitted "unrest among editorial workers without parallel in our memory."

In its issue of November 25 it reported that the Cleveland Newspaper Guild had taken steps to organize the craft in the 107 cities of more than 50,000 population. It is doing this not only in order to obtain permanent organization, but so that a more determined opposition may be presented to the newspaper publishers when the final hearings on the long-delayed newspaper code take place. It has gone farther than this. It has asked the workers in every other department of a newspaper to organize separately for the purpose of joining the guild, especially the business, advertising, and circulation departments. The guild reported that it had received applications for chapter status from three other journalistic groups—the employees of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, the Central Press, and the wire groups headed by the International News Service. At the same time the Newark, New Jersey, Newspaper Guild reported a membership of 126, and its intention to be represented by delegates at the national meeting in Washington, D. C., on December 15.

The New York Newspaper Guild has shown a remarkably militant spirit. On November 15 it resolved that "the freedom of the press is one of the essential foundations of human liberty," thus apparently giving support to the pub-

lishers' campaign headed by Colonel Robert R. McCormick of the reactionary *Chicago Tribune*, who has been exerting himself on behalf of that liberty in a crusade which both General Johnson and the Deputy Administrator, Professor Lindsay Rogers, declare to be entirely unnecessary. But then the guild proceeded to aim a savage blow at its employers in these words:

Resolved . . . That we do not believe, however, that the newspaper industry, which asserts its freedom from governmental interference with the news, or free comment on the news, can rightfully evade its responsibility to assume, by organization under a code of fair practice, the same responsibilities for public welfare that other industries are being called upon to assume.

This is opposition pure and simple, for the publishers in the open hearing on the code in Washington on September 22 absolutely refused to accept the government's suggestion that they embody in their code a statement of fair practices similar to that of other industries. Their attorney informed the Deputy Administrator that they were quite competent to take care of any abuses that there might be in their business. They were not moved when John H. Fahey, publisher of the *Worcester Post*, declared on that same occasion that he "knew of no industry characterized by more unjust and unfair competitive practices than the newspaper industry." Among those unethical practices he mentioned secret rebates, unwarranted and unfair credits, extraordinary discounts for early payment of bills and early handing in of advertising copy, and the repeating of advertising on flimsy excuses.

The New York Guild evidently does not differ from Mr. Fahey in feeling that the newspaper publishers, now so suddenly awake to the freedom of the press though nine-tenths of them have connived at innumerable interferences with personal liberty, freedom of speech, and public assembly ever since 1917, ought to adopt a code of fair practice without a day's delay. It is stupid of them not to do so, for they will find, like those industrialists who have set their houses in order, that it will pay them in dollars and cents, as well as in the respect of the communities in which they operate. Unfortunately the government has apparently no intention of insisting upon a fair-practice code. We cannot see why it should not do so. If there is any industry which needs such a code it is certainly the newspaper business, not only because it is one which is so largely affected by public interest. There is certainly no question of the freedom of the press here, but only of a mutual agreement upon the part of publishers to play fair not merely with the public but with one another.

We sincerely trust that when the reporters have perfected their organizations they will utilize them not only to insist upon fair practices in the business itself, but to make sure that the editors and owners are consistent in regard to the freedom guaranteed by the Constitution to individual as well as to the press. The newspapers ought to understand that every time some "red" is denied his constitutional rights, it is a blow at the rights of every individual and of the press in this country.

Issues and Men

Secretary Wallace Sees the Light

THE Secretary of Agriculture is doing, in one respect at least, a fine job, and I say this with various epistles lying on my overburdened desk the tenor of which is that Henry Wallace is a tool of Wall Street and should be removed at once. Well, this tool of the international bankers has discovered what the President of the United States has not—that this country must cut either its tariffs or its industrial and agricultural production. If it cannot, or will not, regain its export market, then the United States is indeed cursed with far too effective an industrial machine, and will have to content itself with operating it only in part, which means waste and inefficiency. The Secretary declares further that, whatever policy we decide upon, the country should for once stick to its decision and program for at least ten years. If it will not do this, it must plan at once, in Mr. Wallace's words, "to keep no less than 50,000,000 acres of land out of use, no matter how loud may be the outcry of certain carrying, handling, processing, and exporting interests."

In other words, the problem is whether we shall continue to do an international business or go in for what is called "autarchy" and do a purely nationalistic business, letting the rest of the world go hang. Mr. Wallace sees that clearly. "If we follow," he says, "the international program, we absolutely must receive great quantities of goods from abroad and must not be disturbed by the clamor of people who are hurt thereby." This statement was in one of the three speeches which he delivered in the Middle West in behalf of the Administration's agricultural-restoration policy, and must therefore have been made with the President's consent. But the President himself has thus far refused to declare himself any more definitely about the tariffs than in the question of inflation. Undoubtedly, Mr. Roosevelt, being the shrewd politician that he is, realizes that if he undertakes to cut the tariff he will meet with the most terrific opposition on the part of the vested manufacturing interests. But by this time he must know that he cannot undertake any reform policy without encountering bitter antagonism from those whose pocket nerves are affected by the change.

He has already encountered strong opposition in connection with the NRA. Certain large employers are fighting it and him because they are called upon to abandon their long-continued hostility to labor unions. Even the recognition of Russia has called forth denunciation from certain interests who believe that they will thereby be unfavorably affected. One woman was quite frank about it the other day—in the presence of a member of the Cabinet. She said that she was bitterly opposed to recognition because her husband was in the lumber business and now we should be flooded with Russian lumber and he would be hopelessly ruined. That was, of course, characteristically shallow, uninformed, and selfish thinking. A great national policy was at issue, one that might have most far-reaching effects in saving the world from a horrible war in the East, to say nothing of other results, but this woman could think only of her own purse.

Of course the worst opposition to Secretary Wallace's common-sense proposals will come from the farmers who are trying to make a go of it on the 50,000,000 acres which will have to be abandoned if we decide to do business only with ourselves, and from the vested protective-tariff interests, which have so far gone unscathed of Mr. Roosevelt.

Most of these would agree with Lord Beaverbrook, the great British newspaper magnate, according to this report of a speech by him at Putney, England, appearing in his own newspaper, the *Daily Express*:

LORD BEAVERBROOK: "I absolutely assert that in advancing a policy of a customs union in the British Empire we are doing God's work."

"When you say that you are doing God's work, does God admit that one man is a foreigner and another is his brother?" [asked a hearer].

LORD BEAVERBROOK: "Certainly. Why did God raise up the British Empire? Why did God raise up the Israelites? Why has God maintained the British Empire during the tempests and trials of centuries? Why has God made us the greatest, finest, and most powerful people in the world?" (Loud applause.)

Every protected manufacturer whose business is maintained by a protective tariff or whose profits are regulated thereby is certain that the tariff is doing God's work. The Secretary of Agriculture is right: we cannot set our face in the direction of tariff reduction without a tremendous uproar.

Yet there lies the road to real help for the farmer. We may by all sorts of temporary devices, such as dumping abroad at a considerable loss to the taxpayers, plowing under cotton, paying farmers for letting acreage lie fallow, discouraging industry on the farms in other ways, and purchasing surplus hogs, temporarily boost prices. But such relief can only be temporary. These are all economically indefensible actions, and I believe that no one knows it better than Mr. Wallace. Indeed, I think his appeal for the continuance of an international trade instead of a purely national one is proof positive that he knows that the other remedies of the AAA are defensible only as temporary relief measures—if they be defensible at all. If we could only once make the farmers understand how enormous a part the protective tariff has played in their downfall we should have a farmer revolution indeed. Meanwhile practically every article the farmer buys for his own domestic use and that of his family, to say nothing of his farm machinery, has had its cost to him increased by some indefensible tariff. But he goes on thinking that if he can only be "adequately protected," if he can only be drawn farther into the charmed circle of those who are protected by our tariffs, all will be well with him. And the man who last promised additional protection to the farmer was, by the way, no less a person than Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Arnold Garrison Killard

What Would Inflation Mean?

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

IF one is to judge by the press, at least that of the metropolitan areas, the United States has arrived at the crossroads of destiny. Curving gently away to the left stretches the broad highway called Inflation, which descends gradually into the Vale of Destruction. But if we turn sharply to the right and climb the precipitous trail of Sound Money we shall eventually be rewarded by a glimpse of the golden city of Prosperity, now unhappily hidden behind a cloud. To the average American, however, this picture is not wholly convincing. Among the pious pilgrims who are beckoning him to take the mountain trail, he believes that he can recognize several of the selfsame brigands who so mercilessly waylaid him under similar circumstances four years ago. He may be pardoned, therefore, if he seems to show a preference for the lower road, even though he is somewhat hazy about its final destination. At least that portion of the highway which lies directly ahead appears to be attractive.

The ordinary newspaper account may be taken as typical of the deliberate obfuscation which has accompanied the discussion of inflation in this country. No issue has been so widely talked about and yet so little understood by the average man. He knows that inflation means more money and that it would be marked by a rise in the cost of living; but he is apt to be somewhat uncertain whether the much-abused Roosevelt monetary policy is inflation or not, and to be completely in the dark as to what the effect of inflation would be with respect to his own particular problems.

It is necessary to realize, first of all, that as used by most economists the term inflation signifies much more than merely the printing of greenbacks. When the volume of effective purchasing medium as represented by money and credit decreases more rapidly than the supply of available goods, the resultant decline in prices is described as "deflation." But when, for one reason or another, the effective purchasing medium increases more quickly than the volume of production, the rise in prices is "inflationary." Either process involves painful readjustments; and if the change is sudden or drastic, either of the two may result in profound economic dislocation.

While inflation may be attained in many ways, the most obvious short cut would be for the government to cover its expenditures by the simple device of printing legal tender, thus obviating the necessity for collecting taxes. But so far as prices are concerned it makes little difference whether the additional purchasing medium is supplied in the form of paper currency, silver coin, or bank credit. The chief difference between the various types lies rather in the question of who is to receive the benefits of the inflation, and who is to foot the bill.

For the basic fact about inflation is that it involves a redistribution of wealth. Increasing the volume of money does not of itself create a greater supply of goods and services, but merely brings about a shifting of the labels denoting ownership between the various classes of society. Although the proponents of inflation readily admit this essential fact, they claim that on the whole the redistribution is a beneficial

one. If dollars were cheapened, debtors would profit at the expense of creditors, while the obvious losses of the white-collar workers would be counterbalanced by the gains of farmers and other producers of primary commodities.

In the early stages of inflation this contention appears to contain a large element of truth, but as the process develops it becomes more and more open to question. The chief beneficiaries of a continued and rapid rise in prices, for example, would be entrepreneurs, shareholders, and speculators. As inflation would always enable manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers to offer their products at a higher price level than that at which they purchased their supplies, business profits should greatly exceed expectation and outdistance the gains of the mere laborer or farmer, thus giving the business and stock-owning classes a much larger share of the national income than in normal times. This would be even more true of speculators. Being in closer touch with financial developments than the ordinary citizen and possessing funds for immediate investment, speculators are always in a position to profit from any change in economic relationships. One need only recall the hectic days of 1919 or 1929 to verify this observation. Inflation has no contribution to make toward the solution of the Marxian problem of surplus value.

Such gains as might be achieved by the above-mentioned groups would be at the expense of the majority of the remaining citizens. With very few exceptions, prices are more sensitive than wages or salaries, particularly in the case of the so-called white-collar class. For most of the readers of *The Nation* this fact is of paramount importance, because so far as they are concerned the cost of living would tend to rise much more rapidly than their incomes. Of the 49,000,000 gainfully employed persons in the United States in 1930, at least 21,000,000 belong in the group whose incomes are fairly rigidly fixed in terms of dollars. These include not only the clerical and professional classes, but also such diverse elements as domestic servants, insurance agents, salesmen, and the employees of the public utilities, railways, and the government. Widows living on fixed incomes and veteran employees who have retired on pensions would of course have to be added to this list as they would be particularly hard hit. Yet although the majority of the individuals in the above-mentioned groups would feel the pinch of increasing prices most keenly, a few might be benefited by the increased employment that should result from swollen business profits.

The position of the 17,000,000 industrial and farm laborers would be only a little less critical. Inflationists have made much of the fact that during and immediately following the World War wages for the most part kept pace with the advancing cost of living. It is doubtful, however, that this situation can in any sense be regarded as typical. The destruction wrought by the war, coupled with the demand for munitions, had created an unprecedented demand for supplies, while the drafting of millions of men for war service had caused a grave shortage of man power. As a result of this emergency, labor was able to obtain better conditions than at any other period in history. In previous inflations

however, the urban wage-earners have often been among the chief sufferers.

Similarly, experience has thrown considerable doubt upon the dogma that inflation alleviates the burden of indebtedness. To be sure, if money declines in value in relation to commodities and wages, such obligations as were contracted at the lower price level will have become easier to discharge. But in the course of ordinary business transactions new debts are constantly being incurred on which higher rates of interest would be demanded as a protection against the risks of inflation. The transitory nature of such relief as is afforded may be illustrated by the tragic condition of modern Germany. No large nation is more heavily burdened by debts at the present time, yet apart from reparations the whole of the pre-war and war-time indebtedness was wiped out by the inflation which culminated in 1923. Moreover, the fact that a large share of its present debts is owed to foreigners, thus raising the transfer problem, is at least partially due to the disruption of the German capital market as the result of the flight from the mark. Another factor frequently glossed over by inflationists is that most persons are at one and the same time both debtors and creditors. Consequently, the relief afforded to any particular debtor by advancing prices must be set against the losses which he sustains on his investments, bank deposits, or insurance policies.

Of the producing groups, the eight or ten million farmers stand the best chance of improving their relative position through a moderate inflation. The immediate effect of a general increase in the volume of money would be to stimulate the demand for goods, thereby assuring a relatively higher return to the producers of primary commodities. But the overexpansion of productive resources which occurred between 1917 and 1920 should serve as a warning regarding the benefits to be gained from an artificially stimulated boom. In the long run, farmers, like most others, would fare best under conditions of monetary stability. An inflationary orgy, accompanied by high interest rates and restriction of credit, would ultimately react against them just as surely as it would against the urban workers with whom their fate is irrevocably linked. This would be particularly true if, as is highly probable, inflation led foreign nations to adopt stringent measures against "cheap" American exports.

But of course no one is advocating uncontrolled inflation. The most that has been proposed is the printing of \$3,000,000,000 worth of paper currency as an emergency measure to speed the process of recovery. For, despite the fact that sound-money propagandists have gone to ridiculous lengths to stress the paralyzing effect of monetary uncertainty, it can scarcely be denied that the distribution of \$3,000,000,000 worth of purchasing medium among the neediest classes would have a stimulating effect on business activity. Millions of Americans are living on the present low-consumption standards not out of choice but because they do not have the money to purchase the desired goods. Hundreds of thousands of others who are carefully safeguarding their resources against possible sickness or unemployment would probably spend a large proportion of the money they have saved if they had serious misgivings about its future purchasing power. Moreover, many conservatives appear to have unduly exaggerated the difficulty of checking an inflation once it has started. While it would become increasingly difficult to resist the demand for each successive issue of fiat

currency after the effect of the previous one had worn off, the post-war experience of France indicates that an intelligent and courageous government can check inflation even after it has been under way for years. Unfortunately, there is no precedent in American history that would give one the assurance that Congress would have the foresight to check a boom in business activity in time to prevent a disastrous reaction.

What, then, are we to do? Are we to follow placidly the advice of the men whose policies have led us deep into the abyss, and, after tightening our belts, seek to grope our way out by means of curtailed production and what is euphoniously known as "economy"? On this point at least all leading economists are in complete agreement: *it cannot be done*. In the depths of a depression as severe and widespread as the present one, mere economy is suicide. There must be some expansion of purchasing power, and where private enterprise is helpless, government initiative is essential.

Aside from open-market operations, which have proved pitifully inadequate, two possible courses are open. The first, which might be called the Warren plan, recently espoused by President Roosevelt, is that of seeking to raise domestic prices by depreciating the value of the dollar in terms of gold. This plan is not genuinely expansionist, because it does not increase the purchasing power of any group within the country except that of a relatively small number of gold producers. It is dependent for its effect upon the possibility that the relative cheapening of American goods will enable the United States to expand its export trade at the expense of its competitors. Needless to say, the objections to this scheme are overwhelming. No nation occupying as pre-dominant a place in world economy as the United States can deliberately depreciate its currency without adversely affecting economic conditions throughout the world. Faced by the prospect of a steady flow of undervalued goods from the United States, accompanied by a probable reduction in its demand for imports, who can blame foreign nations for adopting reprisals against American trade? If there is any lesson to be learned from the events of the past four years, it should be the utter futility of measures designed to increase business activity within one country at the expense of foreign peoples. Furthermore, there is always the danger that by undermining government credit the present gold-buying program might lead to uncontrolled inflation, with its dangerous domestic as well as international complications.

Fortunately, however, the inadequacies of the Warren plan need not throw us back upon the mercy of the ruffians who stripped us on our last pilgrimage in search of the Golden Era, nor yet force us to choose the broad road to inflation. Leading economists, both in this country and abroad, have repeatedly declared that large-scale government expenditures for public works made out of borrowed funds, if substantial enough, would greatly stimulate economic activity without adverse international repercussions. Moreover, such an undertaking—even involving many times the present \$3,000,000,000 program—could be made self-liquidating through increased return from taxation. This means, of course, that the present level of taxes must be maintained or increased, with special safeguards to prevent the Mitchells and Morgans from dodging their due share of responsibility. It need scarcely be added that this is one type of sound-money program to which the financial barons are unalterably opposed.

Back of the Maryland Lynching

By ROSE BRADLEY

Princess Anne, Maryland, November 25

ALTHOUGH white storekeepers in Princess Anne, Maryland, will tell you that the day after George Armwood, accused of raping a white woman, was lynched "everything was just the same—you couldn't tell anything had happened," you meet an atmosphere of tenseness, fear, and suspicion on entering the town even now. There is a restlessness in the air. The lynching has not "settled" anything. Men hang around the street corners in groups, many of them drunk. When they see a stranger appear, they stop talking and their mouth and eyes grow hard. Someone promptly strikes up a conversation with you, to find out your business in town and to make you understand, indirectly, that this is not a healthy place to linger or to pry. There is still a feeling of uncertainty as to what may happen, a sense that the lynching was not buried with the remains of George Armwood. Negroes avoid the town.

Staying there overnight, your sleep is not an easy one. In the hotel just next to the courthouse and a few steps from the spot where a Negro's charred body lay in the street a few short weeks ago, your movements are kept track of. Next morning you are invited to visit places of interest twenty or thirty miles away. As one unemployed white worker in Crisfield said to me, "They don't know whether you've come after them or not."

We find the county agent, Mr. Kellar—agent for the well-to-do farmers' interests and for the county machine—eager to make our acquaintance. Since we are interested in farming conditions, he tells us something about the storm of August 23, minimizing the damage which it caused to property values and to crops. He tells us that some land has been flooded and injured by salt water, owing to the fact that Somerset County at its highest point is only fifteen feet or so above sea level. Half the corn crop was destroyed, he says, and all of the late tomatoes. He does not mention that the late vegetables, which the small farmers were counting on to carry them through the winter, were ruined utterly; but he does admit that many will have to buy feed for their stock this winter or lose the stock. (These farmers, however, have no cash to buy it with; and the banks of Princess Anne are extending no credit at all, and the stores only one week's credit to "people who have employment.")

Mr. Kellar is a member of one of the old "county families," a typical product of the Eastern Shore aristocracy, with hard blue eyes, loose mouth, and puffy jowls. He expresses very clearly the attitude of his caste toward the Negroes: "We have all Negro labor in this county," he says. "They work under a supervisor, but even at that they're not worth anything. And once in a while, we get rid of one. Ha-ha-ha! [Loud laughter which evokes answering laughter from the lady supervisor of relief sent down recently from Baltimore.] We just got rid of one recently—I don't know if that's what brought you down here or not. But we're not like those people out West—we don't go burning bridges or anything. If we have a few more bad years, I don't know, maybe they'll start getting radical around here, too."

It is evident that the leading spirits of Somerset County are watching events in the Middle West very closely. This is also farming country, its main products corn, tomatoes, and strawberries. When you discover that more than half the county is marsh land and that in a comparatively small area there are 1,500 farms, you see that the majority of these must be very small farms, particularly hard hit by the agricultural crisis, as well as by "acts of God" like the storm and the diseases that have lately been causing serious losses in horses and hogs. Almost every farm has two or three mortgages, frequently to two or three times the present value of the place. Very little interest is being collected; I found one elderly couple who could not even raise \$9 a year for the interest on a \$150 mortgage. As far as taxes go, people have practically stopped paying them. School teachers in Somerset County have so far received no salaries this year. The county is forced to borrow heavily from State and private sources.

Under these circumstances, also, the county leaders are forced to consider how they can keep the poor farmers and the unemployed farmhands and oystermen from taking radical measures to relieve their present distress. Up to a short time ago eight out of the nine Maryland counties on the Eastern Shore had no functioning relief machinery. They had refused all offers of State or federal aid, asserting resentfully, "We can take care of our own"; and "No real distress exists"; "Our people are used to a low standard of living, and are no worse off now than they ever were." Just a week after the Armwood lynching, however, delegations of leading citizens from Somerset and Worcester counties went up to Baltimore and asked that their counties be included this winter in the State relief program. They do not feel it is safe to postpone feeding the hungry any longer.

When I was in Princess Anne I myself heard the county agent say to the newly arrived relief worker from Baltimore: "We have four or five hundred restless men right here around Princess Anne that have got to be put to work—soon! What's the earliest you can get them started to work on those ditches?" Undoubtedly the late lynching was only a temporary outlet for this restlessness, a temporary distraction from it. In the uneasy atmosphere that follows such an event, there is no assurance that restlessness will not take broader forms of action.

One appeal to which the white masses of the Eastern Shore can still be counted on to respond very readily is the appeal to 100-per-cent Americanism. The history and traditions of the Shore, along with its isolation from the main stream of modern industrial civilization, make such an appeal all the more effective and inevitably direct the response into sharper attacks upon the Negroes. The fact is that most of the white families on the Shore are Scotch and English types whose ancestors settled here as early as 1650. There are historic landmarks everywhere from Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary times. The first Presbyterian church in America was built in Princess Anne. Pictures of George Washington, gentleman and slave-owner, adorn every public

building, and in the George Washington Hotel in Princess Anne there still exists a cardroom where slaves were lost and won "before the war." Patriotic and religious sentiments are intimately coupled with the old slave-owning ideology and the viciousness of carpet-bagger days. "A lynching is bread and meat to me," said the editor of the *Eastern Shore Republican*, rocking his baby daughter on his knee as he spoke. He admitted to being within three feet of the jail door when the mob got Armwood—but was there in his "reportorial capacity." "There was nothing to it," he kept repeating. "I don't care if they lynch another one tomorrow."

White workers on the Eastern Shore still have an abiding faith in Roosevelt's desire to help them, even though they are mainly disillusioned about the NRA. An unemployed oysterman in Crisfield, a sea-food center some twenty-five miles from Princess Anne, asked me: "Is that NRA breaking things up much there in New York? It sure made wages go down here. For a little while the girls in the shirt factories were making as high as \$18 a week, but in about three weeks all the shirt factories shut down. I think the NRA has kind of gone to pieces around here." In the same town an employed worker in one of the oyster-packing houses told me that after fifteen years in the same plant he was now earning \$10 a week for a sixteen-hour working day. He thought that his boss, "one of the big bugs," was not cooperating with Roosevelt, and he wanted to tell the President how badly the NRA was working out around there. He believed the President would do something about it.

Negro workers, when they dare to talk at all, are much more ready to admit distrust of Roosevelt's good intentions toward the working people. And it must be remembered that Negroes form between 80 and 90 per cent of the basic labor supply in Somerset County. Under the combined effects of high prices, low wages, unemployment, and a sharper campaign of terror against their people they cannot help feeling bitter. On the one hand, a prejudice in white circles against giving relief of any kind to Negroes; on the other hand, wages of Negroes being driven down to as low as 25 to 50 cents a day, as is the case in one sawmill in Crisfield. Double oppression, as workers and as Negroes, has made them feel more strongly, but terror keeps them silent. Still, one Negro laborer who trusted me said: "I don't believe Roosevelt really wants to do much for us. He's all bound up with those rich white people that want to keep us down."

In the Negro schools instruction in patriotism is also utilized as a means of "keeping them down." It is the high point in the curriculum—"My Country 'Tis of Thee," the salute to the flag, and stories of George Washington's boyhood read out of textbooks discarded by the white schools. In one Negro school which I visited elementary school attendance had fallen off from 120 last year to 68 this year. Many never got there because of distance and lack of clothing. Teachers and pupils had to act as janitor, and the school itself had to raise money to wire the building for electric light. The schoolhouse faced a marshy field where several grocery stores dumped their waste and where insects hovered all the year round. A pest of flies came from someone's pigsty in the rear. For this the Negro children, growing up amid lynchings and starvation, were taught to be grateful.

Here is what the Negroes of Somerset County have to be thankful for. Two or three hundred Negroes gather every

day at the Crisfield docks waiting for the oyster boats to come in, when a small percentage of their number can get odd jobs. They work at hauling or at shucking, while whites get the better-paid dredging jobs. During the season those who are lucky enough to be hired stand all day in the rheumatic dampness of the shucking shed to make from \$4 to \$6 a week—when the oysters happen to come in. They all say: "You can't make a living at shucking." One woman told me she had come to work that day at seven-thirty, and by one o'clock had barely made 75 cents.

Many of them live in miserable two-story company shacks, within sight and smell of the oyster and crabbing plants. These shacks are built on oyster-shell dumps at the edge of the ocean, the outhouses directly fronting the cold and windy Chesapeake. Negroes in Crisfield who received flour from the Red Cross last winter had to do domestic work in white families to pay for it; outside of Crisfield no Negroes in Somerset County received even so much as flour, and there is little hope that the new supervisor will defy local prejudice to the point of helping them very much this year. Every penny they earn now goes into food. They wear the cast-off clothing of whites, and those who live in the surrounding countryside walk as much as seven or ten miles to work. This Negro proletariat with its roots in the countryside has hundreds of unemployed around Crisfield alone, a town of two or three thousand. It is a thing to cause uneasiness among the white packers who own most of the town.

"It looks like things is getting worse," a Negro woman in one of the packing houses said to me. "Saturday night one of our boys was in Andrews's store in Marion, warming himself by the stove. His name was Harold Young. He wasn't doing nothing and he wasn't saying nothing. Mr. Marshall come into the store drunk and went for him with a knife. He cut Harold up awful bad across the face—you could see his gums. They didn't do nothing to the white man yet."

Another person who told us about the knifing at Marion was a Negro farmhand whom we met on a lonely by-road. He also told us what he considered to be the facts about George Armwood. Old Mrs. Denston, the woman Armwood was alleged to have attacked, he said, was supposed to carry a good deal of money on her person. So a white man with whom Armwood had dealings planned to rob her and forced Armwood to help him. When the case became known, he at first hid Armwood to keep him from talking. Then, as the search grew hotter, he gave the Negro up to the police, shifting all the blame, as it is easy for white men to do on the Eastern Shore. This version of the affair is more sensible than the tale spread by the wife of one of the local officials, to the effect that Armwood, after raping the eighty-two-year-old woman, had chewed off her breasts.

The farmhand who talked to me in spite of the reasons which his life on the Eastern Shore had given him for distrusting whites understood that the Negroes needed the help of white sympathizers if they were eventually to secure bearable conditions. His sincerity was evident from the fact that he talked so freely with me, a stranger on the Eastern Shore, at a time of intensified terror.

"They'd hang me if they knew I was talking to you like this," he said, as we shook hands. And he spoke in deadly earnest.

The Reichstag Fire Still Burns!

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, November 15

IT is not quite correct to say, as it is being said outside Germany, that the Reichstag-fire trial is a farce or a frame-up. Not quite. I covered the trial, in Leipzig and Berlin, during its first six weeks. Perhaps by the time this article is in print a verdict will have been reached. Prophecy is risky, but as I write I think there is a good chance that the court will bow to the overwhelming burden of the evidence, and that Torgler and the three Bulgarians will be given nominal sentences or even acquitted.

Of course it isn't a fair trial. No political trial can be fair in Germany today. I don't need to labor the point that the defendants are treated *ex parte* as enemies of the state, that two of them hardly understand a word of what is going on, that free conduct for witnesses abroad is refused, that the procedure gives the presiding judge the power of one-sided inquisition, that at least one of the defense lawyers is either a hopeless incompetent or completely uninterested in his client's case.

But just the same, the trial is not an overt frame-up. This should be made clear abroad. The judges have listened to dozens of expert witnesses whose testimony has served by inference to incriminate the Nazis; witnesses for the defense, especially in the last weeks of the trial, were given fairly full hearing. If the trial were a frame-up, the proceedings would have ended long ago and all five defendants have been decapitated. No, the court has got itself into a curious dilemma—of having to pretend to be fair even while displaying the greatest personal animus against the defendants; and little by little this necessity to simulate justice, caused by the pressure of foreign opinion, has led to a modicum of respect for justice in the courtroom. Not much. But something.

The court is, it is clear, in a terrible muddle. The judges would probably like to declare the defendants guilty forthwith. But they don't dare. Evidence has been heard making their innocence—except Van der Lubbe's—clear, to any impartial person. On the other hand, the judges cannot possibly invite the displeasure of the government—General Göring has publicly attacked and threatened the court—by calling off proceedings and setting Torgler and the Bulgarians free. Dr. Büniger, the presiding judge, doesn't want to spend the rest of his life in a concentration camp. A wicked situation—with five lives at stake.

It is not quite proper, by the way, to attack Dr. Sack or even Dr. Teichert, two of the defense lawyers. It does not matter that they are Nazis. Their clients have a far better chance than if they were non-Nazis. A Nazi convinced of Torgler's innocence—as Sack is—of course carries more weight with the court and the public than would a liberal or non-party lawyer. And as Arthur Garfield Hays has pointed out, the defense lawyers have not been guilty of negligence in allowing the prosecution to get away with its monstrous belief that Van der Lubbe is normal. The more normal Van der Lubbe is and the more capable of having acted alone, the better it is for the Communist defendants.

The dreadful blundering of the prosecution has made

mincemeat of the case. The prosecution hardly dares any longer produce conspiracy "evidence," showing that Van der Lubbe had accomplices, out of terror that the accomplices may turn out to be not Communists but Nazis. Moreover, the police arrested the Bulgarians on the most fantastically slim grounds. I imagine the most unpopular man in Germany must be the waiter, Helmer, whose suspicions caused Dimitrov's arrest. Once jailed, the Bulgarians had to be tried. And international ballyhoo compelled an open, public trial, and made it impossible for the membership of the court to be changed. As the case progressed, it became apparent that the prosecution's evidence was a colossal confusion of inaccuracies, contradictions, and plain lies. But the trial, once started, could not be stopped.

No one, of course, counted on the brilliant gallantry of Dimitrov. This tousled Bulgarian revolutionary has, moreover, brains. Unerringly he has asked those pertinent questions most embarrassing to the prosecution's case. And his courage—magnificent! When a witness cannot be found and Dimitrov excitedly yells, "Have you looked for him in a concentration camp?"—when he turns with cool arrogance to Göring and asks him, "Are you afraid of my questions?"—when this lone Communist, arrested for no reason whatever except a waiter's silly suspicions, charged with having committed a crime on a night when even the prosecution admits he was in Munich, hundreds of miles away, yet facing the executioner's axe, when this man rises in court and says his No to Nazism, the world listens, and listens as to no other Communist alive.

The court became, under Dimitrov's heckling, more and more nervous. At about the end of the third week it was suddenly clear to everyone that the whole basis of the case had changed. No longer was the trial an attempt to pin the guilt of the Reichstag arson on the five defendants. It became instead a process seeking to clear the Nazis of the same charge. The "Brown Book" was condemned in court; but it was the "Brown Book" which was on trial. In no other country in the world, surely, could one imagine a like spectacle—two Cabinet ministers of the rank of Goebbels and Göring being called to the witness stand in a criminal trial to testify on oath that they were not criminals.

My own belief is that when the trial opened, the judges, like many other people in Germany, genuinely thought that Van der Lubbe was a Communist and that the Communists were guilty. As evidence piled up ruining this thesis, the judges grew embarrassed. They did not have the courage to call off the trial. Instead—panic. Rattled, the prosecution produced incredible cranks as identification witnesses, whom even the judges could hardly stomach. Rattled, Dr. Büniger began to throw Dimitrov out of court as his intolerably pointed questions became too painful for His Honor's self-respect; rattled, the court adjourned whenever testimony got too hot.

The prosecution prepared the case so badly, perhaps, because at the beginning no one thought it would be especially difficult to condemn the defendants. Once the court was

forced into calling every possible relevant witness, like porters and workmen in the Reichstag building, there was no telling what might come out. The police might have "influenced" everybody within a hundred miles of the building. But they didn't. So little by little extraordinary items of information emerged: the statement of a porter that another deputy besides Torgler left the building late that night; the evidence of Aldermann, a servant in Göring's house, that he had heard sounds in the famous underground passage leading to the Reichstag and had pasted cotton threads across the door, which were broken; the testimony of Dr. Gempp, the discharged fire superintendent, that he saw petrol in the burning hall.

Absolutely fascinating is the problem remaining: Who did set the fire? Who, that is, prompted Van der Lubbe to the arson? The theory that Van der Lubbe was an overt *agent provocateur* must be given up. The Nazis would have picked a much better one, a man who could more plausibly be connected with orthodox Communists, someone with a black-and-white Communist "record," who would have made proletarian speeches in court, and so on. It is virtually impossible that Van der Lubbe could have been led through the Göring tunnel by storm troopers; by this time he would have given some hint of it in court. Van der Lubbe is not a friend of the Nazis. The court trembles with nervousness when he speaks. And, a pretty obvious victim of manic-depressive psychosis, he could not possibly be acting, covering up. In any decent court he would of course by this time have been turned over to a lunacy commission.

But if Van der Lubbe was not a Nazi agent, if he was not an orthodox Communist, what then? There is just one chance in a million that he did set the fire alone. It sounds incredible; but even Mr. Hays, a member of the London commission of investigation, admitted after attending the court that it was remotely—conceivably—possible. Van der Lubbe himself says so. And Van der Lubbe is a very honest fellow. A moron, he gives every indication, in his dim, baffled way, of trying to dredge the truth from the mists of his mind. A very plausible theory remains. It was suggested by an American newspaperman in Berlin long ago, before the trial, and then modified by events in court. It is that Van der Lubbe was not an *agent provocateur*, but a dupe. Nazi

underlings in the Berlin slums, *disguised* as Communists or anarchists or simple malefactors, may have seen Van der Lubbe in his furtive wanderings, may have heard him plan the three other fires he set, and may have suggested to him the Reichstag arson. Or perhaps it was his own idea, and spies heard him discuss it. Brilliant! They pretend to be his friends. They learn his plans. He tells them he intends to set the fire on a certain night. Then—without telling him—they, *alone*, also enter the building. He knows nothing of this. We do not know who the others are, or how they got in; neither does Van der Lubbe. But the others were there. Because—*two different fires burned in the Reichstag that night.*

This sounds improbably fantastic, but apparently it is true. Van der Lubbe, setting his first three fires, in the old imperial castle, the Berlin Rathaus, and the Neukölln welfare building (this latter a small wooden structure), succeeded in producing only miserable smudges. They were not fires; they were failures to set fires. Similarly, in the Reichstag, Van der Lubbe apparently only managed to ignite a couple of tablecloths and curtains and his shirt with the household fire-lighters he carried; his trail of fires was easily stamped out. It is almost certain that Van der Lubbe had nothing to do with the central chamber where a vast caldron of flames was roaring. Here were traces of petrol, according to Gempp, and of a secret inflammable fluid, according to other experts, neither of which Van der Lubbe himself—breaking through the heavy restaurant window—could have carried. He insists that he was equipped only with the household lighters. He is half blind; the Reichstag was a dark, unfamiliar building; it is built mostly of stone and very heavy wood; yet two minutes five seconds (by the reconstruction) after he broke the window, enormous flames were splashing through the central hall. Van der Lubbe, on being arrested, must have been the most surprised man on earth at the success of "his" fire.

The court, terrified of incriminating the Nazis, has not, I believe, taken official cognizance of the second-fire theory. The court, like a jittery mule, stubbornly proceeds along the preposterous lines set by the prosecution, and shies in mortal alarm whenever anything really interesting turns up, when, in a word, the fire gets hot.

The Nature of Art Under Capitalism

By KENNETH BURKE

THE present article proposes to say something further on the subject of art and propaganda. It will attempt to set forth a line of reasoning as to why the contemporary emphasis must be placed largely upon propaganda, rather than upon "pure" art. The general procedure to be followed is: (a) some basic considerations as to the relation between work and ethics are offered; (b) the attempt is made to show that this integral relationship between work and ethics is violated under capitalism; (c) by reference to the psychology of art, and to the connection between art and ethics, I attempt to show why the breach between work and ethics, indigenous to capitalistic enterprise, requires a "corrective" kind of literature. The article is in the form of

seven propositions, with a brief demonstration of each.

1. Work-patterns and ethical patterns are integrally related.

The teachings of naturalism and religion seem united on this point. The great monastic orders were invariably founded upon a scheme of practical duties. "Virtue," however far into the infinite it might range, was always grounded upon the performance of specific earthly tasks. In India the four castes seem to be corruptions of four original occupational patterns, four kinds of *duties* or *obligations* having decayed into distinct categories of *privilege* and *privation*. Duty, or social function, was the synthesis out of which the two decadent antitheses, privilege and privation, have arisen.

The fervor with which religions extolled the "sweat of the brow" was even so convincing to the general populace that it served admirably as a method of preemption by the cunning, who could harness this deep piety for their private ends. Finding people ethically prepared to respect themselves and one another for their toiling, the cunning could manipulate this obedience for individual gain. Yet the fact remains that the "exploited" often seem to have had a better time of it than the "exploiter," for to be ethical is a deeply contenting thing. This may in part explain the fact that so much genuine folk culture has arisen out of unfair circumstances—or that it is precisely the descendants of slaves who, as a race in America, have been most given to song.

In its secular trappings, the respect for the ethics of work may be seen in the American's deep devotion to his business, or in the Marxian cult of the proletariat as the bearer of the new ethics. Again, we have such notions as John Dewey's concept of the "occupational psychosis," his thesis that a society's patterns of thought are shaped by the patterns of livelihood, that "spiritual" values get their authority because they reinforce the ways of thinking and feeling by which man equips himself to accomplish the tasks indigenous to his environment. The entire Darwinian point of view, in fact, emphasizes the growth of moral systems out of practical needs, the ways of "survival," and in human societies these ways of survival are fundamentally methods of producing and distributing goods.

Hence, in either naturalistic or transcendental thought we find the same tendency to accept an integral relationship between work and ethics.

2. The ethical values of work are in its application of the competitive equipment to cooperative ends.

Recall the symbol of the "Village Blacksmith." What is so "ennobling" about this man? Or Whitman's symbol of the broad-ax. It is in the fact that the basically destructive equipment, the military weapons of the body, are here used not to plague mankind but in social service. Such figures are "ethical" because they represent a fusion of the combative and the charitable. By work, the muscular and mental endowments which originally made for survival by the destruction of competitors are turned wholly into the channels of the cooperative. Work thus fuses the two aspects of the ethical: morals-as-implements, or morals-as-fists, and morals-as-social-cohesion. In the psychology of service the individually competitive capacities are sublimated into a cooperative enterprise. It has been suggested that the primitive group dance is so highly satisfying "ethically" because it is a faithful replica of this same cooperative fusion. It permits a gratifying amount of muscular and mental self-assertion to the individual as regards his own particular contribution to the entire performance, while at the same time it flatly involves him in a group activity, a process of giving and receiving.

3. Under capitalism this basic integration between work-patterns and ethical patterns is constantly in jeopardy, and even frequently impossible.

By far the most valuable work by Thorstein Veblen was his "Theory of Business Enterprise." Here he reminds us that we tend to take "business" and "industry" as synonymous, whereas they are fundamentally distinct. Throughout the recent depression our financial Genghis Khans have managed again and again to uphold and strengthen this confusion.

We must worry ourselves as to "what is good for business," rather than ask the more fundamental question, "What is business good for?" And the trick whereby our people so spontaneously ask themselves the first of these questions rather than the second lies precisely in the capitalistic assumption that business and industry are synonymous. Veblen shows that, far from being synonymous, they can often be radically at odds. It is considerations of *business*, not of *industry*, which keep our productive plant in a state of partial paralysis today.

But the objection to capitalism does not stop at the interference with our work-patterns, and the consequent decay of morals and morale, which it offers in times of depression. The profit motive is equally suspect under conditions of prosperity. By its emphasis upon the competitive aspect of work as against the cooperative aspect of work, it runs counter to the very conditions by which the combative equipment of man is made ethical—or social. It tends to leave man's capacities for "force and fraud" too purely capacities for force and fraud. Hence it is no accident that the racketeer and the crooked promoter-director have arisen as the culmination of our business philosophy. ("You'd do the same thing if you were in his place." Imagine trying to get a morality out of that!) Racketeers and promoters are frequently put forward as preying upon "legitimate business," but as a matter of fact they are the logical conclusion of business's failure to provide adequate charitable outlets for the combative man. (The tendency has usually been manifested compensatorily in the "philanthropic" activities by which the predatory frequently attempt to convert the fruits of their conquests back into social services. But this makes two antithetical stages of a process which is morally sound only when it is synthetic. It is not moral to seize and give back—it is moral to convert the act-of-seizure itself into an act of public benefit.)

How can people go on publishing reports as to the many billions of dollars a year which racketeers cost "business" without taking the next obvious step, and noting how many more billions of dollars a year "business" costs "industry"? And how can they fail to note that in industry alone is the competitive ability, the muscle and mind of man, given a wholly cooperative fusion? Business, to be "moral," would be nothing more or less than the distributive end of industry. In so far as it is not this, it is vowed to a fundamental moral decay.

The church, ever acquiescent to the advantages of the hour despite its underlying philosophy of the Immutable, has of course stressed the aspects of its doctrine which seem to corroborate the fabulous acquisition and retention of private gain. Hence it has largely been the naturalists, the scientific skeptics, who have contributed to the distrust of the commercial ethic. But it must be recalled that the entire commercial exaltation was developed in opposition to the church's deepest teachings. If the Communists cared to do so, they could find many astonishing parallels between their own doctrines, which come at the end of the commercial upswing, and the church doctrines, which began to pale at its beginning. And even the Rotarians at the height of the New Era felt the profound moral need of a *cooperative* philosophy, precisely at the time when the drive to sell one's full quota, to put one's rival agents out of business, was at its psychotically intensest. The back-slapping of Babbitt was a hollow performance, but it represented a profoundly honest yearning.

It attempted to do by a sheer ritual act, after hours, what one's entire efforts during the day were necessarily straining to deny.

4. Such a frustration of the combative-cooperative fusion under capitalism is a grave stimulus to wars.

If the cooperative genius is fundamentally frustrated or vitiated in civil life, men are still "moral" enough, still alive enough to the feeling that in *working together* lies virtue, for war to recommend itself to them in its best guise. War is cultural. It *does* promote a highly cooperative spirit. The sharing of a common danger, the emphasis upon sacrifice, risk, companionship, the strong sense of being in a unifying enterprise—all these qualities are highly *moral*, and in so far as the conditions of capitalistic peace tend to inhibit such expressions, it is possible that the thought of war comes as a "purgation," a "cleansing by fire." If the function of work fuses morals-as-implements or morals-as-fists with morals-as-social-cohesion, this same fusion is performed by war. Hence it seems natural that any radical impairment of this fusion under conditions of peace would instigate the search for a similar fusion in war, where it can indeed be attained. The non-professional character of modern war, the fact that the entire populations, even unto the gentle old ladies, contribute so avidly to its maintenance, would seem to indicate that it does satisfy deep emotional need. It is natural that, when the cooperative patterns are vitiated in peace, the moment war is declared it is found to be an "adequate" emotional solution to the difficulty, since it promptly brings the cooperative genius to the fore. Of course there are the profiteers who approach the entire matter from the standpoint of their private gain. But I doubt whether the ghoulish delights of this group could account for the exaltation of the people as a whole. It is the moral side of war which draws them to it, the fact that it brings their group together, if only for the dismal purpose of slaughtering or oppressing a common foe.

5. "Pure" art tends to promote a state of acceptance.

The group dance, as previously described, would seem to be a case in point. It carries the social patterns into their corresponding "imaginative" pattern, hence tends to substantiate or corroborate these patterns. The aesthetic act here maintains precisely the kind of thinking and feeling and behaving that reinforces the communal productive and distributive act. Or, to consider the question of tragedy, we may accept in a general way the psychoanalytic thesis, backed by such critics as Aristotle, that the tragedy makes for a state of resignation, or acceptance. By the psychoanalytic thesis this state of resignation is produced through fusing, in aesthetic symbols, mental conflicts which cannot be fused in the practical sphere. The maintaining of a strict family pattern, for instance, gives rise to certain proscriptions or taboos which conflict with desires arising out of the same pattern. One could not practically destroy these taboos without breaking up the family pattern. Hence, by symbolic fusion in tragedy, an ability to "accept one's fate" is established. This, in a general way, is the explanation of the "catharsis" of tragedy, which is the essence of "pure" art. It enables us to "resign" ourselves by resolving in aesthetic fusion trends or yearnings not resolvable in the practical sphere. And this same tendency to promote acceptance is to be seen likewise in "pure" humor. Pure humor is not protestant but acquiescent. It enables us to accept our dilemmas by belittlement, by "hu-

manization." A good humorist does not want to "make us go out and do something about it." Rather, he makes us feel, "Well, things may not be so bad after all. It all depends on how you look at them."

6. "Pure" art is safest only when the underlying moral system is sound.

Since pure art makes for acceptance, it tends to become a social menace in so far as it assists us in tolerating the intolerable. And if it leads us to a state of acquiescence at a time when the very basis of moral integration is in question, we get a paradox whereby the soundest adjunct to ethics, the aesthetic, threatens to uphold an unethical condition. For this reason it seems that under conditions of competitive capitalism there must necessarily be a large *corrective* or *propaganda* element in art. Art cannot safely confine itself to merely *using* the values which arise out of a given social texture and integrating their conflicts, the soundest, "purest" art will do. It must have a definite hortatory function, an element of suasion or inducement of the educational variety; it must be partially *forensic*. Such a quality we consider to be the essential work of propaganda. Hence we feel that the moral breach arising out of capitalist vitiation of the work-patterns calls for a propaganda art. And incidentally, our distinction as so stated should make it apparent that much of the so-called "pure" art of the nineteenth century was of a pronouncedly propagandist or corrective coloring. In proportion as the conditions of economic warfare grew in intensity throughout the "century of progress," and the church proper gradually adapted its doctrines to serve merely the protection of private gain and the upholding of manipulated law, the "priestly" function was carried on by the "secular" poets, often avowedly agnostic.

7. Our thesis is by no means intended to imply that "pure" or "acquiescent" art should be abandoned.

There are two kinds of "toleration." Even if a given state of affairs is found, on intellectualistic grounds, to be intolerable, the fact remains that as long as it is with us we must more or less contrive to "tolerate" it. Even though we might prefer to alter radically the present structure of production and distribution through the profit motive, the fact remains that we cannot so alter it forthwith. Hence, along with our efforts to alter it, must go the demand for an imaginative equipment that helps to make it tolerable while it lasts. Much of the "pure" or "acquiescent" art of today serves this invaluable psychological end. For this reason the great popular comedians or handsome movie stars are rightly the idols of the people. Likewise the literature of sentimentality, however annoying and self-deceptive it may seem to the hardened "intellectual," is following in a direction basically so sound that one might wish more of our pretentious authors were attempting to do the same thing more pretentiously. On the other hand, much of the harsh literature now being turned out in the name of the "proletariat" seems inadequate on either count. It is questionable as propaganda, since it shows us so little of the qualities in mankind worth saving. And it is questionable as "pure" art, since by substituting a cult of disaster for a cult of amenities it "promotes our acquiescence" to sheer dismalness. Too often, alas, it serves as a mere device whereby the neuroses of the decaying bourgeois structure are simply transferred to the symbols of workingmen. Perhaps more of Dickens is needed, even at the risk of excessive tearfulness.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter has nothing to add to the furious controversy which he so innocently started by listing the books he had not read. But another thought occurred to him when he put down the paper this morning after reading it. Since it is manifestly impossible for anyone but a copy-reader or a compositor who earns his living thereby to read every word in a metropolitan newspaper, what had he, the Drifter, an old newspaper reader himself, skipped? He went back to the paper to find out. He had read every word on the front page which described the recent San José lynching and had registered appropriate indignation at Governor Rolph's remarks; he read the story about the Scottsboro trial and the one which described the sentencing of Mr. Kresel. He read most of Father Coughlin's speech, and he noted the fact, without reading the article, that thirty-eight Columbia economists had expressed their disapproval of the President's monetary policy. This left unread on the front page a few items about a police dog, about Mrs. William K. Dick's marriage to an Italian boxer, and—what is doubtless more reprehensible—the report of the signing of the film and distillery codes under the NRA.

WHEN he turned to the inside of the paper, the Drifter found that he read less. Aside from the doings of the Wynekoop family of Chicago, he passed over pages 2 and 3. But he passed over also Waxey Gordon's trial on page 4, showing that he is not exclusively concerned with criminals. On page 5 he read all that was printed of Virginia Price's testimony at the Alabama trial. Pages 6 and 7 had to do with liquor control in its various aspects. The Drifter did not read them. Pages 8 and 9 contained foreign news, and of this he read beyond the headlines only the story about the Nazi Christians shutting the Evangelical cathedral in Berlin to critics of the Hitler regime. Whether from disillusionment or ennui he ignored stories about the Chinese war, British cruisers, Colonel Lindbergh, Italian cruisers, and a session of the World Wheat Commission. By page 10 front-page stories had begun to be carried over, so the Drifter really didn't settle down to new matter before he came to the dramatic reviews and the book page.

THE Drifter does not pretend to know exactly what this means about his intellectual capacities, but he is vain enough—or modest enough—to believe that it is not untypical. It is evident that he, as a newspaper reader, is concerned with what is ordinarily called human interest; that he is still enough of a liberal and a reformer to burn at certain kinds of injustice; that he keeps roughly *au courant* with what is happening in Washington but is more careful about the latest books, plays, and comments from the columnists. He is fairly sure to follow a murder case. This probably means that he is an unregenerate moron, and it will be just as well if his employers do not see these remarks. Indeed, since they obviously read only what is uplifting and/or important, it is unlikely that they will.

THE DRIFTER

Holiday Book Section

Conclusion

By LINCOLN REIS

Now I have had you in my heart,
I will hasten intensity with speech,
With this rhetorical passion I will reform
Acquaintance into love. But you
With eyes absent, gaze ignoring glance,
Disdain deliberation. Must I then
Continue to create, and sense denied,
Embrace with a phrase you who have become
Galatea warm in fancy. Or is it the word
Which compels desire into silence,
Silence one with extinction. And your preference
Retreat to contact, shape that would alter shape;
Your pleasure, defect of argument.
Here where our bodies touch, this is the end
Of my endeavor, it is my soul's conclusion.

A Poem Is a Poem

MR. T. S. Eliot is, in part at least, the creation of his disciples. In their minds he stands for something which ought to exist and which, to be sure, he sometimes suggests. But I, at least, have always felt a certain disappointment when I have sought in his critical writings precisely what I had been assured one would find there and there only. At moments he is brilliantly suggestive. No other contemporary critic has more boldly and more successfully challenged the current platitudes about poetry, and none perhaps has provoked a more significant questioning of just these platitudes. But to me it seems that one will look in vain for something to which his more abject admirers seem to be always referring—namely, a complete, original, definite, and logically formulated body of doctrine.

Certainly one will not find it in the lectures* which he delivered under the auspices of the Norton Professorship at Harvard. Perhaps he felt that something academic would be expected of him and perhaps for that reason he cast his discourse in the form of a commentary upon the various ideas of poetry expressed by the great English critics from Sir Philip Sidney to I. A. Richards. But whatever the reason, the result is a series of all too academic lectures punctuated here and there with arresting remarks which make the reader wish that almost any one of them had been made the theme of a chapter or a volume instead of being allowed merely to bob up here and there and then to be lost again under the flood of a far less interesting discourse. I found myself skimming rapidly over the commonplaces of literary history and marking in the margin all the author's expressions of his own opinion. Then I attempted to put these opinions together, and when I had done so, I found, still further, that they seemed far less revolutionary, unpromising, and final than I had expected them to be.

Criticism, of course, never does find out what poetry is, in the sense of arriving at an adequate definition . . . nor can criticism ever arrive at any final appraisal of poetry. . . . Even the most accomplished of critics can, in the end, only point to the poetry which seems to him the real thing. . . . "Pure" artistic appreciation is to my thinking only an ideal, when not merely a figment. . . . The reason why some criticism is good (I do not care to generalize here about all criticism) is that the critic assumes, in a way, the personality of the author whom he criticizes, and through this personality is able to speak with his own voice.

With all this I must readily and completely agree, but I am distressed, nevertheless, for the simple reason that it seems dangerously close to an acquiescence in that relativism, that impressionism, and that slough of merely personal tastes and merely idiosyncratic reactions from which Mr. Eliot's disciples (though not, perhaps, Mr. Eliot himself) have suggested that he was born to save us. I find no standards, no ultimate objectivity, there. A good poem is a poem that seems good to a man of good taste. A good critic is a critic who assumes the personality of the author criticized. The appreciation of "pure poetry"—poetry which is merely poetry and not interesting for some extraneous reason also—is "only an ideal" when it is "not merely a figment." "Each age demands different things from poetry. . . . So our criticism, from age to age, will reflect the things that the age demands." Mr. Eliot, to be sure, does add a warning: "Amongst all these demands from poetry and responses to it there is always some element in common, just as there are standards of good and bad writing independent of what any one of us happens to like and dislike." He does not, however, explain how in practice these standards are to be discovered or agreed upon, and if to believe no more than this is to become "a classicist in literature," then I expect to discover that I am also "a royalist in politics and an Anglo-Catholic in religion."

By far the most interesting of the lectures is that devoted to *The Modern Mind*. In the course of it Mr. Eliot very suavely achieves the difficult task of expressing a contemptuous disagreement with I. A. Richards, while maintaining at the same time the polite fiction that he has for his antagonist a respect very near to awe. Mr. Richards, it will be remembered, has suggested that poetry can become a substitute for religion and as such "save mankind." To this Mr. Eliot protests in the names of both poetry and religion. Nothing is or can be a substitute for anything else. As Miss Stein (who is not cited) has said, "A rose is a rose is a rose." And this brings us back to the most original and significant of all Mr. Eliot's contentions, which is simply that a poem is a poem is a poem. You may define it as "communication" if you like, but you must remember that the thing communicated is not, as is sometimes rashly assumed, the experience which generated the poem but something quite different—namely, the poem itself.

Probably no contemporary critic has said anything more simply or richly suggestive than this. It cuts cleanly through a great deal of the dreadful nonsense of which all schools from the most decadently romantic to the most austere Marxian are frequently guilty. But it does not, after all, take us very far; it does not answer the real question, which is simply this: How, then, does the experience of a poem differ from the experience afforded by a thought or an emo-

* "The Use of Poetry." By T. S. Eliot. Harvard University Press. \$2.

tion; what are the characteristics of a genuinely aesthetic experience? Surely it is not quite enough, though it may be very useful, to say what a poem is not. Surely the function of criticism is not merely that of preventing the student from giving wrong answers to the questions which it raises. And yet if it is actually to do more it must make some effort, however tentative, to say what a poem is as well as what it isn't. But perhaps Mr. Eliot intends as a theologian to devote himself more seriously to this problem. From Jacques Maritain he quotes the following sentence: "The unconcealed and palpable influence of the devil on an important part of contemporary literature is one of the most significant phenomena of the history of our time." To this Mr. Eliot adds in a footnote (whether humorously or not I do not know): "With the influence of the devil on contemporary literature I shall be concerned in more detail in another book."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

American Literature: Pre-War

The Cambridge History of American Literature. Edited by William Peterfield Trent, John Erskine, the late Stuart P. Sherman, and Carl Van Doren. The Macmillan Company. Three volumes. \$4.

THE past twenty years are so important to American literature that the "Cambridge History," now reissued in three volumes, has the look of a historical document. The publishers, without benefit of the editors, who long ago finished their task and were discharged from further responsibility or profit, have manhandled the work as if it were a classic. They have reduced the work from four volumes by omitting the bibliographies, the most valuable feature. Traces of the bibliographies, however, remain to tantalize. Footnotes refer to them on pages printed from the original plates. At the head of each index the reader is still told that it covers only the text and that he should consult the "proper section in the bibliographies" for further guidance. In the preface to the second volume, signed "The Editors," the publishers have made a self-conscious correction which makes no sense at all. Where the editors, in 1918, said that "the abundance of the material submitted, particularly for the bibliographies, led the publishers to extend the work," the publishers, over the signature of the editors, say that the extension was due to "the abundance of the material submitted and the importance of having the biography comprehensive and practically complete." The "biography" of the "Cambridge History" never pretended to be comprehensive or complete. The book was a history of the national literature written in collaboration by sixty-four scholars, with narrative and critical chapters assigned and arranged by the editors and with exhaustive lists, amounting to a third of the entire text, of books by and about the various writers under discussion. The reissue, however attractively printed and temptingly priced, and however convenient for the general reader, should not be confused with the original work, which was half again as long and many times more useful to thoroughgoing students.

The reduced version of the "Cambridge History" brings the record down little beyond 1900, and consequently has hardly anything to say about the second of the two most striking and influential periods in American literary history. Bare references are made to the names of Edwin Arlington Robinson, Theodore Dreiser (for his plays), Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay, and none at all to James Branch Cabell, Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, Ring Lardner, Eugene O'Neill, Elinor Wylie, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Willa Cather,

Ernest Hemingway, T. S. Eliot, Robinson Jeffers, John Dos Passos, E. E. Cummings. Most of these were unknown or obscure when the work was planned, and all of them were living. It was a policy of the editors to deal with living writers only when they had written notable books before 1900. In 1933 this seems too wide a margin of safety. It must be remembered that the "Cambridge History," though published between 1917 and 1921, was actually outlined in 1913. It was possible to take slight account of the literary activity which went on while the undertaking was in progress, for if the survey was to be systematic it had to be made from the point of view of a definite moment. That moment was the year or two just before the World War, when such impressive figures as Mark Twain, Henry James, and William Dean Howells either had died or had established themselves, with no successors immediately in sight. It was a breathing-spell between literary periods and in fact an excellent occasion for historical reckoning.

There can be no just complaint against the "Cambridge History" that it neglects what happened after it was written. The contributors were historians not prophets. It must be judged for its treatment of the matters it concerned itself with. The treatment was academic, if not professorial. All but ten of the contributors held some sort of university or college post, and none of them was anything but generally conservative in his estimates. Much of the responsibility for this special cast of the work rests with the editors. Whatever their subsequent occupations, they were at the time professors and perhaps inevitably chose others to work with them. Even if they had been disposed to range further they would have found fewer competent critics and historians outside academic circles in 1913 than they might find in 1933. Literary criticism, and incidentally literary biography and literary history, had not then become the issue which it became in the United States during the next two decades, when a new school of writers fought for recognition and in their fight went drastically over the claims of their elders. American criticism in 1913 had for years met few current native books worth making a stir about, and no vigorous literary groups or tendencies. The great writers were dead, their works collected, their lives recounted in official biographies. It is always the habit of academic persons to ask, rhetorically and contemptuously, what new books can be compared to old. In 1913 there were not many good American answers to make to the question. American literature was in academic hands because it was, temporarily, an academic matter.

The academic critics of the "Cambridge History" were generally sound antiquarians, scrupulous about dates and places and titles and biographical details, laborious in the compilation of the bibliographies, which were thought of as indispensable supplements to the narrative chapters. But they, directed by the editors, took it for granted that writers who had been conspicuous in their own days should on the whole remain equally conspicuous in the historical record, without too much revision of their standing on the stricter grounds of merit. Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Lanier, and Webster were given, roughly, each as much space and emphasis as Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Poe, Lincoln, Whitman, and Mark Twain. At the same time, Emily Dickinson was tucked away in an omnibus chapter with the conclusion that "her place in American letters will be inconspicuous but secure," and Herman Melville was lumped among the contemporaries of Fenimore Cooper as if he were no more distinguished than Charles Brockden Brown or William Gilmore Simms. Nobody in the "Cambridge History" seems to have foreguessed the large change of opinion that was to come respecting Emily Dickinson and Melville, although it is true that this study of Melville turned out to be a pioneer step toward the complete reevaluation of his work. It is true, too, that the non-academic estimates of those pre-war years were no more farsighted.

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The "Cambridge History" accomplished a good deal of academic pioneering. It reduced to more or less correct proportions the space devoted to colonial writers. Its surveys, in continued chapters, of the travelers and explorers, the historians, the divines and preachers, the philosophers, the newspapers, the political writers, the smaller poets and novelists and essayists, and the drama were first-hand investigations and have been the basis of most later research. It paid unprecedented attention to American writings in other languages than English, to the floating literature of oral songs and ballads, and to the American popular bibles which had been the gospels of native religions. (The present issue, of course, contains the modified chapter on the "Book of Mormon" and "Science and Health" which the original publishers put in the place of the dashing account written by Woodbridge Riley for the editors.) In all such matters the editors and contributors were on the natural ground of academic critics. For it is the minor writers of a nation who, when they have once ended their careers, belong to the past and stay there. The major writers, full of a life which does not end with the life of their bodies, go on growing and changing under the eyes of each new generation, and each new generation must reinterpret them. They are a part of the present. No chronicle can fix them in their places. The best literary histories, except when they deal with historical figures which are inert from being minor, must be discounted. The "Cambridge History," for all its virtues, is the pre-war history of pre-war American literature.

CARL VAN DOREN

Portraits of the Renaissance

The Man of the Renaissance. By Ralph Roeder. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

THIS book had "clicked" with the American public even before the formal date of its publication, and it is not hard to see why. Mr. Roeder has matured as an artist even since the day of his "Savonarola," which was itself a distinguished piece of literature. His "Man of the Renaissance" shows the perfection of a vigorous, incisive style and the perfection also of a narrative method. His language is the language that Americans use when they have something to say and are not thinking of the requirements of some vicar's tea party in England. At the same time it is conscious of all the resources of the English language, and is rich, elegant, diversified. Mr. Roeder's style would not be so exciting had he not penetrated his subject so completely that it is alive in his hands. He knows his people intimately, sympathetically, and in detail. In each of the countless situations in his story, be they large or small, he is awake to all the resonances that are there. He reacts as his characters react, as he would have done in their places. And all that lends extraordinary vividness and convincingness to his narrative. The chapters on Castiglione and Aretino are a delight to any reader, and of the long series of portraits, comments, essays which those individuals, and others of that fascinating company of Cinquecentists, have inspired, they would probably recognize these of Mr. Roeder as the most lifelike.

When, however, the critic has paid deserved tribute to the literary merits of a work of this type, he can sit back with a sense of having done his full duty. "Biography" and "history" as they are practiced de facto by our literary artists are genres that have no substantial *raison d'être*. These literary biographers and historians are not interested in collecting facts—the facts have been collected with all the patience and expense and anonymity that that task involves, by others, and the discoverers for the most part are not even mentioned in these literary "rewarmings." Nor are the problems of historical interpretation either posed or solved. More often the literary man

is not even aware of their existence, or of the methods by which the solutions are to be obtained. That is the case both from the intrinsic standpoint of what the Renaissance, let us say, was like in itself, what forces actually produced the phenomena these artists so vividly describe, and from the extrinsic standpoint of us who look back upon that period from this year 1933, and may legitimately ask what meaning it must have for us today, what judgment in the light of four hundred years of experienced history we are to pass upon it. In all that the literary man is uninterested, since by choice and mental habit he confines himself to individuals and periods which have, to steal one of Pareto's phrases, a high anecdotic index. This literature falls under the law of the anecdote, which may be retold more or less vividly, more or less well, the value of it depending on whether one has or has not heard it before.

One could illustrate these points from almost any page of Mr. Roeder's book. I will mention one example. In his Section 25 (p. 213) Mr. Roeder repeats, who knows over how many intermediaries, Taine's celebrated theory of the position of the courtier aristocracy in France in the seventeenth century. But he applies it to the Italian gentry of the sixteenth century, where, if it applies at all, it applies only with a thousand modifications or adaptations, and the implications at any rate are far different. I will mention another. Mr. Roeder thinks Alexander VI was "oversexed." How can we measure the point at which one man is normally sexed, and some other man oversexed? Is a Catholic Pope with five children less or more sexed than a Protestant pastor with eighteen? Or would Pope Borgia, who revoked the prohibition on concubinage in Rome, be more or less "sexed" than Savonarola, who could scarcely talk half an hour without an allusion to the "whore of Babylon" or some other form of "corruption"? And in the doubt why bother with the sex question at all? This error is fundamental. For it is not only that in this particular case Mr. Roeder, repeating an echo of the old Reformation propaganda, robs Alexander to credit Julius with a conception of the temporal grandeur of the church which Alexander created and realized and Julius merely inherited. It affects our whole interpretation of the Renaissance. For in that burst of energy in so many people in the first quarter of the sixteenth century in Italy are we to see supermen asserting themselves against normal restraints, or normal individuals acting under peculiar circumstances of weakened restraints; and if the latter, what were those circumstances and how did they arise? It makes better literature to talk about some theory of the "free play of instinct"—which, however, was quite as conspicuous in the Merovingians of the eighth century as in the Borgias of the Renaissance. It makes better history to think of the men of the Renaissance as normal men.

Mr. Roeder's narrative method works very well for Aretino, and possibly for Castiglione. It works not so well for Machiavelli and Savonarola. Machiavelli's greatness is scientific. He cannot be reduced to wit or anecdote without being minimized. And conversely Savonarola cannot be fictionalized and sentimentalized without being made too important. Savonarola uttered never a word of which an intelligent man can make either head or tail. From the intrinsic standpoint of Renaissance history, he symbolizes in spirit exactly what the Inquisition represented in the fact, and one cannot consistently sentimentalize Savonarola without sentimentalizing the Inquisition, or condemn the Inquisition without condemning Savonarola—the triumphant Savonarola, I mean, for in the moment of disaster he was just one more unfortunate to succumb to the perennial brutality of men.

If Mr. Roeder's publishers have made a handsome edition of his spirited text, they have seriously marred it in one respect. Of the many Latin quotations in this book hardly one is correctly printed, and most of them are translated in footnotes with incredible inadequacy.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

Lloyd George's Own Account

The War Memoirs of David Lloyd George, 1914-1916. Little, Brown and Company. Two volumes. \$4 each.

LOYD GEORGE'S "War Memoirs" are of first-rate importance. They are the frank, fighting, picturesque report of a foremost dynamic official who went right through the whole terrible struggle, from the declaration of war to the signing of the peace. They pulsate with the same driving energy, the same lack of respect for persons and traditions, and the same single-hearted determination to win the war that characterized all his efforts and brought him to the supreme direction of the British Empire. He never lets the reader forget what a determining and successful influence he exerted on the course of events—*quorum pars magna fui*, he might well have written. But at the same time he adds very materially to our knowledge of war history by the inclusion of numerous documents (which are never allowed to clog the story) and by clarifying the personal attitudes of himself and others on much-disputed episodes.

Lloyd George's Memoirs are a sharp contrast to those of his colleague, Sir Edward Grey. They lack the irenic spirit, the frank admission of errors in judgment, the gentleness of mind which preferred the solitude of forest and stream to the heat and dust of the fray in Grey's apologia. Lloyd George has nothing to apologize for. He is sure he was right, and he tells you so. He says in his preface that he had almost decided to bequeath his papers to a biographer, when an illness released him "from the irksome and peculiarly thankless duty of leadership in a political party unhappily poisoned and paralyzed by internal dissension amongst its better-known members." Fortunately, this release made him change his mind. For while the career of most other war statesmen has been fairly clear and consistent, the agile Welshman dashed at various policies with such acrobatic ease that it is peculiarly desirable that he should give his own elucidation.

The first volume begins with *The Brewing of the Storm*, and ends with *The Serbian Tragedy* at the close of 1915. Going back to 1904, when Englishmen were rejoicing over the announcement of the Anglo-French Entente, Lloyd George recalls how Lord Rosebery remarked to him prophetically: "You are all wrong. It means war with Germany in the end!" His own famous Mansion House speech of 1911, which marked another long step forward in Anglo-German tension, we now learn definitely was due to himself alone, both in origin and in wording. In his swift account of the way "the nations backed their machinery over the precipice" in July, 1914, there are many errors, betraying even today a rather muddled view of what really took place. He admits "the impression left on my mind is one of utter chaos, confusion, feebleness, and futility, especially of a stubborn refusal to look at the rapidly approaching cataclysm."

But one should not judge Lloyd George by his account of the outbreak of the war. It is when he takes up the ensuing financial crisis and the fight to secure adequate munitions that he gets at once into his masterful stride, shows his clearness of vision, and convincingly sweeps his reader along with him. For nearly a year he incessantly called attention to the need of speeding up the supply of munitions. But red tape, stubborn tradition, and lack of vision in the War Department constantly blocked his efforts. Almost incredible are the examples he gives of the rigidity of the military mind, which was incapable of learning anything new from what was daily happening in France.

Finally, however, in May, 1915, on the formation of the Coalition Government, Lloyd George was made Minister of Munitions. Then things began to hum. Though the War

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Department had scoffed at the idea of tanks, he went ahead and made them along lines suggested by the navy! Similarly, trench mortars and machine-guns were produced, of different design and in far greater quantities than the War Department at first approved. The following figures are typical of what he accomplished. The output of grenades from August, 1914, to June, 1915, was 68,000; during the following year the new Minister of Munitions increased it to 27,000,000. Shell production rose from 2,300,000 to 19,500,000. In July, 1916, the weekly output of howitzers was equivalent to the whole stock in existence at the beginning of the war. His vision in overstepping the barriers of military routine, inertia, and shortsightedness was more than justified by the actual experience of the later months of the war.

In the second volume Lloyd George deals sympathetically with the conflicting situation which President Wilson had to meet between the pro-Ally and anti-British currents of feeling. Wilson's peace moves he condemns to inevitable failure. He defends energetically his own "knock-out blow" interview with an American newspaperman as averting the danger of premature peace talk by which the Germans might have driven a dangerous wedge between the Allies.

Among the many difficulties he was called upon to deal with was the Irish Rebellion. Curiously enough, this saved his life. At Asquith's request he went to Dublin, instead of going, as he had intended, with Kitchener to Russia on the ill-fated Hampshire.

One of the most interesting chapters is the account of the Mesopotamian "muddle." Here again he gives almost incredible examples of the criminal lack of preparation on the part of the Indian civil and military authorities. The expedition allowed to go up to its doom at Kut-al-Amara had no proper transport, nor guns, nor food, nor medical supplies. Sorely wounded men with undressed putrifying wounds were jolted for days in springless army trucks, the only mattresses being the bodies of the dead lying under the bodies of those soon to die. Lloyd George picked out Sir John Gowans, who quickly put civilians at doing what the military men had failed to do.

Though his theme is of absorbing interest in itself, Lloyd George has heightened the interest by his picturesque style and by his penetrating analysis of the merits and defects of his colleagues—by giving full chapters to Kitchener and Sir William Robertson and several pages each to Grey, Asquith, Haldane, Carson, Balfour, and Bonar Law. His next two volumes, promised for next year and carrying the story through the Peace Conference, will be eagerly awaited.

SIDNEY B. FAY

Cast Out Remorse

The Winding Stair and Other Poems. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Collected Poems. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

"THERE is," Yeats asserts, "for every man some one scene, some one adventure, some one picture that is the image of his secret life, for wisdom first speaks in images and . . . this one image, if he would but brood over it his whole life long, would lead his soul entangled, from unmeaning circumstance and the ebb and flow of the world, into that far household where the undying gods await all whose souls have become simple as flame, whose bodies have become quiet as an agate lamp." This one symbol is for Yeats, I believe, the beauty of the "uncontemplative" woman. And by "uncontemplative" Yeats means much the same thing as Eliot does when he speaks of the "peculiar honesty" of Blake—a kind

of simple directness of vision which is inwardly disciplined. Most of Yeats's poetry might, in other words, be called love poetry. We know his story and the human reason for this. But the artist's use of love is what concerns us. The one image which links his earliest poetry with his latest is that of the beautiful woman, loved, lost, and always loved, even in her age and bitterness, until her image is irrevocably and imaginatively linked with those of the great legendary queens, the "ever-living." Yeats has said somewhere that he spent much of his life writing and rewriting "The Shadowy Waters" (1906). This narrative represents the search of the passionate soul for ever-living love. Though that search lead to death, it must be continued.

Now, other poets have used the image of a beautiful woman as the symbol of perfection—Dante and Shelley, to name only two. How, then, does Yeats's use differ? How did his choice of this symbol influence his unique development as a poet? Yeats's beautiful woman is never removed into a state of beatitude as was Beatrice. Nor is she sought from afar and ever pursued as was Shelley's. She suffers earthly change with all mortality, and yet is recreated in men's imaginations. She is eternal only because she has undergone, as the poet writing of her must undergo, all human experience, and because she will die. Ravaged and finally destroyed, her beauty is, nevertheless, always being recreated in thought and in art; therein it is linked with the loveliness of the legendary, therefrom it is projected into a concept of future perfection. There is proof in Yeats's own words, moreover, that it is this type of perfection he would interpret in his other frequently used symbol, the rose.

I notice [he writes] that the quality symbolized as the Rose differs from the Intellectual Beauty of Shelley and of Spenser in that I have imagined it as suffering with man and not as something pursued and seen from afar. It must have been the thought of my generation.

This idea of change as the only way of conceiving life was, indeed, of Yeats's generation. It leads straight to the later adoption of the Bergsonian philosophy. But it does not, as does that philosophy, question the mind itself and therefore the imaginative mind's faith in the changeless. Change for Yeats seems rather to be the evolution—undergone in life—toward changelessness, which, believed in, may be achieved.

What the world's million lips are thirsting for
Must be substantial somewhere

Yeats says, through Forgael's lips, when that voyager, led by the birds with men's and women's heads, voyages alone toward ever-living love.

If the beautiful uncontemplative woman and the rose, then, are such images—really one and the same—as the poet may brood over his whole life, how must that poet live? Obviously, he too must accept his part of suffering and endurance. He must know every experience of change, repudiating none. With this symbol as medium for his vision and with "the colors of one's own climate and scenery in their right proportion" for his physical field of reference, Yeats has become the great poet he is, probably the greatest writing today in English.

The woman Yeats knew was not a dream woman. She lived. Yeats knew her in "the wild immortal loveliness sensed only in youth." He knew her later as the vessel of intellectual hatred, a bitter and violent leader of the poor in radical revolt—this, during Ireland's nationalistic rebellion against England. Apparently, if we can trust the poems, Yeats, himself a patriot, parted spiritually from her when she commanded violence, when what he felt to be an irrational bitterness became her chief weapon. The reason is clear enough. Maud Gonne's life and the lives of other men and women of action were too engrossing and, in a sense, too personal. Yeats, as a poet, knew that he needed isolation, time, detachment. He had to have in himself room for imaginative freedom. Therefore in prose he outlined

the theory of the self and the anti-self, the rational and the intuitional, or subjective, mind. Therefore in poetry he retreated, for a time, from subjects related to Ireland. He felt that he must first search through his own emotions, intuitions, and ideas. He wanted to define the wisdom of his own mature years, to sum up his own imaginative broodings. Thus only would he perfect his poetic philosophy. At this point he came upon a new image, the tower, symbol of body decaying and of imaginative mind still intense but pointing toward darkness or oblivion. When he turned again to write of the "state," he applied to it this same tower image, this time reversing the image—the tower of the state dies at the top. So it was that Yeats reached, in his own life, the point where he must distinguish between the public man and the private artist. And at this point he seems to have found that he must take time from examining men and action to contemplate himself. There was, he felt, an antithesis between the active man and the poet. Only by going into his own imagination more deeply for a while could he resolve the inevitable conflict between reality and vision.

In Yeats's use of language this conflict is resolved. He keeps throughout his poetry the use of a fine poetic rhetoric, the artist's heritage from tradition. This imaginatively heightened language draws its actual images from the real scene or action described, in such a way as to give each poem an immediacy of feeling, a dramatic force. Yeats is almost always the dramatic lyricist. Each of his better poems throws the reader into the very center of an experience. None, except some very early verses, is of mood only. The greater poems show the poet at actual grips with his experience, in the very process of living through its intensity to its solution. And the solution has the impact of the dramatic action so concluded as to state an imaginatively profound truth. Truth is arrived at, usually, through suffering which remolds and recreates the poetic vision. Yeats, like all great poets, has a tragic sense of life. His wisdom is the heart's, chastened but not denied by the mind. By "passion" he means the vital recreative force in human life, disciplined always by thinking, but so charging the thought as to make it radiate afar. His poetic language is perfectly adapted to convey this sense of passion, heightened emotionally but never vague, since it fuses, in imagery, vision with actual physical scene.

All this could be made more concrete if there were space for quotation. Yeats has rewritten much of his early poetry. In every case the changes are good. And they are made always to bring his early work into agreement with his mature philosophy. A vague, dreamlike phrase gives place to an exact and sometimes harsh image. Melody is broken by rhythms more nervous and more dramatic. One can learn more about poetry by tracing through these revisions than by reading a dozen essays on the art. Yeats manages to keep the inimitable youthfulness of feeling characteristic of the early poems and at the same time so to alter them that they gain in dramatic immediacy. Often very slight revisions indicate the poet's complete change in thought. In "To His Heart, Bidding It Have No Fear," in the lines

Him who trembles before the flame and the flood
And the winds that blow through the starry ways,
Let the starry winds and the flame and the flood
Cover over and hide, for he has no part
With the proud majestic multitude

we find the last line in the revision written "With the lonely majestic multitude." Again the early line "I tore it from the green boughs of Eire" becomes "I tore it from the barren boughs of Eire." Does this mean that, having taken the first progressive step, having believed in nationalism for Ireland, Yeats came to see that nationalism as "barren"? There are prose passages and poetic to prove that he could not see in either

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politics or religion the creation of minds with enough receptivity to become wise; many lines to indicate that he regretted the loss of traditional sanctity and loveliness and left future action to young upstanding men "bound neither to cause nor to state." Several passages describe even great men's lives as passing shadows, leaving behind naught but the image of beauty, the things of which man makes "a superhuman mirror-resembling dream." It is not certain then that for Yeats the necessities of the poet, the very dreams by which the poet's imagination must live, ever came into complete accord with the actual world. Nor were they likely to. Yeats, the last of the romantics, as he calls himself, but far greater than this alone, made a valiant struggle completely to reconcile social purpose with poetry. The poet's vision overleaped the facts. It was born very likely from the conflict between them and the poet's inner longing for the immortality of beauty. Yeats takes account of his own people and his people's affairs, refuses to repudiate them for any ivory tower, but must, nevertheless, find wisdom, finally, only in himself. In his poem "A Dialogue of Self and Soul" Yeats, the man and the artist, concludes:

A living man is blind and drinks his drop.
What matter if the ditches are impure?
What matter if I live it all once more?

And then, going on to accept each phase of his own life, even the folly of wooing "a proud woman not kindred of his soul," finds that

When such as I cast out remorse
So great a sweetness flows into the breast
We must laugh and we must sing,
We are blest by everything,
Everything we look upon is blest.

Thus it is that the poet who would base his vision on his own scene finds that, for himself at least, bitterness which fosters revenge or hatred must be cast out. It may motivate action, but it mars imaginative truth.

EDA LOU WALTON

The Art of Lytton Strachey

Characters and Commentaries. By Lytton Strachey. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

THESE "Characters and Commentaries" will be welcomed by lovers of Lytton Strachey as a penultimate legacy, for the preface suggests, though it does not say so, that there may be still another. They are mainly reviews and other papers contributed to periodicals, chronologically arranged in order to afford an opportunity for studying the development of the author's style from 1903 to 1931. But the development does not follow a straight line, and one is more likely to read for pure enjoyment than for a more pedantic purpose. The very pearl of the collection is one of Strachey's earliest writings, a series of chapters on English Letter Writers, never before published, which he wrote in 1905, while still at Cambridge, for a prize competition which after all did not take place. This is Strachey at his most perfect, a matchless combination of wit, fine perception, regret for the past, and exquisite prose. The middle section of the book, 1913 to 1918, is the most varied. A Victorian Critic, a devastating comment on Matthew Arnold, and French Poets Through Boston Eyes, an even completer devastation of Amy Lowell, illustrate Strachey's masterly use of quotation with high-spirited ruthlessness. A Diplomatist: Li Hung Chang and Bonga Bonga in Whitehall have a Swiftian irony, while Mr. Hardy's New Poems shows a profound appreciation of the ugly beauty and melancholy irony of Hardy's genius, so far removed from Strachey's own.

Strachey's fame, since it rose like a rocket with "Eminent Victorians," has undergone some vicissitudes. With "Queen

Victoria" it soared even higher. But after that, if it did not come down like a stick, it at least floated like a feather on currents of varying altitude and warmth. It was discovered that he had faults, that his perceptions, though acute, were limited, that his irony sometimes degenerated into cheapness, that his rhetorical effects, so brilliant and sound at best, were trifling and irrelevant at worst, that he sacrificed truth to form, that he tended to appreciate the merely eccentric rather than the profoundly human, that he lacked emotion, that his method was so difficult, requiring such delicate balance and temper, that attempts to imitate it produced only caricatures, and that he sometimes caricatured it himself.

In all the criticism that Strachey's art evoked there is a good deal of truth. Yet he is far greater than the sum of this criticism implies. He understood Rousseau as well as Voltaire, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse as well as Madame du Deffand, Boswell as well as Horace Walpole. He was, it is true, no Boswell, no Froude. But he was something else, perhaps equally good. Like Johnson, he brought a trained critical intelligence to his art. His judgments will probably bear the test of time better. Like Boswell he recreated biography for his time. He brought to it a new vision and a new method which were so apposite and essential to the period that they have been assimilated even into the later biographic stream, which is no longer conscious of the assimilation but conscious only of a reaction against certain Stracheyan attitudes.

Strachey reacted with violence against all the cultural implications of Victorian England. He escaped from it first into seventeenth- and eighteenth-century France and became the English critic who best understood French literature. This has become almost a reproach, for there will always be something suspect about an Englishman who loves Racine even if he also loves Shakespeare. He felt more at home in Elizabethan and eighteenth-century England than in that of the nineteenth century. His form, as well as his point of view, was a reaction against Victorianism, "its incoherence, its pretentiousness, its incurable lack of detachment." It was "unaesthetic to its marrow bones," and "incapable of criticism." And yet it had a strange fascination for him, "like one of those queer fishes that one sees behind glass at an aquarium, before whose grotesque proportions and somber, menacing agilities one hardly knows whether to laugh or shudder." He both laughed and shuddered; perhaps he gave to biography a new shudder, with laughter in it, but it is a mistake to think that this laughter contains no emotion.

In reaction to the "two fat volumes" of Victorian eulogy he considered brevity and truth the first duties of the biographer. The truth he arrived at was a highly selected truth. All Strachey's main figures are stylized. But stylization may reveal truth, though in a different way from documentary realism, and abstraction may indicate relationships as clearly or more clearly than photographic detail. Strachey's irony, his selectiveness, his arrangement of material were all part of his method for arriving at truth, a method which he used, for the most part, with a beautiful virtuosity. His is an art which, like that of T. S. Eliot, presupposes a rather high degree of cultivation in the reader. Strachey's position, indeed, bears a marked similarity to Eliot's. Having been of great importance in reorienting the art in which he expressed himself, he seems suddenly to have ceased being important, because that part of his influence which will probably persist has already been absorbed by the contemporary tradition.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

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Films

"The Invisible Man"

THERE are two very good reasons why the version of H. G. Wells's "Invisible Man" at the old Roxy is so much better than this sort of thing usually turns out to be on the screen. The first is that James Whale, who is responsible for the direction, has taken a great deal of pains with something that is usually either reduced to a minimum or altogether ignored in these attempts to dramatize the more far-fetched hypotheses of science—namely, setting. Ordinarily we are precipitated abruptly and without warning into the strange and violent world of the scientific romancer's imagination. We are given no time to make our adjustment to the logic of this new world which is so different from the world to which we are accustomed. The result is of course that we never truly believe in this new world: it is too abstract, too intellectually conceived, to take us in very successfully through our feelings. For this reason one is always tempted to lay down as a first principle for writers and directors dealing with the extraordinary the principle that to respond to the unusual we must first be reminded of the commonplace. And James Whale's success in observing the principle makes one more convinced than ever that it should be regarded as a general one. He begins with a carefully documented picture of a small country inn in England: the people, the furnishings, the whole atmosphere are not only instantly recognizable but also so particularized as to have an interest in and for themselves. The background is solidly blocked in so that we can have no uncertainty as to the reality of the people and the places with whom we have to deal. Everything is made ready for the invisible man to step in and perform his marvels.

Now the only problem for the director was to make the best possible use of his idea—an idea which happens to be ideally suited to the talking screen in so far as it is impossible to imagine it being equally well treated in any other medium. For the wretched scientist who has made himself invisible still has a voice. A body without a voice we have had on the silent screen, but not until this picture have we had a voice without a body. And in Wells's novel the sight of the printed words on the page cannot be so disturbingly eerie as the actual sound of Claude Rains's voice issuing from empty chairs and unoccupied rooms. The problem for Mr. Whale, then, was to miss none of the opportunities for humor, pathos, and metaphysical horror which this rare notion opened up to the sound-camera. How admirably he has succeeded it is impossible to indicate without reference to the numerous instances in which his ingenuity surprises our habitual sense-patterns. It will be enough to mention the books hurled through space by an invisible hand, the cigarette smoked by invisible lips, the indentation in the snow of the shattered but still invisible body. Also one must point to the effectiveness of not showing the visible features of the scientist until, in the last few feet of the film, death restores them to him. Of Claude Rains's richly suggestive voice it is not too much to say that it is hardly less responsible than the direction for the peculiar quality of the picture as a whole. The preternatural compound of Olympian merriment and human desolation which are its overtones lends a seriousness that would otherwise be lacking. But taken either as a technical exercise or as a sometimes profoundly moving retelling of the Frankenstein fable, "The Invisible Man" is one of the most rewarding of the recent films.

Pretty nearly everyone seems to be agreed that in "Duck Soup" (Rivoli) the four Marx brothers are not quite so amus-

ing as in their earlier screen vehicles. Certainly Harpo, with his limited range of buffooneries, is becoming definitely tiresome; Groucho, who depends entirely on wisecracks, is badly provided for; and the other two brothers show less excuse than usual for their existence. The present story might have been shaped into a hilarious burlesque of dictatorship; but this would have amounted to humor with a point, and the essence of Marxian humor is its pointlessness. Like the whole "crazy-fool" humor of the post-war epoch, it consists in a dissociation of the faculties rather than a concentrated direction of them toward any particular object in the body social or politic. It may be that hysteria is less amusing than it once was—a luxury in which we can no longer afford to indulge.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

Why History?

WHEN Maxwell Anderson decided to write a play about Mary Stuart he must have been faced by a pair of simple alternatives. Whatever view he decided to take of her moral character, he still had to choose whether he would regard her primarily as a woman who happened to be a queen or primarily as a queen who happened to be a woman; and once that choice was made, the whole character of the drama was determined. For good or for ill he chose the first alternative, and "Mary of Scotland" (Alvin Theater) becomes, therefore, the romantic tragedy of a woman who loved and lost. In the lightly sketched background one does, to be sure, catch an occasional hint of the fact that the fate of empires is also at stake. In a few brief scenes John Knox thunders, and in two or three others the implacable Elizabeth discusses her policy with the bearded Lord Burleigh. But none of these things is more than a picturesque accessory, and Mary is before all a woman who made the mistake of refusing love when love was offered. She is innocent of any and all of the crimes which have been charged against her. The question of whether or not she was monstrously indifferent to the fate of a people upon whom she had been thrust hardly enters at all. But she is the victim of one of those moments of weakness which constitute what the ancients called a "tragic guilt." She is not true to herself when she chooses the weakling Darnley as her consort and by so doing loses the counsel and support of Lord Bothwell, whom she loves and who, alone, could have saved her. From the moment of that mistake her fate is sealed and no subsequent wisdom or fortitude can save her.

No one, I think, will care to deny that Mr. Anderson has written a rather effective play. It would, indeed, be easy to give it high praise and to point with justice to many scenes graced with a genuine eloquence and a touching pathos. Yet most spectators will wonder why they are never moved as they feel that they should be, and it is, I believe, rather the whole conception than anything in the execution which is fundamentally at fault. No one is likely to accuse me of being obsessed with the idea that any work of art must of necessity have its social implications. I happen to be interested in individuals far more than I am interested in "forces" or "movements," and I see no reason why the very greatest play should not be one which is concerned with the personal tragedy of a single individual. But as I watched "Mary of Scotland" unfold itself I could not but ask, "Why history?" To a story of the sort Mr. Anderson has to tell the associations inevitably connected with the struggle between Elizabeth and Mary are almost wholly irrelevant. No matter how hard he tries to keep them in the background, no matter how determined he seems to use



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THE PURCHASE of the historic New York *Evening Post* by J. David Stern came just in the nick of time to preserve the oldest daily newspaper in the metropolis. Otherwise it was to have been purchased and scrapped by its immediate rivals. Mr. Stern thus adds to his two dailies in Camden, New Jersey, and his Philadelphia *Record* what was once the most distinguished daily in the United States. We rejoice that this newspaper, of which *The Nation* was a part from 1881 to 1918, has again come into liberal hands after the dark and degrading days of the Cyrus H. K. Curtis ownership. Although we regret his championship of currency inflation, Mr. Stern is a genuine liberal—and a staunch supporter of the New Deal. If we mistake not, his Philadelphia *Record* has been one of the few dailies, if not the only one, to increase its business during the depression. More than that, to its superb fight against the Vare machine may be attributed in considerable degree the defeat of that organization, something that few observers had thought remotely possible. His success in Philadelphia has been all the more remarkable because of the bitter war upon him by all

his contemporaries. He has his work cut out for him to make the *Evening Post* pay, but we have full faith that he will succeed if anyone can. No one in our press has fought better for social justice and true American ideals.

SOME MONTHS AGO it was announced that President Roosevelt had set up an Executive Council to guide the various sections of the national-recovery machine and more especially to coordinate their diverse and often conflicting activities. The council was composed of virtually all the Cabinet members and administrators in Washington. Frank C. Walker, treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, was appointed secretary of this new agency. Since the announcement little has been heard of the Executive Council, and if coordination of the recovery program was its chief duty, it appears to have been a failure. Mr. Roosevelt has now set up another body, to be called the National Emergency Council, "for the purpose of consolidating, coordinating, and making more efficient and productive the emergency activities of the government, and for the purpose of assisting in carrying into effect the provisions of the various emergency acts." Except for the change in names, there seems to be no substantial difference between the two councils; they have practically the same membership and practically the same general duties to perform. President Roosevelt's announcement held forth the promise, however, that other functions and duties would be given the Emergency Council, so that it is possible that something more than a mere substitution of titles is involved.

THE EXECUTIVE ORDER establishing the Emergency Council also provided for the immediate abolition of the numerous volunteer agencies over the country which were charged with the task of enforcing the recovery laws. These agencies have for the most part been irresponsible bodies with no standing in law. Not only will the Roosevelt order make for more efficient administration of the recovery program, but it will place responsibility where it belongs, that is, upon the Administration in Washington and its lawfully authorized officials. Thus we shall probably no longer find local business men who violate the NRA codes sitting upon the very boards whose duty it is to enforce compliance. A second section of the order, one providing for the opening of a publicity bureau in every county in the country, has less to recommend it. There has been no real complaint as to the quantity and availability of information regarding the progress of the New Deal. On the other hand, there has been considerable complaint as to the quality of the information. As an example we need cite only the obviously inflated claims of the Public Works Administration that 3,000,000 men have been put back to work with the help of public-works money. If the President does not trust the press of the country or the 400 trained reporters in Washington, he and his associates are always free to present their facts directly over the radio. This plan to open several thousand publicity offices smacks too much of propaganda and ballyhoo to be accepted unquestioningly.

THE Fascist Grand Council, speaking for Mussolini, is demanding that the League of Nations be reformed in the shortest possible time if Italy is to remain a member. The Grand Council would have the political welfare of Europe placed in the safekeeping of the larger Powers—Italy, England, Germany, France, and probably also Russia. It would also strip the smaller Powers of whatever influence they have in the League. As we pointed out a few weeks ago, the substitution of a block of major Powers for the League in the negotiation of a new European settlement would be tantamount to setting up England and Italy as arbiters of the Franco-German problem. Such arbitration would inevitably favor Germany as against France, for if it were to accomplish anything at all it would have to bring about a change in the status set up by the Treaty of Versailles, and any such change would be looked upon with horror by the French. Moreover, the French have wielded such wide influence in the League, and indeed have managed to use the League as the chief bulwark of their foreign policy, primarily because they have had the support of a majority of the small Powers at Geneva. Mussolini now calmly suggests that this support be taken from them. The Italian dictator is, of course, interested not in the League but in improving the international position of Italy. Under the present alignment Italy is merely another Power, and not a very influential one at that. Under the Mussolini plan it would share with England the responsibility and the glory—if any—of guiding the destinies of Europe.

UNFORTUNATELY for the Fascist dictator, the English are not very enthusiastic over his scheme. Though there is evidence that Sir John Simon toyed with the idea of a four-Power arrangement to supersede the League some months before Mussolini proposed the Four-Power Pact last spring, Sir John and Ramsay MacDonald are at the moment reluctant to press the matter. They fear that the French, who would suffer most under the Fascist scheme, might choose to fight rather than allow their Continental system to be broken up. There is no certainty that this would happen, but the risk is there and the English hesitate to take it. They have assumed the position that inasmuch as Italy cannot withdraw from the League before the end of two years in any case, there is plenty of time in which to study the Fascist proposal before arriving at a definite decision. Such caution may save the League, but it contributes nothing toward a solution of the problems that confront it. France and its satellites have not hesitated to show what they think of Mussolini's latest move. However, it is not expected that France will reject the plan out of hand, for that might precipitate a crisis, and the French are sensible enough to know that a crisis at this time, with the English statesmen still undecided which way to jump, might prove disadvantageous to the French. And meanwhile, the disarmament problem is left in the lurch while the nations jockey for position, and the world, as Frank H. Simonds has said, definitely enters upon a new "pre-war era."

THE FUKIEN REBELLION in South China is taking on more serious proportions than the Nanking Government at first anticipated. Chiang Kai-shek doubtless underrated the skill, ardor, and sincerity of such supporters of the rebellion as Eugene Chen and General Tsai Ting-kai. Chen

is perhaps the only surviving leader of the great nationalist movement of 1926-27 who is still faithful to the original principles of that movement. General Tsai is the commanding officer of the Nineteenth Route Army, which won worldwide applause for its valiant stand against the Japanese at Shanghai. The Fukien rebels have apparently come to some sort of understanding with the Communists in Central China and also, which is more important, with the Cantonese. For the moment neither of these understandings takes the form of an open alliance; rather they seem to amount to tentative agreements to remain at peace until Marshal Chiang Kai-shek shall be driven out. The Cantonese of today are more conservative than they were six or seven years ago. Yet they, no less than the Fukien rebels, are strongly opposed to the militarism and reactionary policies of Marshal Chiang and his associates in the dominant wing of the Kuomintang. If Chiang elects to stand his ground, forcing the Cantonese into the arms of Fukien, we may very well witness a renaissance of the nationalist uprising of 1926-27, which was guided by Madam Sun Yat-sen, Sun Fo, Eugene Chen, and Michael Borodin, the Russian adviser, as well as Marshal Chiang, who was himself at that time a radical. Backed by this movement, Chiang and his Cantonese army swept up out of the south and overthrew the war lords of the Yangtze Valley and Peking. Now that the nationalist hero has himself turned war lord, he seems likely to encounter a similar fate.

ANARCHIST UPRISINGS in Spain, following on the heels of the elections and the meeting of the new Cortes, provided an abrupt and violent counterbalance to the victory of the right at the polls. The Cortes—the first to be elected according to the provisions of the two-year-old Republican constitution—met recently and elected as its Speaker Santiago Alba, politician of the old regime, who is said to have been blind to the republic's light as late as last August. The crimson chamber where he presides holds 473 deputies, of whom 210 must be roughly classed as of the right, while the Socialist-Republican groups which held the power in the last Cortes have only half as many. But this conservative victory does not mean, as so many people seem to think, that the monarchy is coming back, or that the Roman Catholic church has reestablished the hold it had before the coming of the republic. It is true that for the moment the Catholics and the temperamentally conservative—the monarchists, the landowners who saw their property threatened, the people who would not like what Socialists did even if they were proved to be the finest governors on earth—have pulled themselves together and put blinders and a check rein on the revolution. But they have neither sapped its strength nor taken away from under its saddle blanket the burrs that made it jump. Agrarian troubles, absentee landlordism, maldistribution of wealth, church-state wranglings, illiteracy, regional separatism, were all so deeply imbedded that the best efforts of the first republican government succeeded only in picking at their surfaces. The rights must do something about them if they are to stay in power. So far they have announced no program for dealing with any of them. This absence of a program is made more dangerous by the lack of agreement within their own ranks. Some of them are Monarchists, some Independent Rights, some Agrarians, some Traditionalists. There are at least five parties in the right coalition, any of which may split off at any time. The whole confused situation

makes excellent fuel for the left extremists, and there is more than a possibility that the rights may find themselves forced to call on the only disciplined party in the country, the Socialists, to help them out of their chaos lest the Anarchists blow up the whole place. Whether or not the Socialists will be willing to be boy scouts in such a situation is another question.

AFTER HALF A YEAR of fourth-dimensional existence under well-paid Nazi officials, the German trade unions are to be definitely dissolved. The forty-six national unions will be merged into a single vertical industrial union in which all employers of labor, their organizations having likewise been dissolved, will also hold membership. "Beyond the customary reminders in shops and factories," says the official announcement of Robert Ley, head of the National Labor Front, "no pressure will be exerted on any individual to join the union, although the attention of both workers and employers will be called to the advantages and disadvantages that may arise out of their attitude toward the National Labor Front." Simultaneously the work camps of the voluntary and conscripted labor service will be placed under the control of the Labor Front, and only those who can prove that they have rendered voluntary labor service for the commonweal will receive employment in the future. To supply a keenly felt want for more uniforms in the Dritte Reich, the members of the Labor Front will wear plain blue uniforms to work as well as for social intercourse. "In the future, German labor," so reads the announcement, "will wear the badge of respect and will proudly show the world that work in Germany is no disgrace, that it is an honor to place brawn and brain at the service of the Fatherland."

THE TIME is evidently near at hand when the estimable members of Washington's famous Gridiron Club will have to engage in deep thought about a matter of public policy. At the annual dinner held last Saturday night the President of the United States, as is customary, led the list of official guests, followed by every other ranking public official, including the members of the Cabinet—except one. This one, of course, was Frances Perkins, the Secretary of Labor. Secretary Perkins was not invited because she was a woman, and the rules of the club forbid the presence of women at this particular sacred gathering. There are two minor points which may be dismissed at once. First, Miss Perkins made no complaint but took her omission as a matter of course and with great good humor. Second, since she has been for a number of years an active politician, it is unlikely that the program of the Gridiron Club entertainment, hearty though it might be, would seriously offend her ears. The real issue is that although Miss Perkins is the first woman Cabinet officer, she will probably not be the last, unless the Gridiron Club elects to solve its difficulty by maintaining a lobby in Washington to keep women out of high public office. No, the problem is here to stay. Women will continue to get themselves appointed to important government posts. The last strongholds of the male are being invaded by them. The Gridiron Club might do very well to yield gracefully, invite Miss Perkins and a number of other important women next year, and save itself the embarrassment of having to change its rule when Mary Smith, or one of her sisters, shall close a long, honorable, and distinguished career in public life by being elected President of the United States.

Another Repeal

JAMES JOYCE'S "Ulysses," for eleven years the most famous of our bootleg classics, is legal at last—at least in so far as the government of these United States is concerned. Prohibition, to be sure, did not prevent the literati from being as familiar with the book as they were with cocktails, and copies of "Ulysses" carried on the hip gave young collegians a kind of prestige comparable to that achieved by a pocket flask. Perhaps, indeed, some of them scanned its difficult pages for the same reason that they scorched their tender palates with white mule, and we should not be surprised if a certain decline in reckless Ulysses reading took place among the young. In any event, however, Random House, its only licensed publisher, did not prepare for repeal with as much foresight as the distillers did, and the public will have to wait until sometime in January for its first legal copies. When the great day comes, we hope that it will be celebrated with as much restraint as was December 5. All lovers of law and order, all upholders of true temperance, will pray that there be no orgies. Youth must show that it knows how to use its liberties, and it will be an ill augury if the streets are filled with young men and maidens drunk upon immoderate drafts of Mrs. Bloom's meditation.

Federal Judge Woolsey says that the court is bound to consider both the work as a whole and the intention of the author; and perhaps more important, that one must consider only its effect upon a person "with average sex instincts." Holding that "Ulysses" is a "sincere and honest book" not written with pornographic intent but constituting a "serious experiment" carried out with "astonishing success," he cites the legal definition of "obscene" as "tending to stir the sex impulses," and declares Joyce's work innocent in this respect. Commenting further on the contention that sex plays a disproportionately large part in the thoughts of the characters, he adds a sly sentence which should go down in the annals of judicial humor: "It must be remembered that his locale was Celtic and his season spring."

We cannot, however, help noting that we wish it had been possible—though we know it was not—to add a paragraph something like this: "Only a legal fiction makes it necessary to pretend that the real question at issue is whether or not 'Ulysses' is likely to 'stir the sex impulses.' At least half the recognized diversions of civilized mankind are intended to do that to a greater or less extent, and society recognizes the process as not only permissible but necessary to its welfare. Only hypocrisy could insist that the law makes any pretense of interfering with such diversions, for if it did, then it would be necessary not only to proceed against almost every love story, but to raid the very dances sponsored by the Young Women's Christian Association. The real question is whether or not Joyce's rare use of four Anglo-Saxon monosyllables constitutes a threat to society sufficiently great to engage the attention of the law. Since the prominence of these same four words in the epigraphy of the public-school outhouse makes them familiar to every literate person long before he is acquainted with the meaning of most of the other words in 'Ulysses,' I hold that the police and the courts have more important business to attend to."

"Real Wages to 4,000,000 Americans"

ON November 15 President Roosevelt made one of his friendly, heartening, and altogether winning speeches before the Civil Works Conference in Washington. In it he announced the government's plans for the new Civil Works Administration and the employment of 4,000,000 persons, half of whom were at that time on what the President frankly called a dole. Mr. Roosevelt ended his speech with the following sentence: "I am very confident that the mere fact of giving real wages to 4,000,000 Americans who today are not getting wages is going to do more to relieve suffering and to lift the morale of the nation than anything undertaken before." The details of the Civil Works Administration plan had already been given to the country by Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator. The first point of that program, like President Roosevelt's last sentence, is well worth repeating: "The 2,000,000 men to be employed on November 16 will automatically become wage-earning, independent workers, no longer dependent on charity."

Now that the Civil Works Administration has been in operation for about a month, it is worth while, considering the definite promises made for it, to record what has actually been done. The program was to be financed by \$400,000,000 appropriated from the balance of the Public Works Administration funds, and \$200,000,000 contributed by Federal Emergency Relief funds; in some cases funds were to be contributed by State and local organizations, and to that extent Federal Emergency Relief funds would not be called on. The total spent is, therefore, to be \$600,000,000. Rates of wages were announced by Mr. Hopkins as follows: for unskilled labor, a minimum of from forty to fifty cents an hour, depending upon the locality; for skilled labor a minimum of from \$1 to \$1.20 an hour, depending on the locality, the lowest wages to be paid in the South, the highest in the North. Those employed were to work a thirty-hour week. And perhaps the most cheerful part of the plan, certainly to the 2,000,000 persons already on relief allotments or relief "work," who were to be the first half of the 4,000,000 employed, was that removing them from "relief" status, which meant from the necessity of being investigated.

This, then, was the plan. It was obviously a good plan in so far as it removed men from a dole and put them to work at regular wages. The announced intention of the Civil Works Administration to maintain, as far as possible, the prevailing wage rate for equivalent work was encouraging; and the rates of pay for skilled labor were highly acceptable. Let us see how the program is being carried out. On December 1 Mr. Hopkins declared that up to November 25, 1,183,267 persons had been employed by the Civil Works Administration, and he promised that by the following day the full quota of 2,000,000 would have been transferred from the civil-relief lists and in a week would be eligible for their first pay check. This was not quite the 2,000,000 by November 15 promised in earlier statements, but one should not quarrel with it too much. It was fairly obvious in the beginning that November 15 was too optimistic.

What of the rate of pay? The appropriation is expected to last until February 15—although one does not quite see why. An elementary arithmetician can divide \$600,000,000 by 4,000,000 persons and come out with \$150 per person. It would seem, therefore, that the minimum wage for unskilled workers must be the prevailing rate of pay—fifty cents an hour for a thirty-hour week yielding a little over \$60 a month. But it is obvious that only a very small percentage of the workers may expect to be classified as skilled. The ratio has been declared to be 95 per cent unskilled to 5 per cent skilled, but even that would seem to be too generous. The sum of \$150 apiece for something like three months, and those the hardest winter months, does not, it would seem, quite live up to Mr. Roosevelt's description of "real wages," or to the Civil Works program of making 4,000,000 "independent workers, no longer dependent on charity." It is altogether likely that these workers will find it impossible to get "charity," but it is not so likely that the income they receive from Civil Works jobs will not need to be supplemented from some source, or that they will not suffer if it is not supplemented. Funds from local relief projects are in no case expended for the wages of persons employed by the C. W. A. But these funds are called on for the purchase of materials for C. W. A. projects. There is reason to believe that the transfer of persons formerly on local relief to the C. W. A. will not release an equivalent amount of money to be further expended for relief—admittedly inadequate before the creation of the C. W. A.—but will in many cases merely provide C. W. A. jobs to the same persons who previously were getting food tickets or rent vouchers, or were performing "made" work.

The prevailing wage, as outlined above, is roughly based on wage scales maintained under the auspices of the American Federation of Labor—wages, that is, for organized labor. Unorganized labor, including white-collar workers, inevitably suffers from not being organized. In New York City 3,500 white-collar workers—teachers, statisticians, architectural draftsmen, stenographers, newspapermen—employed formerly by the Emergency Work Relief Bureau, have not been transferred to the Civil Works Administration and classified as skilled workers, as they were at first told they would be. They are instead classified as "Civil Works Service," they are to be paid from thirty to seventy-five cents an hour, and they are still listed as "relief" workers and subject to investigation. This wholly anomalous situation has arisen because the Civil Works Administration was planned for laborers and—in the main—less skilled artisans. The administration admittedly finds itself at a loss when it comes to placing women, and it is evidently thoroughly confused about the distinction between skill and lack of it, so much confused that rather than face the problem it threw out of its jurisdiction a considerable group of men and women, obviously skilled, and refused them even the pay of ditch-diggers in the South, who receive a minimum of forty cents an hour.

It is not out of a desire to be critical of the President or of Administration attempts to provide work for the un-

employed that these drawbacks in the Civil Works program are adduced. But it is certainly advisable that the American people should be clearly informed about these matters. It is evident that when Congress meets, more money, in enormous quantities, will have to be appropriated for the unemployed and for the temporarily employed. The Public Works program, started last spring, has been slow in getting under way, and has still a long distance to go before it provides considerable relief to the unemployed. More money for relief means more taxes. Let us face these things as we must face them. The depression is not over yet, and if, as President Roosevelt confidently foresees, "this beloved country of ours is entering upon a time of great gain," it is evident that a further period of travail must intervene before we may enjoy it.

Roosevelt in Review

TWO tasks confront the intelligent observer and critic of Mr. Roosevelt's Administration and his New Deal. One is to take the whole program to pieces and look at it bit by bit—codes, gold policy, processing tax, labor claims, and all the rest—to discover how each part works, and point out its values and defects. This is a monumental task and one which no journal of current comment can comprehensively perform. *The Nation* has, however, tried to select certain important aspects of the government program for separate consideration. Two weeks ago we printed a description of the government housing development in the Tennessee Valley. Last week we printed a discussion of the gold policy and the prospect of inflation. In later issues we intend to publish an analysis of the oil code, perhaps the most complex of all the industrial fragments that make up the NRA, and further articles on the steel industry and the steel code, labor under the NRA, the banking crisis, and the pressing problems of relief and government credit.

Each aspect of the national effort presents a different picture. In the Tennessee Valley, for example, we see an impressive attempt to organize the economic and social life of a whole section around a great government industrial development. In the working of the oil code we see every difficulty that stands in the way of the social control of a privately owned, competitively exploited natural resource. In steel we see how the power of the government is paralyzed when it meets the strength of a great monopoly backed by even greater banking interests. In the field of labor we see a spontaneous impulse of rebellion and action, encouraged by the half-promises of the recovery act, balked by the stubborn resistance of the strongest industries and, even more perhaps, by the standpat inactivity of many labor leaders and the rigid, antiquated structure of the trade-union machinery. Put together, these fragments and a hundred others compose a jig-saw puzzle of confusion, of conflicting tendencies and inconsistent facts.

But the jig-saw method is not the only way of visualizing the national scene. The disinterested observer has a second task to perform. Every so often in his process of scrutiny he should back off and look at the show as a whole and attempt to estimate its general progress and intentions and accomplishments, to discern trends. Such an observer

must today be struck with one incontrovertible fact—the honest purpose of President Roosevelt to pursue not merely prosperity but prosperity based on social control and a wider distribution of social benefits. One may disagree with the practical effects of two-thirds of his policies. One may oppose, for example, as *The Nation* has opposed, the gold-purchase program or the attempt to help the farmer by special subsidies levied at the expense of the consumer. But in the very act of criticizing these devices, one must admit that in his monetary policy Mr. Roosevelt is expressing the desires of great masses of his affiliated countrymen and resisting the pressure of the most reactionary financial interests—the interests that ruled unchecked through the persons of his three predecessors in office; while in his farm program he is animated by the single desire to put real money into the pockets of the class that for years past has had the least to spend. One may maintain, as *The Nation* maintains, that the basic industries will ultimately never accept or submit to codes which prevent the freest accumulation of profits. They will yield voluntarily to government control only so long as they feel that the alternative is collapse or continued loss. In direct proportion to their power or their prosperity, they will seek to evade the codes or dominate and use them to their advantage. To us it appears evident that only outright government ownership can result in successful social control of the natural resources and the basic industries of our country. But to believe this is not synonymous with the conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt and the NRA have embarked upon a voyage into fascism. Fascism may be at the end of the way, but it is not the purpose or desire of the dominant part of the Administration forces.

Here again, of course, we find division. The Roosevelt Administration is compounded of such diverse elements that one may call it anything from fascist to socialist, depending upon the angle or the object of one's vision. We believe that Mr. Roosevelt was ill-advised—even politically—in attempting the combinations of persons and points of view that appear in almost every administrative body. Already the elements have sprung apart and caused an explosion in the Treasury Department; they are at the boiling-point in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration; and similar ferments are at work in every branch of the NRA. Politics is only partly at fault; the President has undoubtedly mingled political appointments with merit appointments to a disturbing degree. But much of the trouble has developed as the result of his disinterested effort to assemble the best specialized advice; he must have learned by this time, what he should have realized before, that experts are the hardest people on earth to amalgamate. What Mr. Roosevelt needs today is a new sort of party government—men and women appointed to office not because they are Democrats rather than Republicans, not because they are experts rather than politicians, but because they are able supporters of Mr. Roosevelt's own fundamental purposes and ideals and can advise him as to the soundest methods of carrying them out.

By the rather painful process of schism and elimination we are gradually approaching some such administrative unity. And the observer of the whole scene must again step far enough off to watch the shifting currents of men and policies. After remarking certain painful details, such as the President's recent appointment of a reactionary Wall Street man, Earle Bailie, to the Treasury staff, he should note the

obvious tendency on the part of Mr. Roosevelt to uphold the liberal wing in the AAA and NRA against the attacks of the right, and his announced determination not to weaken the provisions of the securities act.

More than any other measure, perhaps, the securities act is a barometer registering the pressures of opinion as they sweep in from Wall Street or from the Middle and Far West. It is not important at this moment to argue the various points raised by the supporters and opponents of the act in its present form. It is more interesting to watch the response of the Administration to these pressures. Despite the uncomfortable presence of Mr. Bailie in the Treasury, we believe that the President intends to keep teeth in the act—enough teeth to worry Wall Street and give the ultimate consumer of stocks and bonds a new feeling of security.

We entertain less hope than this article may imply that the general purposes of the Roosevelt Administration will be achieved by means of the devices it has evolved. Indeed, the effort to create a new sort of socialized capitalism may well plunge the country into a fascized capitalism, more oppressive than the chaotic anarchistic capitalism out of which we are now struggling. But the job of those who wish to achieve the complete social control of industry is quite clear. They should both analyze the New Deal minutely and view it as a whole. They should acknowledge and support the leftward impulses present in the government; they should expose every serious lapse in the direction of reaction; they should work unremittingly for a strong, conscious, militant labor movement as the only ultimate counterbalance to the forces of organized capital; and they should demand at every appropriate opportunity that the government take over and administer those basic industrial and financial enterprises on which the economic foundations of the country rest.

A Green Utopia

UTOPIA, of recent years, has taken on many colors. Mussolini has a black one, Stalin's is red, Hitler's is dark brown, and Mr. Roosevelt's might be said to rival the coat of many colors. But the most ingratiating one we have read about is that green Utopia, non-political, projected by Robert Marshall in "The People's Forests"—a book which should be a compulsory text in every American public school.

In the beginning, half of what is now the United States was covered with timber—a billion acres of forest ranging from the scrubby growth that clings to high mountain sides to magnificent trees hundreds of feet high and hundreds of years old set in beds of "duff" so deep and soft that the moccasin of an Indian made neither mark nor sound. For the most part it was uninhabited, and so was preserved by nature itself. But even those sections in which the Indians lived were almost as well taken care of. The red men knew so well the importance and the art of preserving the world that gave them sustenance that "the land in which they had been living for generations was left by them as rich and productive as when their ancient Mongoloid ancestors had first migrated to the North American continent."

So much for the ignorant savage. Three hundred years ago civilized man, bent on religious and commercial freedom,

landed on the eastern shores of the United States, and the destruction of the country's forest wealth began. Mr. Marshall's account of the depredations of our venerated ancestors would not fit into a D. A. R. celebration:

... in order to obtain lye, they burnt down magnificent forests which had taken centuries in their development; burnt entire mountain ranges because they were too indifferent to control the fires which they merely needed for clearing up tiny garden patches; allowed their camp fires to run wild . . . and slashed down giant trees simply to obtain bark for tanning extract, boughs for bedding, or even gum for chewing.

Because the settlers were so few and the forests so enormous, it was two centuries before the destruction became so noticeable that an outcry was raised against it. But the protest went unheard, while the lumber industry, moving from one section to another as the great trees fell, wiped out stand after stand of virgin timber whose reproduction requires from 40 to 150 years. Not until thirty years ago was the Forest Service established, and it has jurisdiction over only a comparatively small proportion of the country's remaining forests. Elsewhere devastation continues.

Almost everyone has learned by this time some of the things that happen when forests are reduced to ugly stumps and the lumber crew moves on. Erosion and floods carry off the livelihood of thousands of people who may live hundreds of miles from the bare hillsides on which only destruction grows, and their richest soil may presently be deposited in the bed of a river they have never seen.

There are social and human consequences as well. For one thing the lumber industry's policy of "cut out and get out" has imposed a migratory existence on those who work for it; overproduction, because the resources were so vast, has combined with competition to make working conditions in the lumber industry worse than in almost any other—the death-rate in logging is much higher than in most other important industries.

Mr. Marshall's solution of the problem of restoring and preserving our forests is public ownership, and his argument should convince even a laissez-fairist. The private owner must have a fairly quick return on his investment. But the average period of time necessary to raise a stand of merchantable timber is eighty years. Dividends eighty years in the future do not invite investment, and Mr. Marshall backs up this assertion by pointing out that of the 83,000,000 acres of devastated or poorly stocked forest land, 74,000,000 are privately owned. Having taken his profit, the private owner lacks a motive for reforestation.

Mr. Marshall has a comprehensive plan by which the government may acquire "at least 562,000,000 acres out of the 670,000,000 acres of potential forest land"—and in offering it he gives much credit to "A National Plan for American Forestry" prepared by that admirable government department, the Forest Service. The cost of acquiring and restoring these acres would be large, so violent has private devastation been, but he demonstrates that once restored to productivity the forests under government operation would eventually yield a handsome profit in money; provide, in addition, stable employment for thousands of people; and, finally, assure to future generations of Americans protection from erosion and floods as well as a green retreat from whatever happen to be the insoluble problems of their age.

Issues and Men

The President's Great Address

ONCE more the President has turned to the radio to speak to his fellow-countrymen, and once more he has directly reached their hearts. His address to the Federal Council of Churches on December 7 was beautiful in its form, as moving as usual in its delivery, and true and fine in its content. Even as to its length it was perfect, and when one considers the success he scores every time he speaks thus, the President's self-restraint in not turning oftener to this medium is as remarkable as it is wise. It was a great speech, almost inspired, and it came precisely at the psychological moment when many of its admonitions and its spirit of confidence and hope were sorely needed. It was more than a sermon in a time of what Mr. Roosevelt called "pagan ethics"; it formulated his program, his vision for this country, more clearly than it has yet been voiced by him or by anybody else for him. As such it gives the solid hope that he is definitely committed to the making of a new and radically different America, free from those pagan practices which have spelled disaster, and is actuated solely by the purpose of creating a state, to use his own words, not devoted to the welfare of those having "special privilege and special power," but "built on spiritual and social values" for all the members of the national community.

I do not think that I am biased in these words of praise by the fact that they state exactly the program urged by *The Nation* and its editors for many years past. I admit that it is profoundly heartening to have the advocacy of these social objectives come from the man in the highest office in the land, especially when one recalls that the three Presidents before him were unable to visualize anything of the kind, and would not have been able to formulate such beliefs had they had them. President Roosevelt could not, I think, have risen to this height during any part of his term as Governor of New York. He has grown under the enormous responsibility thrust upon him. Those phrases and sentences were forged under deep emotion by a determined, unselfish, and high-minded person. No one can read them and fail to believe that the President is giving the best that is in him for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen. No reformer, whatever his stripe or the extent of his radicalism, can honestly deny that the President has stated the goals for which all who seek a nobler country are striving. It remains only to be seen whether he will remain true to this vision, and how far he may be able to realize it in the face of the selfish and powerful interests which may be relied upon to block him wherever they can.

Certainly when the President declares that he is for a prosperity "socially controlled for the common good" and for "collective effort on broad lines of social planning—a collective effort which is wholly in accord with the social teachings of Christianity," he states again the ideal of liberals and Socialists, and even of those further to the left. Let him but shape the conduct of his government and the actions of Congress to these ends, and he is bound to win the support of most of those who refrained from supporting him in his

candidacy for the Presidency because of doubts of his leadership, doubt of the rigidity of his backbone, and doubt even of his exact orientation. If he continues along this line he will make a third party unnecessary—provided again that he carries his own party with him. But whether he succeeds in this or not, and even if he should have a change of heart later, I want to record my profound gratitude that he has taken this stand today and thereby imparted to millions of our fellow-citizens those ideals which many of us have been abused as foolish, impractical visionaries for holding.

Especially heartening was the President's denunciation of lynching. Never was there a more timely utterance. I am sure that Walter White, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, told the truth when he telegraphed the President that "twelve million Negroes and many millions of whites applaud your every word." It was magnificent of him to speak of lynching as "that vile form of collective murder," to say that "we know that it is murder, and a deliberate and definite disobedience of the Commandment 'Thou Shalt Not Kill.'" And when he added that "we do not excuse those in high places or in low who condone lynch law," he must have caused to writhe that Governor of a great State who surely sank lower than has any previous executive of an American commonwealth by his applause of the mob that disgraced California. There spoke a true leader; there was nothing of the politician about him then. He must have known that the words he preached would create no enthusiasm in the great stretches of this country which for more than a hundred years have declined to give up torturing, hanging, and burning American citizens to the amazement, scorn, and horror of the rest of the civilized world. This was the time to voice these humane and Christian sentiments, if only because there are still millions of Americans hovering on the border-line of starvation, because there is widespread unrest in the farm districts and urban centers. It is not the hour to encourage lawlessness in any form unless we desire to unleash forces whose mere appearance will mean the spilling of blood.

Oh yes, I know that some of you who read this will be saying that the Contributing Editor of *The Nation* has again been misled by his emotions. I have not forgotten how high my hopes were raised by the magnificent words uttered at one time by Woodrow Wilson, and by others in their order. We may all be again disappointed by the difference between the presage of Franklin Roosevelt's fine words and the actuality of his performance. He too may get us into a foreign struggle—to our domestic defeat. But what gives one hope and faith is not only the President's steady growth, but the fact that the logic of events will continue to force him along the path he has outlined—barring some disaster.

Orval Garrison Killard

Lenin to Franklin D. Roosevelt

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, November 10

MAY I, with all due respect, suggest that President Roosevelt, busy as he is, take a week's vacation from work and visitors to read Lenin? Perhaps General Johnson should go off in another direction and do likewise. For with all the difference between America today and the Russian republic which superseded the empire of Nicholas II, Lenin's advice to Kerensky in September, 1917, applies strikingly to the present situation in the United States.

"Russia," Lenin wrote, "is threatened by an inevitable catastrophe. . . . Half a year of revolution [shall we say NRA?] has passed. The catastrophe has come still closer. . . . Control, supervision, accounting—this is the first word in the fight against catastrophe and famine. This is what arouses no objection . . . And it is just this which is *not being done* out of fear of encroaching upon the omnipotence of the landlords and capitalists, upon their enormous, unheard-of, scandalous profits . . . profits which everyone knows about, everyone observes, everyone laments and bemoans."

Lenin's charge goes farther. The capitalists, he says, are sabotaging the state's efforts to control economic activity. The mine owners of southern Russia, one newspaper reported, were "deliberately neglecting and disorganizing" their industry in order to discredit the government. Under this system of sabotage, says Lenin, "the capitalists 'warmly' recognize the 'principle' of control and its necessity," but they add conditions which "cover up the *disruption* of control" and which result in the creation of "unusually complicated, bulky, and bureaucratically lifeless institutions of control entirely dependent upon the capitalists."

Control, Lenin asserts, is possible if the government really wishes it. The state has only "to fix serious, heavy penalties for capitalists who fraudulently evade control, and to appeal to the population itself to watch the capitalists." But as a means of guaranteeing effective popular and official control over the country's economic life, certain indispensable preliminary measures must be introduced. The first is the nationalization of the banks. Says Lenin: "To speak of 'regulation of economic life' while evading the question of nationalization of banks means either to exhibit utter ignorance or to deceive the 'plain people' by fine words and high-sounding promises with the premeditated intention of not fulfilling those promises." To try to control production and distribution without regulating banking operations "is an absurdity." "Modern banks have become so intimately and indissolubly connected with trade . . . and industry that without 'laying hands' on the banks, it is absolutely impossible to do anything serious."

The capitalists try to "frighten the philistines" by asserting that nationalization of banks is complicated and difficult. As a matter of fact, "nationalization of banks without taking away a single kopek from any 'owner' presents no difficulties either technical or cultural, and is being thwarted *exclusively* in the interests of filthy greed on the part of an

insignificant handful of rich men." Lenin here cautions against confusing bank nationalization with confiscation of private wealth. He was advocating nationalization of banks by the bourgeois government of Russia, and believed it could be done. He was suggesting a means of making capitalist control effective. "It is impossible," he wrote, "to trace all those most complicated, most involved, and subtle methods used in drawing up the balance sheets, in organizing bogus enterprises and branch banks, in using fictitious persons, and so on and so on." Mr. Pecora will corroborate Lenin. "Only the merging of all banks into one" enables the government to control. Lenin then elaborates the simple method by which nationalization can be accomplished. "No special apparatus, no special preparatory steps on the part of the state are required here." The directors and employees of the banks will themselves carry out the decree. Insurance companies, Lenin advises, should be nationalized together with banks. This would help regulation, and "would yield a great number of conveniences and advantages to the insured." "If the state were revolutionary not only in words, that is, if it were not afraid to overcome inertia and routine, if it were democratic not only in words, that is, if it acted in the interests of the majority of the people and not of a handful of rich persons," then the whole process of nationalization would be easy indeed, Lenin predicted. President Roosevelt might begin by making the R. F. C. a government bank.

The next step, Lenin said to Kerensky, is the nationalization of very highly monopolized industrial undertakings. "Take the oil industry," Lenin suggested. "It was already 'socialized' on a gigantic scale by the preceding development of capitalism. A couple of oil kings—those are the ones who manipulate millions and hundreds of millions, clipping coupons, gathering fabulous profits from a 'business' which is *already* practically, technically, and socially organized on a national scale, which is *already* being managed by hundreds of thousands of employees, engineers, and so forth. The nationalization of the oil industry is possible *at once*. . . . Bureaucratic control will yield nothing." The petrol magnates will evade it. The employees of the oil companies must operate in behalf of the public and the stockholders. The same statement applied to the sugar industry, coal industry, and iron industry. The same could apply to other activities organized as trusts. Remove the "couple of oil kings," the couple of coal barons, let the employees actually exercise control, and then state control will be real.

But to achieve control throughout all industries, large and small, and throughout the entire economic field, it was absolutely necessary to abolish commercial secrets. "Here we have the key to all control." Without it, "control over production and distribution . . . remains the most idle promise." Lenin therefore demanded that a new law compel all large-scale enterprises (small ones would be exempted) to publish the "completest accounts." The people must have the right "to examine *all* the documents" of big businesses.

And now we come to codes for industry. Lenin too wanted codes. But codes with a difference. He wanted

compulsory organization of unions of industrialists. "All manufacturers and industrialists in every branch of production who employ at least two workers are obliged to unite into county and state-wide associations." The government would have a representative on each board of directors. "Responsibility for the scrupulous execution of the law rests primarily on the manufacturers, directors, members of the boards, and the big share-holders." Then the difference. In addition to the unionization of the owners, there was to be unionization of all the employees into one great union. This union would likewise enjoy the privilege of control. Lenin insisted that commercial secrets and all business affairs of corporations be examined by the "unions, employees, workers, consumers, and so forth." This was "control from below," a check on the control by the manufacturers themselves. For, "strictly speaking," Lenin observed, "the entire question of control reduces itself to the question of who controls whom, that is, which class is controlled and which class does the controlling. . . . We must move forward decisively, unhesitatingly . . . to control *over* the landlords and capitalists by the workers and peasants." Codes were merely a bureaucratic device unless accompanied by popular supervision.

The capitalist state, having taken these steps toward control, would now be ready to regulate consumption. "First, compulsory organization of the population into con-

sumers' societies"; then the restriction of consumption by the rich and the control of consumption with the aid of the poor.

Instead of legislating real control, however, instead of organizing consumption, the government, Lenin complained, had raised the fixed price of grain. "This means a new chaotic increase in the issue of paper money, a new step forward in the process of increasing the cost of living. Everybody recognizes that the issue of paper money is the worst kind of compulsory loan, that it worsens the conditions of the workers especially, of the poorest sections of the population. . . ." Lenin's measures for compulsory and universal control would not only end the economic catastrophe; they would put an end to the need for inflation by forcing the capitalists to "return to the Treasury the paper money issued by it." Lenin's alternative to inflation was effective control. Industrialists would have to carry out the government's regulations, but their employees would be the enforcement agents.

It cannot be repeated too often that Lenin conceived of this program of state economic control within the framework of capitalist society, and without infringing on the rights of the vast majority of private property-owners. Lenin felt that the bourgeois Kerensky Cabinet could and ought to introduce the measures he outlined. The record shows that Kerensky did not carry out Lenin's suggestions. And then history called on Lenin to do the thing himself.

Lydia Pinkham and Other Washingtonians

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, December 9

THE youthful ardor and rash idealism of the Brain Trust finally have contrived to make Washington the scene of a mortal conflict over a fundamental issue of human rights. No doubt it was fated from the beginning to be so, although few could have suspected fate of choosing such a vehicle. The latter is now discovered to be the so-called Copeland, or Tugwell, bill, which seeks to enlarge the scope of the old pure food and drugs act. Without bandying words it can be stated that this measure frankly challenges the sacred right of a freeborn American to advertise and sell horse liniment as a remedy for tuberculosis—or, to phrase it in a wholly different way, his God-given right to advertise and sell extract of horsetail weed as a cure for diabetes. Breathes there a man with soul so dead as to decline this gage? Maybe so, but his like is not to be found in the ranks of the lobby which has rallied here at the behest of the patent-medicine manufacturers, the wholesale druggists, the proprietary association, the retail chains, and the newspapers, periodicals, and radio broadcasters which thrive on their patronage. Here we find them, one and all prepared to die for good old Lydia Pinkham, cascades, listerine, and the other and less celebrated benefactors of suffering humanity. Nothing that can be done in such a glorious cause has been left undone. Newspapers and periodicals have been informed in emphatic language that advertising revenues are at stake, and have been reminded—just in case they forgot—that "we all exist to make profits." Broadcasting companies are alive

to the danger, and opponents of the measure have not omitted to retain a Democratic national committeeman or two where it might be expected to do the most good. The battle already is fairly launched, but it will not attain its full fury until Congressmen begin to hear in earnest from the country newspapers, the religious periodicals, the corner druggists, and the particular nostrum manufacturers who have been in the habit of contributing to their respective campaign funds. This is precisely the sort of constitutional question which stirs men to the very depths of their pocket-books.

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ALTHOUGH the actual preparation of the measure entrusted to Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Tugwell, it embodies the ideas of the permanent officials of the Food and Drug Administration, gleaned from the experiences of twenty-seven years in trying to enforce the letter and spirit of the old law. Under this old law the manufacturer or processor of food and drugs is responsible for the claims which appear on the labels of his product but not for his advertising. Accordingly, it came to the notice of the department experts that although the label on a bottle might content itself with the modest statement, "Recommended as a vegetable tonic in conditions for which this preparation is adapted," it was publicly and triumphantly advertised as a remedy for almost every malaise known to women. The manufacturer who suddenly transformed an old horse liniment into a new tuberculosis remedy was equally diffident on his labels and

equally expansive in his advertising. He paid a woman to write testimonials for his product until she died of the disease, and then paid her son to continue them over her name—priding himself, I suppose, on having invented a novel form of ghost writing. Concerning the diabetes “medicine” extracted from horsetail weed—which commonly grows along railroad tracks—the department collected several testimonials which it now exhibits appended to the death certificates of those who wrote them. There was also the celebrated case of the Pittsburgh millionaire who drank an advertised “radium water” until the bones of his skull disintegrated, and that of the pretty Ohio school teacher who beautified her lashes with a drugstore cosmetic which promptly ate her eyeballs from their sockets. There is not space to list the legion of searing depilatories, arsenic-laden hair tonics, deleterious toothpastes, worthless mouth washes, and the like. The proposed bill would simply compel the makers of these preparations to tell the truth about them. This, the makers contend, would impair or destroy their business, thus violating their constitutional rights. Somehow, I doubt whether this argument would convince the girl who lost her eyes, even if it were read to her.

IN mentioning the employment of present and former Democratic national committeemen by these precious defenders of the Constitution, I have touched a situation which threatens to become a major scandal. The way in which certain politicians are cashing in on their real or supposed influence with the Administration presents one of the most shameless spectacles since the days of the Ohio Gang, and if Franklin Roosevelt doesn't know what is going on, some kind friend had better tell him. Cynics are saying openly that he will live to envy Harding. Things are not that serious, but the mere suspicion is serious enough at this time, and the extent to which the boys are gathering in “retainers” is far beyond mere suspicion. One may ask, incidentally, whether this represents government by “practical men of affairs,” so ardently sought by Al Smith as a full-time substitute for the activities of “absent-minded professors playing anagrams with the alphabet soup”? If so, he is welcome to it and I shall take the professors. I commend Al to the society of Bruce Barton, that shining altruist who believes that men will not serve their country faithfully unless they see a profit in it.

ROOSEVELT'S decision to give the NRA the job of completing and approving hundreds of codes which have been hanging fire at the Department of Agriculture was full of significance and will profoundly influence future developments. The codes apply mainly to manufacturers and processors of food and clothing materials. The facts are these: Whether or not they admit it, the agriculture experts believe that general recovery depends primarily upon the rehabilitation of the farm population, and that codification of industry, with consequent rises in prices, should be postponed until the success of the farm program restores farm buying power. Moreover, they believe in more drastic government supervision of industry than is provided in any code approved by the NRA, especially regarding price control. So they proposed measures to that end, and being in no hurry anyhow, they stood pat, with the result that only two or three codes

have been approved out of hundreds submitted. The heads of these industries stood around watching other industries go ahead under NRA codes, and their temperature—and temper—became unbearable. Recently they threatened to walk out in a body. When the President learned of the situation he decided to transfer it to the desk of the more dynamic but less exacting Johnson. This involved an important change of policy, away from the radical and toward the conservative. For many of the measures demanded by the Department of Agriculture a formidable case can be made, although some would have raised nice points of law. From the standpoint of unified administration and policy, Roosevelt could hardly have done otherwise than as he did. It is my personal belief that Wallace and Tugwell feel relieved.

AFTER all the months of bluffing, whining, and wire-pulling, the newspaper publishers are about ready to accept a code. It will be a poor thing at best, and the time is long past when they could have improved their standing in public esteem by accepting an exemplary one. The contemplated makeshift will take a half-hearted step toward orderly adjustment of labor disputes and amelioration of child labor. For these meager gains we must thank not the publishers themselves but the stalwart leadership of the mechanical trades and the long-delayed uprising among underpaid and overworked editorial employees. Along toward the end of the document probably will appear a stipulation to the effect that nothing in the code shall be considered as repealing, amending, revising, or annulling the federal Constitution, and that the Freedom of the Press—God bless us all and Colonel McCormick—still waves. If so, the President, when he comes to approve it, will be afforded such a glorious opening that I doubt whether his sense of humor can be restrained. He would be fully warranted in observing that the code also fails to repeal the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the multiplication table, or the bird on Nellie's hat. What a sorry figure the vaunted leaders of public opinion have cut in this matter! What an opportunity lost to prove that they could really lead!

TRUST the good old Republican National Committee to furnish a comic relief from these trying times. Its latest effort is literary in form if not in character, being entitled “Tories, Chiselers, Dead Cats, Witch Doctors, Banl Wreckers, and Traitors.” Noting the title, many leaped to the hasty conclusion that the work was an autobiography and from mouth to mouth along Pennsylvania Avenue flew the word that the reading world was about to be regaled with the most exciting confession story since Machiavelli released his memoirs. But the boys have fallen into the habit of disappointing us. Examination disclosed that it was only another Democratic campaign document of the type to which good old Everett Sanders, good old Simeon Fess, good old Ham Fish, good old Hank Hatfield, and good old “Hel Roarin' Dick” Dickinson have consistently devoted themselves since Roosevelt got in. They have only to keep it up and Roosevelt will be reelected by acclamation, providing Al Smith goes fishing—as he sometimes does. Oh well, may be the Socialists will be numerous enough to make it interesting by then.

Due Process of Law in Alabama

By JOHN HENRY HAMMOND, JR.

Decatur, Alabama, December 9

ALABAMA has been anything but shrewd. After Judge Horton's reversal of the Decatur jury's verdict of guilty in last spring's Scottsboro trial, the wise thing to do would have been to nolle-pros the whole case. In this way the entire blame would have rested on the courageous judge; Tom Knight, the Attorney-General, could have pointed to his success at having obtained a conviction; Alabama might have emerged as the great liberal Southern State; and Morgan County could have escaped the tremendous cost of a new trial.

But Alabama felt that it was necessary to show the world that alien influences could do nothing to affect its justice. And so, with utmost determination the State set out once more to bring about the conviction of Heywood Patterson and his companions for the rape of Victoria Price. Since it appeared that Judge Horton considered the boys innocent beyond reasonable doubt, it became necessary to select another judge. Alabama could not possibly have found a jurist more to its liking than Judge William Washington Callahan.

Judge Callahan lives in Decatur. He is up for reelection in a few months. To deal firmly with the Northern intruders who represented the defendants was not a bad method of electioneering. Although not a college or law-school graduate he is thought of as a pretty shrewd person. He is many years Judge Horton's senior, and it would be difficult to conceive of two men more dissimilar.

When Samuel S. Leibowitz and the attorneys of the International Labor Defense arrived in Decatur, the feeling was so bitter that many feared bloodshed. The Governor, upon the Judge's advice, had refused to call out the National Guard to protect the counsel and prisoners. Leibowitz, therefore, was protected only by two members of the New York homicide squad. Presently, the Governor felt obliged to send down fifteen burly deputies from Birmingham to see that no harm came to the attorneys. As an additional precaution all men entering the courtroom were searched for concealed weapons.

The trial was costing Morgan County in the neighborhood of \$1,200 a day. Inasmuch as the county is still in financial straits, with school teachers and other civil servants long unpaid, it seemed imperative to complete the trials as quickly as possible. The judge decided to allow three days for each case. Double the time had been required last spring.

During these trials the outsider could immediately sense the feeling of the town. The townsmen's emotions were no longer suppressed, and the judge accurately reflected the opinions of his neighbors. Gone were the tolerance and integrity of a Judge Horton; in their place were heard the wisecracks of a small-town politician catering to his constituents. It was impossible to escape the impression that Judge Callahan was following a carefully prearranged plan of procedure laid out by abler minds. A Birmingham paper recently charged that the Alabama Supreme Court and its "liberal" Chief Justice, James Anderson, were responsible for the removal of Judge Horton from the trial and the substi-

tution of Judge Callahan. There seems to be plenty of evidence to support this contention. Alabama is determined to uphold the original verdict and convict the boys. Judge Horton's honesty has meant his political ruin. In all his many years on the bench he has never been opposed for reelection. This year he has two opponents and scarcely a chance of victory.

Judge Callahan started by trying to avoid the errors which might result in reversal by a higher court. Reversing Judge Horton, he allowed the defense to force Jackson County to produce its 1931 jury rolls, to show whether Negroes had been kept off the jury lists at the time of the original trial in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment. As the newspapers have reported, the names of six Negroes were found, names which are thought by the defense and a prominent handwriting expert specially imported from New York to have been added fraudulently very recently. Newspapermen who saw the rolls reported that the names in question were on either the very top or the bottom of the pages, and that in some instances they were written over the green lines drawn across the pages at the close of the period in 1931. Although forgery seemed obvious, Judge Callahan ruled that experts' testimony always tended to confuse him, and that it was impossible for him to believe that his neighbors in Jackson County would stoop to forgery.

From that time on the defense suffered staggering blows from the jurist's rulings. In fact, Judge Callahan was often a more able prosecutor than the Attorney-General. Vital testimony which Judge Horton had admitted was barred by Callahan as "immaterial." Leibowitz found it impossible to show that Victoria Price had several times been convicted of prostitution and had served time in the Huntsville jail. He was unable to show that Ruby Bates and Victoria had spent the night before the celebrated train ride in the hobo jungles of Chattanooga, together with their two white boy friends who had hoboed with them from Huntsville. This was extremely important evidence for the defense, as it explained how the girls could have acquired the small amount of non-motile semen which Dr. Bridges of Scottsboro testified he found in examining them immediately after they were taken from the train at Paint Rock.

Callahan heckled, interrupted, and glowered at Leibowitz throughout the trial, to the delight of the spectators. "Now we got a real judge," one of my neighbors whispered to me the first day. The defense wasn't putting anything over on him. No one expected this man to set aside a verdict of guilty. The State did its best to strengthen its case against the Negroes. It got hold of Orville Gilley, the only white hobo riding with the two girls who was not thrown off the train during the fight. Although he had been held in Scottsboro throughout the original trials he had not been called upon to testify, presumably because the State could not rely on his testimony. This time he appeared after one of Tom Knight's men had brought him back from California. It was openly admitted that Knight was sending Gilley's mother money each week and giving him small amounts from

time to time. In addition Gilley was openly living with Victoria Price. His testimony now could be counted upon.

Gilley was a thoroughly charming witness. He was not a hobo; he was a poet and entertainer. He had tremendous poise, and smiled a superior smile when asked questions that cast reflections upon him. The tale he told was obviously one falsehood after another, uttered with remarkable ingenuousness. At one point in his testimony Orville got off the witness stand, went over to the miniature train, and pointed out exactly on which car the attack had taken place. After the luncheon recess he was back on the stand again. Having conferred with the Attorney-General he found that he had made a mistake in the car. He had thought that the train was facing the other way—although the engine was there in plain sight on the table. Therefore he corroborated Victoria's story and pointed out the same car she had testified to. All this he did with a perfectly straight face. In his summation Leibowitz referred to Gilley as a "dirty, filthy liar." He was quite mistaken; Orville was a slick, charming one.

The "better element" of Alabama was absent from the courtroom during the trial. The upper class of Decatur and Huntsville was unwilling even to discuss the trial. The reversal of Judge Horton did not create the amount of doubt one might have expected, because, as one Decatur resident told me, the local papers were careful to suppress the important parts of his decision. The case is still a rape case, and the "nigras" are presumed guilty. The outside interference and Northern Jewish lawyers are more resented than ever. Leibowitz is thoroughly detested in Decatur, especially since his New York statements about "lantern-jawed morons" have been quoted in the Decatur daily. His life was in actual danger when he first arrived. The defendants were not in any such danger. People knew that under Judge Callahan there would be speedy convictions.

Victoria Price appeared on the witness stand in finery that startled the spectators. Particularly intriguing was a spangled half-veil. Victoria is a Huntsville mill-hand now, and under the NRA she is getting no less than \$14 a week. But it looked less possible than before that she could have been raped. She contradicted herself more than ever. Each time she was asked a question by Leibowitz she would turn to Tom Knight for assistance. He did his best to help with numerous signals. Finally the defense counsel protested, and the judge rebuked not Knight but Leibowitz for daring to insinuate such a thing. Knight is running for Lieutenant-Governor and he is becoming a powerful political figure in the State. His father is still one of the Alabama Supreme Court justices who must pass on this case upon its appeal.

During the trial last spring the most damaging evidence to the prosecution was given by Dr. Bridges of Scottsboro, a prosecution witness. This year the State subpoenaed Dr. Bridges but failed to call him to give evidence. Knight attempted to catch the defense off guard and excuse the witness, but Leibowitz found out in time and put the doctor on the stand. He repeated once more his testimony that he had examined Victoria less than an hour after she was taken off the train, found her temperature and respiration normal, no sign of nervousness or fright, and no marks of violence. On her clothing there was nothing to indicate intercourse or rape by the seven defendants. He further testified that she was not bleeding and had suffered no blow from a pistol. In short, he discredited a large portion of Victoria's tale.

The prosecution produced several farmers who had seen the fight between the colored and white boys on the train. One of them, Luther Morris, gave a graphic account of the fight as he saw it from his barn, and asserted that he saw two white girls in a gondola car with some Negroes. The defense then produced some pictures showing the barn to be sixteen feet below the railroad tracks, making it an impossibility for anyone inside to look out and see into a passing car. As the picture was passed to him Morris reached into his pocket and put on his glasses. Thereupon Leibowitz asked him: "How long have you worn glasses?"

"I run a sawmill," was the reply.

"Are you nearsighted or farsighted?"

Pause. The question is repeated.

"I can hear purty well."

The other farmers were of similar caliber. They impressed one as being sincere. It was also obvious that their memory had been "refreshed" without their being quite conscious of the fact. None of them testified to having seen any sign of a rape, however.

Leibowitz was better in his summation than he was last spring. There were fewer fireworks and a more reasoned appeal to logic. General George Chamlee, the Chattanooga lawyer employed by the I. L. D., also made a moving and effective plea. The prosecution, too, was more restrained than before. Wade Wright, the Morgan County prosecutor who made the famous Jew-baiting address last spring, was on his best behavior and merely talked about the purity of Southern white womanhood which must at all cost be preserved. He talked himself into a kind of trance, and his voice could be heard for many blocks outside the courtroom. He and his associates harped on the fact that Negroes had dared to fight white boys and kick them off the train. Each prosecutor stressed that part of Victoria's testimony which described the Negroes as saying to the whites: "Unload, you white sons of bitches." This made its impression.

The prosecution was also sensitive for the first time to the charge of "frame-up." "Can you gentlemen of the jury believe that men of Jackson County, your neighbors, would frame a case against anybody?"

The most dramatic moment in the trial came during Attorney-General Knight's summation. At the end, while Tom Knight was telling the jury that a conviction with the death penalty would mean staying the hand of future rapists, Leibowitz stood up with an objection. "Your Honor, this is an appeal to passion and prejudice . . ." Tom Knight whirled around, still excited. "It certainly is . . ." He attempted to correct the blunder, but too late.

The Judge in his charge behaved as he had all along. He forgot to tell the jury how to find the defendant "not guilty" until reminded by Leibowitz and Knight, after he had finished his charge. The same thing almost happened in the trial of Norris, which followed.

Decatur has become considerably more prosperous since last April. There is spare change in most of the male pockets these days. Thanksgiving day was a gala affair in town, with the big football game of the year between Decatur and its closest rival, Hartselle. The natives were out to see a smashing victory—but the referee was a Hartselle man. Time after time he penalized their team. The crowd became more and more furious. Finally it shouted at him: "Leibowitz, Leibowitz!"

Advertising and the Depression

By JAMES RORTY

WHEN architects are out of work, it may well be alleged that the social function of providing shelter is thereby more or less blocked. When engineers are out of work, it is properly contended that the functions of constructing, operating, and improving our power-age technological equipment are thereby debilitated. When doctors are out of work, the health of the population demonstrably declines. But when the advertising "profession" is out of work, the unsympathetic layman is likely to exclaim, in Broadway parlance, "And so what?"

And so, while nobody seems to have the slightest difficulty in buying whatever he both wants and can afford to buy, we are today relatively lacking in advertising guidance, stimulus, "education." Our newspapers and magazines have become more and more svelte, with a steadily diminishing content of what the late Thorstein Veblen insisted on calling "doctrinal memoranda"—in other words, advertisements. For the evil days have come, and the profession has no pleasure in them. And the priests of the temple of advertising go about the streets in snappy suits and tattered underwear. And they are afraid of that which is high.

Excuse me. Anyone who, like the writer, has been duly indentured in Mr. Bruce Barton's profession finds it difficult to break the habit of Scriptural paraphrase. Let's get quickly to our statistics. In 1929 advertising was a two-billion-dollar industry. The measurement of the industry is of course difficult. I use approximately the figure cited by Robert Lynd in "Recent Social Changes," which in turn is based more or less on earlier figures compiled by Maurice Copeland for "Recent Economic Changes." Today the advertising industry has probably shrunk to less than half that two-billion-dollar peak. The trend is clearly shown in estimates compiled by *Printers' Ink*, the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, the Advertising Record Company, and *Advertising and Selling*.

The *Printers' Ink* check list of about sixty-five leading magazines goes back to 1919, when the total advertising lineage for these sixty-five magazines was 22,876,808. The 1921 depression is reflected in a drop in that year to 17,597,640 lines. But the upward curve was quickly resumed and continued uninterruptedly to the 1929 peak of 32,578,035 lines.

The Advertising Record Company uses a check list of eighty-nine magazines and gives dollar values, which increased from \$190,817,540 in 1927 to \$203,776,077 in 1929. By 1932 the magazine lineage had dropped to 16,239,587 and the dollar value to \$115,342,606. Partial figures for 1933 are provided by *Advertising and Selling*. They show magazine lineage for the first six months of 1933 to be about 29 per cent less than the 1932 figures. In July the descending curve began to flatten, so that, what with beer and the NRA, the September lineage was only 5.88 per cent less than that of September, 1932—incidentally, a reversal of the usual seasonal trend.

The curve of national advertising in newspapers behaves similarly. Starting with a dollar value of \$220,000,000 in

1925, it reaches a 1929 peak of \$260,000,000. Then it drops to \$230,000,000 in 1930, \$205,000,000 in 1931, and \$160,000,000 in 1932. The drop continued in the early months of 1933, but the recovery came sooner and has gone higher; August newspaper advertising was 23.65 per cent more than that of the same month of the preceding year.

As might be expected, agriculture is the sore spot of the advertising economy as it is of the economy in general. The Advertising Record Company's figures show a slightly earlier incidence of distress in this quarter. National advertising in national farm publications faltered from \$11,092,342 in 1929 to \$10,327,956 in 1930, dropped suddenly to \$7,775,415 in 1931, and slumped hopelessly in 1932 to \$4,921,514.

Radio advertising is unique in that it shows a continuous upward trend during the depression years up to 1933. The combined figures of the two major chain systems, National and Columbia, show an increase of broadcasting expenditures by national advertisers from \$18,729,571 in 1929 to \$39,106,776 in 1932. But by April of this year radio advertising was 42.71 per cent under the total for the same month of 1932. A reversal of this trend is indicated by the August total, which is off only 16.53 per cent from August, 1932. In spite of their increased income during the depression, however, the Wonder Boys of radio have managed somehow to stay in the red—the Radio Corporation of America, for example, has yet to pay a dividend to its common stockholders.

So much for the statistical records of the advertising industry, which are incomplete since they do not include the trade press, car cards, outdoor advertising, and direct advertising. The trends, however, have been similar.

The human records during these years have been even more depressing. The Golden Bowl of advertising is not broken, but it has been badly cracked, and through that crack has leaked about half of the 1929 personnel of the profession and, probably, a bit more than half of the profession's 1929 income. This is merely a rough estimate, since no reliable figures are available. The writer is indebted to a leading employment agency in the field for the estimates here given. They are based on considerable evidence plus the best judgment of an informed observer.

Advertising salaries were, of course, preposterously inflated during the late New Era. A good copy writer got \$150 a week, whereas a newspaper reporter of equal competence was lucky to get \$50 a week. Practically any competent artist could choose between starving to death painting good pictures and making from \$10,000 to \$50,000 a year painting portraits of branded spinach, pineapple, cheese, and so forth, so realistic that the publications in which they were reproduced had to be kept on ice in order to arrest the normal processes of nature.

The high-power advertising executives, the star agency business getters and publication-space salesmen—all these were similarly inflated as to salaries, and as to their conviction of their own importance. Executive salaries of \$25,000 and \$30,000 were common in 1929, and there were even a

few \$50,000-a-year men, not counting the agency owners. Research directors and merchandizing experts had also begun to come in on the big money. In some of the larger agencies an owlish, ex-academic or pseudo-academic type was in great demand as a front for the more important clients. These queer birds got from \$12,000 to \$40,000 a year. They specialized in the higher realms of the advertising make-believe, being as statistical, psychological, economico-psychological, statistical-sociological as Polonius himself. Since there was indeed something rotten in Denmark, and since advertising was distinctly a part of that something, they too were pierced by the sword of the depression and fell squealing behind the arras.

Where are those "big shots" now? A few, who didn't get caught in the stock market, are sitting and drinking in Mallorca. Some are doing subsistence farming in Vermont and elsewhere, with perhaps a hot-dog stand as a sideline. Some are on the receiving end of the formula of salesmen-exploitation which many companies have adopted as a means of conquering the rigors of the depression. You use your own car and your own gas trying to sell a new gadget in a territory infested by other salesmen for the same gadget. In two months you have sold two gadgets and your commissions amount to \$58.75. Your business expense for the same period amounts to \$79.85. That proves you're a poor salesman.

Some of the savants are back in the fresh-water colleges teaching the same old stuff about scientific merchandising to the young, from whom they carefully conceal what has happened, assuming that they know what has happened, which is doubtful. A former copy writer of my acquaintance has become business manager of a radical monthly, on a theoretical salary. Another has gone to California, where the climate is more suitable for practicing his former craft of commercial fiction. One hears that some of the unemployed poets in advertising are writing poetry and that some of the unemployed novelists in advertising are writing novels. For the so-called "creative" workers in advertising, the adjustment has perhaps been a little easier than for the executives, "contact men," space salesmen, and the like. A relief administrator told the writer about an advertising man who had presented a difficult problem to her organization. He needed money to feed his family, but he wouldn't surrender his respectable address just off Park Avenue. He still hoped to get back into the running, had a hundred "leads" and schemes. Meanwhile, he must look prosperous, since an indigent, unsuccessful advertising man is a contradiction in terms.

Many of the agencies started firing and cutting right after the stock-market crash. By the fall of 1930 wholesale discharges were frequent. During the past year the havoc has been appalling. Agencies that formerly employed 600 persons are operating with about half that number. In the smaller agencies the staffs have been reduced from 150 to 30, from 30 to 8, from 16 to 4. Salaries have been cut again and again. In some agencies there have been as many as four successive cuts. They have hit the higher and middle brackets hardest—particularly the "creative" staffs. The employment agent already referred to has recently placed at \$50 and \$70 a week copy writers who in 1929 were getting \$14,000 and \$10,000 a year. Secretaries and stenographers have dropped from \$40 and \$30 a week to \$18 and \$15. In the entire agency field there are perhaps a handful that have

refrained from cutting salaries or that have restored cuts when business improved for that particular agency.

Mergers have been numerous during the depression. The earlier trend toward concentration of the business in the hands of comparatively few large agencies has been accelerated. In the process many well-known names have disappeared from the agency roster.

Competitive business is war. Advertising is a means by which one business competes against another business in the same field, or against all business, for a larger share of the consumer's dollar. The World War lasted four years. The depression has lasted four years. You would expect that advertising would become ethically worse under the increasing stress of competition, and precisely that trend has been clearly observable. But in the writer's view the pother about ethics, about "truth in advertising," is now and always has been almost too silly to waste time over. Judgments of ethical value are inapplicable under the circumstances. Good advertising is advertising which promotes the sale of a maximum of goods or services at a maximum profit for a minimum expense. Bad advertising is advertising that doesn't sell or costs too much.

Judged by these criteria, and they are the only permanently operative criteria, good advertising is testimonial advertising, mendacious advertising, fear-and-emulation advertising, tabloid balloon-technique advertising, effective advertising which enables the advertiser to pay dividends to the widows and orphans who have invested their all in the stocks of the company. But, it may be objected, the profession itself has been protesting against the testimonial racket and other advertising "excesses" and "abuses." Surely. The "reform" of advertising is a profession in itself. Like all other professions, trades, businesses, and industries caught up in the accelerating and intensifying processes of an exploitative economy, advertising pursues forever the will-o'-the-wisp of "stabilization"—that is to say, the maintenance of a level of exploitation operating more or less constantly within the limits of tolerance of the traffic.

It can readily be shown that "good" advertising, as above defined, works on the whole better than any other kind of advertising. And as long as it works, dear reader, you'll get plenty of it. Did not General Johnson say at the convention of the Advertising Federation of America that under the New Deal "good advertising will become more essential than ever"? And how, by the way, would he have dared to say anything else in the teeth of the advertising business, that is to say, the total apparatus of newspaper and magazine publishing in America, plus the radio and other miscellaneous promotion businesses—the fifth industry in America?

The advertising profession is supporting the New Deal and has duly signed its NRA code. It differs scarcely at all from the unofficial ethical codes which year after year are promulgated by the reformers of the profession and year after year are habitually violated. The profession would like to hope that "cutthroat price competition" is to be eliminated and advertising competition in terms of allegations of superior quality to be encouraged. This, of course, is precisely the opposite of the functional formula urged by Chase and others—that values be determined by impartial government authority and advertising competition restricted to price.

[This is the twelfth of a series of articles on the effect of the economic crisis on the professions.]

Blood-Stained Cotton in California

By MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

THREE Mexicans murdered in cold blood; nine helpless children starved to death; 113 men and women under arrest on charges ranging from rioting to criminal syndicalism, not counting eight ranchers indicted for murder—that is the record of California's cotton pickers' strike, which was officially settled after it had raged through six counties of the lower San Joaquin Valley for more than three weeks.

Somewhat similar is the record of many strikes in many places, but there are ramifications of the cotton pickers' strike that are decidedly unusual. This is probably the first strike on record in which one of the demands of the strikers was higher pay for the bosses. The reason for this is that everyone, including the strikers, grants that the growers cannot at present afford to pay more than the sixty cents per hundred pounds which was offered. The pickers went on strike for a dollar a hundred; the compromise on which settlement was made was seventy-five cents. The difference, the growers were given to understand, would be made up by a grant of a million dollars from the Federal Land Bank at Berkeley; but when the growers had grudgingly accepted the higher rate, they were calmly informed by George Creel, the NRA regional director, who, with Timothy Reardon of the State Industrial Board, had been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the compromise, that he did not mean they would get any more money—he meant that they had already received a federal loan of a million dollars in the past!

This is sad news for the growers, who are just about on their last legs now after years of depression. Most of them are in pawn to the gin operators and the finance companies, the real villains in the piece, who financed the picking in advance on the basis of a sixty-cent rate. Three-quarters of the \$9,000,000 crop was contracted for before it was ripe, at seven to eight cents a pound—most of it, it is said, on orders from Japan, in itself a significant statement. The few independent growers who held out because they were economically better fixed are now getting from ten to twelve cents a pound. The new textile code allows fifteen cents a pound for raw cotton. It is easy to see that the California cotton growers are not going to buy any Rolls Royces this season.

However, no sympathy need be wasted on them. Their treatment of the strikers and of the strike organizers has been execrable. It is easy, of course, to understand their psychology—that of the economically depressed poor white who lynches a Negro because he dare not attack the owner of his miserable farm. The cotton growers, faced with their first chance in years to make even a bare living, desperate and unnerved and just beginning to hope again, suddenly found themselves confronted with stubborn resistance from the submissive Mexican peons they had imported to do the grinding work of picking, which relatively few white workers will attempt. They could do nothing but grumble at the gin operators and the finance companies, but here was a chance for a real catharsis. The striker was the scapegoat. The growers and their law-enforcement officials fell upon him viciously. When they had turned the beautiful southern San Joaquin into a shambles,

they blandly blamed the Communists—that is, the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Union. The pickers, they said, really wanted to work and were delighted to receive sixty cents a hundred pounds—a wage at which at the best a full-grown man can earn about \$1.20 a day, out of which he must take the cost of his picking sacks; an entire family of husband, wife, and small children (all of whom usually work) can earn no more than \$2. (The average family wage under the sixty-cent scale was \$7.20 a week!) The only reason they walked out and stayed out, said the growers, was that they were afraid of the organizers.

Long before there was any actual bloodshed, it was being deliberately planned at growers' meetings in Kings and Tulare counties. There and in Kern County deputies so called—practically all of them ranchers or members of ranchers' families—were being sworn in by the hundred, and all were heavily armed. An independent grower accused a prominent member of the "Protective Association" hastily formed by the ranchers of having urged that the members arm themselves and end the strike by violence.

And then, on the same day, Pedro Subla was shot to death at a struggle on a ranch near Arvin, Kern County, and Dolores Hernandez and Delfino Davila were murdered at Pixley, Visalia County. The only unusual feature of the shooting of Subla was that nine of his fellow-strikers, including one woman, were arrested for his murder, the charge being that one of the strikers, Alonzo Andrews (all those arrested were Americans in this case), had killed him while attempting to attack a deputy sheriff who was endeavoring to disperse the crowd. There was plenty of testimony that the strikers were unarmed, and Andrews was not even present at the affray. On investigation the Kern County grand jury refused to return murder indictments, and the nine are now held on charges of rioting.

In the Pixley killings, there could be no question of who did the shooting. Both the strikers and the growers had been holding all-night meetings, in separate places. At dawn the meetings broke up and the two factions met face to face. The strikers were returning to their camp; they were entirely unarmed, even as to pick-handles or stones. There was some altercation, and then a young rancher yelled, "Let them have it, boys!" A volley of shots followed, and Hernandez fell dead. The killing of Davila was even more atrocious. He approached with his hands up, was shot, and fell, wounded, on his face. As he lay there helpless, growers pumped lead into his back. Davila was the Mexican consular representative at Visalia.

Then the armed ranchers ambushed themselves behind their cars, but there was no retaliation. The pickers had nothing to retaliate with. Eleven growers were indicted for murder by a very apologetic, reluctant, and slow-moving grand jury made up of their fellow-ranchers. Eight are now held without bail, three having proved an alibi.

The heart and soul of the cotton pickers' strike was Pat Chambers, Communist organizer, who had been active in the earlier strikes of peach and grape pickers. Under the name

of John Williams he is now in jail in Visalia on two criminal-syndicalism charges, bail having been fixed at \$10,000. There have been rumors of attempts to lynch him. When Creel and the State's fact-finding committee—Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco, Professor Ira B. Cross of the University of California, and President Tully C. Knoles of the College of the Pacific—endeavored to negotiate with the strikers and asked for spokesmen, the strikers insisted unanimously that they had no spokesmen—that nobody could speak for them but Pat Chambers. Nothing could induce them to change their minds. It was a deliberate piece of tactics to keep official attention focused on Chambers and thus save his life.

The strikers' largest tent colony, after they were evicted from their cabins on such ranches as had any, was at Corcoran, where nearly 4,000 persons—twice the population of the town itself—were huddled in the space of two city blocks, without water or sanitation. Typhoid, dysentery, pink-eye, and diphtheria broke out. Children died from lack of food. Just before the settlement federal relief was secured; after the compromise it was withdrawn, and no credit will be extended for food until after the picking of one bag of cotton. Governor Rolph refused repeated appeals for the State militia, saying county officials should be able to handle the situation—officials notoriously in sympathy with the growers, using tear-gas on strikers, and looking the other way up to the point of actual murder. Now the State highway patrol is in charge and martial law practically exists.

The growers are sore because they feel they were fooled about that million-dollar subsidy. The rains have started and the cotton will brown. Some pickers, mostly Negroes, have been imported from Texas and more are on the way. The strikers say they will not return unless the union is recognized, their comrades are released from prison, and all armed forces are withdrawn from the area. The growers will not dream of granting any one of these demands. As Sheriff Buckner of Kings County puts it, "The situation is still full of dynamite."

Earth Draws Inward

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Now birds are definite and dark
In paling light on the windless limb;
Now the cold apple hides its spark,
And earth draws inward from its rim.

Wings which were a flash of light
Shaking thin bodies into air
Now bind those gathered bodies tight
Till flesh of flesh is made aware.

Now the ripe apple which before
Gathered and spent a careless gold
Knows darkness seeding at the core
And a strange weight no limb can hold.

I, standing in a dwindled world
Where the blind hills draw darkly in,
Remember many a night unfurled
On the still branch where day has been;

Remember many a day will be
And many a careless wing be spent
And many an eye now bright not see
How for this seed this twig is bent.

Deep in the mind a hollow shell
Remembers how the tide will be;
The seedlings of this flesh foretell
Tomorrow growing like a tree.

Bound beyond hope or chance or fear
This earth will blossom with the worm;
This flesh which circles with the year
Is a like slave for a like term.

We lean upon a kind decay
For the blind worm who husks our seed
Takes cold corruption for his need
And gives eternity away.

Imperishable flesh that holy wears
Death like a crown all set with light,
Grass breathes; earth turns upon the night
By just compulsion under the wide airs;

Stars burn their measured candles; and the moon
Perfect in grace

o ignorantly wise

Will strike appointed heaven silver soon
Spending her foredoomed bounty on the skies.

In the Driftway

IF a movement or a point of view may be judged by the art produced in its name, the advocates of drinking win over the teetotalers hands down. The Drifter has the evidence before him in the catalogue of the Wine Trade Loan Exhibition of drinking vessels and books and documents, which was obviously brought together with loving care by British worshipers of wine and was put on view in the ancient Hall of the Vintners' Company in London some months ago. The only art produced by that fierce and intemperate attitude embodied in Ella Boole and the Anti-Saloon League, so far as the Drifter knows, consists of lurid pictures of an alcoholic's stomach in progressive stages of decay. One of the leading exhibits at the Vintners' Hall was a wine glass used by Queen Elizabeth so exquisite of line and texture that almost by itself it would justify the right of liquor to exist. But it was only one of almost 400 vessels of glass, bronze, silver, gold, and pottery borrowed from private collections and ancient organizations and ranging from a fragile Greek wine glass of the fifth century B. C. to hearty "puzzle jugs" in pottery that drenched who knows how many unwary thirsters after good old English ale. Punch bowls and posset pots, mazer bowls and drinking horns, decanters and "fuddling cups," they are all here, the precious cups into which have been poured the joys, the sorrows, and the wines of many human generations. From the Worshipful Company of Clothworkers came an ancient silver horn of the sixth century, dug up in a bog in Ireland in the early part of this century. There were other

notable exhibits lent by the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, and the Worshipful Company of Vintners, not to mention a goblet "graciously lent by His Majesty the King." It is a beautiful array, and the certainty grows that mere water would never have inspired these fine shapes, this beautiful workmanship. Nothing less precious than rare wine could have called forth from the heart and hand of the Venetian glassblower, Giacomo Verzelini, the goblet (1581) which is the earliest undamaged English dated glass and was made by Verzelini in London under a patent granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1575 "for the makynge of drynkynge glasses suche as be accustomed made in the town of Morano."

* * * * *

THE catalogue of the Wine Trade Loan Exhibition is an expression of a tradition of good taste hundreds of years in the making. The Drifter trembles to think what an exhibition of American taste in drinking would look like, particularly at this moment when, as the New York *World-Telegram* liltily put it, "Liquor Is Legal Again." Fourteen years of bootleg gin and whiskey have created a barbarous appetite which, like the appetite for opium, will have to be reduced gradually by means of progressively smaller doses. At present the average American thinks that liquor, like medicine, is no good unless it tastes bad. Moreover, he is convinced that anything legal must be weak. As for the ritual of wines, the man who is accustomed to drinking cocktails from five o'clock in the afternoon until he is carried home at five o'clock in the morning will probably find it as unexciting as the Catholic ritual must seem to a sinner who has just attended a Billy Sunday revival.

* * * * *

THE reconstruction of American taste will be a long and difficult process. For a while, at least, the restaurants would be well advised (and we are sure we can count on their cooperation) to improve the quality of their drinks only slowly, and to preserve as much as possible that comfortable illusion of illegality and security which is best achieved in an airless cellar with a locked door, unpalatable liquor, and a policeman drinking at the bar. It would seem that the regulators are aware of the desirability of gradualness in dealing with the addicts of bathtub gin. Some of the rules, such as the one in New York which prohibits drinking while standing up, are obviously designed to make legal drinking easier. Breaking a rule may not be quite so satisfying as breaking a law but it is something. Likewise the politicians and racketeers may find it less profitable to get around the rules than to evade laws, but in time they will get used to it and they have innumerable rules to play with. Many of the States have shown unusual ingenuity in devising games to titillate the legal drinker. In one State the brass rail is illegal; in another that section of a bar from which drinks are dispensed is higher than those sections at which the customer may drink and it is illegal for the customer to rest so much as an elbow on the bartender's section.

* * * * *

THERE is little possibility that the present generation will ever learn to like fine wines. But perhaps it is not too much to hope that in a hundred years American taste

will have reached a point where an American "wine trade loan exhibition of drinking vessels" will seem a less remote possibility than it does in the first month of the post-prohibition era.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"How Shall We Meet Nazi Propaganda?"

[In its issue of November 29 The Nation published an article by Ludwig Lore summing up the activities of Nazi agents and pro-Nazi organizations in the United States and revealing the thoroughness with which the ideas of Hitler are being disseminated—and absorbed. Mr. Lore's article followed an editorial in The Nation for November 8 in which the editors invoked for the Nazis in America the time-honored rights of free speech. The situation is full of uncomfortable possibilities. However remote this country may still be from the mood which leads men to flock to the fascist ranks, the germs of fascism and racial arrogance are undoubtedly in the American system. With this in mind, Mr. Lore warned us of the results of tolerance toward reactionary propaganda and suggested that our "doctrinaires of 'pure democracy'" should consider well whether they had not better abandon their advocacy of free expression for all groups before it is too late. Many of our readers, as the letters printed below indicate, share his views. The editors of The Nation emphatically do not agree. Undoubtedly governments have been made and unmade by the force of well-directed streams of high-pressure agitation. But behind the propaganda must lie human passions aroused and waiting to be mobilized. A triumph of fascism in the United States, with all its attendant horrors, might be brought about by continued economic decline, the breakdown of confidence in democratic methods, the demand of a despairing people for drastic action, and finally by middle-class fear of imminent revolution. If that day comes, the propaganda of Nazi fanatics may well prove effective. But meanwhile, the growth of a healthy movement toward the left—strong labor unions, a radical political opposition—can only be fostered by an absolute support of the right of all groups to agitate and spread their doctrines. It would be political suicide for those of us who demand the right of free speech for ourselves to deny it to any of our enemies—even the Nazis.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just read your editorial *How Shall We Meet Nazi Propaganda?* in which you concede the right of the Nazis to free speech because the historic American doctrine still holds.

If the Nazis were attacking the American government, as do the Socialists or the Communists, I would say with you that they are entitled to do it because our institutions are strong enough to stand criticism; we have enough faith in them to resist such propaganda. But when the Nazi aliens come here to attack a small minority of people because of their religious beliefs and try to arouse others against them by a low emotional appeal, that is a different story. The laws here not only entitle people to free speech but to freedom in religious worship, and the Nazis, it seems to me, are certainly trampling on that law when they stir up agitation against the Jews.

New York, November 3

L. MARTIN

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your editorial in the issue of November 11 on the subject of Nazi propaganda once more proves how a good principle

may be made to appear ridiculous. I want to assure you that I am an ardent believer in the doctrine of free speech but I do not think that in holding any doctrine one should be so extreme as to appear ridiculous.

I venture to state that, in spite of their belief in free speech, neither the editors of *The Nation* nor Messrs. Ernst and Weinberger would tolerate and allow a meeting of white bigots, the purpose of which would be an invitation to Negro lynchings. Why, then, be so tolerant of a Nazi meeting and Nazi agitation? Is such propaganda anything else than agitation for lynchings, both moral and physical, of the Jews? German National Socialism is not a political, social, or economic doctrine. It is principally an anti-Jewish doctrine, a doctrine which does not deserve the protection of the principle of free speech.

New York, November 4

S. SILVERBERG

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In *The Nation* for November 8 you endeavored to answer the question, How shall we meet Nazi propaganda? I must confess that I was shocked at your stand. You stated that "the situation demands that we continue to uphold the finest American traditions of free speech and liberty of assembly at all times, no matter what the consequences."

It is true that all liberty-loving Americans should uphold our dearest traditions of free speech provided it remains within proper bounds and does not conflict with the true meaning of our Constitution. But free speech should not include the sowing of the seeds of bigotry, the expression of racial hatreds and prejudices against certain elements of our minority population, or the undermining of our chosen form of government by aliens.

Los Angeles, Cal., November 8

IRVING H. SCHWARTZ

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your editorial in *The Nation* of November 8, How Shall We Meet Nazi Propaganda? is sincere, noble, and idealistic. I believe, however that it reaches a disastrously wrong and dangerous conclusion.

Your reasoning in this matter seems to me based on a naive idealism which takes no account of the realities of the situation. You say we must support Nazi free speech "if we believe firmly in our institutions and their Democratic spirit," but you are surely not naive enough to believe that our American institutions and their Democratic spirit (in the sense in which *The Nation* uses these words) exist outside of Fourth of July and campaign oratory, or except in the minds of a very few idealists like yourself. You say also that the Nazis should not be interfered with because such interference would set a precedent for those wishing to suppress Socialists, Communists, and others the police may not like. All of us, of course, have had to face this possibility and its consequences. Yet it seems to me mere rhetoric to say that protesting against Nazi propaganda sets a precedent. When have the people who wanted to suppress Socialist or Communist free speech waited for a precedent? Actually, as matters stand, radicals are to a large extent suppressed. So are liberals, Jews, Negroes, and others against whom Nazi venom is directed. *The Nation's* stand does nothing to alleviate this condition. It merely extends to the Nazis further facilities for crushing their enemies.

You also seem unduly optimistic in your statement "that there is not the slightest reason to fear that the Nazis will ever win over the bulk of Americans." That is mere Pollyanna, happy-ending stuff. Is there no reason to believe that the mobs that lynch Negroes in Alabama, that lynched Leo Frank as a Jew in Georgia, that burn Negroes at the stake in Texas and torture I.W.W.'s in Washington may be won over to this propaganda? No reason to fear that the Ku Klux Klan may be revived and the unspeakable Silver Shirts gain recruits?

It seems to me also that you overstress the legalistic aspect

of the matter. It should not be necessary for the Nazis—and again I don't mean Germans or German-Americans but only active supporters of Hitlerism—to commit overt crimes before we can protect ourselves against criminal intentions which we know exist. Probably there is no law as yet making it a misdemeanor to sing in public "Wenn's Juden Blut vom Messer spritzt." There is probably no law on our statute books, either, against scattering typhoid germs where they can do the most harm, but you wouldn't seriously contend—or would you?—that advocating the right to scatter typhoid germs is merely the citizen's or the alien's inalienable right "to make an ass of himself in public."

It is one of the tragic and grotesque anomalies of the situation that we have reached a point where nominal liberalism is not real liberalism, where we have to choose between liberty itself and a mere fetish of liberality. We have to face the fact also that a choice is not necessarily between a right course and a wrong one but only between two more or less wrong ones and that the less wrong is apt in the long run to be the historically right one. Refusal to make a choice, taking refuge in Pollyanna optimism about the impossibility of stampeding the American people into Hitlerism, and haphazard laissez faire on this issue seem to me a policy that definitely establishes the failure of liberalism in the present crisis. If *The Nation* follows this policy I think it will seriously and only too justly weaken its influence.

New York, November 2

MARTHA GRUENING

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

On the question "How shall we meet Nazi propaganda?" I must disagree with the editors of *The Nation*. You say the alien has a legal right to criticize the government "unless he violates the law by inciting to violence or crime."

That is just the point. The entire Nazi propaganda is an incitement to violence and crime. Nazis have no ideas or principles. They are political gangsters and racketeers, as Mr. Ridder called them to their face. They have no programs unless inciting to pogroms is a program. Their propaganda is bound to lead to hatred, discord, violence, and crime.

I discussed this very subject with my friend Roger Baldwin, and he said: "Let us wait, and if their propaganda results in violence and crime we will then arrest the criminals and the inciters to violence." People who think realistically, who are not entirely devoid of common sense, try rather to prevent crime than to punish the violators after the crimes have been committed. The argument that if we suppress the Nazis, other minorities, such as the Communists, Socialists, and so forth, may be suppressed later, is a purely doctrinaire argument. Our giving the Nazis unhampered liberty to spread their propaganda of hate and violence would not make them hesitate one moment to strangle and crush us if they ever came into power.

New York, November 2

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

Mr. Viereck Answers Mr. Lore

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Nazi Politics in America, by Ludwig Lore, does more credit to the author's imagination than to his accuracy. It is perfectly true that I visited Germany a few weeks ago. It is untrue that I went there under the terms of any contract with Carl Byoir and Associates.

It has been my practice for many years to go abroad in search of new material. That is how I happen to make my living. . . . I also, as is my wont, gathered data for a number of articles. The writer in *The Nation* suggests that Mr. Dickey went with me to interview the leaders of the New Germany.

What surprising news! If Mr. Lore is right, my friend Dickey must have developed occult powers which enable him to project his astral body at will unseen into the presence of others.

To the best of my knowledge Byoir and Associates have no contract with the German government. However, I should regard any effort on their part to distribute "informative material" on the New Germany far more laudable than Mr. Lore's attempt to disseminate misinformation. If Ivy Lee, Edward L. Bernays, and others may interpret France, Poland, and Soviet Russia, why is it a crime for other public-relations counselors to render a similar service for Germany? . . .

I was a friend of imperial Germany. I was a friend of the German republic. I am a friend of Hitler's New Germany. I have never befouled my father's nest. But I always preserve my intellectual integrity. The objectivity with which I discussed (in the *Saturday Evening Post*) French, German, British, and American propaganda induced Colonel House to write a preface for my articles when "Spreading Germs of Hate" was published in book form. . . .

If I write about the New Germany, I shall do so sympathetically. But I shall retain a sense of detachment. Even Mr. Lore admits this when he refers to the articles he expects from me as "absolutely unbiased and objective interpretations." Thanks for the compliment, however grudgingly paid.

Unfortunately some of my colleagues in Germany perversely close their eyes to the miracle of Germany's reintegration under Chancellor Hitler. They exaggerate minor disturbances and difficulties as if they were police-court reporters, and ignore Hitler's stupendous achievement in fashioning a new economic and social world out of the wreck of the old.

New York, November 24 GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

Mr. Lore Answers Mr. Viereck

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Knowing George Sylvester Viereck's favorable opinion of "Hitler's New Germany," I, too, found it difficult to believe at first that Propaganda Minister Goebbels should have to go out of his way to persuade the well-known German-American writer to new expressions of enthusiasm for "Hitler's stupendous achievement." Yet in spite of Mr. Viereck's denial, I know on unimpeachable authority that it is true: Carl Byoir and Associates have contracted with the Reich government to send Mr. Viereck to Germany to study German conditions with the understanding that he will on his return present "sympathetically" to a skeptical American public the "miracle of Germany's reintegration." This is no secret. The *Neue Weltbühne* of November 9, 1933, which I just have received, contained an article by Hellmuth von Gerlach in which I find the following statement: "Last summer and fall he [Mr. Viereck] was in Europe in response to an invitation from Herr Goebbels at the expense of the Propaganda Ministry. His old love for the Hohenzollern does not rust, although he has been able to combine it profitably with his new love for Hitler. . . ."

I admire the sense of humor that prompts Mr. Viereck to pretend that I for one moment could speak other than ironically of his "absolutely unbiased and objective interpretation" of German fascism. America had ample opportunity to observe Mr. Viereck's impartiality during the years of the World War. Certainly, a writer who can refer to the suppression of Germany's labor movement, to the brutal terrorization of an entire people, to the campaign of destruction against the German Jew as "minor disturbances and difficulties," possesses the objectivity necessary for an equitable interpretation of the Hitler regime to the American people.

New York, November 25

LUDWIG LORE

Finance Regulating Wall Street

THE nightmare of federal regulation of the stock exchanges, which has disturbed Wall Street with increasing persistence during the past two years, is by all portents from Washington about to become a reality. At this forbidding prospect the gentlemen of finance are showing their feelings in ways which range from a realistic determination to vitiate the impending control by all the artful dodges in the repertory of Wall Street to anguished threats to move, bag and baggage, to Montreal.

But the wails of Wall Street cannot restore the good old days, so thoroughly discredited by Ferdinand Pecora, when devices for manipulation of prices were effectively disguised as instruments for the protection of the public. Pools, rampant speculation, bear raids, and fancy maneuvering by specialists, all were heralded as means of "making a market" for the benefit of outside security owners until a little careful investigation disclosed the wolf in the sheep's clothing. However, while Wall Street has for the time being at least lost face through the Senate's investigation of its practices, its best skill in disguising its motives before the public will be used during coming months. Its campaign will be for "self-government" as opposed to direct federal control, whether the latter take the form of a system of licensing, commission rule, or a combination of both.

It is highly improbable, however, that the Exchange will be left to its own devices. Two separate investigations of the security markets are now under way in addition to that of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency. The so-called Dickinson committee and the Twentieth Century Fund are both conducting studies of alleged marketing abuses. Mr. Fletcher, chairman of the Senate committee, has publicly stated that he will support control measures in Congress, while the committee headed by John Dickinson of the Department of Commerce was organized to formulate an Administration program of stock-market legislation. These two groups will, of course, be extremely sensitive to political pressure. The Twentieth Century Fund study is free of outside compulsions, political or commercial, and is likely therefore to produce the most objective results; how far it will influence legislation, however, remains to be seen.

Foremost among the abuses under investigation is the pool, with its accompaniment of secret options and misleading propaganda for the outside public. Wall Street men, while occasionally deploring the excesses of certain manipulations, speak enthusiastically of the virtues of the "legitimate pool" in providing a ready market in otherwise inactive stocks and in raising the price of undervalued securities. But in the last analysis a "legitimate pool" is a contradiction in terms. The only reason for the existence of pools is to provide profits for the manipulators by artificially stimulating demand; when the stimulus is withdrawn, as it always is eventually, the outsiders are inevitably the sufferers. Furthermore, pools are the most important source of Wall Street's income from the stock market, not only because of the profits of the participants but also because of the commissions from the transactions connected with the pools. As a consequence, pools are the least likely of all Wall Street's malpractices to meet with effective correction from the Stock Exchange authorities, and the supervision of pools set up by the New York Stock Exchange in August is for this reason almost sure to prove inadequate whenever speculative conditions are ripe for another fling. Since the essential characteristic of a pool is secrecy, a rigid requirement for publicity on

pool participations and options, backed by the force and penalties of the law, would probably prove the best method of placing the public on guard against the manipulators.

Next to pool operations, marginal speculation is the sorest spot in the Wall Street system. Barring a revolution in the public's attitude, nothing short of abolition of stock exchanges would be likely to stamp out stock gambling on borrowed money. But a great deal can be done to make this gambling more difficult. The New York Stock Exchange's method of restricting speculation is to establish minimum margin requirements which permit speculators to buy stocks on an equity of from 23 to 30 per cent of their own money. An honest attempt to curb gambling would go far beyond these limits and would approach as near to a complete ban on extension of credit by brokerage houses as would be possible without encouraging bootlegging of loans. Further restrictions on the power to divert bank credit into speculation also would be necessary.

There are, in addition, more technical aspects of stock trading which require regulation. Among these is the widely used stop-loss order, a purely speculative device which accentuates the fluctuations of the market to the detriment of price stability. Finally, no system of stock-market regulation would be complete which ignored the notorious and common practice of directors and officers of corporations of trading on advance inside information. Legislation cannot prevent officers and directors from enjoying inside information, but if they were required frequently to make their stock holdings public they would undoubtedly be deterred from employing their advantageous position so frequently to the detriment of their less fortunate stockholders.

The dismay with which most of Wall Street contemplates a governmental attack on these time-honored practices indicates the strength of the bourbonism which has led the Street to persevere in them in the face of ever-mounting public demands for its chastisement. Instead of paying heed to these warnings, the Street responded with a demonstration of its addiction to manipulation in the wild gambling market from April to July this year. Its only concession to the New Deal was to shout protestations of reform while its hands were caressing the pocket-books of the speculating public. When the outcries which followed the collapse of the 1933 market in July at last convinced Wall Street that a gesture of reform was in order, the New York Stock Exchange produced its regulations. The inadequacy of these measures was clearly apparent to all practiced observers except financial editors suffering from advertising blindness.

To Wall Street the best type of regulation is no regulation at all. But if there must be regulation, Wall Street is hopeful that the important details of execution will be intrusted to the Stock Exchange itself. The innocuous reform measures of last August were intended to further such a program, and it is anticipated that the Exchange will take further steps in the same direction before Congress convenes in January. But if the attempts to divert regulation into safe hands meet defeat, the present campaign against the securities act indicates the character of the propaganda which probably will ensue. Just as the requirements for honesty in selling new securities are now being criticized as leading to suffocation of the capital market, so sound regulation of the stock exchanges would undoubtedly be followed by protests that legitimate business was being throttled, that existing investments were being frozen, and that investors were being deprived of an adequate market in which to dispose of or acquire securities. The point to remember is that, without serious retrenchment, the immense structure for stock trading maintained by Wall Street cannot be profitably supported under a system requiring an honest market for investors and a reasonable limitation of speculation.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER is the Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is a Washington correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

JOHN HENRY HAMMOND, JR., reported the previous trial of Heywood Patterson in *The Nation* last spring. Last winter he produced the play "Little Ol' Boy."

JAMES RORTY is a former advertising man and the author of a book of poems, "Children of the Sun."

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD is a California newspaperwoman.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is a member of the English Department of Washington Square College, New York University.

JAMES BURNHAM, professor of philosophy at Washington Square College, New York University, is one of the editors of *Symposium* and the author of "Philosophical Analysis."

LINCOLN STEFFENS is the well-known writer and liberal. He was himself one of the earliest "muckrakers," and his autobiography was one of the outstanding books of 1931.

JAMES T. FARRELL is the author of "Young Lonigan" and "Gas House McGinty."

LEWIS S. GANNETT, who writes a daily column on books in the *Herald Tribune*, is the author of a pamphlet, "Young China."

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Somewhat More Slowly

By MARK VAN DOREN

Somewhat more slowly, lengthener of days—
O, you that pull the crusted nails of winter—
Somewhat more slowly work. Within is lying
One who would not hear too soon the splinter
Of wrapping-boards; nor see too soon your light
Enter and like a thief put out the night.

Lay down your hammer somewhere in the snow—
Deep snow, and dark—and drop your chisel after.
Sleep there upon the wind, as far away
As April, and be deaf to this my laughter—
Muffled in the linen of a box
Upon whose lid Time comes, Time comes and knocks.

But comes not yet if you lie long and dream,
And, wakened on a morning, doubt your eyes.
Look then for those you lost—Oh, you will find them,
Cold beneath the snow—and slowly rise,
And slowly make approach. I shall be rested;
Nor is death then unwillingly molested.

But Is It Art?

LITERARY criticism has become, in recent years, a very solemn affair. T. S. Eliot, I. A. Richards, and others of that ilk first made it so esoteric that the mere lay reader of books fled in alarm; and then, more recently still, the sociological critics have been doing their bit toward taking the fun out of literature itself as well as out of its derivative, the books about books. Between them the two groups have very nearly shamed the mere commentator out of existence, and by pouring scorn upon everything which was not either "purely" aesthetic or resolutely Marxian they have made criticism pretty stiff going for everyone except those professional students who are willing enough that belles-lettres should become, like everything else, primarily a "problem."

Often, to be sure, these very responsible critics have made their valid points. Aesthetics, considered as a branch of philosophy and treated with metaphysical rigor, has its place. But so, too, in the broad pleasant fields of literature, has a looser, more personal, more irresponsible thing, and anyone who doubts the fact may remind himself of it by reading the series of introductions that W. Somerset Maugham has written to the various sections of his new anthology of modern works.* No one could possibly classify these seven brief essays. They are reminiscent, miscellaneous, and conversational. They tell anecdotes, express opinions, and air prejudices. They are bookish after the manner of a man who enjoys life even more than he enjoys reading; critical after the fashion of one who frankly confesses that his criti-

cal principles are merely his own tastes and interests. But how shrewd, how ingratiating, how urbane, how wholly delightful they are! And how wonderfully well they perform what is surely a legitimate function of writing about writing; how wonderfully well, that is to say, they not only stimulate the desire to read but give one the sense of an intimate companionship with another intelligent and enthusiastic reader!

Consider, for example, the brief passage in which Maugham comments on those familiar essayists who, depending on the charm of their personality, tell us "in fifteen hundred well-chosen words that the hawthorne blooms in May and that the lark carols like anything":

A Lady of Quality once asked Jonathan Swift to write a discourse on a broomstick. I am sure that he did it very well, not because his subject was a broomstick, but because he was bitter and envious, passionate, sentimental, and broken-hearted. The essayist of this kind must wear his heart on his sleeve, but he should take care that, like Hazlitt's, it is bleeding and lacerated.

Or take, on the other hand, that longer passage in which he explains that the choice of works in his anthology is a purely personal choice:

The ablest editor I know is accustomed to say: I am the average American and what interests me will interest my readers; the event has proved him right. Now I have most of my life been miserably conscious that I am not the average Englishman. Let no one think that I say this with self-satisfaction, for I think that there is nothing better than to be like everybody else. . . . The best writers have been ordinary men and it is because they have felt all the emotions of ordinary men (with genius to help) that they have been able to present human beings with truth and sympathy. . . . There have of course been many excellent writers who, in one way or another, were abnormal, and they have produced books which have a rang and an originality that make them sometimes more readable than the work of great writers, but I do not think they can be said ever to have reached those wonderful heights where the Olympians dwell. I find "Wuthering Heights" more interesting than "David Copperfield," but I have no doubt which is the greater novel.

Certainly passages like these have a great deal in them that is not criticism. Doubtless some purists would insist that criticism, properly so called, is almost the only thing of which there is not a trace. But who that is capable of appreciating vigorous opinions, shrewd observation, and the flavor of an individual style really cares whether it is criticism or not? It is certainly about literature and it is certainly entertaining—which is more than can be said of many examples of what is proudly offered as "pure criticism." Recently a questionnaire sent broadcast asked the recipient to indicate what "point of view" would be most likely to cause a contemporary writer to write well, and the assumption was that the right point of view was the most important thing he could have. But the question misses the point. The best thing for a writer to have, the only thing he really needs to have, whether he be intending to write about life or books, is simply talent. Mr. Maugham has it in abundance.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

* "Traveler's Library." Compiled with Notes by W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

An American Approach

A Philosophic Approach to Communism. By Theodore B. Brameld. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.

THIS is a serious and scholarly and strange book. Any serious book on communism by an American deserves to be read. There are not many of them; and communism is, for our time, the central issue.

The structure of Mr. Brameld's book is the dialectical development, in a Hegelian manner, of the concept of "acquiescence." He begins by indicating the general nature of the concept through references to stoicism, Spinozism, and instrumentalism. He then takes up the positive side of the concept (thesis) as displayed in the works of Marx, Engels, and Lenin: an acceptance of a certain view of the individual—a paradoxical blend of the ruthless individual of Hobbes and the ideal "natural" man of Rousseau; an acceptance of the "world" and its history as disclosed by dialectical materialism; and an acceptance of the interrelation between individual and world. The next part of the book deals with the negative side (antithesis) of the concept of acquiescence, that is to say, with activity: the criticism of the individual by Marx, Engels, and Lenin; their criticism of the world and history; and their criticism of the interrelation between individual and world—which criticism includes the active program for revolutionary change of individual and world. The book concludes with a final discussion (synthesis) of the now fully developed concept of "acquiescence," which concept covers both the positive and negative sides, is both passive and active, absolutistic and experimental, descriptive and revolutionary.

Such a structure is barbarous from the point of view of the lay reader, unused to the complexities with which technical philosophy decorates, and so often hides, its discussions of fundamental problems. Fortunately it does not prevent Mr. Brameld from including a fair amount of material interesting to any reader, particularly in his chapters on Lenin, the most original sections of the book. Solid information is given, and the footnotes and bibliography put the reader in position to go on coherently for himself.

But there are more serious criticisms to be made than those objecting to an esoteric method. In the first place, in spite of its pretensions, Mr. Brameld's book is hardly more than a partial survey or outline of Marxism-Leninism. It meets no basic issue, grapples with no disputed problems. Whenever he finishes with one stress of interpretation, Mr. Brameld immediately follows with an opposite stress to gain dialectical balance: communism is acquiescent, yes, but it is likewise active; the labor theory of value means so and so, but also thus and thus; the individual is this, true, but he is in another sense that; this follower of Marx is wrong in his interpretation, but in a way he is right, too. Nowhere, even, does Mr. Brameld declare himself a Communist or not a Communist. Such a tolerant, liberal, critical attitude might seem to be the best and fairest for seeing "all sides of the question" and arriving at the "truth." But not so for communism. Communism is a doctrine toward which we must take sides: to understand it critically, if I may use a paradox of my own, one must be partisan. This, however, is a paradox easy for a Communist to resolve. Objectively, society is divided into classes; there is thus no objective social basis for a point of view removed from a class alignment. Communism itself views the individual, the world, and history from the point of view of the working class. It can be understood only from such a point of view. This holds for the issues within communism, the issues dividing Communists, as well as for the general issues between Communists and anti-Communists. Mr. Brameld refuses in his book to

"take sides," and as a consequence prevents himself in the end from understanding. To complete the paradox: liberalism and the critical point of view will have a real objective basis only after the success of communism and the establishment of a classless society. There is a certain historical irony in the reflection that communism, which seems to liberals so violently warped, dogmatic, and partisan, is nevertheless the only road to a genuine liberalism.

There is another major difficulty. This book seems far removed in kind from the books of the great Communists themselves, with which it deals. Mr. Brameld tries to systematize the metaphysical position of Marx, Engels, and Lenin, to present an abstract philosophic doctrine as "communism." Yet is it not worth noting, is it not even essential to an understanding of what Marxism is, to remember that Marx himself wrote no major book on "philosophy"? Even the theory of history, generally considered Marx's most important philosophic achievement, is nowhere treated at length by Marx himself as a theory. The great texts of the theory of history are "The 18th Brumaire of Louis Napoleon" and "The Civil War in France": the theory emerges through the concrete analysis of specific historical events.

This is too often forgotten by Marxists. The primary task for American Marxists is not to match texts from Marx, Engels, and Lenin, not to erect abstract systems and philosophies, dispute over interpretations, juggle authorities. Such a procedure is false to Marxism. It is the business of American Marxists, rather, in the light of the method and principles of Marxism, to analyze the concrete world we live in, the Roosevelt policies, the Negro question, the plans of Japan, the strikes at the mines, the revolts in Cuba, the farmers' insurrections; and to organize and act to change this world. But does not this beg the question? For how can we analyze in the light of Marx's methods and principles if we cannot first agree about what those methods and principles are? This is only a superficial difficulty, to which Marx himself provides the answer. Our truth to Marx, our correctness of interpretation, will be shown not by exhaustiveness of scholarship, not by skill in quoting and counter-quoting or by abstract "logical" consistency, but by the cogency of concrete analyses, the accuracy of specific predictions, and finally by the practical success of strategy and action.

JAMES BURNHAM

Robinson Jeffers

Give Your Heart to the Hawks and Other Poems. By Robinson Jeffers. Random House. \$2.50.

An Introduction to Robinson Jeffers. By Lawrence Clark Powell. Dijon: Imprimerie Bernigaud and Privat.

BECAUSE Robinson Jeffers has struggled so determinedly to organize and use what would appear to be the greatest natural and acquired equipment of any contemporary poet, each new book of his becomes for the reader—he now has a world audience—an obligation to participate in that struggle. We need great poetry very much, and there has seemed to be a better chance of getting it from Jeffers than from anybody else.

One brings to that renewed struggle needs, demands, and hopes bred out of the bewilderment, suffering, and struggle of the contemporary world, and one finds—what? That still, in some curious way, this struggle is irrelevant to the poet's own needs and purposes; that the world struggle is not a part of him nor he of it; that the drive of his art is becoming, if anything, increasingly tangential to the need of a world which has seized upon and is using for what it is worth almost every considerable poetic talent of his generation. Not that Jeffers is unaware of

this need. He is profoundly, almost pathologically sensitive. But this sensitiveness is checked and distorted by an almost pathologically powerful will. Not the will of life, but the will of the poet, be done. Because he is a great and utterly serious artist, we feel that his struggle is ours. But unless our struggle becomes also his, we cannot always go on feeling this. In the end, Jeffers's attempt to break through, or rather to secede from, the human status must bring its penalties, not merely in the alienation of his audience but in the loss of power, for the power is not really in the artist but in the life struggle which he expresses.

As craftsmanship, "Give Your Heart to the Hawks" is in many respects one of Jeffers's ablest performances. But one starts unconvinced, for the tragedy is frailly premised on drunkenness and chance, and one ends, too often in Jeffers's terrible stories, racked but unsatisfied. The title poem is rich with profound insights and contains much beautiful writing. But Jeffers has painted the same canvas, or similar canvases, before, and the characters are much too similar to characters in earlier dramas. We are entitled to ask more than this of Jeffers. More, too, than the shallow, half-true comment he gives us in the brief poem entitled *Intellectuals*:

Is it so hard for men to stand by themselves,
They must hang on Marx or Christ, or mere Progress? . . .

Yourself, if you had not encountered and loved
Our unkindly all but inhuman God,
Who is very beautiful and too secure to want worshipers,
And includes indeed the sheep with the wolves,
You too might have been looking about for a church.

It is no accident that the moment this greatly gifted artist, this finely disciplined and informed mind, attempts to breathe in and then breathe out the contemporary social air, he sounds frail and inept. The explanation, probably, lies somewhere in the life experience sketched in some detail for the first time in Dr. Powell's "An Introduction to Robinson Jeffers," which is an intelligent, workman-like study entirely worthy of reissue by an American publisher.

Jeffers is the son of a Calvinist theologian who appears to have had some private means. He read Greek fluently at five; was forced as a child to study nature, the Bible, and the classics; rebelled against his father. He spent three formative years in European boarding-schools reading Swinburne, Shelley, and Nietzsche. At fifteen he could "think," says Dr. Powell, in Italian, French, German, Latin, and Greek, as well as in English. He was mentally precocious, physically strong, and excelled in studies ranging from theology to geology. To this equipment he added a year of medical school in Los Angeles, followed by zoology, silviculture, and law at the University of Washington in 1913. That year he married, went to Carmel, and except for two brief and comparatively recent trips to Ireland and to New Mexico has stayed there ever since, writing poetry.

The points to note in this summary are the precocity, the Calvinistic inheritance, the extraordinary range of reading and study, and the exemption from the economic struggle made possible by a small income. Doubtless, as a tremendously superior and very sensitive youth, the life he encountered laid an early emotional basis, which his erudition could amply confirm, for his later misanthropy. He did not "break out of" the human status. He never fully entered into it. His life quite evidently has been wholly that of the student and scholar.

The product of that extraordinarily isolated life, organized and disciplined by a powerful mind and will, has been a rich yield of poetic literature, nothing less and nothing more. What is missing is life. D. H. Lawrence hated people too, with a somewhat similar kind of inverted Messianic love. But Lawrence experienced the economic struggle—life as well as literature—and he gave us more, I think, than Jeffers has yet given us.

Jeffers has been called bitter, harsh, inhuman. It would be more just to say that he is all too human; that his alternations of sadism and masochism are the evidence of a still untempered softness. Otherwise, why this running off into partial and arbitrary fables? That way gives us literature, magnificent part-saying, to use Whitman's phrase, but not quite the ultimately erect and liberating gesture of human tragedy; not new life, not the renewing synthesis for which the fevered and disintegrating body of the age is crying.

JAMES RORTY

A Muckraker's Memoirs

Bare Hands and Stone Walls. By Charles Edward Russell. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

MUCKRAKING hurt the muckrakers. One way or another they all were wounded by the work they did; by the sights they saw, by the fights they fought, by the defeats they suffered. Some became cynics, some "tired liberals," some dubious radicals, some unhappy fiction writers. Thus they saved their funny faces. Not Russell. One of the first of us, now one of the last of us, Charles Edward Russell was the most sensitive, sincere, imaginative of the whole tribe, and the most wounded, too. He could not stand it, he said; but he did. In his book of recollections, "Bare Hands and Stone Walls," he shows his wounds; he never tries to save his face. In his very title he describes the utter failure of his bare hands to beat down those stone walls. But the book itself shows, however unwittingly, that Charles Russell survived. The man we all knew, and laughed at, and loved is still all there, riper, richer, but intact.

He set out upon life as a generous man of hopeful, democratic instincts and principles, and thus he is today, a fine man of hopeful, democratic principles—the same principles, the same feelings, licked, sore, but hopeful. And he tells, no, he shows how he did it.

Russell began with a solution and he proceeds from solution to solution. Not from problem to problem, you understand; he was no modern scientific researcher; he did not pass from question to question but from answer to answer. He had—he had to have—always a cause to fight for. He had to know, so he always knew "what to do about it." That was one way he saved himself and his mind. And the other, the most persistent mental trick he had, most methodically, most humorously exposed in this tragic book, is his wilful determination to see that he, I, we, the world, always won—something. He thinks, for instance, that city governments are better than when we began to show them up. I think he thinks so on the same evidence that makes me think we only improved the graft system.

His first solution was free trade; he survived that with the Grange, the Farmers' Alliance, following Townley into the Nonpartisan League; the Socialist Party. After each chapter in his book, after each major experience in his life, he holds what he calls an "autopsy," a paragraph in which he sums up and saves what he can for his constitutional optimism. There is always something good to hold on to. But he gave me on the street one day years ago a more lovable explanation of his faith or faiths. He had joined the Socialist Party. He had to, he said. He could not stand the constant revision of one's philosophy to meet and fit the constant inflow of new facts he got as a reporter. And that is hard. But what he said was, in effect, that he had become a Socialist because he had to believe something. A high dignitary of the church put the same psychology well when he exclaimed defensively: "There has to be a place for people to go to who cannot think." Anyway, from that time on Russell had the peace of mind that comes of

a settled belief and a cause to work and fight and suffer for.

His professional business took him all around the world to New Zealand, Australia, India, Ireland, to the war, of course, and he saw what they saw, saw and felt and thought about it. He wrote some great reports, of which this book gives a beautiful, high-sky view. Young men and young women all should read it. (No use bothering old folk with it; they've got it all settled, wrong but comfortably, in their fixed minds.) But youth should read of the researches and the blunderings of our generation, and Charles Edward Russell is a fine dramatic witness.

He was put to the test finally—to the acid test of revolutionary Russia, and it burned him, as it did President Wilson himself and almost all liberals, Socialists, Americans. Russell did not like the Russian Revolution; he did not like Lenin. He liked Tseretelli, Kerensky, Tereshchenko—a liberal preferring liberals. But he liked even Trotzky better than he liked Lenin, and yet Lenin was the most liberal of all the Bolsheviks, a super-Socialist among all those Socialists. A very typical preference, that, and it would be worth while to see the why of it. Well, Russell, the swell reporter, offers a key to it. He was seeing, and reporting, Lenin in action, at the Assembly of the Council of Soldiers', Peasants', and Workers' Delegates in Petrograd in the summer of 1917 just before the October revolution. The deed had not yet been done, right. Russia was at the critical point where other revolutions had all failed, stopped, compromised, and turned back. For Russell it was at the top when much had been done, enough for one of his autopsies. For Lenin it was at the historical depth where it must not stop and turn, but go ahead and, for once, finish—at any cost, at any cost. Lenin was at the moment (when Russell had the luck to see him) no liberal at all, no compromiser; he was frowning at the compromisers all around him; he was for jamming the thing through to the bitter end. Now read page 351:

He [Lenin] seemed an obstinate fanatic bent upon making trouble and without clear notions as to what he wanted, beyond the promptings of a lust for power and the fact that he did not like what was going on about him. Of this he plainly disapproved at every step, observing the proceedings with a sinister frown.

The man that saw and described that is a believing Socialist, remember, and he was looking at a Socialist, the supreme Socialist, who believed socialism was not merely a belief but a program of action, a way to get some things done that Russell, and everybody else, says he wants done. The difference between them, I think, the difference that other liberals and intellectuals have to grasp with their minds and sink deep down into their nervous systems, can be stated like this: There is a time for thinking and planning; there comes a time to close our open minds, shut up our talking, and go to it. Lest Hitler do his things his way. That time is when we don't need good fellows and liberal compromisers who want to get together. The goal is in sight and we must be Bolsheviks and—do it.

There is a book by Alexander Kaun on Gorki that might be read with Russell's valuable chapter on Russia. It tells how Lenin, the liberal, philosophic Socialist, fussed along gently, tolerantly, with the poet and his broad-minded humanism for years. Lenin really made a pet of Gorki. But when the crisis approached, he cut him dead, threw out his compromising, gentle disposition, and forgot him. Gorki was no man for action. When the revolution was done and the Soviet Socialist Republic established, then Lenin, a liberal again, brought Gorki back, let him save his friends, helped him commit his acts of mercy, and made him the Bolshevik poet. That, I think, is the way all of us muckrakers and liberals will have to be treated, and all, all believers. While we are in the believing, thinking stage of civilization, we may go on with our minds and our mouths wide open; when we come to the barricades we will be shoved back

into some safe place to look on and judge and deplore; and then, when once more there is time to think and talk and write, then we shall come back with all the other pets. (And the writers, artists, and musicians are pets, privileged and indulged and accepted, in Russia now, after the revolution.) But now, here, before the revolution, we Gorkis, we Russells, have to prepare to decide whether to be nice Socialists or—Socialists.

LINCOLN STEFFENS

A Working-Class Novel

The Disinherited. By Jack Conroy. Covici-Friede. \$2.

JACK CONROY'S novel, which describes the education of an American worker in the class struggle, purports to compress and present some of the most common experiences of American labor since the war. The protagonist, Larry Donovan, is a miner's son whose childhood was spent amid the poverty, insecurity, and strikes of a mining community. His father and two older brothers were killed in mine accidents. He became a roving worker, successively employed in railroad yards, rubber plants, steel mills, machine shops, on roads, and as a casual laborer. He dreamed of rising above his class, and took correspondence courses in order to realize that dream. When depression comes, and he is forced into bread lines, flop-houses, and Hoovervilles, while his family, relatives, and friends are driven into utter destitution, he realizes that he can rise only with his class. After taking part in a rising of workers and farmers at the auction of a farm, he goes forth to assist in organizing the disinherited for that great day when they will seize power.

This novel suggests certain general critical remarks which are applicable not only to Jack Conroy, but also to most of the younger American writers. A theme, local color, the presentation of a relatively little-known background—these are not substitutes for careful writing, precise conception of character, and a thorough assimilation of one's material. For instance, poverty is a very old literary theme. Russians like Dostoevski and Gorki utilized this theme without gloss or compromise. But their characters were human beings who experienced every human emotion, who had, if an antiquated word be permissible, "souls." The younger American writers, whose work has been characterized as being revolutionary in varying degrees, can learn a lesson here. They seem to feel, with one or two notable exceptions, that unquestioned sincerity of purpose, or a theme, or novelty of situation, idiom, or locale, is sufficient for the purposes of a novel. But it is not enough to live in proximity to the characters or the environment one chooses to depict, and then present recognizable contours. Such work is valuable only as a transitory report or chronicle. Literature demands re-creation, which is an arduous process; it demands characters that are human beings and not mere fictions. When the younger group of American novelists learn this simple lesson, they may be on the way to producing something worth while.

Mr. Conroy is extremely careless, if not slapdash, in his method and in his characterizations. He persists in dragging minor characters back into the narrative without motivation. His story is weakened by unconvincing coincidences. A number of his characters are aimless drifters; but while their buffetings under the capitalist system may support a theory, their misery is not communicated to the reader. Mr. Conroy's feminine characters are stereotypes, and some of his scenes border on burlesque. One example of his carelessness: the protagonist's father is described as an unfrocked priest. When his dying friend, a devout Catholic, is brought out of the mines and calls for a priest, Larry's father bends down to administer to him. Instead of administering the Sacrament of Penance and absolving the man's sins, he mumbles a Latin prayer which happens to be the Confiteor. The

writing, considered notable by some reviewers for its brutal realism and simplicity, is merely commonplace and undistinguished except for an occasional moving flash, such as the description of Larry's mother bending over a wash tub.

Mr. Conroy has acquired many facts, and his American idiom is authentic. He has chosen a field of American life that is rich in literary possibilities. As reporting, his work is satisfactory. As a novel, it is superficial. He has described a number of things. He has re-created almost nothing.

JAMES T. FARRELL

The "Truth" About China

Ways That Are Dark: The Truth About China. By Ralph Townsend. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

Dangerous Thoughts About the Orient. By F. R. Eldridge. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$2.50.

WHEN catastrophe is born, the foreign correspondents are honest about it. When catastrophe becomes at home in the land, the first brave correspondents emigrate, and more "adaptable" men report less irritating aspects of truth. So it was in Italy; so it will be in Germany, where thus far the record of the American correspondents is heroic; and so it is becoming in Manchuria. Japanese imperialists plotted the absorption of Manchuria, lied about their plot, then carried it out. The correspondents on the spot were horrified at the cynical Nipponese deceit; but the Japanese have established themselves in power, and now come the apologists.

Ralph Townsend is a brash young coxcomb who spent a year and a half in the United States consular service in Shanghai and Foochow, China, in 1931-33. His apology for Japan is an ignorant, bombastic denunciation of the Chinese and of all those who have hitherto written about them. Three classes of men, he says, know about China: the missionaries, who lie in order to get funds from home; business men, who lie in order to coax the Chinese into trading with them; and consular officials, who are not permitted to talk for publication. So Mr. Townsend tells his "truth," gathering in one net most of the heart-rending atrocity tales which have caused tears to be shed at the Shanghai Club bar (longest in the world) for the past twenty years.

"A Chinese not dealing with his own family or with a close ally," ex-Consul Townsend says, "is a thoroughgoing fiend unhampered by scruples of any sort." The Chinese, he believes, are all alike, all generically different from Japanese and Westerners, and their character has not changed in the least since the days of the Han Emperors. It is surprising that he found a publisher for his ignorant twaddle.

Mr. Eldridge knows Japan. Student interpreter, deputy consul, business man in Japan 1909-14, he returned in 1924 and 1927, and speaks and reads Japanese. He has important things to say:

When impassioned American orators now speak of appealing to the "liberals" in Japan, it is simply laughable. There are no real liberals in Japan because there are no real individuals. . . . There has not been a single instance of sabotage, not a single soldier has mutinied, not a single attempt has been made to disturb any of the plants manufacturing war munitions. . . . Japan's action in Manchuria was the deliberate act of a responsible governing power which has received the almost universal support of the Japanese people.

He makes a comparison. If Americans were barred from emigrating to the rest of the world, and the United States were the size of the three Pacific Coast States; if our foreign trade were twice as important as it is, and a quarter of it were with

Mexico; if we had borrowed a billion dollars abroad and used it to develop Mexico; if the Mexican government were in the hands of bandits robbing the farmers, debasing the currency, and using our money to build railway lines intended to rob our own lines of business—then, asks Mr. Eldridge, "would our interest in the Kellogg Pact outweigh our interest in maintaining our hold upon Mexico?" And he answers, "I doubt it."

Nations, throughout history, Mr. Eldridge points out, have grown and must be permitted to grow. The theory behind the Versailles and the Kellogg pacts is that present-day political boundaries should remain fixed forever. It can't be done, warns Mr. Eldridge; until pacifists and internationalists devise machinery for rectifying anachronistic frontiers, "pacts" and "covenants" will continue to prove illusions. There is a challenge to thought here, but not a justification for Japan's course. At each stage of her expansion she has announced that she was content and would proceed no further; she is still expanding into Inner Mongolia. Mr. Eldridge expresses Japan better in this book than the professional Japanese apologists have done; but he might well, as an American, have added a few words to set the historical record straight. (And one must add that, well as he knows Japan, he betrays ignorant prejudice every time he mentions Russia.)

"Dangerous thoughts" are banned by law in Japan. The "dangerous thoughts" which give Mr. Eldridge his title are those of "missionary-minded Americans" who, indignant at Japan's perfidy, are ready to apply "sanctions" against her, willing to risk war in the cause of peace. Particularly since our recognition of Russia the warning is pertinent.

Still, there is a middle course. It is possible to understand Japan, to have little immediate hope of Chinese order, to be unwilling to accept any political commitments in the East, and still to recognize that what Japan has done in Manchuria is of the nature of an international lynching bee.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Shorter Notices

After Such Pleasures. By Dorothy Parker. The Viking Press. \$2.25.

By this time it is well known that Mrs. Parker writes about love. But it is love after the ecstasy has departed, love in its whining or sniveling or boring or bitter stage that engages her. It is her lament that the human race cannot "jocund be—after such pleasures." Mrs. Parker is, of course, not the first to remark this unfortunate fact. But she is certainly among the most sharp and convincing of those who have remarked it by way of literature. She is the disillusioned romantic who can turn her disillusionment into biting understatement, into a damning likeness of what is boring and trivial. It is too bad that her critics have been so sweeping in their praises. She is not as good as Ring Lardner and she would probably be the first to admit it. She is not the greatest wit or satirist of her time. But she is an authentic wit and an excellent satirist and she is just enough surprised to find that love descends to boredom to make her description of it passionate as well as pointed. So far she has confined herself to vignettes. If she could discipline herself to write a full-length novel, putting in the pleasures as well as their aftermath, there is reason to believe that such a novel would rank among the more considerable of her time.

The Collected Verse of Robert Hillyer. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Robert Hillyer's collected verse appears when the poet is only thirty-eight. Has he thus committed himself to the statement that one phase of his poetic writing is completed? The

□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

AH, WILDERNESS! Guild Theater. Tender and humorous story of a young boy trying to grow up. Highly entertaining but not one of O'Neill's major works.

HER MASTER'S VOICE. Plymouth Theater. Clare Kummer at the top of her form provides a full evening of her original and slightly delirious kind of wit. With Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Superb performances by Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale in a play by Maxwell Anderson. A great success though I found myself less moved than I should have been.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. The problems of a young doctor made into a surprisingly moving and absorbing play. Thanks to a superb production by the Group Theater it becomes one of the two current offerings which no one can afford to miss.

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Fast and furious farce about a Princeton Galahad who rescues the wrong girl with unexpected results. Very fast and very funny.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Powerful and absorbing psychological portrait of a cultivated and somewhat effeminate egotist. Probably the most original play of the year, and like "Men in White" not to be missed by anyone interested in the theater.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Historical farce-comedy centering about the pleasant old New England custom of bundling. Spicy, impudent, and genuinely amusing.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS. Empire Theater. Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner make a picturesque and flippant adaptation of Molière's "The School for Husbands." There is much difference of opinion concerning its merits as entertainment but I found it charming and funny, as well as not too far from the spirit of the original author. With June Walker and Osgood Perkins.

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FEATURE By Asa and Sulamith Messerer

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book contains the best of his lyrics, his sonnets, his longer philosophical choruses. And the poems, all of them, are very much of one tone. Romantically reflective, they indicate a scholar's mind and a delicate poetic sensibility. In form they are carefully perfect; in mood, gentle and pleasant. Here is no passion, but a quietly analyzed and conventionally presented pictorial beauty. The poet is completely remote from any present-day thought. This would not matter had he more individuality of feeling. But his feeling, and consequently his language, is, save for an excellent taste in selection, quite usual. Mr. Hillyer is therefore a pleasing but a rather academic poet. The better poems in the book come last. In the long poems, Memory, Death, Ecstasy, and Love, the poet speaks his wisdom concerning life more in his own person and with deeper feeling. There are some fine lines in these verses. The poem Death is a kind of modern Il Penseroso; Ecstasy, a modern L'Allegro. Perhaps after these summaries of mood Mr. Hillyer will come out from his somehow cloistered poetic existence. The "Collected Poems" indicate Robert Hillyer's one distinction. He is an excellent technician. He never blurs a form or over-emphasizes an image. But he has had, so far, rather little to say.

Fresco Painting. By Gardner Hale. With a Preface by José Clemente Orozco. William Edwin Rudge. \$2.

Here is an excellent little book mainly on the technical side of fresco painting by a painter who pursued the craft for sixteen years in this country and abroad. The first ten chapters, written by Mr. Hale before his death, provide an adequate discussion indispensable for the painter who wishes to know how to go about the job of working in what is acknowledged to be the most difficult of all visual media, fresco—the only one, to quote Michelangelo, fit for a man. The two concluding chapters, Fresco in the History of Painting and The Future of Fresco, were prepared by Shaemas O'Sheel from Mr. Hale's notes. Orozco contributes a meaty preface and Frank Lloyd Wright comments relevantly on the relation of the fresco mural to architecture. Eleven admirably selected illustrations enrich the text.

On the Side of Mercy. By Alice Davis Menken. With an Introduction by the Governor of New York. Covici-Friede. \$2.

Mrs. Menken is a social worker of thirty years' experience who has had the satisfaction of seeing many of the goals for which only a few leaders like herself worked in her earlier years become, in her later life, the established ideals of all thoughtful citizens. She views this development of a social point of view with a good deal of justified satisfaction in 196 pages of text, with 28 pages appended relating to New York's delinquent girls and women. Cheap movies, immigration, mental defects, night courts, illegitimacy, parole systems, and volunteer service are all discussed with greater or less detail; the usual case studies of the under-privileged Sadies, Flossies, and Lulus are presented, with the usual grateful letters which they send when they have profited by good advice. Every social worker's pigeonholes and every court's files are full of such data. But it is none the less true that the very commonplaceness of this material today is due to the pioneer work of such enthusiasts as Mrs. Menken. Naturally it is impossible to give a very profound treatment of all our social ills in so short a space, and by such a discursive method. No doubt Mrs. Menken would be the first to disclaim such an attempt. "On the Side of Mercy" should be especially appreciated by those who worked side by side with her in the State of New York, whose memories of battles fought and won are the same as hers, and who will therefore find her record of the satisfactory handling of situations and cases a pleasure to recall and a stimulus to further effort.

Films

Head-Hunters

AN interesting example of the wholly accidental manner in which "contrast-montage" is sometimes achieved on the screen is to be discovered in this week's program at the Cameo. "Gow," which is the main feature, is the picture that Captain Edward A. Salisbury made during a long voyage of exploration in the South Seas. Most of the material that it presents is already familiar to us from better-documented and more carefully photographed films of the same kind that have appeared in recent years. The scenes taken in the Marquesan and Samoan islands, for example, are hardly to be compared with those assembled by Murnau and Flaherty for "Tabu." Yet it must be admitted that when Captain Salisbury takes us on to the remoter and more savage islands of the region his picture includes many passages of real interest. It also becomes evident that it has been following a certain form, tracing out the progressive savagery of the island races as one voyages onward toward the New Hebrides and New Guinea. I do not remember ever having seen in a film of this sort a more sinister and bloodthirsty collection of savage types. The spoken commentary that accompanies the action is hardly necessary; the most literal use of the camera is sufficient. The much-advertised actual photographing of a cannibal feast is not as disappointing as one might think on being told that the camera is kept at least a hundred yards away from the center of activity. Distance, helpful, as always, to the imagination, adds to the horror of the naked figures dancing in a circle around the fire. The real climax, however, is the rehearsal of a head-hunting raid—the ritualistic dances by which the tribe gets itself in a proper state of frenzy, the brutal hand-to-hand attack on the neighboring island, and afterwards the triumphal dance around the white heap of enemy heads. The whole thing moves along with the accelerated tempo of a bad dream. We find it hard to believe in this systematized routine of violence and frenzy. These wild shapes, moving as under the spell of some hideous enchantment, are no more real than the hallucinations of intoxication or sleep. We are glad to turn our attention to the "short" that follows—a third-rate vaudeville number in which some unattractive little girls are made to sing torch-songs like their elders. Then, very curiously, we find ourselves thrust back again into that world which we have just dismissed as being too unlike our own to seem quite real. The newsreel has flashed on and almost the first thing we are aware of is the same impression of violence organized into ritual, of human masses moving with the mechanical regularity of a dream. The scenes of the San José lynching in the newsreel are not as complete as those of the head-hunting raid in Captain Salisbury's picture. But the effect is the same.

"L'Opéra de Quat' Sous" (Fifth Avenue Playhouse) is a French re-take of Pabst's celebrated "Dreigroschenoper," which was, it will be remembered, dimly suggested by Gay's "The Beggar's Opera." If this does not give a sufficient idea of the confusion that surrounds the production, one may add that the print has been so badly cut for one reason or another that it is almost impossible to follow the story. Why an English background of the eighties was substituted for the eighteenth century of Gay's original opera remains something of a mystery. Much of the photography and such of the music as survives the bad recording are excellent; but the picture as a whole creates a response that can only be defined as abject confusion.

WILLIAM TROY

PLAYS □ FILMS □ LECTURE

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Drama

Poor White

"TOBACCO ROAD" (Masque Theater) is based on a novel by Erskine Caldwell. Most of the critics of the daily press found reasons to justify their disapproval, and it may be safely predicted that the reaction of most visitors will be violent enough. But whatever the propriety or the point of presenting so complexly shocking a spectacle may or may not be, two things can hardly be denied: Mr. Caldwell's writings have a certain rank flavor all their own; and that flavor is preserved in the dramatic version.

One may, to be sure, assign him his special place in a rather vague tradition. He is, let us say, as hard-boiled as Hemingway and as brutal as Faulkner. Like the latter he loves to contemplate the crimes and perversions of degenerate rustics; like both, his peculiar effects are made possible only by the assumption of an exaggerated detachment from all the ordinary prejudices of either morality or taste and a consequent tendency to present the most violent and repulsive scenes with the elaborate casualness of a careful pseudo-naïveté. Yet Mr. Caldwell is not, for all that, really like either Hemingway or Faulkner. The first has something of the dogged, repetitious gravity of one of his own drunks; the second sometimes suggests the imbecile earnestness of his favorite half-wits; but when Caldwell is being most characteristically himself the mood which dominates his writing is the mood of a grotesque and horrible humor. The element of which he is most aware and that which he seems most determined to make us perceive is the element of an almost pure macabre. This starveling remnant of the Georgia poor-white trash is not only beyond all morality and all sense of dignity or shame, it is almost beyond all hope and fear as well. As ramshackle and as decayed as the moldy cabin in which it lives, it is scarcely more than a parody on humanity, and when some hidden spark of anger flashes briefly forth, or when lust—the most nearly inextinguishable of human impulses—motivates a casual and public seduction or rape, one is bound to regard these crimes almost as one regards the deeds of that traditional embodiment of moral imbecility, Mr. Punch. Perhaps it is difficult to believe that a play which centers about the determination of an old man to return a twelve-year-old child to her husband, which involves the almost continuous presence of a rutting female monstrosity with a harelip, and which ends with the death of an old woman beneath the wheels of an automobile, can be funny. Yet funny it was, to me at least, and funny—though perhaps ambiguously so—it was also, I believe, intended to be.

All comedy of whatever sort has as a necessary condition the fact that the spectator maintains his sense of separateness from the personages involved, that he is not inside and feeling with them but outside and judging by standards different from theirs. Once we participate in the life of any character, he immediately becomes heroic or tragic, pathetic or romantic or sentimental. Once we succeed in detaching ourselves from him, he must remain in some sense comic if he continues to be anything at all, and Mr. Caldwell puts this law to its severest test by endeavoring to maintain a comic detachment in the face of characters so depraved that mere revulsion, if nothing else, would seem to make detachment impossible. It would be interesting to inquire how one may account for the fact that this detachment is, to a considerable extent, maintained, and one obvious answer would be that the characters themselves are represented as creatures so nearly subhuman that their actions are almost without human meaning and that one does not feel

with them because they obviously feel so little themselves. Perhaps, however, it is more important to ask just how completely successful Mr. Caldwell here is, and having granted that "Tobacco Road" is a comedy if it is anything at all, to inquire if it is really a good one.

I have already said that, to me, the play was genuinely if rather horribly funny, but I realize that many people will not find it so, and I hold that no work of art which is capable of seeming not merely good or bad but wholly different in meaning and intention to two different spectators of equal cultivation and sensibility can possibly be a thoroughly successful one. Many classes of events are in life quite ambiguous; they may, that is to say, be quite successfully used as the basis for either a comedy or a tragedy. But one of the essential differences between a happening and a work of art is due just to the fact that the emotional meaning of the work of art, or at least the artist's intention in this respect, is completely unambiguous. Mr. Caldwell, therefore, has not actually achieved with complete success the comedy which, so I believe, was not fully formed in his mind. His recent novel, "God's Little Acre," was characterized by a somewhat similar ambiguity, and it still remains for him to clarify more completely for others—and probably for himself also—the style toward which he seems to be working. But it is no less true that he suggests quite clearly something which is fully realized only in moments, and true also that that something is highly original. I shall leave to others the question whether or not a comedy of the sort which this play adumbrates would be morally elevating or in any way useful to society. But as one who is compelled by his profession to give serious consideration to plays and novels which have, for the most part, few traces of originality of any sort, I may be permitted, I hope, a keen professional interest in Mr. Caldwell's talent. "Tobacco Road," it is hardly necessary to add, will probably be caviar—if not something worse—to the general, but even the general, I think, will recognize the superbly salty and complete impersonation of Henry Hull and the successful grotesquerie of Ruth Hunter as the girl with the harelip.

"Peace on Earth" (Fourteenth Street Theater) is the first offering of a new group organized for the production of plays with a social purpose. Leading radicals have given it high praise and the last "expressionistic" act has a certain hysterical force, but the rest impressed me as much the same elementary, wooden, and plodding exposition of the commonplaces about war and its causes to which we have been treated many times before.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVII

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

SALVATION ARMY members made their usual appearance on city streets some days before Christmas, erecting their familiar tripods with underslung pots and tinkling their bells in the annual appeal for funds. But instead of the well-remembered slogan, "Keep the pot boiling" (presumably to cook the chicken which Mr. Hoover put there), a new placard was displayed, reading, "It's worse to be poor at Christmas." This is an unfinished statement which leaves us guessing. Does the Salvation Army mean it is worse to be poor at Christmas than to be rich? Or it is worse to be poor at Christmas than at New Year's? Or what? We think the slogan ought to be amended in the interest of clarity if not charity. Our own suggestion for a change would be, "It is unnecessary to be poor at Christmas or any other time." But then, of course, the Salvation Army would glean fewer nickels, dimes, and quarters in the places where most of the nickels, dimes, and quarters are.

THE BILL of the United States for war-debt payments fell due on December 15. Of the some \$300,000,000 (including back payments still unmet) due to Uncle Sam on that day, he received \$8,898,123, or a settlement of a little less than three cents on the dollar. Five of the eleven

countries from which instalments were due paid nothing at all. Great Britain, which owes \$117,670,765, paid \$7,500,000—in American currency at the current rate of exchange! France has again declared its intention to default payment. For the second time Finland alone paid its instalment in full, without a plea for reduction. (More than one American citizen would doubtless like to know what the Finnish system of finance is.) Surely these figures must show to all but the most hide-bound intransigents that it is and has for a long time been folly to attempt to collect these moneys. The time has passed when the United States could effectively bargain with the war debts, as it has passed when this country could have achieved a reputation for generosity by canceling them. About all that remains for us to console ourselves with is promises that the debts are not forgotten. We may be sure they are not forgotten. Uncle Shylock will long be remembered by his European neighbors and erstwhile colleagues. But it is doubtful if their memory of him will be altogether flattering.

TORIES may oppose Mr. Roosevelt's monetary policy for purely selfish reasons. Such an accusation, however, cannot be leveled against Secretary of Agriculture Wallace. True, Mr. Wallace does not directly say that he opposes the Administration's program of gold buying and currency manipulation. In his annual report he is content merely to point out some of the fallacies of that program. He is apparently anxious to save the farmers from being duped by inflationary devices ostensibly designed to help them. "It is impossible," Mr. Wallace asserts, "for the government in its monetary policy to single out any particular group of prices for special attention. By itself monetary action does nothing to change maladjusted situations for the better. Indeed, it may tend to prevent a favorable change by temporarily hiding the need. . . . It is well to bear in mind the probability that the favorable influence of our monetary policy on the prices of cotton and wheat may not continue if foreign countries reduce the weight of gold behind their currencies as rapidly as we do. . . . Currency policies may stimulate our exports temporarily but should not lead us to believe that a world-wide demand exists for our surpluses, unless sufficient changes have been made in our tariffs to build up sufficiently increased foreign purchasing power."

THE NAME of Rexford G. Tugwell is sending cold chills up the spine of the advertising profession and its vociferous dependent, the publishing business. To discover the coldness of the chills and their incidence it is only necessary to look at *Printers' Ink*, a journal for advertisers, for December 14. Under the present pure food and drug law, as everyone knows, the government must prove in court that a product is injurious to the consumer before it can proceed against the manufacturer. That sounds fair, but in more than one instance the evidence has taken the form of the death certificates of several consumers—which has seemed a little extreme even to laissez fairists. The new law attempts to stop up these fatal loopholes. But the advertisers

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and the publishers of advertising see in the bill, first, Dictatorship, and second, Ruin. The seeds of dictatorship, it seems, lie in the provision by which the Secretary of Agriculture is directed to give publicity to proceedings and judgments against manufacturers and their products and to information he considers necessary in the public interest. Ruin lies in the innocent statement, among others, that "a right of action shall accrue to any person for injury or death caused by a violation of this act" (lawsuits for damages are expensive both to reputations and to finances), and in the possibility which the advertisers profess to see in the bill of a government grading scheme through which consumers would know whether a product was A, B, or C without looking at the gaily colored and extremely profitable advertisements in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

PRINTERS' INK discloses other interesting facts and points of view. Editorially, for instance, it informs us that "after a hectic two-day hearing . . . it became apparent that Senator Copeland, chairman, . . . is vigorously against the measure in its present form." The consumer, it seems, was the object of special concern at the hearing. John Benson, president of the American Association of Advertising Agencies, "was particularly concerned" about the consumer, inasmuch as "upon his or her confidence in advertising depends any permanent extent of advertising effort." It was the same kind of concern no doubt which led to the statement of Lee H. Bristol, of the Association of National Advertisers. "The advertiser," he said, "has studied and knows the consumer, depends for his living on him or her. In some cases the advertiser by study and experience knows what the consumer wants better than does the consumer himself." The consumer, we are sure, will be gratified by this interest in his welfare on the part of the advertiser even though it bears some similarity to the interest that the Walrus and the Carpenter displayed in the little oysters. But if the consumer is wise he will insist that the new pure food, drug, and cosmetic act be passed with no basic modifications. Meanwhile, one telling blow against the government should be recorded. A spokesman for the publishers at the hearing stated that even government advertising was sometimes misleading. He produced a flamboyant poster bearing the words "Join the Navy and See the World." "I personally know of several young men," he said in effect, "who joined the navy five years ago and have been in the Brooklyn Navy Yard ever since."

AMBASSADOR BULLITT accompanied the presentation of his credentials to the Russian government with some earnest words not only on the significance of his historic mission but also on the desire of the United States to work with the Soviets for the establishment of world peace. Their close collaboration in this task would, Mr. Bullitt declared, "draw our peoples together" and lead to "fruitful cooperation" in many other fields. He did not overstate the opportunity before the two peoples, notably in the Far East, where the whole question of war and peace presents itself at every turn. We believe that Mr. Bullitt will be fully equal to his great task. He brings with him not only a considerable knowledge of Russia, as he said, but genuine regard for the Russian people. More than that, our memory goes back to the report made by him and Lincoln Steffens to

Woodrow Wilson and Lloyd George in the spring of 1919 when the first two had been dispatched to Moscow on a reconnoitering expedition to advise the treaty-making statesmen what course to follow in regard to Russia. Mr. Bullitt favored recognition at that time, and showed a complete grasp and understanding of the situation. But Mr. Wilson would not accept Mr. Bullitt's report because it was not what he wished it to be, and Lloyd George had the effrontery to deny a little later in the House of Commons that he had ever talked with Mr. Bullitt, although that gentleman had been the British Premier's guest at breakfast after his return! It is no exaggeration to say that the history of the world since that date was gravely affected by the failure to take Mr. Bullitt's advice and by the embarkation of the great Powers upon a policy of encircling Russia with bayonets. President Roosevelt's appointment of Mr. Bullitt as our first Ambassador is only a bit of historic justice, a fitting recognition of his work in 1919.

A GOOD DEAL OF TALK about the possibility of a fascist government in this country is going the rounds. It is doubtful if the persons who do this particular bit of prophesying quite realize what a fascist government in good standing demands of its citizens. In this connection it is enlightening to study a document made public lately by the Italian anti-Fascist daily *La Stampa*, published in New York City. This purports to be—and there is no particular reason to doubt its authenticity nor has it been repudiated by the Mussolini Government—a copy of orders issued to Italian newspapers by the government on several days last August. The implication is that such orders are issued daily to every paper published in Italy. A few quotations will suffice to make clear the nature of the control:

August 4. 3. By the use of large type great prominence should be given on the first page to the orders issued by Il Duce for the celebration of Mother and Child's Day.

4. Warning is hereby given to abstain from using the words "supreme hierarchies," as the party has only one: Il Duce.

August 7. 4. Do not advertise the success of the loan in the United States and do not speak of America's inflation policy.

8. The following line appeared in the *Corriere della Sera*: "Instruction by H. E. Rossini on Motherland and Childhood." Bear in mind that all circulars by under secretaries are issued not on their personal initiative but on Il Duce's order, and that at any rate they are an emanation from the regime, not from individuals. This instruction should serve as a guide for the future as well.

August 9. 2. Feature, avoiding all exaggeration, under a two-column headline, the visit paid by Il Duce to Camp Sandre Mussolini.

6. An article study on the depression has appeared in *Regime*. It is not timely. The papers should concern themselves rather with the signs of recovery. The depression will be examined and studied when it has disappeared.

This is enough to give you the idea. We may point out to our readers that such regulation in the United States would not only mean the summary death of *The Nation* but the complete denaturing of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Perhaps it might be just as well to do everything that is humanly possible to avoid having a fascist dictatorship in this country. We might not like it after all.

THREE WARRANTS charging murder in the first degree have already been issued in St. Joseph, Missouri, for the lynching of Lloyd Warner, Negro, on November 28. Following an admirable statement by Governor McKittrick denouncing mob violence wherever it occurred, Circuit Judge J. V. Gaddy, in charging a grand jury to bring indictments for every person suspected of having had a part in the lynching, did not mince words. "That lynching was not done by good, outraged citizens," he said. "It was done by men whose moral standards, you will find, are little higher than those of the man who was lynched. That lynching was murder, nothing but cowardly, despicable murder. . . . The man who pulled off the jail door, or any man who helped in any way to break into the jail, is just as guilty of murder as the man who placed the rope around Warner's neck." Shall not the same thing be said of the Governor of a State who declares he will not send troops to interfere with persons who are about to take the law into their own hands by murdering a fellow-citizen? Anthony Cataldi of San José, who boasted, in an article which appeared in a number of newspapers the day after the California lynching, that he had rounded up the mob and had led them to the jail, has been arrested on information supplied by the American Civil Liberties Union. Governor Rolph, when informed of the arrest, declared he had not changed "one iota" his intention of pardoning anyone convicted of participation in the San José lynching. The man is incorrigible. It remains to be seen whether the same is true of enough citizens of California to reelect him to the office which he has defamed.

WE DO NOT RECALL a reform government in New York City which has been as well manned as Mr. LaGuardia's new administration bids fair to be. The appointments made by him up to the time of our going to press are generally excellent. He has lived up to his promise to exclude politics, and in a number of instances has picked the best men available. Thus, to have induced Robert Moses, the successful and able chairman of the Long Island State Park Commission, to become head of New York City's parks was a brilliant stroke of policy. To have induced A. A. Berle, Jr., to take the position of City Chamberlain until such time as that needless office is abolished was another shrewd move, while the selection of William Hodson, for years a leading social worker, for Commissioner of Public Welfare has been universally praised. In picking General John F. O'Ryan to be his Police Commissioner, Mr. LaGuardia chose a man who was probably the most successful of our war generals who were trained in the militia. A fine disciplinarian but never a militarist or a martinet, General O'Ryan's selection is feared by the worthless elements among the police. But the appointment which pleases us most is that of Paul Blanshard as Commissioner of Accounts, which means Grand Inquisitor, since that office carries the right to delve into the affairs of all the others. Here Mr. Blanshard will be in his element, and he should succeed in painting an even more vivid picture of what Tammany has been doing to New York than did Samuel Seabury.

THE ACQUITTAL of Athos Terzani, on trial for murder in New York City, shows what can be done to prevent the railroading for political reasons of an innocent man when an energetic effort is made sufficiently early. Ter-

zani was arrested, after a shooting at a fascist meeting, upon the complaint of Art Smith of the discredited Khaki Shirts of America. Terzani, an anti-fascist, had previously accused one of Smith's followers of the shooting and had shown the police where the slayer had hid the pistol. A strong defense committee was organized for Terzani, and competent counsel was obtained, headed by Arthur Garfield Hays. At the trial not only was the prosecution discredited but the defense named the man it believed to have been the slayer and presented evidence to support the charge. It took the jury only thirty-two minutes to find Terzani not guilty. While Terzani's acquittal is a credit to his defense committee and counsel, it reflects little luster upon the District Attorney of Queens County, who stood pat upon the original police version of the shooting and refused to follow up clues supplied by the defense. The much-vaunted Anglo-Saxon system of criminal justice works fairly well in many cases, but where political or class prejudice enters, it may easily make a victim of a man without money or friends.

"PEACE ON EARTH," the first production of the Theater Union, has been variously received by the critics of the New York press. It has been praised and condemned and ignored. *The Nation's* critic found it obvious and tiresome. But despite this wide divergence of professional taste, it has been received with unanimous enthusiasm by great numbers of the people for whom it was primarily intended. Workers, students, radicals, pacifists have flocked to the Civic Repertory Theater and filled to capacity the lower-priced seats. Benefits and theater parties have been arranged by a united front of such diverse organizations as the International Labor Defense, the Marine Workers' Industrial Union, branches of the Socialist Party, the League for Industrial Democracy, the New Workers' School, and several more. Almost as great variety marks the management of the Theater Union organization. It is this surprisingly wide appeal that lends importance to the enterprise. For the Theater Union is the first venture of just this kind to be launched in New York. It is a non-profit organization, originally financed by individual contributions. It pays small salaries. If it should make any profit, half will go into a producing fund and half be divided among the actors and other workers in the Union. The price scale is from thirty cents to \$1.50, with half the house priced below a dollar. It will produce plays designed to appeal to working-class and radical audiences. Indeed, this is a working-class theater of the only sort that we believe in—one which is attended by workers because they like it and because they can afford to go. The unfortunate corollary to the encouraging fact of working-class support is that the Theater Union needs also, if it is to survive, the support of the people who can buy the higher-priced seats. And so far, it has not succeeded in filling its front rows.

THE hazards of the holiday gift season must have been considerably augmented this year by the happy department-store thought of providing "gift advisers"—efficient persons who know just what to buy for Uncle Ned or Cousin Sue. If there is anything which we would open on Christmas morning with more trepidation than an infernal machine, it would be a package from Aunt Hannah selected by a "gift adviser."

Another Power Fight Ahead

THE electric-power interests are like a dragon which, as soon as one head is cut off, promptly pushes out another without ever a quiver of the torso. The public needs to keep an ax handy all the time to lop off new heads as they appear in the guise of politicians and financiers seeking to embezzle the country's natural resources. Especially is it necessary this winter to attack the strong lobby which is forming against the development of the St. Lawrence River for the benefit of the public. It is now evident that a secretly directed campaign has begun not only to see to it that the public does not get cheaper current from the greatest electric development planned on this continent, but actually to have the project carried out at government expense and then detoured to the enrichment of private interests.

The St. Lawrence development, it will be recalled, is part of the scheme for a 27-foot waterway, deep enough for practically all seagoing craft, from the Atlantic Ocean to the head of the Great Lakes, instead of the present channel which in places is as shallow as 14 feet. By the treaty between this country and Canada signed on July 18, 1932, the United States undertook to deepen the channel at necessary points in the four upper lakes, Canada promised to improve the Welland Canal between Lakes Erie and Ontario, and the two nations agreed to attack jointly the impediments to navigation in that part of the St. Lawrence River which constitutes the international boundary. This amounts to 115 miles, separating New York from Ontario. Between Ogdensburg and Massena—48 miles—the famous St. Lawrence rapids drop 85 feet. It is proposed to convert this into a series of dams and pools, developing in connection with them 2,200,000 horse-power in electricity, more than the amount so far projected at Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam combined. The power is to be divided equally between the United States and Canada.

This country's heritage, if scheming financiers and crooked politicians have their way, would go to the companies now controlling the field on their own terms and be sold to domestic consumers at an average price of six cents a kilowatt hour, although private corporations are distributing electricity at a profit in St. Louis and the city of Washington at three to four cents a kilowatt hour and in Ontario a government agency sells it at two cents. It was thought at first that the protection of the American consumer was guaranteed by the arrangement whereby the federal government intrusted its quota of 1,100,000 horse-power to the Power Authority of the State of New York. This body, with an able and public-spirited personnel, was set up in 1931, and in return for the rights which New York receives, the State has undertaken to pay \$89,000,000 of the \$258,000,000 which will be this nation's share in the cost of the St. Lawrence development. But the Power Authority is not authorized—as it should have been—to sell direct to the consumer. It must make contracts with distributing companies. This arrangement was dictated by the New York power interests, dominated by the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation. Holding a monopoly of distributing facilities as they do, these companies are in a position to decline to

make contracts for new power except on their own terms. The only way to beat them is through municipal distribution—or at least the possibility of it.

To this end bills were introduced in the New York Legislature in 1930, 1931, and 1932, backed by Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Governor, to permit municipalities to go into the power business if authorized to do so by a referendum vote of their citizens. New York is one of only six States today in which municipalities lack that power. The Republican-controlled, corporation-bossed legislatures did not even report the bills out of committee. But in 1933, with a small Democratic majority in the senate, a better result was hoped for. It did not materialize. A bill, supported by Governor Lehman, with difficulty reached the floor of the senate, where it was beaten. Four Democrats voted in the negative and two refrained from voting, proving that the utilities can find friends in either party when needed.

The campaign of the power companies at the forthcoming session of the New York Legislature will be strong but indirect. Instead of waging a fight primarily on the power issue, which might arouse too much public resentment, the utility interests are making their attack, in part at least, on the navigational aspects of the waterway project. They are reviving old local jealousies, especially the argument that the commerce of the New York Barge Canal, the Hudson River, and the port of New York will suffer by the completion of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway. The argument is probably unfounded, but even if true should be disregarded in the face of the wide national benefits of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence project. It seems evident that if the power interests fail to mold the legislature according to their hearts' desire, they will turn to Congress and seek to block the ratification of the amplifying treaty between Canada and the United States upon which the work on the St. Lawrence River depends. Masked behind the present opposition is the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, representing all the most sinister and selfish financial interests of lower Manhattan. The opposition includes, of course, the power companies of New York and Westchester counties. Chairman Maltbie of the Public Service Commission showed lately that their dividends were 25 per cent higher at the end of 1931 than in June, 1929, and in 1932 were 16.5 per cent higher than in June, 1929. Meanwhile, during the depression, salary increases have been made to various utility officers already fabulously paid for mulcting the public.

Work cannot begin on the St. Lawrence development until the Power Authority can make contracts for the sale of electricity upon which revenue bonds can be issued. Not only is it important that a great continental navigation and power project be not delayed, but it is equally essential that American workers and industries be not deprived at this time of the advantage of the proposed expenditures. It is estimated that the St. Lawrence project means the expenditure by the United States of \$30,000,000 annually for seven years.

The voters of New York State need and deserve the support of the entire nation in their fight for legislation per-

mitting municipalities to go into the manufacture and distribution of electricity, for it is essentially a national battle. The effect of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway will be felt across the continent, while power from the St. Lawrence River can be transmitted economically for 300 miles, which means over practically all of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, and part of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maine. The New York League of Women Voters has already lined up in favor of the enabling act for municipalities, a course which may well be followed elsewhere. Progressive newspapers throughout the country should lose no time in getting into the fray.

A Journalistic Blunder

THE people of New York City were treated to an amazing journalistic spectacle in the New York *World-Telegram* of December 15. Both editorially and in a long news story the *World-Telegram* confused the issues of free speech and lynching. Two days earlier Westbrook Pegler, a former sports writer who is now conducting a column opposite that of Heywood Broun in the Scripps-Howard press, wrote a vicious defense of lynching, which, in view of the wide influence of the Scripps-Howard chain, undoubtedly did as much harm as Governor Rolph's statement. That same evening the executive committee of the Writers' League Against Lynching, whose roster of members, according to the *World-Telegram*, reads "like a 'Who's Who in the Literary World,'" sent the following telegram, in the names of all its members, to Roy Howard, president of the Scripps-Howard chain:

We were astounded and outraged to read in the *World-Telegram* Westbrook Pegler's defense of lynching. We trust that this wire will appear in full, with all signatures, as a letter in all your papers in which the Pegler article appeared, so that it may be clear to the American public that there are those in the writing profession who abhor Mr. Pegler's attitude on lynching.

Mr. Howard chose to interpret—we understand not through malice but through excitement—this clearly worded telegram as an attack upon free speech. Going over the head of the secretary of the committee and over the heads of a thoroughly responsible executive committee of well-known writers, Mr. Howard communicated hastily by telephone and telegraph with various members of the league throughout the country, asking if they had protested against the printing of Mr. Pegler's article and implying definitely that the telegram to which their names were signed called for the censorship or removal of Mr. Pegler. Mr. Howard failed to read to them the telegram in question. Fannie Hurst, Bruce Bliven, and others among those questioned naturally disclaimed any wish to have Mr. Pegler censored or removed. Whereupon the *World-Telegram* ran an irrelevant editorial defending its columnist's right to free speech, and a long news article which gave all the signatures to the telegram, statements from various signers who very properly declared that they were not against free speech, several fanciful elaborations on this theme—everything, indeed, except the telegram itself.

After the secretary of the league, Suzanne La Follette,

had objected to this hysterical handling of a news story, the telegram was embodied in later editions. Its appearance made all the pother about free speech look silly. Meanwhile the executive committee and other members of the league were not idle. When Fannie Hurst was informed of the contents of the telegram, she declared that the issue had been misrepresented to her as one of free speech. Mr. Bliven declared likewise. Many members of the league telegraphed to Mr. Howard, protesting against the mishandling of the story and the unwarranted confusion of the issues of free speech and lynching.

The *Nation* is aware that the Scripps-Howard newspapers have been a powerful influence against the spirit of lynching and mob violence in this country. Therefore it seems to us peculiarly unfortunate that Mr. Howard should have dealt so confusedly with a group of nationally known writers whose sole purpose is to further a cause to which his newspapers are also devoted.

A Polite Conference

THE unanimity and good temper of the Pan-American Conference at Montevideo are a measure of its failure. They prove, as the correspondents have indicated, how successfully controversial issues have been kept off the agenda and provocative speeches reduced to a minimum. By avoiding, and thus failing to resolve, any of the crucial sources of conflict between the nations of this hemisphere, particularly between the United States and its economic vassals, the conference has moved smoothly toward a satisfactory conclusion; for in international assemblages a successful conference is one which adjourns with everybody still on speaking terms, while an unsuccessful conference is one which blows up because real issues are discussed on which no two nations can agree.

Not that the Pan-American meeting has been wholly serene or wholly without accomplishment. Its sessions have been enlivened with brief bursts of plain speaking—generally about the United States. The Cuban delegates have stressed on every occasion the reality of American intervention despite the fact that armed forces have not yet been landed. Haiti has openly and repeatedly opposed our continued financial control; the leader of the Haiti delegation was able most effectively to expose his country's financial enslavement when, in approving Secretary Hull's proposals for reciprocal tariff arrangements, he made the pointed reservation that he would have to refer the matter to the American Financial Adviser who controls Haiti's financial life.

As to accomplishments, resolutions have of course been adopted on an impressive array of subjects. Secretary Hull's tariff proposals called for a new indorsement of the most-favored-nation principle with certain modern improvements designed to introduce a new measure of reciprocity in agreements containing that famous clause. This modest achievement is far from Mr. Hull's dream of drastically lowered tariffs, but at least it is an acknowledgment of the obvious fact, which American politicians have for so long refused to face, that we cannot hope to sell in markets where we are unwilling to buy. Already we are beginning to negotiate bilateral treaties based upon a rather simple theory of barter;

and Secretary Hull's proposals at Montevideo undoubtedly express the Administration's present tariff policy.

By far the most concrete, as well as the most dramatic, act of the conference was its decision to submit to the member nations a convention guaranteeing equal nationality rights to women and a recommendation that the nations grant equal civil and political rights "as soon as possible." The Inter-American Commission of Women, headed by Doris Stevens of the United States, submitted these proposals in the form of two conventions; but the committee which reported on them converted the convention on the general status of women into the milder form of a mere recommendation. In this final shape the two measures, together with a third continuing the existence of the commission, won the support of the entire conference with the notable exception of the United States delegates, who abstained from voting. It is true that the United States has gone far toward removing legal inequalities between men and women in regard to nationality. This fact, however, is not sufficient to explain the refusal of the United States to record itself in favor of the nationality convention. Not only as a matter of justice to women but also as a convenience to the nations themselves, it seems wholly desirable that the inequalities and variations regarding women's nationality be wiped out. This question, unlike the question of women's rights in general, seems an eminently suitable matter for international negotiation and action.

But the opposition of the United States to both proposals, and to the continuation of the Commission of Women, springs from domestic political and social causes quite outside the ken of the nations gathered at Montevideo. The leadership of the commission in the United States is controlled by the left wing of the feminist forces. Doris Stevens and Alice Paul and other survivors of the militant suffrage movement are responsible for the foundation and policies of the commission. Their proposed convention governing civil and political rights is merely a rewriting for international purposes of the Susan B. Anthony Amendment to the Constitution for which they have so long agitated. It is well known that the present Administration is strongly opposed to this blanket bill of rights, which admittedly would render unconstitutional much of the protective legislation which such persons as the Secretary of Labor, Miss Perkins, and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt have supported. Thus a long history of division of opinion and bitter political hostility lies back of the attitude expressed to a puzzled Pan-American conference by the United States delegation.

That about sums up the substantial achievements at Montevideo to date, although the conference deserves a certain amount of credit for the conclusion of the truce in the Gran Chaco. The nations have also unanimously agreed to adhere to such of the five existing peace pacts as they have not already signed. As for the vital questions of inter-American relations, they remain for the most part unasked and wholly unanswered. The American delegation has repeated again the familiar technique of polite evasion. There has been perhaps less bombast than is usual on such occasions, but no greater frankness or boldness or disinterestedness. In spite of Secretary Hull's disarming honesty and personal charm, it is hard to believe that the nations of South and Central America and the Caribbean have been given any reason to hope that the new era promised by President Roosevelt is likely to bear any immediate tangible fruit.

Food for Squirrels

THE gray squirrels, or at least a considerable number of them, are reported to be leaving Massachusetts, Connecticut, and eastern New York. Now squirrels may not seem very important in a world full of unemployment, revolution, and the threat of war, but then, it must be remembered, unemployment, revolution, and the threat of war do not seem very important to squirrels.

No one seems to know for sure why they are leaving or just where they are going, and some have been unkind enough to suggest that the squirrels themselves have only a hazy idea. Oldest inhabitants are sure that it presages a hard winter, or even that the knowing little creatures have advance information of something worse than the chestnut blight which is about to destroy all the nut-bearing trees of the region, but Dr. H. E. Anthony, curator of mammals at the American Museum of Natural History, is inclined to take a less romantic view. Other observers remember that there was an equally great trek in 1866 and agree with Dr. Anthony that it is merely the result of overpopulation and an attendant shortage of food. This immediately raises the question of what would be gained if the excess population of the East moved West while the excess population of the West moved East, but we will come to that later in the discussion.

Tidings of the migration first appeared in the newspapers several weeks ago and were followed shortly after by a report that the wanderers were coming back again. News was then scarce for a while until the whole thing started over again when it was reported that some 700 had been seen crossing the Connecticut River, and Captain Charles Simms, of the Pauteck ferry, added the information that a dozen effete individuals had preferred to be carried across on his boat. It is barely possible, of course, that the reds are responsible—the reds being, in case you don't know, literally red and, though smaller than the grays, so much more ferocious that they are perpetually making it pretty difficult for the latter, and even causing hard feeling against America among the English because some of them emigrated and are acting the part of gangsters over there.

As originally planned, this editorial was intended to have no moral and to be written exclusively from the squirrels' point of view, but we cannot help finding lessons no matter where we look, and we come back to a question suggested above. It seems that all this migrating does not really do most of the individual squirrels much good and does not overpopulate the West because most of them don't get there anyway. Mr. Goodwin, also of the American Museum, says quite cheerfully that they tend to get drowned or disposed of in other ways, so that the migration is more or less like that of the famous lemmings of Norway, which periodically and cheerfully drown themselves by the thousands in the sea while, presumably, looking for some island which has not been there for several hundred thousand years. In other words—we have got to the moral at last—squirrels are not very much more intelligent in the management of their affairs than men are. They go on multiplying until there are too many of them and then go in for getting themselves killed in more or less wholesale fashion.

Issues and Men

The United States and the Next War

MY prolific friend and former colleague on the New York *Evening Post*, Frank H. Simonds, has just published a startling book on the European situation in the light of Hitler, entitled "America Faces the Next War" (Harper and Brothers). Like myself Mr. Simonds has frequently been called a pessimist because he has been guilty of looking darkly upon the European situation, and like myself he has a number of fulfilled prophecies to his credit. His present book will not lead anyone to dub him an optimist. He is frankly of the opinion that there is going to be a "next war" in Europe. "Men may still assert," he writes, "that a new war in Europe has not yet become inevitable. With an even greater show of warrant they may argue that it is not today imminent, but what no man can longer deny with reason after the German election of November 12 is that war is a present possibility, and that, in 1934 as in 1914, European peace will be at the mercy of an incident." Mr. Simonds is entirely correct. You cannot sit down and say that war will come next spring, or next summer, or a year hence. Wars do not come that way, and this holds true even if there were some lucky guesses which fixed the coming of the war in 1914 pretty accurately. Wars are much more apt to come by such incidents as the blowing up of the Maine or the pistol shot at Sarajevo. And I am afraid that I must also associate myself with his belief that another war in Europe is on the cards. Before Hitler's potential army became a reality, there were 1,000,000 more men under arms in Europe than there were in 1914. We knew then that those swollen armaments must inevitably lead to war, and now we have not only larger armaments but the iniquitous Versailles treaty, against which Mr. Simonds has repeatedly spoken out admirably, to make altogether likely another world catastrophe. In addition, Germany is, to use Mr. Simonds's words, "in the hands of insane nationalists and mad racists, and those of its citizens who are still of sound mind are interned as dangerous to society."

But the most important part of Mr. Simonds's book is the last chapter, United States, Neutral or Belligerent. He is emphatic in his belief that if Europe is plainly marching toward a new war, "American statesmanship is just as unmistakably following a course which must presently make American participation in that conflict inevitable." His reasons for this belief are that in foreign affairs the New Deal is "only the old Wilsonism in a fresh disguise," with the single difference that Mr. Wilson wanted to end a European struggle and Mr. Roosevelt is trying to prevent one. He points out Mr. Wilson's two breaks with historic American policy: first, his expansion of American policy to include the question of peace for Europe, and, second, his taking the conduct of foreign relations out of the hands of the Secretary of State and putting it in those of his unofficial agent, Colonel House. Now, Mr. Simonds thinks, President Roosevelt by his participation in the League Disarmament Conference also includes European peace in the direct scope of American foreign policy, and is using Norman H. Davis in the same capacity in which Mr. Wilson used Colonel House. Frankly, I think this

analogy forced. Mr. Roosevelt expanded but little our already existing participation in the Disarmament Conference; he let Mr. Davis talk instead of keeping silent, although present, at the proceedings. Nor can I feel that Mr. Davis's activities are quite as unofficial as were Colonel House's. Of course there should be no ambassador abroad not under the control of the State Department and authorized by Congress.

There the fact is, that Europe is heading for war and that American policy is not clearly defined. I have already stated in these pages my feeling that admirable as Mr. Roosevelt's record has been in many domestic fields, it has been a failure in international affairs, with the exception of Russian recognition. I feel that the danger to the United States is enhanced by the President's drifting in foreign matters, and by his inability to get time to think properly about our international complications, more than by any determination of his to be mixed up in the European situation. It must be admitted, however, that the result will be the same—whether we drift into another war or deliberately maneuver ourselves into it. Next, Mr. Simonds feels that all the American equivocation and ambiguity of recent years could have been avoided if our government had faced two facts: first, that all discussions of European armaments must be political, and, second, that America cannot achieve anything in this field without being willing to make definite commitments as to its own part in any future struggle. Mr. Davis did this last summer, when he promised that in the event of the Allies being attacked, the United States would alter its traditional policy on neutral rights to the advantage of those attacked. Finally, Mr. Simonds thinks that the spirit of Europe in 1933 is indistinguishable from that of 1914 in its irreconcilable nationalisms.

Lewis Gannett, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, has characterized Mr. Simonds as "one of the most exciting and excitable, provocative, informed, and prejudiced, brilliant and abusive writers on international affairs in America today." That is a very apt description of him, but it should not prevent anybody from reading this book and seeking the author's views on the situation which he outlines, but for which, however, he does not specify a remedy. Certainly there is nothing that demands more solemn thought on the part of the American people and the Administration than this problem. We have already challenged England by entering upon a new armament race, and England has answered that challenge, and so will Japan. All the more, therefore, we ought to outline publicly and promptly our policy in regard to Europe. We should say above all else that under no circumstances will the United States ever be brought into another European struggle; that its institutions are still rocking from the shock of the war into which Mr. Wilson put us so lightly; and that America must face the next war by keeping out of it at all costs.

Arnold Garrison Villard

The Two Wings of the Blue Eagle

I. *The Wing upon the Left*

By JOHN STRACHEY

GENERAL JOHNSON, I see, says that the NRA is "the seventh wonder of the world." He does not tell us which of the older established wonders he has thus reduced to the ranks in order to make room for the Blue Eagle. Someone with a greater respect for antiquity might perhaps have contented himself with claiming for his bird the place of eighth wonder—thus leaving Pyramids, Colossus, and Pharos intact. The General, however, is notoriously no respecter of persons. Ford and Pharaoh are all the same to him: the traditions of history and the laws of economics bend alike before the gusts of his rhetoric.

The main purpose of these articles is to attempt some estimate of the permanent effect which the codes of the NRA, together with the other parts of the New Deal, may be expected to have upon the structure of American capitalism. First, however, we must consider the more immediate and spectacular features—the inflationary features—of the New Deal. For let us readily admit that the General's pet is a marvelous bird. It has a wing upon the left and a wing upon the right. And first it flaps its right wing and then it flaps its left wing. Nor does it let the left wing know what the right wing doeth.

Let us first study what I call its "left" wing—the wing of forced "credit expansion"—to use a fashionable and polite euphemism for inflation. I call this the "left" wing, not because its flappings bring any stable benefits to the working class—quite the contrary. But inflation, which is simply an increase in the general price level, is a "left" policy in three ways. First, it does bring benefits, though temporary, to the great debtor class. Second, it has, since it allows of large-scale governmental relief expenditures and *may* cause a short-lived revival in general industrial employment, a powerful demagogic appeal to the masses. Third, it arouses violent opposition from certain important sections of the extreme "right," from the financial, lending as opposed to producing, capitalists—the great creditor class.

Now the "left" or inflationary wing of the eagle has up till now been the active factor in the flight of the bird. (Ornithologists will no doubt tell me that the Blue Eagle must on this account be flying in a circle; maybe they are right.) Let us recall for a moment what, precisely, the National Recovery Act has so far accomplished. Quite the most comprehensive and convenient "table of results" which I have yet seen was given by Mr. Rukeyser in the *Chicago Herald and Examiner* of November 24 last. Mr. Rukeyser takes three dates for comparison—April 17, the date when America ruptured the convertibility of her currency with gold (this date may be conveniently taken as the starting-point of the New Deal); July 18, as the peak point of last summer's expansion of business; and November 13, as the latest date for which figures were then available.

The vital figures in the table are for industrial production and the wholesale-price level. (I have seen other, differing figures which have evidently been taken from different

price and production indices. But the variations are not sufficient materially to affect the argument.) Between April 17 and November 13 industrial production increased 4 per cent and the wholesale-price level increased 17.5 per cent. Between April and July, however, industrial production had increased no less than 43 per cent, and the price level only 16 per cent. Consequently, between July and November industrial production sank 27 per cent and the price level rose 1.7 per cent.

The more one looks at these figures the more serious they seem. In April the brakes were taken off the credit engines—and away we went! Down went the dollar, out came the promises of governmental billions of credit. Industrial production shot up, and so did prices. But the ratio of the increase of these two indices seemed quite healthy. We may think of an increase in the price level, effected by monetary means, as a stimulant applied to industry. Last summer a 16 per cent dose of the stimulant produced a 43 per cent response in increased activity on the part of the patient. Not at all bad, said the doctors of the New Deal in a glow of self-complacency.

And then the patient suffered a relapse. Industrial production began to drop and drop. The doctors hurried forward. Their only advice was some more of the medicine which had produced such excellent results last time. The billions multiplied; everybody and everything was dragooned into lending and borrowing. But these new billions had far less effect than before. The patient could not hold down much of the new dose. Only a 1.7 per cent response in the price level was recorded. Worse, that part of the drug which the patient could retain in his system had ceased to have any effect upon his strength. By November 13 industrial production was back almost to the level on which the New Deal had started. The net achievement of the seventh wonder of the world, according to Mr. Rukeyser's figures, is a 4 per cent increase in production in six months. And that achievement has been made at the cost of a 17.5 per cent increase in the price level.

It seems clear from these figures that a classical process of inflation is before us. At first, a moderate amount of monetary depreciation—whether it is effected by forced credit expansion or printing notes is quite beside the point—has a striking effect upon production. And then the new production begins to catch up with what real demand there was. The machine begins to jam again (July, 1933). The only thing to do, say the New Dealers, is to pour in some more billions. But now it takes a double dose to produce half the effect. The price level and production still rise together, but the ratio has altogether changed. A fatal sign appears (July-November, 1933). The price level and the level of production begin to move in opposite directions. The ever-augmenting billions of governmental easy money still—though with difficulty—manage to raise the price level. But the level of production obstinately goes its own way—downwards.

It would be rash to suggest that this will be the end of the great American inflation. Considerable as have been the doses of the monetary drug up to date, far more massive quantities of easy money may yet emerge from Washington. It is possible that an emission of new cataracts of credit can continue to push up the price level, and even to turn back the downward drift of industrial production. These things are possible, though by no means certain. Complex interactions are here involved, and I, for one, do not pretend to be able to foresee the issue.

It is perfectly conceivable, moreover, that a steep inflation may be continued through 1934, even if such a policy is demonstrably failing to increase production, to restore, that is, the legendary condition known as "prosperity." For the object of inflation is by no means to promote the utopian ideal of universal prosperity. Inflation is a question of the division of surplus value, the sharing out of the dough, that is, between different sections of the capitalist class; and also of the increasing of the total amount of such dough available by screwing up the rate of exploitation of the workers by lowering real wages.

The effects of a swift, general increase in all prices, and that is what inflation is, upon the different sections of the capitalist class are complex. All creditors are hurt, all debtors relieved. Yes, but many capitalists are both creditors and debtors. Entrepreneurs, actual producers, that is, whether they are the small agricultural capitalists we call farmers, or the small industrialists, are apt to be benefited, at any rate temporarily. All predominantly lending interests—banks, life-insurance companies, investment houses which have more bonds than stocks—are hurt. These categories, however, could all be subdivided indefinitely and endless qualifications could be introduced.

It is already clear, however, from the political struggle which is developing so sharply, that the traditional American class-cum-territorial division between the "small-man," debtor, Western agricultural or industrial producer, who wants cheap, soft dollars to pay his debts in, and the "big," creditor, Eastern banker-financier, who wants dear, hard dollars to be paid in, still holds. The battle between these interests has been fought out time and again. This time I, for one, believe that the Western debtors will beat the Eastern creditors. I think that in spite of all the desperate fight that is being made to stop it, America will undergo pretty thorough inflation next year.

"But, surely," I shall be told, "this will not be uncontrolled inflation—surely it will be possible for the President to stop just when he wants." Why, yes, it is quite possible, *technically*, to stop an inflationary process. You can stop pumping out the billions of credit; you can stop, if you are using such old-fashioned methods, printing the greenbacks. All you have to do is to turn off the presses. But *politically* it is not quite so easy. For what does stopping inflation mean? *It means stopping paying people.* It means taking those 4,000,000 men off the C. W. A. pay rolls again; it means stopping the governmental easy money, which I watched percolating, a refreshing stream, through the country as I wandered about it last month; it means stopping those billions for the cotton farmers, those billions for the wheat farmers, those billions for the hog farmers.

To stop all this would please Dr. Sprague; would gratify Mr. Smith; would send the President's reputation to

the skies—on Wall Street. But what would its effect be on Mr. Roosevelt's present popularity through the country? The man would be dead. And, as I judge him, Mr. Roosevelt is not of a suicidal type.

We should not underestimate the demagogic power of the Administration's present program. The sluice-gates of easy money are open. Even the workers are getting some of it. In each town I visited, men were being taken off the relief rolls, where all they had got had been wretched rations given in kind, and put on the C. W. A. pay rolls, where they got real money—ten or twelve dollars of it a week. The work they were put on to was, of course, in most cases farcical. In Chicago I met a man who had been put on to the "constructive" work of taking down the shop signs which someone had discovered were forbidden by some forgotten by-law of the city. But through the country the men seemed to be painting post offices—4,000,000 men painting post offices. Absurd. But 4,000,000 men drawing wages again; the greatest dole in history; there is nothing absurd in that.

True, nothing like 4,000,000 men have yet been put on, I take it. I do not know whether they ever will be. But I saw that in each town enough men from the unemployed were beginning to touch money again to make me form the opinion that Mr. Roosevelt could not stop, for his political life—and maybe, for all I know, for his actual life!

Probably these 4,000,000 unemployed, and the farmers, and the workers under NRA minimum wages, and all the other millions of American citizens will ultimately find that these new easy-money dollars which they are getting will buy them less and less. They may, however, reflect not unreasonably, that even these soft, easy-money, shrinking dollars are a lot better than no dollars at all.

The next problem is just why the great capitalist interests are opposing inflation so violently. I should have thought that, after all, they could have largely avoided loss to themselves by a little agility; by jumping from bonds to stocks, and so forth. Moreover, a mortgage paid up, even in soft dollars, is better, I should have thought, than a mortgage repudiated in hard dollars.

But no, the old guard is up. Maybe it is just the great concealed dole—for that is what I take the C. W. A. program to be—which has so roused the embattled bond-holders. They may be reflecting that though this dole is now being paid in easy money—is being paid, it will turn out therefore, very largely at the expense of the real value of the employed workers' wages—yet when the inflationary process is over, it may be necessary to go on paying this dole out of taxation. The sad story of the burdens of their British brothers is probably alarming the American capitalists. I fancy that in the alarmed tone of voice in which Mr. Smith, Mr. Warburg, and the rest of them speak of the President, I catch the echoes of Celia's admonition to Touchstone, "Enough! Speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days." Moreover, "plain, practical" financiers like Mr. Warburg and Mr. Baruch must be genuinely maddened by the owlish pomposities of the trustified professors. They are retorting as Touchstone did to Celia: "The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly."

The wise-speaking of all the Baruchs, and the Warburgs, and the Spragues, and the counter-blasts of the Columbia professors, will be of little avail, however. Show they never so truly that inflation smells just as sour to them

by any other name, they will not move the hearts of the unemployed, the farmers, and the rest, who have begun to smell the government's easy money. America will, I believe, go through the inflationary process. And the final verdict on that, when all the yelling and shrieking has died down, will be, "What of it?"

For inflation will leave American capitalism fundamentally unchanged; it will leave the workers worse rather than better off; it will, at most, redistribute wealth between different individual capitalists, and, to some extent, between different sections of the capitalist class. It will leave untouched every one of those features of capitalism which produced the last crash. Indeed, it will accentuate them.

What, then, are these tendencies of the capitalist system which produced the last crash? If the inflationary side of the New Deal—the left wing of the eagle—has done, and can do, nothing to remedy them, what about the New Deal's other aspects? What about the right wing of the eagle? What about the formidable structure of codes and regulations which is being built up? Is all this "leading toward socialism," or, at any rate, toward an "organized capitalism" which can avoid crashes? Or do these features also but intensify the very worst characteristics of capitalism? Is the New Deal heading straight for the new crash?

[*This is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Strachey.*]

Can Hitler Be Trusted?

By PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

AS there may be honor among thieves, there is possible a certain integrity among dictators. Mussolini has never hesitated to make his real objectives known to the world. We did not have to like them, but there they were to take or leave. The Soviet Government has never minced words, or spent sleepless nights worrying about the susceptibilities of others. It bluntly announces it will destroy religion, break the bourgeoisie, crush the kulaks, and then proceeds to do it.

A new dictator has arisen who is not honest. I did not believe this until I visited Germany during the summer. Of course, I knew that Hitler was ruining the Jews and smashing liberalism, pacifism, and socialism, but I thought that within the framework of that program he was straightforward and sincere. Instead, I learned that he and his Nazi government are not honorable or trustworthy. I shall present here the evidence which led me to this conclusion.

I found it first in Hitler's instructions to his followers before he assumed the dictatorship. In the original edition of "Mein Kampf," he tells them quite plainly that in order to achieve power they are justified in deceiving the German people and employing every form of violence. They took him at his word and over a period of ten years let loose a stream of chicanery, intimidation, and political murder which has no parallel in modern history. This program, initiated and encouraged by the Nazi leaders, culminated in the burning of the Reichstag. The imprisonment of the accused Communists throws an interesting sidelight on Nazi ethics. For six months the government officially denied that Ernst Torgler and the other Communists were held in chains. Then on September 25, in the crowded Leipzig courtroom, Torgler said, "For five months I have been chained night and day."

It is on the Jewish question that the Hitler Government has displayed its worst duplicity. It has repeatedly denied that Jews are beaten or killed and that Jewish business establishments are being boycotted or confiscated, and has attempted to wash its hands of any guilt for such unpleasant incidents as occurred in the early days of the Nazi revolution. What are the facts? The Nazi leaders are morally responsible for whatever violence their followers have committed against Jews. This is abundantly clear from such threats as these, which they publicly uttered in the period

immediately preceding their seizure of the supreme power:

Hitler: "If, at the beginning of and during the war, twelve or fifteen thousand of these Hebrew corrupters of the people had been held under poison gas, then the sacrifice of millions at the front would not have been in vain." ("Mein Kampf.") "When we come into power, Jewish, Social Democrat, and Communist heads will roll in the dust." (Leipzig trial, September, 1930.)

Rosenberg: "On every telegraph pole from Munich to Berlin, the head of a prominent Jew must be stuck." ("The Myth of the Twentieth Century.")

Der Angriff: "We need only act brutally enough. It will be necessary only for us to seize a few thousand Jews and make an example of them. When the first twenty are hanged, then the others of this great family will not want to see their brothers dangling." (November 16, 1931.)

Nazi Party Instruction: "The natural hostility of the peasant toward the Jews must be whipped into a frenzy." (Munich, March 15, 1931.)

If to these preelection promises be added Minister of Police Göring's first official statement on the subject after the Nazis seized power, "I shall employ the police and without mercy wherever German people are hurt, but I refuse to turn the police into a guard for Jews," can one wonder that an orgy of murder and pillage followed the Nazis' rise to power? After having given this incitement to violence as well as permission to carry it out, how thoroughly dishonorable is the government's statement that it threw the Jews into concentration camps only to protect them from the wrath of the populace. I talked with hundreds of Jews during my visit to Germany last summer. Not one of them could tell me of a single instance of spontaneous mass uprising against them. On each occasion the violence was committed by organized bands of Nazis, usually acting under orders. How much cleaner the Hitler Government would be if it said, "We promised to destroy the Jews, and we are doing it." Instead, it issues denials, punishes Jews for spreading atrocity stories, expels honest correspondents, and continues to encourage the very violence and confiscation it is denying.

Let me supply this evidence from my own observations in Germany during the month of August. I have deliberately selected these illustrations because, since they occurred

in August, they are an effective answer to the official lie that such things were sporadic incidents in the early days of the revolution but have been completely eliminated since the government has the situation under control. The fact is that murder, beating, boycotting, confiscating go on as before. Only the technique is different. The Nazis have learned, apparently to their surprise, that the extermination of a minority is not strictly a domestic problem but arouses the outraged conscience of mankind. Therefore they have summoned all their trickery and effrontery to continue to crush the Jews and at the same time to pacify world opinion. The same things happen as before, but they are no longer evident on the surface. Jews are no longer murdered in their homes or beaten on the streets. Instead, some charge is trumped up against them, and they are carried off to concentration camps, where the Nazi storm troopers may not only punish them at will, but create the excuses for doing so.

One of the saddest hours of my life was spent with an elderly Jewish mother in Munich. Just the week before I saw her, her son had been sent back from a concentration camp. He had been arrested for having been a Social Democrat, a pacifist, and a Jew. He was detained for several weeks, and then one day was returned—in a coffin. The official notice read, "Shot while attempting to escape." The plain wooden box was carefully sealed, and on it was written that it had been sealed for sanitary reasons, and if anyone opened it, he would be severely punished. The threat of Nazi punishment would be enough to deter any Jew in Germany, but not a frantic mother, to whom life was no longer worth living anyway. She did open the casket and found marks on her son's throat showing that he had been choked to death. That was how he had been "shot while attempting to escape."

While I was in Berlin, a young friend of mine was released from prison. In the spring he had become attracted to a Christian girl, and she had fallen in love with him. Her father tried to break up the affair, but her devotion to my friend was so strong that she refused to listen. Then the father reported the matter to the storm troops. They arrested the Jewish youth, carried him off to a concentration camp, kept him there for six weeks under indescribable conditions, and then let him go, but not without administering a final beating. And what a beating! I saw his body a few days after. It was like raw, lacerated meat. He will probably never regain his health. And remember that his only crime was his attachment to a Christian girl.

One night there was a children's memorial meeting for Dr. Chaim Arlosorov, Zionist leader, who had been killed in Palestine. As the youngsters left the auditorium they were arrested by a large band of storm troopers. Then these boys and girls between the ages of ten and fifteen, who of course had committed no crime of any kind, were thrown into jail and kept over night in cells with common criminals.

Such illustrations of actual violence could be multiplied by the hundred, perhaps by the thousand; and still the government denies that violence occurs. The only qualifying statement which a fair observer can make is that not all Jews have experienced violence. Perhaps 75 per cent of them have yet to be attacked by the Nazis. But the punishment of the other 25 per cent has been so terrible that the observer is forced to conclude that the Brown Shirts take a sadistic pleasure in inflicting pain, and that every German

Jew must be uncertain when he goes to sleep at night whether he will awake unhurt in his own bed in the morning.

The Hitler Government has repeatedly denied that it confiscates Jewish business establishments. It is probably true that there is no longer direct confiscation, but the equivalent of confiscation goes on every day. A Jew I have known for many years owned a small department store. Like most business men he owed money to the bank. The government, which now controls the banks, uses them as the instrument to force Jews out of business. It used this procedure in this case, and in return for the owner's equity in the firm gave him a few marks, not even 1 per cent of its value.

Sometimes confiscation takes other forms. The leading pharmaceutical supply house in Germany has been owned by a prominent Jewish family for almost a century. It was considered, I am told, the finest institution of its kind in the world. Its reputation in every respect was blameless. When the Nazis came into power they ordered all the hospitals, clinics, and doctors to cease buying from this firm—with the inevitable result. During the summer these Jews were forced out of business without a penny.

Another Jew owned two moving-picture houses in Berlin. The Nazi Government forbade him to import foreign films and also, because he was not an Aryan, refused to let him have any German films. He too was ruined.

The German government has frequently reminded the foreign press that the boycott of April 1 has not been officially renewed. An effective boycott, however, is being carried on every day. In the small towns I have seen Nazi storm troopers standing at the entrance of Jewish shops, holding in their hands not guns but cameras. Any Gentile who dares to cross the threshold of those shops is photographed, and then his picture is displayed on the front page of the newspapers and on the motion-picture screens. Of course, no Gentile enters these shops. Until recently some of them, out of friendship or sympathy for the Jews, would find other ways of making purchases from them. One merchant told me that one of his loyal friends telephoned: "I have just passed your shop and I saw a tie in the window that I would like to buy, the blue one with white polka dots. Please put it in my post-office box and I will put the money in yours." But even that became dangerous, and most persons have stopped purchasing from Jews altogether. In the large cities, where it is not so easy for the Nazis to control the population, a campaign against buying from Jews is constantly being waged in the radio, the press, and the cinema. Just to be sure that the public knows which shops are Jewish, the government, after careful examination, issues to non-Jewish firms large placards stating that theirs is a German business. Even Woolworth's proudly displays such a sign.

It is true that a few Jewish lawyers and doctors are permitted to continue to practice. But by a new decree issued on August 8, Gentiles may no longer be represented in court by Jews. On the other hand, the Jew who must go to court knows that he has no chance whatever for justice if he is represented by one of his coreligionists, and is practically compelled to engage a Nazi lawyer. As to the doctors, I have before me the translation of a letter written by the A. E. G. (the German General Electric Company) to one of its employees who was ill. Although a Gentile, he had continued to employ the same Jewish doctor who had successfully treated him in the past. The letter, which I saw in

Berlin, read, "We expect you to employ an Aryan physician. Otherwise, we cannot guarantee the payment of the benefits."

A young woman whom I engaged to do some secretarial work in Berlin showed me the letter she had received during the summer from the Jewish firm where she had been employed for many years. She was one of those secretaries with whom it is a joy to work. Although a native German, she could take English dictation as swiftly and accurately as the most capable American stenographer. The letter she received read, "We are no longer able to employ you under the known circumstances." The "known circumstances" were that a Nazi manager had been superimposed on the concern by the government. His first act was to order the dismissal of all Jews from its employ. The Jewish owner might have resisted the order, but he knew he was helpless. Besides, he hoped that if he complied with all official regulations he might be permitted to retain some interest in the business. But before I left Berlin in late August, he too had been forced out.

The record of Nazi duplicity is not complete without reference to the Jewish denials of atrocities. In some cases I learned that these were prompted by Jewish self-interest. Many Jewish leaders felt it would be in the best interest of the Jewish community to minimize their own suffering and

to avoid the impression of conspiring against Germany. In some other cases, however, Jews honestly denied not the real crimes perpetrated against them, but the atrocities which the lying Nazi newspapers reported as appearing in the foreign press, a horrible distortion which the Jews could honestly deny. The manner in which most of the denials were "volunteered" becomes quite clear from the experience of one of the finest Jews I know in Germany, the chief rabbi of a certain city. He was dragged from his bed in the early hours of the morning by an armed band of Nazis, who took him to the outskirts of the city and stood him against a wall. Then, with a dozen rifles pointed at his head, they handed him a prepared statement to sign. He read in it not only a denial of the atrocities but also an admission that he personally was responsible for spreading false reports of them. He is a brave man, this friend of mine, having served four years at the front, and he refused to sign these lies. There was a hurried consultation in which some cooler head probably pointed out the possible repercussion from killing so prominent a Jew. They finally set him free, but not before giving him a terrible beating. I wondered, as I heard him tell his story, how many other Jews would have had courage and strength under similar circumstances to refuse to sign denials of atrocities which at that moment were being committed against them.

"Slum Clearance" or "Housing"

By CATHERINE BAUER

WHAT is the difference between "slum clearance" and "housing"? Many people seem to feel that if the terms are not actually synonymous, then the former is infinitely the noblest, most constructive, and most pressing branch of the latter. Last year, when Mr. McKee indignantly vetoed a Bronx housing project which had been approved by the R. F. C., on the ground that it did not involve clearing any slums, people of the most varied political persuasions considered the decision both sensible and honest. And recently the Division of Housing of the Public Works Administration in Washington, which had started out with a positive program of low-cost housing on cheap land, has swung around until its entire emphasis is now on slum clearance.

On the surface this is fairly understandable. Slums are unpleasant. They breed dirt, crime, disease, and economic blight. Obviously, therefore, clearing slums is a desirable activity. If a housing project can at the same time renovate a few dejected areas, so much the better all around.

But in reality it is not quite so simple, and before anyone really decides in favor of "slum clearance" he should know very clearly what he wants and what he stands to get out of it. There are a great many different interests involved: those of the people who need decent housing, those of the government or, shall we say, the taxpayers, those of the real-estate business in general, and those of the owners of slum property. Perhaps we might add another class to include those of the author of this piece and presumably many *Nation* readers—the interests of those who are wondering if any of the activity in Washington can be turned to positive account.

Now the only one of these groups which stands to gain

anything by an exclusively slum-clearance movement at the present time is the real-estate business, and particularly that branch of it represented by the owners of slum properties and the banks and insurance companies which hold them in mortgage or foreclosure. These interests stand to gain a great deal. For what is the actual procedure? Slum clearance involves the acquisition, ordinarily difficult, of large unified parcels of real estate in central congested areas—land and buildings which, however unreasonably, are still held to represent a heavy capital value by the financial interests involved. Expropriation proceedings through some government agency might possibly speed up the acquisition somewhat, but under the present system it would probably make the process even more expensive.

The cost of land is the most important factor in determining the quality of new housing. In New York City it is so important that if the government were to buy up the cheapest conceivable slum area at present prices, and were to erect very mediocre housing on this land—four- or five-story flats with a high density and inadequate recreation space—and if further it were to write off (as proposed) one-third of the cost of the buildings by a direct grant, the rentals would still be considerably higher than those for a really good project on undeveloped land, at half the coverage or less, and with no subsidy.

Moreover, one can make no sentimental rationalization of this greater cost by saying that the slum clearance will involve rehousing on the site of their former homes of people who may not want to move away. For no such set-up will actually rehouse any of the people now living in slums: they will be totally unable to afford the rents. (In London, where

occasional attempts have been made to rehouse the identical people on a slum area, the outright grant has usually amounted to at least 50 per cent of the total cost, and even then the houses are too expensive.) The dispossessed tenants will be forced to move into some neighboring run-down district and crowd it more thickly than it was before.

Land values, even in the present scheme of things, are to a certain extent the result of demand. And what is the future demand likely to be in these areas? Our cities are very unlikely to grow much larger. Yet all central districts, even those where "values" have been halved in the past five years, are still grossly weighted by expectation of skyscrapers or some other form of expensive congestion. It is highly probable that most of our present slum districts will never be in actual demand for any use other than low-cost housing, and eventually their market price must sink accordingly. It would therefore be of great advantage to the present speculative holders of such property, who are beginning to smell this situation, if they could unload the stuff on the government at current prices.

There is just one basis on which official slum clearance in this democracy would be rational at all, as far as the general public interest is concerned, and that is the expropriation of slum properties on the basis of their *use-value* to good-standard, low-cost housing, and not at any fancy "market" price. But even if this were possible, I am not sure that it would be the best present attack. In the first place, an absolute essential for good modern housing is "free" planning, and in most slum areas the street and block layouts are, to all present practical purpose, frozen beyond hope of reclamation. But there is another objection. Who knows—if we let the slums rot a while longer, and build decent places for their tenants to live in elsewhere, perhaps we may yet be able to plow them under, plant trees over them, and let a little air and light into Megalopolis.

There is nothing new or startling in all this. It has been thrashed out a thousand times in all the European countries which have done housing since the war. And I can assert, after considerable delving into the complicated history of housing politics, that whenever "slum clearance" becomes an end in itself, you will find that there is a reactionary government in power. It is true right now in England. When the Tories came back in, one of the first things they did was to raise a great hue and cry about the slums. The astonishingly productive movement which since the war had been providing large numbers of cheap cottages in outlying districts—some of them even planned with adjacent new industrial areas—was brought to a stop, "in order to concentrate on the problem of slum clearance." And why? Surely part of the reason is that the slums are getting less profitable, and that their often aristocratic owners would like to dispose of them to the government, or at least to uphold congestion real-estate values.

The English public, however, out of long experience is somewhat more sophisticated in these matters than Americans are. The attitude of all tints of Labor is well exemplified by a remark I overheard in an official housing conference in the London County Hall. The speaker was a clergyman and a town councilor from one of the dreary lower-middle-class suburbs, and he said, "You can tell by the way my collar is fastened, that I'm an authority on hypocrisy." Slum clearance, even where it involves an at-

tempt at housing at the same time, is at best under any present scheme of things a reactionary measure designed to patch up for a while longer the rickety financial structure of our cities. At worst it is sheer graft.

But what about housing in general? Can the present government in Washington, granting that it is well-intentioned, will face the issues clearly, and will manage to sidestep the pressure of special interests, really do anything toward realizing the possibilities of modern housing? I am not sure that it can. The problem goes so deep into the social and economic structure of the nation that a really fundamental and constructive housing movement—that is, one which makes use of known techniques and existing planning sciences to their best human advantage—would have to include such matters as redistributing incomes, relocating industry as well as residence, puncturing land "values," and giving the final blow to our tottering municipal financial structure, to say nothing of the capital structure of the country as a whole. It does not betray undue pessimism to feel that such activities are not to be expected at present.

But still, the history of the late Social-Democratic and Labor governments in Europe must lead one to believe that one of the few positive and constructive things that such governments can accomplish is valid experiment in this very field of housing and land planning. True, the houses did not always go to the people who needed them the most. There were compromises all along the line. But the emphasis was never on "slum clearance," and there were on the whole surprisingly few compromises in vital standards—standards of light, air, convenience, sanitation, community layout, even architectural form. Today quite a large proportion of workers and lower-middle-class families in Germany, England, Holland, and Austria are living in modern dwellings which are far better than were the homes of even the richest people in the nineteenth century. The net result is that a new standard of demand has been set up, new possibilities have been tried and proved, new forms and techniques developed. And from now on anything which does not come up to that standard will at least have to fight the psychological effect of ten years of very concrete education. It will be a long time before even Nazi Germany will be able to erect a typical 1880 Berlin tenement and rent it at a profit.

Very soon in America there will be an acute shortage in all the lower-rental types of dwelling. In many cities there are hardly as many empties as there are families abnormally doubled up. The old speculative building industry is still flat on its back, as a natural result of its own excesses and stupidities. A fine clamorous shortage is its one hope, and that is another reason why it advocates "slum rehabilitation" and fights positive action. The most important thing that the government can do—also, curiously enough, the most direct and the quickest and the cheapest—is to demonstrate and set up an entirely new standard in low-cost dwellings. A mere handful of examples of good, modern planned housing would be more effective than any number of slum areas replaced at terrific expense by near or "reform" slums. They might determine the standard of demand for a generation. They might even give incipient radicals a more concrete idea of what they are fighting for.

If we are going through our own experiment in social democracy—or even if we are not—let us at least use it to make clearer to ourselves what we really do want.

Amend Section 7-a!

By HERBERT RABINOWITZ

ONE dominant question underlies political discussion today: Is the New Deal, despite the worthy intentions of President Roosevelt, the highroad to fascism, or is it the embryonic realization of Wilson's grandiloquent but empty New Freedom? Does it hold a promise of real industrial liberty, or is it, as the Communists and other radicals would maintain, the first step in the process of enslaving labor?

The usual answer to such misguided doubts is a reference to Section 7-a of the National Industrial Recovery Act, which specifically guarantees to employees the right to organize and to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing. How can skepticism survive such ocular demonstration of the beneficent purposes of the NRA? Indeed, it is this very section which has produced the finest flowers of contemporary tory frenzy at the NRA as a surrender by government to the forces of organized labor, and has been correspondingly hailed by President Green and labor leaders generally as a "new charter of economic freedom."

Perhaps, on the whole, it is not entirely safe to rely too heavily upon either tory fears or labor enthusiasms. This would not be the first time that American labor has prematurely celebrated what it mistakenly believed to be the dawn of a more glorious day. Twenty years ago, when Congress passed the labor provisions of the Clayton Act, Samuel Gompers hailed it in language not essentially different from that now used by William Green, and with even more exaltation. Yet, as we all know, the net result of these famous provisions, as finally interpreted six years later by the Supreme Court, was precisely nothing.

Today as in 1914 there is every indication that the precious new grant is destined in due time to be explained, interpreted, circumvented, and nullified out of existence. The whole drift of events is, for friends of labor, unpleasantly reminiscent. Just as counsel for the Anti-Boycott Association hastened to declare in 1914 that the Clayton Act made few changes in the law, and those of but slight importance, so today counsel for the employers assert categorically of the Recovery Act that it "sets up no right that labor has not heretofore enjoyed." Just as the *New York Times*, in 1914, commenting on Gompers's claims of victory and contrasting these claims with those of the employers, remarked that "the mystery will hardly be solved short of a decision of the Supreme Court several years hence," so today the papers speak of the "somewhat blind" language of Section 7-a that needs "clarification." Just as labor then thought it had won the fight against the use of injunctions in labor disputes, only to discover that it had not in the eyes of the law advanced a single step, so today labor celebrates the overthrow of the hated company union, only to be met with the claim that "the law draws no distinction between the company union and any other union."

All this, however, does not begin to tell the story. For although he abjures the use of the term, General Johnson has in effect approved the view that the indispensable weapon of

the "closed shop"—fundamental to the progress of labor and to the reality of the right of collective bargaining—is, *per se*, a violation of the law. Nor is this attitude toward the closed shop the whole of the NRA's threat to labor. For even the right to strike, labor's last line of defense, is gravely menaced. In terms too plain to be misunderstood, General Johnson has declared that "the plain, stark truth is that you cannot tolerate the strike"; and that if labor does countenance this "economic sabotage," it will be destroyed. Further, the strike is not only intolerable but unnecessary, since, according to the General's up-to-date version of the "iron law of wages," "labor . . . will get in these codes the maximum of what the particular economic situation permits, and no amount of militant pressure can change that result." In a word, Section 7-a, as officially interpreted, aims to confer upon labor the privilege to organize and to bargain collectively, but denies every effective use of this privilege. Far from enlarging labor's most essential rights, the New Deal actually endangers them.

These destructive interpretations, moreover, are no accidental or haphazard ones, but the product of a clear and well-integrated philosophy. Under the new dispensation, as envisaged by General Johnson, unions are to survive not as militant organizations of workers, as in the past, but merely as the necessary machinery to insure that the arrangements entered into by labor leaders under central, government-dominated auspices will be observed by the millions of the rank and file. This, the General outspokenly declares, is the "new function of labor organizations"; speaking before the assembled leaders of labor he frankly confessed, "We cannot stand another vast collapse. You are the principal prop against collapse."

It is not difficult to see in these developments the foreshadowing of an attempt to bring about universal compulsory arbitration, for which machinery is already being evolved. Labor is to be fed—and tamed. It is to be given a comfortable cage, but its claws are to be clipped and its teeth filed. True, the strike has not been officially outlawed as yet, but the whole logic of General Johnson's argument leads inevitably to that conclusion.

But what of the solemn declarations of Section 7-a? Surely, you will say, the Supreme Court cannot permit these plain guaranties to labor of rights long struggled for and slowly and painfully achieved to be thus subverted. The Clayton Act was notoriously and shockingly ambiguous in its labor provisions, whereas President Roosevelt himself is represented as having declared, when adopting the coal code, that Section 7-a was couched in English so plain and clear that it required no interpretation, and as refusing on that ground to permit explanatory additions.

Alas! such hopes are doomed to disappointment. Disagreeable as it may be for liberals, the fact must be faced that Section 7-a simply will not stand the test of unsympathetic legalistic attack. It does, it is true, very clearly bar the compulsory company union and the "yellow dog" contract; but its basic provision, to which so many hopes are

pinned, that "employees shall have the right to organize and to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing," leaves much to be desired. So far as President Roosevelt is concerned, one must bear in mind that he was striving anxiously to avoid any action that might possibly be construed as favoring either side, that he is a very good lawyer indeed, and that, as every lawyer knows, it is safer to quote than to paraphrase. The fact remains that Section 7-a, despite its supposed immunity from misunderstanding, does not anywhere define the scope or implications of that "right to bargain collectively" which it so roundly guarantees, nor does it tell precisely who are the "employees" who have the right, or just what is meant by "representatives of their own choosing." All kinds of possibilities lurk in these undefined phrases. Does the right to bargain collectively, for instance, imply, as a necessary incident, the right to strike, which is the substance of labor's bargaining power? Nothing in the words of the act supports or requires such an interpretation—let alone the legality of the sympathetic strike or the secondary boycott.

Does the act, when it says that "employees" may bargain collectively, mean that all the employees in a whole industry may bargain as a unit? Or only the employees in a restricted locality, or, still more narrowly, only the employees of a given company or a given plant or mine? The act does not say. The Supreme Court, however, in *Duplex v. Deering*, has already held that the words "employers" and "employees"—at least, as used in the Clayton Act—did not mean employees throughout an industry, but only those immediately concerned. "Congress," said the court, "had in mind particular individual controversies, not a general class war." Confronted by superficially similar language in the present act, is it altogether unlikely that the court will give these terms a similar individualistic and restrictive interpretation favorable to the advocates of "company unions"?

Again, Section 7-a says employees may bargain through "representatives of their own choosing." Does this mean that the representatives chosen by the majority can speak for and bind the whole group? Or does it preserve the right of minorities and individuals to bargain separately? And does it, as General Johnson argues, therefore exclude the possibility of a closed-shop agreement, because such an agreement necessarily infringes on the right of individuals who may not wish to be represented by the union to select representatives of their own or to bargain individually? The language is far from clear; and it must be conceded that there is nothing in the wording of Section 7-a that imperatively and unmistakably requires a different interpretation.

Of course there is another side to the picture. A court that was sympathetic to labor would have no difficulty at all in reaching the conclusion that Section 7-a was intended to confer upon employees, not individually but as a group, organized, if they so desired, as widely as their employers, the right to select duly designated representatives; that these representatives might bargain for a closed shop; and that the minority, like all minorities in representative institutions, would have to acquiesce in the group action. As respects the closed shop, moreover, there is the fact that Section 7-a itself expressly forbids making "membership in a company union" a condition of employment, but does *not* contain any such express prohibition as to membership in a non-company union. Indeed, a provision applicable to all labor organizations was

expressly cut out of the act in its original form, and the restriction to "company" unions alone substituted. These striking considerations would seem to imply, in accordance with well-settled and elementary canons of construction, that there was no statutory objection to an agreement making membership in a non-company union a condition of employment—that is, to a closed union-shop agreement.

But this is, after all, a mere technical hurdle. There is no reason whatever to believe that the Supreme Court will prove more liberal than General Johnson, who speaks not only as National Recovery Administrator and as a lawyer, but with all the authority of one of the framers of the act. On the contrary, with so much real ambiguity in Section 7-a, and with such powerful evidence of the intent of some, at least, of its framers, it needs no soothsayer to predict that the Supreme Court will not reverse the entire trend of its labor decisions and outdo the Administration itself in radicalism. And it is the Supreme Court, in the last analysis, sitting at a day far removed from present turmoil and unbound by anything President Roosevelt may personally desire or declare or any provision that the various codes may embody or omit, that will be the arena for ultimate decision. Nor is the court's freedom of action in this field in the least impeded by those overwhelming political and economic necessities which press so powerfully upon it to sustain the constitutionality of the act as a whole.

Is the battle, then, already lost? Need we resign ourselves to the traditional weary ritual of futile controversy, followed in the fulness of time by the inevitable adverse decision, with only the inevitably powerful and cogent dissenting opinions as consolation? By no means. Surely we ought not to despair so easily of the New Deal, or tamely surrender its very effective machinery to the enemy. If nothing can be done about the issue of constitutionality save the offering of prayer, there is a great deal that can and must be done about Section 7-a. There is absolutely no reason that this vital and crucial issue should be delivered up to the legal casuistry, the prejudices, and the economic limitations of lawyers and judges, indulging in the unsanctified mysteries of statutory "interpretation," or even to the fortuitous wording of Section 7-a itself. There is nothing holy about that wording; Congress, which reassembles in January, enacted it and Congress may amend it, and by a few words set the whole problem at rest. What is needed most of all is an express, copper-riveted, lawyer-proof and court-proof declaration (assuming such were possible) explicitly defining and conferring upon labor the right to enter into closed-shop agreements, and explicitly guarding against the threatened attack upon the right to strike, including the right to strike for the purpose of securing a closed shop—a real Magna Charta for labor, and no mere rhetorical substitute.

The writer does not mean to suggest that labor has not, so far, gained greatly under the NRA, nor that there are not brilliant potentialities for further gain. But so far it is all fool's gold, apt to vanish in the cold gray morning. Its durability is contingent upon further achievement, and not least upon the achievement of a firm legal position.

Here is a job for Congress, and it is one which, in the long run, no other work that confronts the next session exceeds in importance. It is one that will have to be undertaken even if other features of the Recovery Act are scrapped by Congress, or, contrary to general expectation, held uncon-

stitutional by the Supreme Court, for Section 7-a and the problems it raises would in any event survive independently. Certainly such a move to amend Section 7-a will precipitate trouble and force a "show-down," but a show-down on labor policy is precisely what the situation demands. Only in this direct and straightforward manner can the danger of exploitation of the Recovery Act in a manner destructive of the interests and aims it was intended to foster be safely avoided.

In the Driftway

TWO aspects of the passing of prohibition interest the Drifter. One is that prohibition had to die to win. Not only did nothing in its life so become it as its death, but its one solid, substantial success came at the moment of its dissolution. In New York City, at least, and the Drifter surmises elsewhere, the only considerable drought in the life of the Noble Experiment occurred as its spirit was passing away on the night air of December 5 and during the obsequies which occupied the next few days. According to general testimony, liquor was never so hard to get in fourteen years as in the interregnum between the folding up of the speakeasies and the time when legal dealers were able to acquire licenses and obtain adequate stocks. It was one of those ironies which keep life from becoming dull because of its expectedness—comparable to that awful moment after the armistice of 1918 when our war profiteers went around mumbling one to another, "Peace is hell."

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THE other aspect of the end of prohibition with which the Drifter is impressed is the way in which the bootlegger was allowed to pass from the scene unhonored and unsung. Republics are notoriously ungrateful, but never has ours been more indifferent than toward its bootleggers. The men who through the heat and burden of fourteen years assuaged our thirst and revived our cheer were abandoned without a remembrance or a reward. It was reported even that the bootlegger of the State House at Annapolis, Maryland, was told he was through eight hours before prohibition ended. A policeman was sent to him with a curt notice to quit. There were no engrossed resolutions of thanks from thirsty legislators; no committee waited on him with a gift of a gold-headed cane or a diamond-studded watch; nobody even gave him the address of the nearest employment office or relief agency.

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OF course the Drifter realizes that there were some difficulties in the way of publicly honoring the men who did so much to keep the Dry Decade from becoming arid. It is understandable that President Roosevelt could not invite them all to spend a week-end at the White House. Mere numbers would have made such a gesture impracticable even had public policy permitted it. It is possible also that it was not advisable for chambers of commerce in our leading cities to arrange large public dinners as testimonials to their local bootleggers as these worthies retired from office. Some of the leading men of the profession might have preferred not to sit in the glare of the speakeasy speakers' table. Yet the

Drifter feels that Something Should Be Done, even if anonymously, to commemorate the services of a group which did its bit in time of need. He proposes, therefore, a public subscription to erect in Washington a monument as large, expensive, and ugly as any other that shall be dedicated to the memory of the Unknown Bootlegger.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Is This the Voice of the South?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I wish to address you publicly on a matter which immediately concerns many thousands of peaceable citizens living today under the flag of the United States; and I do so because, though I am aware of your affiliations with various radical groups, I believe you to be honest and fair-minded enough to wish to hear both sides of a debatable issue. I believe this because last spring, when the British engineers were on trial in Moscow, you urged on their behalf a fair trial. It is because of another trial and its possible consequences among our people, that I wish now to speak.

The Scottsboro case, as I now write, seems likely to go against all the defendants. Whether the matter will then be carried into the Supreme Court, I do not know. But I can envisage your comments on the case even before I read them. You will equate the Scottsboro trial with that of Sacco and Vanzetti in Massachusetts as horrid examples of American class legislation, and then proceed to a blanket condemnation of the whole course of Southern justice. It is against this attitude that I, as a Southerner by birth and upbringing, wish to protest.

We in the South do not legislate against the Negro as a class. Whether he is a rich man or a poor field laborer, his status is the same. Unlike Massachusetts, which did Sacco and Vanzetti to death not because they were guilty (they were not) but because they had agitated for better conditions of life among the industrial proletariat, we do no Negro to death because of his political affiliations. But we are determined, whether rightly or wrongly, to treat him as a race largely dependent upon us, and inferior to ours. Unquestionably certain Negro intellectuals, such as James Weldon Johnson, suffer from such discrimination. For them, we have of recent years encouraged the building of great schools and universities. We believe that under our system the great majority of the race are leading happy and contented lives. But our system, we admit, has one defect. If a white woman is prepared to swear that a Negro either raped or attempted to rape her, we see to it that the Negro is executed.

It is this feature in our attitude which has moved you, along with other papers published in the North, to indignation. You are ready to assert over and over again that no justice is ever done to the Negro in the South. I would urge upon you to pause and reconsider this matter ere you pursue that course, which can only lead to a much worse situation. Suppose, for example, that the Supreme Court decided to destroy President Roosevelt's National Recovery Act by declaring it unconstitutional. You would be the first to protest, in the name of outraged public sentiment. Cannot you see that it is precisely the same public sentiment that is dictating the present policy of the South toward the Negro, and that if you, from the vantage-ground of the North, attempt violently to alter the public sentiment of the South, you will only stiffen Southern resistance?

Into the merits or demerits of the Scottsboro case, I have no desire to enter. Whether the defendants have been given,

or could have been given, a fair trial under the circumstances I do not know. But the conduct of Mr. Leibowitz, the attorney brought down from the North for the defense, has, it seems to me, now definitely turned the scales of justice against the defendants. They will, it appears now, be convicted and executed. You are entitled to say, if you like, that this seems to you an act of injustice. But justice is in itself an abstract matter, and as every great lawyer knows, has always to yield to the morals, the usages, the customs and conveniences of a living and functioning community.

That the South is such a community was proved this very summer. With the Scottsboro case still in doubt, the people of Tuscaloosa County turned out and lynched four other Negroes. Three of them were quite probably innocent, and in the case of the fourth there is considerable doubt. But the fact of the matter is that Mr. Leibowitz's conduct, as well as the taunts of the metropolitan press, have unstrung that section of the South which adjoins Scottsboro. We will not suffer further dictation from the North as to what we are to do about the Negro. All that we built up again out of the ruins of Civil War and of Reconstruction is again at stake. Rather than permit our own peculiar conceptions of justice to be questioned, we will take the law into our own hands, by a resort to violence.

If, therefore, you sincerely wish good to every citizen of America, black or white, I beg of you, before you and other Northern editors proceed to condemn the South en masse, to pause and reflect on our situation. By ranking the South alongside of Massachusetts, and still more, alongside of California, you are yourself supplying the ferment of irritation which has gone on now to a point where the patience of the South is rapidly breaking down. More; you are tacitly encouraging the official Communist propaganda which, as everyone knows, has gone on down here ever since the Russian Revolution. That propaganda counsels a new civil war between the white and the blacks. You are forgetting that the experience of post-war Chicago and other Northern places has shown that the people of the North are just as ready, the moment they see the Negro in large numbers, to adopt an even more hostile attitude than that of the people of the South. Further, you are demonstrating that you are unwilling or unable to see that the Negro is peculiarly not your, but our, problem. We in the South alone can find the solution to that problem. We will never accept any solution that comes to us from the North. Rather than that, we will again take up arms in our cause.

Therefore I ask you to pause and reflect before you proceed to fresh moral denunciation of Scottsboro. I believe that the Scottsboro defendants will now be executed. I believe that this decision, fair or unfair, has been forced on the people of Alabama by the way in which the defense in this case has been conducted. I believe that further trouble is to be expected down here between the blacks and the whites, unless the Northern States rapidly show more disposition to listen to the South's case, and to cease their interferences and interventions on behalf of the Negro. And I believe I am speaking on behalf not only of Alabama but of the overwhelming majority of the Southern people today.

Little Rock, Ark., December 5 JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

[The Editors of *The Nation* print Mr. Fletcher's letter under the above caption because they honestly would like to know how large a section of the South he represents. They are inclined to believe that these opinions are the opinions of a South that is happily changing. They believe no less than they hope that a new South with a more recognizable kind of justice for the Negro is arising. If this is not true, they are willing to admit error but not to change their own convictions.

Taking Mr. Fletcher's letter seriatim, they wish to say first that they take the most rigorous exception to the conduct

of the Scottsboro case in Alabama, not because they are primarily interested in class justice or injustice, but because it is an example of egregious particular injustice. They believe that the nine Negro youths accused of the rape of Victoria Price are not guilty. They believe that if even they were guilty, they did not have a fair trial. And they believe that these Negroes should not be sent to the electric chair for a crime they did not commit.

They find unendurable the Southern position, as stated by Mr. Fletcher, that the Negro must be treated "as a race largely dependent upon us, and inferior to ours." From considerable knowledge of the economic, political, and social status of the Negro both in the North and in the South, they do not agree that "the great majority of the race are leading happy and contented lives." And they would say that Mr. Fletcher's description of one aspect of the Southern "system" as a "defect" is almost laughable understatement. They refer to the sentence: "If a white woman is prepared to swear that a Negro either raped or attempted to rape her, we see to it that the Negro is executed." Since Mr. Fletcher does not indicate that anything beyond an allegation is necessary, this seems to the Editors of *The Nation* not only shockingly irresponsible but downright unlawful.

The Editors of *The Nation* would not be ready to assert that "no justice is ever done to the Negro in the South." This brings them to Mr. Fletcher's contention that it is not only idle but dangerous for the North to attempt to change the attitude of the South with respect to the Negro. They assert that Southern opinion and the Southern attitude on this question in the last twenty-five years have changed very much, and a good portion of this change is due to the pressure of indignation and moral censure brought upon the South by other parts of the country. The decline in the number of lynchings, they believe, is largely attributable to this cause. And the marked increase, in the Southern States themselves, of the same sort of indignation and censure is a direct reflection of opinion in the country at large. The better element in the South, the educated, intelligent, law-abiding majority, the press, the church, State officers, even Southern White Womanhood are now found on the side of simple justice for the Negro. Mr. Fletcher is hereby referred to a number of statements made by groups of Southern women in several States, for example, the Georgia Association of Women for the Prevention of Lynching, a group of leading women in North Carolina, and a protest meeting which took place in November, 1930, under the auspices of the Committee on International Cooperation, at which women from eight Southern States were present. At this meeting a resolution was adopted which expressed the feeling of all these bodies. It said in part: "We are profoundly convinced that lynching is not a defense of womanhood or of anything else, but rather a menace to private and public safety and a blow to our most sacred institutions. Instead of deterring irresponsible and criminal classes from further crime, as is argued, lynching tends inevitably to destroy all respect for law and order. It represents the complete breakdown of government and the triumph of anarchy."

Mr. Fletcher states that he has no desire to "enter into the merits or demerits of the Scottsboro case." That "whether the defendants have been given, or could have been given, a fair trial under the circumstances," he does not know. This is so astonishing a statement, when Mr. Fletcher is reproaching *The Nation* for its attitude on the case, that the Editors find themselves unable to answer it. They can only reply by stating that they have such a desire.

Finally, Mr. Fletcher adduces the example of the recent lynchings in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, to show what happens in the South when attempts are made by people of the North to interfere in what the South considers its own business. Let us

say first that lynchings occurred in the South many, many years before the International Labor Defense first injected itself into the South's affairs. And with particular reference to the Tuscaloosa matter, an attempt was made forcibly to remove the Negroes from the jail in which they were being held a month before the appearance of the International Labor Defense in the case, and Circuit Judge Henry B. Foster charged the grand jury to discover and indict the leaders of this first would-be lynching mob. *The Nation* believes, with the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching, which has just reported on the Tuscaloosa cases, that "the Negroes were lynched when it became apparent that the courts . . . might not impose the immediate death sentences which the community demanded. . . . With the Negroes out of the way, the entire blame for the whole situation was heaped upon the 'outsiders,' a convenient scapegoat. The I. L. D. complicated rather than created the racial situation which culminated in the lynchings."

The Editors do not expect to convince Mr. Fletcher by any of these arguments. But they have gone into the subject at this length for two reasons. First because Mr. Fletcher is himself one of the intelligent, educated Southerners who might be expected to express himself differently, the more because he has lived for many years in a country where the "Negro problem" does not arise. And second because they wish to make clear to Mr. Fletcher and all who think like him what is *The Nation's* point of view in this matter and to assure him that even if responsible Southerners were not coming more and more to agree with *The Nation's* attitude on Southern injustice to the Negro, *The Nation* would still champion this position with as much strength and eloquence as it could command. The Editors find themselves opposed to injustice not only in the case of two Italian anarchists whom they believe innocent of the crime for which they died, but in the case of the members of a race who for more than a century were enslaved, and who have, since they were granted their freedom, had small opportunity to escape from an equivalent slavery.]

Justice to Germany?

[From time to time *The Nation* receives letters similar to those of which excerpts are printed below. It will be seen that some of them are good-tempered and some call names. Some indicate an honest effort to find out the truth, some are biased in advance. *The Nation* does not believe it has done any serious injustice to the Nazi regime: the burning of the books and the elimination of Jews from positions of intellectual importance, neither of which are denied by the German National Socialist Government, would be indications enough, if other evidence were wanting, of a wholly intemperate and unjustified attitude toward another race. Nevertheless, it is perhaps only fair to our readers to make it clear that other opinions are held by some of them.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I write as an Englishman who also spent last summer traveling in Germany, having entered the country without any prejudices for or against Hitlerism. I personally found nothing against which I could complain, in the form of Jewish persecution. I was free to do as I liked in Heidelberg. Nor was I affected by the "militarism" of the Reich, as long as I tried to consider myself a German living in Germany. If I remembered that my home was in a country bearing many resemblances to America, my nerves objected strongly to parades and flag-waving. But if the German is happy with his marches and his duels, what concern is it of the foreigner? The Germans, crushed by the inflation, cannot afford a war, and every indi-

vidual I met was definitely anti-war. The expulsion of the Jews has itself temporarily crippled German finance.

That there were atrocities in Germany is undoubted, but what is not certain is the balance achieved by current reports and—more important—the impingement of those reports on contemporary human feeling. German individuals cannot give credence to the stories of the physical persecution because they individually are incapable of committing such actions. Then why insult these single persons—in insulting a nation you insult all its units—when they are personally not concerned, especially at a time when the country has been passing through a revolution?

Without in any way doubting the accuracy of various reports which have appeared in your pages, I wish to emphasize that it might be a big temptation to a suffering race, which knows it is morally supported by the rest of the world, to enlarge upon its troubles at such a time. This is not an attempted defense of Germany; it is an endeavor to find a little sanity. In a world in which national boundaries, for right or wrong, are recognized and established, what passes socially and politically within the limits of another country is nobody else's concern. If people wish to help Jews who have left Germany, if they wish to damage German commerce, that is their own affair. Germany may thereby learn her lesson and emerge from her revolutionary period rather more rapidly than she would otherwise. In the meantime there is no point in irritating her by mixing in matters which the outside world has no right to try to control.

Oxford, England, October 28

ROBERT W. GREEN

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

From one point of view I must take issue with *The Nation*—that is, in regard to its presentation of Nazi-ism in Germany. I am not quarreling with the side it takes, but if it is prompted by a sense of fair play and justice to all, should it not present information about the Hitler *Bewegung* that, if not favorable, is at least unbiased? Its insinuations that the new leaders are men without conscience—in short, cruel, inhumane, selfish, and even immoral, lacking one redeeming characteristic—I resent. I resent them because I have many friends in Germany whose judgment I respect and rely upon as conservative and mature. If they are infinitely happier and more optimistic than they have been since pre-war days, can we say to them without absurdity, "We are not going to have any further dealings with you, because we do not believe the government you have is good for you"? *The Nation* has admitted in its columns that Hitler's control is complete, that his authority is unquestioned. The majority of the German people are sufficiently rational beings to determine for themselves the kind of government and administrators they desire and to throw off the yoke if they are dissatisfied. Let them alone be the judges of their own destiny!

Swarthmore, Pa., November 16 DAVID LUKENS PRICE

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The newspapers can dilate on the wrongs suffered by 600,000 people at the hands of a German political regime. I ask for an organ that will portray the wrongs done to 60,000,000 people by the entire world, a people on whom the present regime has been forced by the sheer desperateness of their economic and political situation, and who identify themselves with this regime only so far as it represents a *Vaterland* to them. The majority of them have no more responsibility for the political atrocities of the present regime than I have for President Roosevelt's signing of the navy bill last summer, but I was made to feel that, as an American citizen, I was partially responsible for it, and I shouldered the partial blame for this American atrocity with a deep sense of the injustice of identifying the human, cul-

tural aspects of our living, that transcend all boundaries of nationalism and form such a major part of our lives, with the superficial, political expedients that are so easily misunderstood and so false as an expression of my own will in the matter.

This letter, then, is a plea in behalf of the "forgotten man" of modern Germany, a man who needs our sympathies rather than our boycotts, a man who is not at all sure about his support of all the policies of this new regime, a man who is not to be bullied by the indiscriminate attacks of disgruntled correspondents against Germany, against his *Vaterland*, which means home and honor and sacrifice to him. Actually our hue and cry about "Teuton fury," if I may quote a phrase from your editorial column, has all come from a belief in Germany, a conviction that she deserves something better than the demagoguery that has her by the throat. Our early protests against the ascendance of a regime have become transformed by repeated attacks and hazy distinctions into calumnies of a whole people, and we are witnessing again that phenomenon of hysteria and selective emphasis of facts by the press which breeds all the distrust that the last great world catastrophe should have entombed with its sorrows.

Cambridge, Mass., October 31

HILLIS KAISER

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I often wonder if *The Nation* is so violently anti-Hitler only because of the large number of its Jewish readers. I do not recall *The Nation* being quite so hostile to Mussolini, and certainly you have had nothing but praise for the Soviets. As far as the Jews are concerned, it seems to me that they are only interested if the race that is wronged is their own. There was no talk of an Italian boycott when Mussolini eradicated all opposition and persecuted the minorities. There is no united Jewish voice raised to better the conditions of the Negroes in our South, who are treated no better than it is claimed the Jews are treated under Hitler.

The present regime in Germany is but the outcome of the Versailles treaty and the post-war efforts of France to humiliate and subjugate Germany. Hitlerism is the voice of the German people rising as a protest against the injustice done to their Fatherland. If in this burst of nationalism wrongs are committed, can any nation come with unsoiled hands to accuse them? Countries like England may be tolerant at home, but what of their acts in their colonies?

I hope that the near future will bring about a moderation of much of the uncalled-for criticism and allow Germany a chance to work out her salvation as Italy was allowed to work out hers.

Baldwin, N. Y., October 11

ARTHUR G. WEDEKIND

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

From time to time I have read letters published by you containing harrowing details of experiences of Jews in Germany under the Hitler regime. A recent trip to the land of the Nazis, with an investigation of conditions while there, confirms my previously conceived idea that the several letters published by you were decidedly overdrawn, or at least not sufficiently illustrative of conditions generally obtaining to warrant their acceptance without reservations. My personal observations and experiences for a month ending August 24, 1933, during which time I traveled through northern Germany, visiting Hanover, Hildesheim, Braunschweig, Kassel, and Bremen, lead me to assert that your correspondents have grossly exaggerated the facts. Jewish stores, which I entered and observed from time to time, were apparently operating entirely freed from any visible signs of discrimination. That the recent boycott and the anti-Jewish tactics of the government have adversely affected Jewish business is without question a fact. Furthermore, a somewhat submerged but nevertheless effective anti-Jewish

propaganda now prevalent is no doubt continuing to undermine the position of the Jew both in commercial and professional pursuits. It is most certainly deserving of mention, however, that many Germans deplore the boycott and the anti-Jewish crusade as an unnecessary and unwarranted method of correcting abuses of a commercial and public nature. The influence of this element, I feel, is already beginning to temper the character of anti-Jewish activity.

Indianapolis, September 19

HERMAN W. KOTHE

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I wish to call the attention of *The Nation* and its readers to the following fact: there is a propaganda campaign going on in this country which is poisoning the public's mind against Germany. There are a few significant angles to this campaign which are not noted in our newspapers or periodicals (even in *The Nation*). They are:

1. There is an unpleasant resemblance between the denunciations of Germans as "barbarians," et cetera, now and before the World War.

2. There is not a line printed in defense of the German government and its tactics, although the government is overwhelmingly supported by one of the most intelligent races on earth and is rapidly gaining friends in other countries.

3. We are told of strict censorship in Germany, yet have no lack of "authentic" terrorist stories.

4. Some of the things credited to Hitler are practically impossible and often absurd. For instance, in his public proclamation opening the Nazi party congress he is quoted as saying, "We have hypnotized the masses into the fanatical belief that they are the savior of the Fatherland."

5. In the next war Germany will probably fight with Japan, hence against the United States.

6. Although it is extremely hard to believe that the anti-German campaign may be a hoax in large part, we must recall that during the World War even the most cautious were fooled by an elaborate propaganda campaign into believing atrocious lies about Germany.

I am as set as anyone against racial intolerance and other crimes attributed to Hitler. Nor do I profess to know anything to disprove the charges made against the Nazi government. But I do not like the idea of a quickly created, almost unanimous public sentiment, based on emotion, directed against another nation.

Santa Monica, Cal., September 30

BERNARD WEISSMAN

A New School in New York

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Recently I got a little circular announcing the opening this autumn of the Labor Action School at 128 East Sixteenth Street, New York, with such fine veteran instructors as Tom Tippet (author of "Your Job and Your Pay," one of the best elementary works on economics for workers), A. J. Muste (for ten years dean of Brookwood Labor College), E. J. Lever (head of Cooperative Distributors), and other prominent educators, such as Reinold Niebuhr and Emmett Dorsey. The circular announced that among the subjects covered would be fascism, the workers and farmers, war, the coming struggle for power, and others of that order.

To me it seems that we have today a sort of three-way race between the NRA, fascism, and some sort of industrial democracy or workers' republic. If the NRA fails, what then? I think it is of tremendous importance that those who are giving thought to these problems should get a wide hearing.

Washington, N. J., November 28

TESS HUFF

Books, Films, Drama

P o e m

By LINCOLN REIS

You who have turned away from love, you would profess
Virtue; or, penitent, you would inform
Weariness with faith; but I, become Thomas to your belief,
Presume suspicion, remarking elegance;
This decline of passion, increase of grace,
Quickens knowledge. Or shall I deny disaster,
And judgment lost in sense, propose surrender
To you who, altered, lie virgin to my lust;
Your silence, echo to my intent, and your lips
Sealed to persuasion, dissemble conquest, your scruples
Gild neglect, compounding prudence. Or shall my fancy
Worn with endeavor, commend wisdom, and my discretion
Acquit parting: here where my eyes discover
The tongue's confusion, here my efforts end,
And my senses betray motion, compelled to rest.

Churchill's Marlborough

Marlborough: His Life and Times. By the Right Honorable Winston Churchill, C. H. Volume I, 1650-1688. Volume II, 1688-1702. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$6.

MR. CHURCHILL'S great work promises to leave only minor opportunities for later biographers of Marlborough as far as investigation of source material is concerned. The manuscript treasures of Blenheim, long closed to other students, and important collections elsewhere have been placed freely at his disposal, and his own labors have been supplemented by the assistance for four years of an accomplished coworker, M. P. Ashley, in examining manuscripts and revising the text. Any material that has escaped this prolonged and industrious inquiry can hardly be of the first importance. The tone and manner of the work, on the other hand, are on a different level from its indubitably valuable substance, for Mr. Churchill not only makes exalted claims for Marlborough's character and achievements, but persistently interrupts his narrative for the obviously congenial task of flaying Marlborough's critics. Marlborough has not been fortunate in his biographers, and of those who have written about him none has been so severe as Macaulay. Mr. Churchill pays his respects to a number of critics as occasion offers, but it is to Macaulay that he turns and returns with special zest.

Marlborough is a shining example of a great world figure whose career, at some important points, has to be explained, and Mr. Churchill's attitude is often that of an apologist. There is no space here for a detailed review of the elaborate examination which he makes of the various charges against Marlborough, or of his refutation, always acute and vigorous and frequently convincing, of the evidence which Macaulay and others used in their indictments; a summary of the conclusions must suffice.

Mr. Churchill, naturally, has no praise for Marlborough's notorious relations with the Duchess of Cleveland, mistress of Charles II, who not only bore the then Captain Churchill a son but also gave him money; but he dismisses the affair as entirely explicable, human nature being what it is, when ambitious but impecunious youth meets beauty, riches, and power, and de-

clares that Churchill, "serving ashore and afloat under the shot of the enemy, must have felt no shame and earned no scorn in taking" from the Duchess "the modest necessary sums without which he could not have pursued his career or taken his promotions as he gained them." Marlborough has been scored for deserting James II for William of Orange. Mr. Churchill affirms bluntly that he was right, and that the only questions were when and how. He had given a contingent pledge to William, but James might still have a change of mind. He was a Protestant, and he should not have been expected to lend his aid to a forcible and bloody conversion of Englishmen to Catholicism with the assistance of France. It was "a hideous situation" into which he had been drawn "by no fault of his own," and it must be met "calmly and sensibly in the manner most likely to minimize the public dangers and sufferings, and to procure a good result for his country and for himself." The end, one gathers, justified the means.

The famous charge that Marlborough and others, while ostensibly loyal to William and Mary, were systematically plotting a Stuart restoration, and by their betrayal of state secrets brought disaster upon the expedition to Brest, is refuted by a minute examination of the documents, including the memoirs of James II and the Jacobite records in the Scots College at St. Germain. The latter collection, Mr. Churchill believes, is "one of the greatest frauds of history," the papers being "nothing more than the secret-service reports of Jacobite agents and spies in England," and reliance upon them by many writers "an aberration of historical technique." As for the charge of avarice, Mr. Churchill concedes that Marlborough, judged by the contemporary standard which tolerated corruption if it was not too flagrant but regarded "stinting and saving" as "peculiar," "lay under reproach. He was at once highly acquisitive in the gaining of money and extremely careful in the spending of it." Mr. Churchill calls attention, however, to the fact that Marlborough's troops were always promptly paid and well fed, and that while he took from his various offices "everything to which he was entitled either by warrant or recognized custom," there is no proof "that he ever took more."

Mr. Churchill writes ably, as always, but there is no falling back upon rhetoric to conceal imperfect knowledge, for throughout the volumes he shows himself a master. There is a good deal about war, for Marlborough was a soldier; much about diplomacy, for diplomacy was part of his task; much also about English domestic politics, for in that tangled maze he was enmeshed. The story of the years after 1702 will be eagerly awaited, for what is offered here is fascinating reading.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Coleridge Letters

Unpublished Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Earl Leslie Griggs. Yale University Press. Two Volumes. \$10.

THE present state of European politics makes any monument to Coleridge deeply relevant. "The name of Coleridge," wrote John Stuart Mill, "is . . . likely to become symbolical of more important things, in proportion as the inward workings of the age manifest themselves more and more in outward facts." In so far as the inward workings of the age have manifested themselves in fascism, Mill's prediction has come true. Not that all of fascism is Coleridge, nor that all of Coleridge's politics is fascism. But Coleridge was the chief transmitter to the English-speaking world of the idealistic, absolutistic, and anti-materialistic philosophy which fascism, both in

Italy and Germany, is now using to rationalize its fight against socialism. Recent essays have reminded us of the close affinity between Carlyle and Hitler, and Carlyle's works, now very popular in Italy, have afforded Mussolini a source for his phrases of contempt for the "swinishness" of material comfort. But though Carlyle, by reason of his hero-melodrama, is closer than Coleridge to the actualities of fascism, he was, for all his sneers at his master, Coleridge's disciple.

However, few of the letters included in the present edition throw much light on Coleridge's political and philosophical thought. The twenty-two long letters in which Coleridge explained his system to C. A. Tulk have been unfortunately relegated by Professor Griggs to a future separate volume. Of the many letters printed almost all have a personal interest. They do not contain material which changes the outline of Coleridge's life as it has been known—many of them have been seen and quoted by biographers, some have been printed before but only in part, or in garbled versions, or in obscure periodicals—but they fill that outline with enlightening detail.

Coleridge has an almost legendary place as the genius who failed. The judgment of failure was, of course, first Coleridge's own. He passed that judgment at least as early as his twenty-ninth year and held it for the thirty-three remaining years of his life. His friends and his public took it, perhaps, too literally. They seem to have forgotten that the standard of success which Coleridge set up was one that few mortals could have measured up to. But Coleridge believed himself a failure, and these volumes of letters are his own record and explanation of his defeat.

Although sometimes he berates himself for moral weakness, Coleridge is most inclined to place his failure at the door of his unhappy marriage and of his ill-health. The letters in this edition throw new and sharp light on his relations with his wife. He seems to have been always tender of her welfare; in the earlier letters he tries with touching delicacy to point out her faults and have her mend them. But he had married Sara Fricker out of misconceived duty, and her dull virtues did not compensate for the loving comprehension which he needed and which her intellectual and emotional mediocrity could not give him. His eventual feelings about her are expressed to his friends with brutal frankness. As for his ill-health, his verbose preoccupation with it (he had memorized Blancard's Latin Medical Dictionary in his youth) does not make it any the less real. The record of the autopsy performed on him shows that he was no hypochondriac, and though neurosis seems to have aggravated his physical ailments and to have been more responsible than they for the opium habit, his physical suffering must have been nearly as terrible as he represented it.

But there is more to the story of Coleridge's self-declared failure than this. It would be cruel to set aside his explanations as mere rationalizing, but marriage and health do not tell everything. The manner in which people regarded Coleridge tends to obscure certain larger possibilities of explanation of his life. He was treated as something between a child and a holy man. Predatory society went out of its way for him; at least two landlords offered him free lodging. The paternal benefactions of his friends are well known. One biographer has written of him as being like Wordsworth's Lucy Gray, a little child, "not far from home, but she hath lost her way." But Coleridge was not merely a blessed incompetent. He was a reservoir of all the culture of past Europe and an assiduous observer of contemporary Europe; his fate was bound up in its fate. The turmoil of events, the new forces let loose by the Industrial Revolution, called him to bring his powers to bear on them. The world of his time demanded a comprehensive and philosophic grasp.

Coleridge often referred to philosophy as a last resort to which he could retreat when his afflictions had robbed him of his "shaping power of Imagination." But before he had thought

in this way of philosophy he had written, "I hope Philosophy and Poetry will not neutralize each other, and leave me an inert mass." The crippling conflict of poetry and philosophy has become a commonplace in the discussion of Coleridge. But its implications are great. It is as though Coleridge were declaring that the modern world needed something else than poetry, that it needed a setting in order before poetry could flourish. He himself in some part sacrificed his poetic talent to the achievement of that order.

One may perhaps ascribe to his neurotic inability to order his own life those elements of religious authoritarianism in his own conception of society which, when developed, lead to fascism. Yet even Mill was able to pray that all enemies of liberalism would be as Coleridge, and to point out that the perfect state would be founded on a combination of the ideas of Bentham and Coleridge—democracy and the centralized state, material well-being and cultural development, individual freedom and corporate loyalty.

LIONEL TRILLING

An Urgent Talent

The Boar and Shibboleth, with Other Poems. By Edward Doro. Wood Engravings by Paul Landacre. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

SHADES of Dante, of the Elizabethan lyricists, of Blake, of Tom of Bedlam, of—yes, even of Elinor Wylie! But something else besides. Edward Doro is reputed to be a strange and mad young man, a true poet. He isn't mad. He is merely young and a reader of mystic and metaphysical verse. He has, for a male poet, an oddly feminine turn of phrase. He has a startling facility with words and with rhythms. And if he is going to become an authentic poet he will have to turn his thought away from magic boars, shibboleths, hippogryphs, and what not, all of another epos, another mythology and another tradition.

Probably he can do it. Probably, in time, he will link his mysticism with reality. There are poems in this collection which indicate a turn. Many of them were, to be sure, published in "Alms for Oblivion," printed in Paris, but these are in the "having no patience with mortality" mood. Doro closed his first book with a farewell to youth. And in this new volume his Open Letter for John Doe indicates that he realizes something of the problem of uniting mature intellect with the spinning mystic intensity that is always his.

Unless the febrile brow be cool,
Unless the countenance take on carven shape,
The monarch of this century will not escape
The clap of chaos in his ear.
He will go a faltering fool
Unless the moody eye grow clear,
Unless the mobile mouth do otherwise than gape.

A talent as urgent as Edward Doro's needs harnessing. I am not implying that the poet should turn propagandist. But I think his inspiration from another period in literature and in society must be focused upon and must clarify the present scene and the present ideology. Otherwise it simply creates vapors. This poet has his vision, but it is a spluttery fire. It creates fantasy. He has an amazing gift for words, perfect command of form. He has a very individual imagination. But he has not looked steadily at life, or at himself. There is too much of the music of old poetic masters in his ears. He needs more than a "mouthful of melodies." Nevertheless, with so sure an ear for rhythm, he could find authentic form for expressing a more austere mysticism, a vision which would come to him as the result of an awareness of what is actually seen and felt today.

EDA LOU WALTON

No Retreat

My Life as German and Jew. By Jacob Wassermann. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

IN a larger sense, this insistence by a Jew on his right to remain both German and Jewish, despite all pressure from without to eject him and all temptation from within to flee, is a notice served by a people. In the face of the tendency on the one hand to seek safety in the protective coloration of assimilation, and the opposite tendency, largely because that road has been blocked, to take refuge in a barren chauvinism, Wassermann has valiantly stood his ground and has refused to give up for a mess of Zionist pottage that large share in Western culture which is the birthright of every Jew. It is high time such a stand was made, for glibly to oppose East and West when the Jew is concerned and to try to erase the obviously Semitic nose in the lineaments of European culture may suit the ideology of Nazis and Zionists alike, but it is a prank that history is bound to forget. For the Jew is no stranger in the Western world to be tolerated on his good behavior and his capacity to learn from his hosts. Not by the grace of such contemporary names as Einstein or Freud or Marx does the Jew sit at the table of European culture. The Jew has helped set the table and been one of its principal purveyors. In the days of St. Paul, when the Western world was the Mediterranean littoral, the Jew was as organic a part of it as he is in the days of Trotzky, and if it is a question of priority, it is the Teutons, who entered the radius of European culture centuries later, whose passports are to be scanned.

"My Life as German and Jew" appeared in German some twelve years ago, but recent events in Germany have moved Wassermann to bring it up to date, and he has added a supplementary chapter. Its American publication will inevitably provoke comparison with a book which, curiously enough, was published here at about the same time that the original edition of Wassermann's book appeared in Germany. I am referring to Ludwig Lewisohn's "Upstream," which is concerned with much the same problems, though Wassermann's reaction to them is characteristically different. In fact, some parts of "My Life as German and Jew" seem to be pointedly addressed to the crop of Lewisohns which the sudden conjunction of Hitlerism and assimilation produced in German Jewry.

Let it be clearly understood . . . I am not appearing as a penitent sinner, nor do I wish to display a martyr's crown . . . nor as one who with the crushed pride and sullen obstinacy of the rejected suddenly rediscovers and clings to venerable ancient relationships because his membership in the group of his intellectual choice is disputed. . . . I am a German and a Jew, one as much and as fully as the other, both simultaneously and irrevocably.

This is the stand of a man of profound convictions who will not trim his soul to his nose. Lewisohn's reaction was different. In "Upstream" he makes a neat summation of his problem: "I was passionately Anglo-American in my sympathies, I wanted above all things to be a poet in the English tongue and my name and physiognomy were characteristically Jewish." Whereas Lewisohn avowedly had no Jewish roots but on the contrary records "an involuntary hostility to everything Jewish" and was only driven into the bosom of Abraham by the inhospitable bosoms of sundry Alma Maters whose English faculties he aspired to adorn, Wassermann recoils from such spiritual opportunism. He refused to have his philosophy of life dictated to him by his enemies. In so far as he felt himself Jewish, he clung to his Judaism; in so far as he felt himself German, no repudiation from without could change him.

There are aspects of the book, however, that make one

feel that Wassermann has made his position unnecessarily difficult by lashing himself to the mast of a hyphenated nationalism. Perhaps if he were not a Jew and so shy of the "Ghetto cosmopolitanism" which he condemns in Heine, he would have found it easier to declare himself a "good European," like his compatriot who invented the phrase and that good Aryan Nietzsche who popularized it, a citizen of a cultural fatherland in which both the German and the Jew in him could feel at home on equal terms. As it is, in trying to mediate between the two he is led into inexcusable apologies for Jewish traits, some of which are standard anti-Semitic myths and others are qualities of which the Jew has every reason to be proud. Particularly unpleasant reading, in view of his own profound recognition that "justice, not merely as an abstract idea, but as a moral conviction of supremely violent urgency, constitutes the moral and legalistic, political and religious fundament of Judaism," is his attempt to "explain" the heroic social idealism of the Jew as if it were a criminal trait:

Every iconoclastic incident, every convulsion, every social challenge has seen and still sees Jews in the front line. . . . It would have to be conceded that their activity, though it may perhaps be absurd and criminal, . . . is the translation from the religious into the social field of the Messianic ideal derived from Judaism. . . .

Such a gingerly appreciation of a role in which the Jew has done most to vindicate his citizenship in the Western world is a false note in an otherwise beautiful explication of a profound artistic mentality.

ALTER BRODY

Americans in China

Oil for the Lamps of China. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

DOES this novel get its vogue from the need of Americans to know and assimilate the East or from their need to look unfavorably upon the Business Civilization? It is in the popular sense a "good story" of the American business pioneer and adventurer of the twentieth century—the simple, strong young fellow, struggling with real idealism, among the ancient, obscure, and far-flung forces of Chinese trade and commerce, to do the will of a high-power corporation located in some New York skyscraper.

It is so far as I know the first American novel to deal with the penetration of big business,—in the shape of an oil company—into Manchuria and the Yangtze Valley. The pattern of the book is panoramic, and the author is at her best in the handling of this pattern, in which is revealed the strange power of American materialism to constrain to its own ends a little insulated band of hard-working, tough-sinewed, loyal men, who, though forced to make their way by courage, resourcefulness, and even recklessness, are never free agents, but always in leading strings to the hard-boiled central power. The representatives of the company and their rather passive, curio-collecting, bridge-playing baby-loving wives must accept the unreasoning obedience of the soldier toward the company which is supposed to "take care of its men" yet is in fact entirely callous toward the individual, exploiting each and all, and thus turning this great Chinese adventure into a petty and ignoble effort.

The situation is viewed largely through the eyes of a wife, hastily espoused but truly loved by the simple and somewhat stupid hero, who is in the end demoted for the very qualities which the corporation had made use of through his best young years. The theme is a fine one and had the author possessed more depth and finality of vision, a style with more edge, and a heart with more bitterness—otherwise said, had she been an artist instead of a sincere observer with a gift for expression—

the novel might be outstanding. The point of view is, however, that of an average well-bred American with a comfortable bank account and culture who, as if in spite of herself, begins to discover that the world is not all it might be: that men and women who seem to live may yet be puppets; that "loyal" ties between employee and company may be betrayals of spiritual substance; that to be trusting, courageous, faithful to your superior officers does not necessarily bring either earthly or heavenly rewards. The public most interested in the book will not be readers of *Nation* or *New Yorker* but those brought up to look on the Bright Side and trembling now before the vision of a darkening world.

The book is full of fascinating psychological implications about our American civilization which are, however, too unconscious to gather much sting. The story rests on the relation between a husband and wife, typically limited by the fact that the man is too tied in business to have time for more than adoration and sex, and the wife too little gifted for relationship to reveal her real self to her husband. In fact, the book declares, as if in spite of itself, how far apart the two sexes are—both men and women more related to one another than to the opposite sex: e.g., when the men or the women get together by themselves, something happens; but when the hero and heroine—the latter gradually, in the Orient, becomes quasi-Oriental, cultivating aesthetic interests for lack of other stimulus, and obscuring a real talent for the sake of erotic unity—are alone under the oil tanks, nothing happens. We have known other couples like this, and been a little bored by them as we are here.

The relation of the American woman to her Chinese servants and traders—her sense of being perpetually betrayed into a puppet role by old and calculating wisdom and wile, and her essential lack of real curiosity or grasp of the foreign culture; the infinitely more understanding relation of the supposedly more limited man to his Chinese business associates and servants: these are both well rendered. The narrative carries Stephen and Hester from Manchuria to the Yangtze, from one oil post to another, through the various phases of business life, lived as China loses her ancient ways and emerges through famine, flood, and revolution into the present era. The book contains much knowledge, concrete and factual, and is pictorial and atmospheric enough. Yet compared with such Chinese books by Americans as "The Good Earth," or with such a popular yet basic book as Wilhelm's "The Soul of China," the novel fails to convey the deeper implications of Chinese civilization. Perhaps that is because it is so faithful to the business picture. Mrs. Hobart's strength is that she dares present the "company" as a kind of steam-roller, rewarding only those shrewd enough to play in with the hard-boiled group in the skyscraper.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

Everyman's History

Jonathan Bishop. By Herbert Gorman. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

IT may not be true any longer that "history is written by the victors"; but the saying receives a new lease on life from the current historical novel. Here the average man, as victor in a long historical process, writes history. Exit the kings and the generals; enter the democratic mediocrity as protagonist or bystander.

For the best portrayal of the average man as historical bystander one must, of course, go back to Andrejev's short story in which the events of the crucifixion are seen through the eyes of Ben-Tovit, who on that day knew only that he suffered from a severe toothache. Andrejev wrote without benefit of political theory and gave us the average man pure and simple—his self-

sufficiency, his indifference to the march of events; and there is, for this reason, a terrific poignancy in his story. Today, however, when the average man faces a change of destiny, the novelist must show him as acting with a greater consciousness of his role. With history so obviously in the making, the historical novel goes back to the Biblical apologue—a story in which events of the past are made to illuminate the present.

In "Jonathan Bishop," Herbert Gorman has set out to write a story that would throw light on present social conflicts. The background of this novel is Paris about 1870, and the events occur just before and after the Franco-Prussian War. Three major political movements converge in this background: the last throes of monarchy, as illustrated in the court of Napoleon III; the democratic ideal, incarnate in Jonathan Bishop; and the growing insurgence of the proletariat, as shown in the abortive Commune of 1870. It is an ideal historical pattern that Mr. Gorman has devised, a setting rich in implications for the present time; and the first few chapters of the book, those that deal with Jonathan's reactions to the Old World, are very good. Here we see Jonathan as the young and self-confident democrat who is both fascinated and repelled by the decadent court of Napoleon. He is drawn into an affair with Mme Zinh, a beautiful French spy, sees the fighting at Sedan, and, because of his admiration for Saint-Just (the Saint-Just of the French Revolution transplanted by the author into the nineteenth century), he is conscripted to defend the Commune, and dies in the fighting. But in all this welter of action the theme of Jonathan Bishop's political development gets blurred. His attitude toward the proletarian uprising is not clearly defined, though it is a necessary part of the novel's intellectual argument; and it is hard to understand how Jonathan could at the same time be an American patriot and an admirer of Saint-Just, the social revolutionary. The second half of the novel does not come up to the first part. Full of pastiche episodes, it deteriorates into a conventional historical romance.

GERTRUDE DIAMANT

The Human Consequences of the Five-Year Plan

The Great Offensive. By Maurice Hindus. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$3.

MR. HINDUS'S new volume is an up-to-date account of the economic and social changes wrought upon Soviet Russia by the Five-Year Plan. Moreover, it is an excellent, though fragmentary, summary of the achievements and failures of the plan with respect to the industrialization of the country and particularly the collectivization of land.

The movement to collectivize Russian land was perhaps the outstanding factor in the Soviet program. It began in 1930, referred to by the Soviet leaders as the "year of the great break." The primary aim of this movement was to industrialize agriculture, to get control of the food supply of the entire nation and increase it by scientific methods. The real issue, however, was much deeper than that. It was the historic struggle between individualism and collectivism, between private enterprise and collective ownership.

Because the Russian peasants were the most individualistic and property-conscious element in Russia, this attempt at collectivization was the most dramatic aspect of the Five-Year Plan. Indeed, it was a fierce and ruthless struggle. No doubt, as Mr. Hindus points out, many cruel acts and unforgivable mistakes were committed by over-zealous Communists. The sacrifices suffered by the peasants were beyond description. Whether they were justified or not, one thing is certain: at the end of

the Five-Year Plan, at the moment when the United States government has at last decided to establish diplomatic relations with Russia, private property no longer exists in that country.

Social change followed close upon the heels of the economic change. The immediate purpose of the Five-Year Plan, as is well known, was the industrialization of the Soviet Union at a tempo hitherto unparalleled in history. However, its final objective was not, as many Americans believed, industrialization—to surpass in technique the most highly developed capitalist countries. Its objective, as formulated by the Fifteenth Party Congress, was “the decisive raising of the cultural level of both city and village population”—the development of a new man.

Indeed, two revolutions have whirled across the lives of 160,000,000 people—the bloody revolution of October and the bloodless Five-Year Plan. How have they affected them as individuals? Mr. Hindus is well equipped to answer this question, although we must discard some of his generalizations about communism and world revolution. Himself a Russian who emigrated to the United States at an early age, he still remembers the worker and peasant of prerevolutionary Russia and he constantly uses them for background and contrast in his study of the new Russian man, while a knowledge of the Russian language enables him to talk to people, enter into their confidence, and extract the most minute details of their lives.

Summarizing the achievement of the Five-Year Plan, Mr. Hindus points out that materially this first step in the “great offensive” was not crowned with great success. In its task of reconstructing the human personality, however, it achieved triumph after triumph. “It has fashioned a new man with a wholly new outlook on the world and his own position in it.” He is a “robust personage,” this new Russian, who has lost all fear of God, sex, the family, as well as all fear of insecurity; he is a product of a new idea and a symbol of a new society.

But this is only the beginning. The revolution is not yet completed. And although famine may once more fall on the land, says Mr. Hindus, although there may be a breakdown in the coal and steel industry, though leaders may come and go, “unless a war comes and imposes a foreign rule on Russia, the revolution will march on.”

LEON DENNEN

tem. But many readers will be disappointed to discover that Mr. Fels has contented himself in these matters largely with indicating objectives and in some cases only with direction. More and more the conviction grows that what we lack is a listing of steps to be taken, and definite plans for immediate procedure. We need many such efforts as Mr. Swope has made to outline a desirable and immediate industrial evolution. We may never adopt the Swope plan or any part of it, and yet it will have served high ends in focusing thought on the problem, provoking widespread discussion, and even in helping us to decide what we do not want. Those who choose to serve the public in this way are rendering a service comparable in a way to that on the battlefield. For through the resulting discussion their intellectual capacity, their disinterestedness, and the feasibility of their suggestions are sure to be subjected to a searching barrage of criticism frequently bitter and sometimes most unfair. But the problems of social organization which we now envisage, and the countless ones lying somewhere below the horizon, will never be solved except through the clash of concrete suggestions. And yet who has stated more eloquently than Mr. Fels the ultimate purpose behind trade and commerce and manufacture?

American business must meet the test of young eyes—and that not merely by the magic of its science, the lure of its stakes, and the genius of its leadership, but by the measure of opportunity for life and adventure, for self-reliance, and for democratic participation which industry holds out to a new generation.

Mr. Fels has done well to devote much of his book to a searching analysis of the problems of childhood particularly as they bear on the future organization of society. “If men and women,” he writes, “are to be neither disintegrated nor regimented by the forces we have set going, we must hand on to the boy and girl the art of fashioning and participating in those group relationships on which will depend the social texture of a new day.”

There may be a more inclusive textbook for students of the New Deal. But I have not seen it.

MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE

Textbook of the New Deal

This Changing World. By Samuel S. Fels. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

TO those who seek orientation in this present world or who want a sane and easily comprehended, even if not dogmatically theological, try at the query Why and Whither? or who would be interested in an autobiographical sketch of the mind of a cultured American of affairs, this book can be highly recommended. For notwithstanding the publisher's announcements, it is only in a very technical sense that the author can be classified as a business man. He is far too different from the business “tycoon.” It is true that Mr. Fels is a large-scale and successful manufacturer of an important commodity—soap. But because he is so much more than this these widespread comments on the current scene are those rather of one gifted with a delicate sense of values, animated at all times by high purpose, one who, over a long span of years, has lived close to the realities of our common life.

On questions lying definitely within the field of business and economics the author has made out a good case for a wider spread of purchasing power, guarantees of economic independence for the workers, higher wages with lower unit costs and prices, some redistribution of wealth, the breaking down in size of our larger industrial units—all in reasonable harmony with the maintenance of what we so loosely call our capitalist sys-

Shorter Notices

The English Eccentrics. By Edith Sitwell. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

It is evident that Edith Sitwell is now thoroughly reexploring her library. After a delightful literary vacation at Bath, in which she partially reconstructed the life of Beau Nash, she turns her attention to a number of English eccentrics ranging in time from the seventeenth century to the present. Miss Sitwell has an eye for curious anecdote and no sense of proportion. The book is in complete disorder; one moment Miss Sitwell may be speaking of Sir Kenelm Digby, the next of Margaret Fuller, the next of Ivar Kreuger, Edward Wortley Montagu, or Richard Porson. Miss Sitwell attempts to divide her eccentrics into occupational categories, but her tendency to become agitated, amused, excited over each new discovery shatters her frail effort toward design. Reading the book is like meeting an extremely talkative, scatter-brained hostess at a Bloomsbury tea party. In the hope that one anecdote may amuse you, she tells you five or six in rapid succession, forgetting in her haste the point of each, and then leaps forward with another half-dozen. Occasionally there is a thrust of provincial malice and would-be snobbery—an instance of this appears in her story of Margaret Fuller and Emerson—but the thrust is so feeble and the lack of taste so obvious that the ridicule swings backward and very nearly demolishes Miss Sitwell. At best this book may be used as a guide for the not too unfamiliar curiosities of English literature.

Selected Poems. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

For students of "Ulysses" this volume is certain to have a very special interest as being the work of "stately, plump Buck Mulligan," now grown middle-aged, respectable, and celebrated as surgeon and professional wit. Certain items in the collection, like the scandalous epigram entitled "After Galen," recall the coarsely blasphemous young medico of Joyce's epic; but most of them might have been written by an early seventeenth-century gentleman who had somehow got astray in twentieth-century Dublin. Certainly Mr. Gogarty's accents are happiest when they are most Cavalier—such lyrics as *Golden Stockings* and *Begone, Sweet Ghost* are very nearly perfect additions to the tradition of Jonson, Herrick, and Lovelace. At times also there is that light-hearted stoicism packed into neatly balanced stanzas which we associate with Marvell and his school.

Then do not shudder at the knife

That Death's indifferent hand strikes home,

But with the Strivers leave the Strife,

Nor, after Caesar, skulk in Rome.

When Mr. Gogarty attempts more contemporary themes and modes he is not so successful; the audacity, for example, which leads him into competition with Yeats in treating the Leda theme is scarcely rewarded. Moreover, it must be remarked that in his preference for the urbane tradition in English verse he cuts himself off not only from his own time but also from his own country. This is perhaps the real reason why, as a poet, Mr. Gogarty will never cause any serious conflagration on the Liffey.

Watching the World Go By. By Willis J. Abbot. Little Brown and Company. \$3.

Willis J. Abbot's memoirs are distinctly disappointing. He has had an interesting and kaleidoscopic career such as a journalist delights in, and has met many people of note. But he throws no new light upon the historical figures which he has encountered, nor does he elevate either himself or the American press by his narrative. There are, in addition, various errors of fact. This is a pity, because Willis Abbot has influenced a great many people—one of his books has sold a million copies. His tribute to the *Christian Science Monitor*, of which he was the editor and is now the chief editorial writer, is largely merited, but the fact remains that the *Monitor* has serious faults as a journal because of the restrictions put upon it by the creed of the church which sponsors it, though that church is sufficiently broad-minded not to use it as a propaganda organ. One section of Mr. Abbot's book has historical value. It is that which tells of the abominable work done by the Hearst press—Mr. Abbot was then editor of the *New York Journal*—in bringing on the war with Spain. However, he does not dwell upon the fact that the Spaniards had surrendered on every point before McKinley went to Congress and demanded war lest the yellow journals and his political opponents make political capital out of his refusal to go to war. If the book lacks deeper significance and with respect to its facts must be read with reserve, Mr. Abbot's style is readable and entertaining.

Mrs. Haney. By Foxhall Daingerfield. William Farquhar Payson. \$2.

Shanty-dwelling degenerates have been favorite subjects in recent novels. The present story is not written to shock in the Faulkner manner, and it does not exemplify the robust humor in which Erskine Caldwell excels. Rather it is made up of those most delicate of all perceptions and impressions which are conducive to pathos. A reader on closing the book will marvel at the skill and completeness of a rendering which appears to consist of no more than a series of fugitive glimpses. John Carroll, almost from the day of his birth on a comfortable

Southern estate, was familiar with the bizarre appearance of the Haney's shack; he talked with Mrs. Haney once or twice, and he talked with his mother about her and was present once when, in desperation, Mrs. Haney appealed to his mother for help. Once he gave Bonnie Haney a lift, but his father made haste to inform him that Bonnie, with the aid of her aunt, "Big Idy," had "gone to the bad." By accident John arrived with the deputy sheriff at the empty shanty just after the last great catastrophe in little Mrs. Haney's life. Her accumulated woes and humiliations had nerved her after twenty years to a deed of violence. There was nothing but a corpse in the shanty. But Mrs. Haney had no idea of running away. She walked in presently with her characteristic "Hellor."

She was half in rags and when she came forward into the room there was something very proud and confident in her funny, hopping little walk. Her hands were blue with cold and her face ghastly white. . . . "I reckon you think I look mighty dowdy," [said Mrs. Haney].

But one needs to have read the whole story to know how much that speech can count. It is one more evidence that the big dramatic effects are the quieter ones. Mr. Daingerfield's death, after this admirable first experiment in serious fiction, is deeply regrettable.

Poetry and Its Meaning. By Lascelles Abercrombie. Oxford University Press. \$1.

Discovering Poetry. By Elizabeth Drew. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Abercrombie believes that the lack of interest in poetry is an acquired distaste, and that an understanding of the nature and methods of poetry will lead those who have some liking for it from apathy to enthusiasm. He proves his point. His discussion, divided into a consideration of the verbal music and the intensified meanings of poetry is stimulating. Unfortunately, Mr. Abercrombie blunts his effects by taking his examples too often from a minor poet, Robert Bridges. Miss Drew's book is sensitive and intelligent. She does not solve the mystery of poetry but she brings under effective examination some of the elements of poetry and some of its effects. Her illustrative excerpts are extremely well chosen and ample, and in this respect her book constitutes one of the finest short anthologies available.

A Note on Georges Schreiber

THE current exhibitions of water colors are numerous and exuberant but none is worth more attention than the show of Georges Schreiber at the New School of Social Research, which will be on view until December 26.

The paintings are somber in tone but rich in color, while the nervous lines that play such an important part in this artist's work display a highly imaginative quality. Schreiber does not perplex the visitor with a "theory," does not lead him into abstractions. But the free play in color and line, the permutation and combination of aesthetic elements into a personal style, prove that the artist has assimilated many of the theories that mark the vital schools in modern art. There is a contemporary flavor in the social character of his subject matter. It is literary. It is romantic. It is German in its seriousness. And there is no sign of fuzziness in the artist's conceptions.

His themes are contemporary. In all the pictures Schreiber shows himself to be acutely aware of the actualities and brutalities of the world he lives in, responsive to the characters he portrays. His representations have life. The artist draws on sources as various and incongruous as a few of his titles indicate—*Pietà* and *Political Murder*, *Lynching* and *Torah Study*. But

always his conceptions are clearly defined in the sensitive line, the subtle color. He has respect for form, and though his colors are subtle, with only here and there a bright splash of pure color, there is nothing weak about his work. A portrait included in the exhibition serves as an example of the artist's ability to work in a broader manner and in more vivid color.

A curious and remarkable characteristic of his work is the important part played by the group motive. In the complicated composition of the Lynching group, in the exalted Jews at Prayer, in the Lovers, even in Asleep, it is evident that the artist is attracted by the unity in human activity. The modeling, the pen-work, and the intricate lines draw the group to a center.

LYDIA NADEJENA

Films

Ex Cathedra

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW' is better as a play," Mr. Elmer Rice is quoted as saying in a recent interview. "It is necessarily better. No talking picture is ever as effective as the original play simply because actors do not respond to a camera and microphone as they do to a flesh-and-blood audience. After all, a talking picture is nothing but a succession of photographs accompanied by a phonograph record. It is static, rigid, whereas a play has a living, human quality." Unfortunately, space is lacking to examine each of the three statements embraced in this pronunciamiento with the completeness which some people may feel they deserve. At some later date it will be necessary to inquire more closely into the notion that acting depends, and always has depended, on some sort of mystical communication between the actor and his audience. At the moment all that one will suggest is that by "effective" a playwright like Mr. Rice probably means theatrically effective, in which case the separation between the actor and his flesh-and-blood audience is a loss only to the legitimate-stage box office. One suspects that good actors on the stage have always chosen, as screen actors are now forced, to concentrate on their roles rather than on their audiences. And if this should prove to be the case it would make little difference whether actors played before one of Mr. Zukor's microphones or a packed house at the Guild. Certainly it is hard to believe that Bebe Daniels, who is so nearly perfect as the secretary in Mr. Rice's screen play, would be any better under the inspiration of the ermine cloaks, the white shirt fronts, and the rattling programs. And John Barrymore, who plays the prosperous Jewish lawyer, is actually better, as indeed he has been in all his recent screen roles, than one remembers him to have been on the stage. In his case at least, the microphone has been an instrument for discipline and restraint. What Mr. Rice's first objection amounts to, then, is not so much a psychological truth about acting as a revelation of his own essential attitude toward the theater. It reveals not only that his prime criterion is a certain undefined "effectiveness"—probably what is called the "atmosphere of the theater"—but also that he passes on the principal job of attaining this to the actor. Surely, for a playwright, this is a very strange admission.

As for Mr. Rice's second statement, one hardly knows whether to be the more amazed at its scientific inaccuracy or its wilful ignoring of so many of the complex artistic problems involved in the making of even the most inferior picture. Of course by choosing such a word as "succession" Mr. Rice means to imply that a film is without that order of parts and relation of parts to a whole usually demanded of a work of art. Yet to describe a film as a mere succession of something is as unfair

as to say that a building is a succession of bricks or that a play is a succession of words. And to say that the photographs are "accompanied" by a phonograph record is to allow one's prejudice to lead to an unpardonable abuse of words. Has Mr. Rice never had the good fortune of seeing a talking picture, like one of René Clair's, for example, in which both the order in which the things seen are shown and the manner in which these things are fused with the things heard are very carefully calculated to produce a certain effect—an effect that is as valid as, although it may be different from, that of the traditional drama? If he has not, one can better understand his confusion, although the logic which decides first that something is a succession and then that it is static and rigid must still remain quite mysterious.

To being considered seriously either as drama or as cinema "Counsellor-at-Law" can lay small claims: Mr. Rice is a splendid example of the journalist in the theater. In the theater the journalist takes up one or another current idea, serves it up through characters who are all recognizable types, and gives us the illusion of thinking without any of the possible discomforts of following an idea through to the end. The essence of journalism, here as elsewhere, is caution. Thus, the idea is new but not so new that a great many people have not already been persuaded of its truth: here it is the hollowness of the self-made man's ideal. Characters are "true to life"; that is, they do not disturb the pictures of life which we have already drawn up in our minds. And the theme is brought to a fundamentally safe resolution. The happy and convenient formula is, Life goes on. The most serious and moving moment in the play occurs when the young Communist, who has been beaten up by the police, comes to the lawyer's office and releases

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his suppressed rage in a speech which is a challenge to the lawyer and his whole lot. For a single moment one believes that this is going to have some moral effect, that it is going to determine the later action of the play. Not at all, life just goes on. Yet the incident in itself has been effective. Many of the incidents and touches throughout have been effective. And so one may say that the picture as a whole is effective—just about as effective as dramatic journalism ever can be on the stage or screen. But more than that one cannot say of "Counsellor-at-Law."

Suggested by Nathanael West's morbid little novel of last season, "Advice to the Lovelorn" turns out to be something like a definitive swan song for the "Front Page" type of screen story and for that veteran scapegrace of the films, Lee Tracy. Somehow the main situation, that of a young newspaperman forced to answer the many letters sent in by lonely or unfortunate people to a great metropolitan daily, gets mixed up with a propagandist thesis directed against chain drugstores which sell poisonous prescriptions. A reform-uptight note is substituted for the strident tragedy with which Mr. West ended his book. Of Mr. Tracy's rambunctious high spirits one can only say that they now seem to have become as exhausting to himself as to his audience.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

What the People Want

AT the present moment there are at least fourteen unqualified successes displayed on Broadway. Four of them are musical, and though the other ten range in gravity from "She Loves Me Not" to "Men in White," there is not one which does not have at least some freshness or verve to recommend it and not one, therefore, calculated to inspire in the breast of the critical observer that despair which he feels when compelled to contemplate the success of "Abie's Irish Rose." Theatrical audiences may be frivolous, but they have tended, in recent years at least, to exhibit a collective taste rather markedly different from that of either the movie-goer or even the reader of novels. The analogues of Kathleen Norris and Ethel M. Dell do not often stand at the head of the best-seller list in the ticket broker's office.

One thing is conspicuously absent from the current program and that is the play of social protest. The spectator who insists upon a discussion of economic conditions will have to seek out "Peace on Earth" down at the Civic Repertory Theater or wait until the Guild produces its promised drama based on the Scottsboro case, for the "problem" of "The Green Bay Tree" is purely an individual one and even "Men in White" does not suggest that the situation it presents is to be taken as an indictment of the capitalist system. Apparently, theatergoers are still primarily interested in wit, character, poetry, intellect, love, and the other trivial surface phenomena of bourgeois existence.

The official explanation of this fact is, I believe, that the public is determined to escape from social realities and to distract itself with one or another ingenious irrelevance. The case for this interpretation has been ably, and persistently, argued, but there still remains in my mind some doubt as to the precise criterion which one ought to use in distinguishing between a laudable cultivation of the human spirit and what the more fanatically earnest students of our social predicament denounce as a cowardly "escape." Was Shakespeare, for example, merely running away when he wrote "Hamlet" and "Lear" instead of concerning himself with the evils of that British imperialism which was just getting off to a good start? And if the answer

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HER MASTER'S VOICE. Plymouth Theater. Clare Kummer at the top of her form provides a full evening of her original and slightly delirious kind of wit. With Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews.

LET 'EM EAT CAKE. Imperial Theater. Sequel to "Of Thee I Sing," with Victor Moore and the other stars in continuations of their former roles. Very funny in spots but marred by a good deal of lost motion.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Superb performances by Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale in a play by Maxwell Anderson. A great success though I found myself less moved than I should have been.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. The problems of a young doctor made into a surprisingly moving and absorbing play. Thanks to a superb production by the Group Theater it becomes one of the two current offerings which no one can afford to miss.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Rather flat-footed propaganda against capitalist war. Much liked by those who like that sort of thing.

SAILOR, BEWARE! Lyceum Theater. Adventures of a sailor in love. Entertainingly bawdy comedy in which the sex life of our naval heroes is treated without reserve. (P.M.)

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Fast and furious farce about a Princeton Galahad who rescues the wrong girl with unexpected results. Very fast and very funny.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Powerful and absorbing psychological portrait of a cultivated and somewhat effeminate egotist. Probably the most original play of the year, and like "Men in White" not to be missed by anyone interested in the theater.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Historical farce-comedy centering about the pleasant old New England custom of bundling. Spicy, impudent, and genuinely amusing.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS. Empire Theater. Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner make a picturesque and flippant adaptation of Molière's "The School for Husbands." There is much difference of opinion concerning its merits as entertainment but I found it charming and funny, as well as not too far from the spirit of the original author. With June Walker and Osgood Perkins.

TOBACCO ROAD. Masque Theater. Grotesquely humorous treatment of human degeneracy as exemplified by the poor whites of Georgia, with a remarkable performance by Henry Hull. Not recommended to the squeamish.

is yes, then what of Congreve and Sheridan, Wordsworth and Keats—to say nothing of Newton, Darwin, and Clerk-Maxwell? Thanks to an old-fashioned education I have got in the habit of thinking that mere sensitivity, detachment, elevation of spirit, or dispassionate thought is not only worth having but rather difficult of attainment. Now I am told that each is merely something into which the dull and the selfish tend to slip if they are not vigorously called to order by more altruistic and practical persons; that pure feeling and pure thought are not the highest but the most trivial of human occupations; and that the subtlest philosophers, the most recondite scientists, and the most rapt poets are not cultural heroes but merely adepts in the art of "escape."

If I am not quite convinced it is because of a difficulty which I have not been able entirely to resolve and which arises out of what seems to me a certain tendency in the argument of my opponents to point both ways. If some men turn to the consideration of the individual and his problems because they do not know how to tackle the problems of society, is it not equally likely that some writers escape from the difficult task of creating interesting characters or situations by adopting the ready-made outline of the social problem? Is it not possible, even, that some revolutionists have become what they are because they found difficulty with themselves as individuals and discovered in the professional denunciation of the capitalist system a very successful means of running away from the selves which they dared not face? Perhaps true courage consists in concerning oneself with the problems which belong to one's own profession. Perhaps, therefore, the artist who turns to politics is seeking an "escape" quite as truly as the economist who turns to art.

Let me, however, hasten to add that I am not comparing even the best of the current plays with Shakespeare and that I will go no farther than to maintain that they are, at least, better as plays than any of the few recent attempts at the sociological drama have been, either as art or as argument. Let me add still further that the only new production since my last report is hardly ammunition for anyone. "All Good Americans" (Henry Miller Theater) purports to reveal the life of the hard-drinking American colony in Paris. It is alternately very sentimental and determinedly smart without being particularly successful in either manner.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

JOHN STRACHEY, author of "The Coming Struggle for Power" and "The Menace of Fascism," is at present in the United States on a lecture trip.

PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN, Rabbi of Temple B'rith Kodesh in Rochester, visited Germany last summer.

CATHERINE BAUER is working on a book on modern European housing.

HERBERT RABINOWITZ is a New York lawyer.

WILLIAM MACDONALD contributes historical and political reviews to *The Nation* and other periodicals.

LIONEL TRILLING is a member of the English department of Columbia University.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT is the author of "Fire over the Andes" and "Short as Any Dream."

LEON DENNEN was formerly on the literary staff of the *Moscow Daily News*.

MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE, a Philadelphia consulting engineer who was director of the Giant Power Survey in Philadelphia, is trustee of the Power Authority of the State of New York.

The Second Session of THE NATION'S RADIOTORIAL BOARD

over Station W.E.V.D.

will take place on Thursday, Dec. 28, at 8 P.M.

The commentators on current events will be

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS ELMER DAVIS
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Joseph Wood Krutch, editor of *The Nation*
will introduce the speakers

